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THE ELSON-RUNKEL METHOD.

AIM.

A. To cause thought-undoic , in the child's mind; to open up new inte ıts and help them expand.

B. To unify first grade subjects taught establishing a true correlation between them; not presenting them as separate, unrelated, morsels of knowledge.

C. To balance impression and expression, recognizing the great fundamental law of soul growth, that it is the latter by which the thinking being really develops. So Elson-Runkel gives due prominence to expression through reproductions of stories, poems, songs, dramatization, plays, games, drawing, and handwork.

THE METHOD.

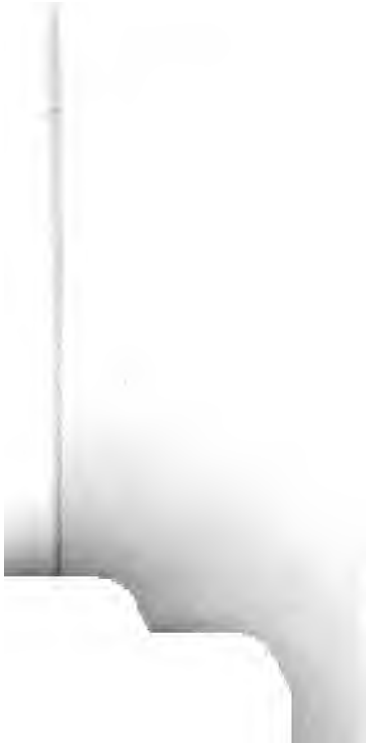
A. The remarkable and absolutely unique features are:

I. The background oral story. The Primer contains a large story for the teacher to tell and a smaller story for the pupil to read. The "background of familiarity" thus given lays bare the plot, announces the sound of words he finds in the text, reveals beforehand the relation of each word to the complete thought and stimulates the child's own connected thinking.

2. There is some memorizing in the Pre-Primer work; but the material memorized is not afterwards found in the same form in the Primer reading lesson.

B. Word Study. The phonic elements most fundamental to the English language are placed in the Primer--building a solid platform for future work.

C. Vocabulary of Primer. The word



list consists of 303 words, common, necessary, useful words-a judicious mean between two extremes.

D. Dramatization. The great aims of dramatization are spontaneity and variety of self-expression. The large oral story, the told story with its multitude of details, make this method best subserve these aims.

FORM OF ARRANGEMENT

1. Grouping Idea. We print groups of three cat stories, three bird stories, etc.

2. Page unity. Each page is a chapter-complete.

3. No marginal pictures break the unity of the sentence.

4. Review stories with drill on words learned up to that time.

THE MATERIAL (STORIES) AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

A. Character of Stories. There are 28 stories and verses. The primer is only 25% Mother Goose and folk-tale. Poetry is reduced to the minimum, to avoid the dangerous pitfall, memorization of a selection as a jingle with no idea of the words that make up the jingle.

B. Length of Stories. They are of moderate length. The longer ones are three of six pages, two of seven pages.

C. Illustrations. All pictures are in three colors, harmonizing with nature. There is color unity throughout each story. Our pictures are true illustrations, not decorations. They express vividly the successive "situations" in each story. They carry the stories; make them go. There is life, and forward-movement in them.

E L

THE
SON READERS

BOOK SIX

(REVISION OF ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER, BOOK TWO)

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR OF GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

AND

CHRISTINE M. KECK

HEAD UNION JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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PREFACE

This book is based on the belief that an efficient reader for the sixth grade must score high when tested on five fundamental features: *quality* of literature; *variety* of literature; *organization* of literature; *quantity* of literature; and *definite helps* sufficient to make the text a genuine tool for classroom use.

Quality of Literature

First among these features is the essential that the foundation of the book must be the acknowledged masterpieces of American and British authors. American boys and girls may be depended upon to read current magazines and newspapers, *but if they are ever to have their taste and judgment of literary values enriched by familiarity with the classics of our literature, the schools must provide the opportunity.* This ideal does not mean the exclusion of well established present-day writers, but it does mean that the *core* of the school reader should be the rich literary heritage that has won recognition for its enduring value. Moreover, these masterpieces must come to the pupil in complete units, not in mere excerpts or garbled "cross-sections"; for the pupil in his school life should gain some real literary possessions.

A study of the contents of *The Elson Reader, Book Six,* will show how consistently its authors have based the book on this sound test of *quality.* The works of the acknowledged "makers" of our literature have been abundantly drawn upon to furnish a foundation of great stories and poems, gripping in interest and well within the powers of child-appreciation in this grade.

Variety of Literature

Variety is fundamental to a well-rounded course of reading. If the school reader is to provide for all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should serve, it must contain material covering at least the following types: (1) literature representing both British and American authors; (2) some of the best modern poetry and prose as well as the literature of the past; (3) important race

stories—great epics—and world-stories of adventure; (4) patriotic literature, rich in ideals of home and country, loyalty and service, thrift, coöperation and citizenship—ideals of which American children gained a new conception during the World War, and which the school reader should perpetuate; (5) literature suited to festival occasions, particularly those celebrated in the schools: Columbus Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Arbor and Bird Day, anniversaries of the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, as well as of Longfellow and other great American authors; (6) literature of the seasons, Nature, and out-of-door life; (7) literature of humor that will enliven the reading and cultivate the power to discriminate between *wholesome* humor—an essential part of life—and *crude* humor, so prevalent in the pupil's outside reading; (8) adventure stories both imaginative and real; (9) literature suited to dramatization, providing real project material.

This book offers a well-rounded course of reading covering all the types mentioned above. Especially by means of groups of stories and poems *that portray love of home and its festivals, love of our free country and its flag, and unselfish service to others, this book makes a stirring appeal to the true spirit of good citizenship.* Moreover, it will be noted that wholesome ethical ideals pervade the literature throughout.

Organization of Literature

The literature of a school reader, if it is to do effective work, must be purposefully organized. Sound organization groups into related units the various selections that center about a common theme. *This arrangement enables the pupil to see the dominant ideas of the book as a whole, instead of viewing the text as a confused scrapbook of miscellaneous selections.* Such arrangement also fosters literary comparison by bringing together selections having a common theme or authorship.

This book has been so organized as to fulfill these purposes. There are three main Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme or authorship. Part I, leading from a wholesome appreciation of Nature, particularly in its American setting, centers

mainly about the important themes of patriotism, service, and good citizenship; Part II introduces some of the great tales that typify our love of stirring deeds; Part III presents some of our greatest American authors at sufficient length to make them stand out to the pupil. Through these grouped selections, together with the accompanying biographies, pupils may come to know and love some of the great company of writers that have made the name of America known in the world of literature.

Attention is called to three special features that keep the dominant theme of each Part clearly in the foreground: (1) "A Forward Look" and "A Backward Look" for each main division and important subdivision emphasize the larger theme, and show how each selection contributes to the group-idea; (2) Notes and Questions frequently call the pupil's attention to the relation the selection bears to the main thought; (3) the three main Parts, and the subordinate groups within each main unit, are made to stand out clearly by illustrations that typify the theme, and by topical headings that enable the pupil to vizualize the group-units. By these three means the organization of the book is emphasized, and fundamental ideals are kept dominant.

Quantity of Literature

Obviously, a book that is to supply the pupil with a year's course in literature must be a generous volume. Variety is impossible without quantity, especially where literary wholes rather than mere fragmentary excerpts are offered. Particularly is this true when complete units are included not only for intensive study, but also for extensive reading—longer units to be read mainly for the story-element. *In bulk such units should be as large as the pupil can control readily in rapid silent reading, a kind of reading that increases the power to enjoy with intelligence a magazine or a book.*

The Elson Reader, Book Six, is a generous volume that provides for these needs. Its inclusiveness makes possible a proper balance between prose and poetry, between long and short selections, and between material for intensive and extensive reading.

If the pupil is to gain the full benefit from his reading, certain definite helps must be provided. An efficient reader must score a high test not only on the fundamentals of *quality, variety, organization,* and *quantity* of literature, but also on its *fitness as a tool for classroom use.* The effectiveness of this book as such a tool may be indicated by the following distinguishing features:

Definite Helps

(1) A distinctive introduction, "The Magic Wand" (see page 13), points out the three great values that reading gives—Strength, Knowledge, and Pleasure.

(2) A comprehensive Glossary (pages 422-448) contains the words and phrases that offer valuable vocabulary training, either of pronunciation or meaning. The teacher is free to use the Glossary according to the needs of her particular class, but suggestive type words and phrases are listed under Notes and Questions.

(3) A complete program of study, "How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading" (pages 29, 30), gives a concise explanation of the various helps found in the book.

(4) The helps to study are more than mere notes; they aid in making significant the larger purposes of the selections. These Notes and Questions include:

(*a*) Biographies of authors, that supply data for interpreting the stories and poems; particularly helpful are those of Part III;

(*b*) Historical settings, wherever they are necessary to the intelligent understanding of the selection (see page 119, etc.);

(*c*) Questions and suggestions that present clearly the main idea, stimulate original discussion and comparison, and bring out modern parallels to the situations found in the selections;

(*d*) Special lists of words for vocabulary building, included under "Discussion" (see page 31, etc.);

(*e*) Words of everyday use frequently mispronounced, listed for study under "Discussion" (see page 31, etc.);

(*f*) Phrases that offer idiomatic difficulty; for convenience in locating these phrases the page and line number is indicated.

(*g*) Projects, individual and social (see page 72), with special suggestions for silent reading (see page 247).

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In the ELSON READERS selections are grouped according to theme or authorship. This arrangement, however, is not intended to fix an exact order for reading in class; its purpose is to emphasize classification, facilitate comparison, and enable pupils to appreciate similarities and contrasts in the treatment of like themes by different authors.

To give variety, to meet the interests at different seasons and festivals, and to go from prose to poetry and from long to short selections, a carefully planned order of reading should be followed. Such an order of reading calls for a full consideration of all the factors mentioned above. The Course here offered meets these ends but may easily be varied to fit local conditions.

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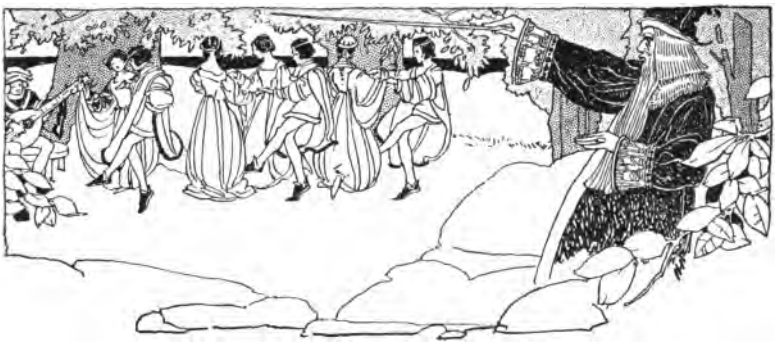

THE MAGIC WAND

A long time ago a very wise and good man was driven from his home by his enemies and, with his tiny daughter, went to live upon an island in the midst of the sea. The island was full of magic, and as this man had studied the magic art, he was able to get along very comfortably by the aid of some of the mysterious dwellers in his new home. One of these was a spirit of earth, named Caliban, not a very handsome fellow, and sullen and ignorant, willing to work only because of his fear of punishment. Another was a spirit of air, Ariel by name, lovely and graceful, always singing, able to do the most marvelous things at the command of his master.

The whole story of Prospero, for this was the magician's name, and his adventures in the island, you will find in a drama called *The Tempest,* which was written by William Shakespeare more than three hundred years ago. In this drama we are told that Prospero worked his wonders by means of a magic wand, which all the spirits of the island were compelled to obey. One day when his daughter Miranda had grown into a beautiful young woman, Prospero took his wand and raised a fairy storm which wrecked, on the shores of his island, a ship containing some of his old enemies, men who had wronged him many years

before. On this ship were also other travelers, a wise old counselor, a handsome young prince, some wicked sailors, and the like.

That day saw many wonders. Ariel arranged a fairy banquet for some of the men from the wrecked vessel, and then caused it to disappear just as they were ready to eat. Caliban, the ignorant spirit of earth, thought some of the wicked sailors were gods, and plotted with them to overthrow his master, Prospero. The good-looking young prince came upon Miranda, and thought her the loveliest creature he had ever seen. Prospero set him to work, cutting wood, and Miranda wished to help him, for she thought it cruel of her father to make such a handsome young fellow work so hard. But they did more talking than woodcutting, and to such purpose that they soon found that they were very much in love with each other. So the day passed, a day on which the mysterious island held more human inhabitants than it had ever known before: Ariel was playing tricks on the travelers, bringing them to see how wicked they had been in the past; Caliban was plotting his master's ruin; the young lovers were happy; Prospero was watching what all these people were doing and was getting ready to make himself known to his former enemies.

To make the lovers happy, Prospero commanded Ariel to prepare an entertainment in their honor. Various spirits came to promise them prosperity and long life. When the splendid spectacle was over, Prospero made himself known to his enemies, forgave them, set Ariel free, and broke the magic wand by which he had performed all his marvelous deeds.

The Magic Wand gave Prospero power over a world of which ordinary men are not aware. His own strength was multiplied because he could call upon powerful spirits of air and water, fire and earth, for aid. His knowledge, instead of being limited to the things which he could learn by experience, was multiplied because he could draw upon all the wisdom of a world unknown to ordinary men. His pleasures were multi-

plied, because by means of his magic wand he could summon splendid pageants, filled with color and magic and entrancing story, through which his hours of recreation were made delightful.

Thus Prospero's magic wand meant *Strength, Knowledge, Pleasure.*

How would you like to go in search of this mysterious island, in the midst of an enchanted sea, and find there the Magic Wand, and do with it the marvels that Prospero once performed?

It is not impossible. You need only the eye of Imagination and the Magic Wand of Reading.

By reading, which is given life through power of imagination, you may possess a true Magic Wand that will give you Strength, Knowledge, and Pleasure. Reading gives strength, because through it the mind is sharpened and trained. The imagination, which is the power to picture objects and scenes that are not present before our eyes, grows keen and vivid through reading. Your hand is a wonderful machine, flexible, strong, able to help you in a thousand ways. But a pair of pliers in your hand gives you a power of grasp that human fingers, no matter how strong, cannot possibly equal. Robinson Crusoe, wrecked on a desert island, was able to make a living, though only with difficulty because of his lack of the tools that in a civilized community he would have taken as a matter of course. So the man who is untaught and unread, though far superior to animals, may have his strength immensely increased by the training that books can give. He will find in books the tools by which man's power may be increased, just as the pliers increase the power of your fingers. The Magic Wand of Reading unlocks for you these storehouses of Strength.

With this Magic Wand, also, comes Knowledge. To the ignorant sailors who were wrecked on Prospero's island, the place was but an island inhabited only by strange creatures. Prospero had a wider experience, which enabled him to become the master of the new surroundings that he had to face. What is more, his eyes were opened so that he saw more in the nature

that surrounded him than the untaught sailor could see. Ariel and Caliban, spirits of air and earth, with all the elves and sprites that made the place a fairy realm, are only symbols. They merely express the truth that, through the magic power of knowledge, the thousand forms of nature that surround us become full of meaning, enrich our lives, and open our eyes to a world unseen by those who lack this power. Through this same power even the past lives for us, and from it we gain inspiration and guidance. Through it our experience is broadened so that we live more lives than one. We are not alone when we walk in the forest; the flowers, the birds, the shy little animals that dwell there are our friends. We are not shut in by the tasks of every day, limited by the path from home to store or school or shop; for we may take journeys at will to remote places and times. We have the seven-league boots of the fairy tale, by which to bring in rich gains of experience, widening our knowledge, and with it increasing our power over life.

Last of all, the Magic Wand of Reading brings Pleasure. There is the enjoyment that is ours when we come upon a good story and forget ourselves and all our affairs in the adventures which we take part in through our books. There is the pleasure that beauty brings—the beauty of nature, the beauty of language, the beauty that is caught by the poet or the dramatist or the weaver of tales and held for us until we too may drink it in. There is the pleasure of wholesome laughter, the pleasure that springs from knowing interesting people whom we meet in books, the pleasure of travel through imagination in distant scenes and times. For the delight of the young lovers, Prospero called forth a rich spectacle, so that a wonderful drama was acted before their eyes. What had, a moment before, been merely a grassy place set against a background of tall trees, became a stage peopled with fairies and goddesses whose beauty delighted the eyes and thrilled the hearts of those who saw. And, in a twinkling it was gone, and nothing remained but the grassy place and the tall trees. So, by the Magic Wand of Reading you, too, like Prospero, may turn the firelight of your room into the

magic light of fairyland, or change the little opening amid the trees into a fairy stage. In this mysterious light Aladdin and the King of the Golden River and the Pied Piper of Hamelin will come for your delight. And Prospero will come back, and with him the youthful lovers, and many, many more people who live in your imagination, and you will find the joy of knowing, through the power of our Magic Wand, that the place which we inhabit is not just a town, or a farm, or a city street, but a mysterious island where magic lies about us and where joy waits.

Here is a bird's-eye view of what you will find in this book by the use of the Magic Wand of Reading. First of all, you will notice that there are three main divisions, or parts; that each Part is introduced by a full-page picture and by a little quotation that expresses the main idea of this group of stories and poems; and that each Part has an introduction, called "A Forward Look" and a review, called "A Backward Look." These views and reviews will help you to see how each selection joins with others in teamwork to bring out the big idea of the group.

You will notice, too, that Part I has to do with the World of Nature, and with Home and Country. You will learn of big-horn sheep, huge elephants, and graceful deer; the cardinal bird will preach for you his sermon on cheerfulness, and the bluebird will sing his earliest spring lyric; the dandelions, apple blossoms, and wayside flowers, whose task is "to better the world with beauty," will add to your pleasure in life. With this world of animals and birds and flowers and seasons and sky and water as a place in which to live, your book next brings to you stories and poems that will help you to enter into the joy that home and its festivals can give, and into the joy of that larger home that we call the homeland. This is a joy that comes, not from the possession of great riches, but from service—doing faithfully our duty to others. Faithfulness to the duties we owe to others means being a worthy home-member and a good citizen.

In Part II of your book, the Magic Wand of Reading will

bring to you some of the hero tales of Greece and Rome. These fine old legends of adventure and heroism, handed down from the dawn of history, have delighted boys and girls in all lands for countless generations. Every great race honors the memory of its heroes who lived when the race was young. The Indians had their story about Hiawatha, the early English their tales about Beowulf and King Arthur, and the French theirs about Roland. So these great stories, which tell of the founding of the Greek and Roman peoples, have for their theme the heroic life and deeds of the heroes Achilles, Ulysses, and Aeneas. These great names suggest the noblest and best ideals of heroic conduct in ancient times.

Finally, in Part III, your book will present to you stories and poems by some of the great Americans who long ago wrote down what they themselves had seen and read about. They are the men who helped to make our country known in the world of literature. A great patriot who helped to make America will tell you how by working and saving he was enabled "to stand before kings." A great poet will tell you what it means to plant an apple tree, and how melancholy the world is when the flowers have left us in autumn. Another will tell you about the village blacksmith and the old clock on the stairs. A great weaver of tales will tell you two of his twice-told tales, that is, tales that the author has read and retold for us, and one of his Greek stories about an adventure in gaining some wonderful apples. The poet of the farm will picture for you the golden pumpkins that grew among the corn, and the boy "with face of tan." And another poet will delight you with some of the wholesome humor that made him famous.

PART I

NATURE—HOME AND COUNTRY

Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
Forever, blessing those that look on them.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

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THE YOUNG AMERICAN—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE STUDENT

A Forward Look

Through the Magic Wand of Reading, our eyes are opened to the wonders of the World of Nature. In this book we shall catch glimpses of many of Nature's children that add beauty and wonder and charm to the world in which we live. There are stories, for example, of hunting wild animals in the wilderness, and in imagination we may take these journeys and share in the perils and the joys of camp and hunting life, while in reality we are very snugly curled up in a big chair by the fireplace.

But these stories of adventure among animals represent only a small part of what we mean by the World of Nature.

There is also the picture of the World of Nature as given by the poets. They interpret for us the influence of times and seasons, the music of birds, the beauty of flowers, of meadow and forest and sea. We all feel the joy of spring, but the poet sharpens our sense of its beauty by giving it clear expression.

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,"

sings one of these poets, and our hearts share in his joy.

An English poet of today expresses for us the joy that fills our hearts at sight of the blossoms in the spring:

"Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades were falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling
In the spring!"

Another English poet, a hundred years earlier, wrote of March in the same way:

"Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing;
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!"

Thus the World of Nature is opened up to you through the Magic Wand of Reading. You travel in new and strange worlds, the frontier, the wilderness, where wild animals, large and small, fierce and shy, have their dwellings. You are brought face to face with the animal and plant life around you, a life that we are in danger of neglecting because it seems commonplace and small, but which is filled with interest and wonder when our eyes are opened to it. The joy and beauty that the seasons, the birds and flowers, the companionship of nature can bring are expressed for you by poets who find in them the most beautiful things of life.

AMERICAN BIGHORN SHEEP *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

During the summer of 1886 I hunted chiefly to keep the ranch in meat. It was a very pleasant summer; although it was followed by the worst winter we ever witnessed on the plains. I was much at the ranch, where I had a good deal of writing to do; but every week or two I left, to ride among the camps, or spend a few days on any round-up which happened to be in the neighborhood.

These days of vigorous work among the cattle were themselves full of pleasure. At dawn we were in the saddle, the morning air cool in our faces; the red sunrise saw us loping across the grassy prairie land, or climbing in single file among the rugged buttes. All the forenoon we spent riding the long circle with the cow-punchers of the round-up; in the afternoon we worked the herd, cutting the cattle, with much breakneck galloping and dexterous halting and wheeling. Then came the excitement and hard labor of

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

roping, throwing, and branding the wild and vigorous range calves—in a corral, if one was handy; otherwise, in a ring of horsemen. Soon after nightfall we lay down—in a log hut or tent, if at a camp; under the open sky, if with the round-up wagon.

After ten days or so of such work, in which every man had to do his full share—for laggards and idlers, no matter who, get no mercy in the real and healthy democracy of the round-up—I would go back to the ranch to turn to my books with added zest for a fortnight. Yet even during these weeks at the ranch there was some outdoor work; for I was breaking two or three colts. I took my time, breaking them gradually and gently—not, after the usual cowboy fashion, in a hurry, by sheer main strength and rough riding, with the attendant danger to the limbs of the man and very probable ruin to the manners of the horse. We rose early; each morning I stood on the low-roofed veranda, looking out, under the line of murmuring, glossy-leaved cottonwoods, across the shallow river, to see the sun flame above the line of bluffs opposite. In the evening I strolled off for an hour or two's walk, rifle in hand. The roomy, homelike ranch-house, with its log walls, shingled roof, and big chimneys and fireplaces, stands in a glade, in the midst of the thick forest, which covers half the bottom; behind rises, bare and steep, the wall of peaks, ridges, and tablelands.

During the summer in question I once or twice shot a whitetail buck right on this large bottom; once or twice I killed a blacktail in the hills behind, not a mile from the ranch-house. Several times I killed and brought in prong-bucks, rising before dawn, and riding off on a good horse for an all-day's hunt in the rolling prairie country, twelve or fifteen miles away. Occasionally I took the wagon and one of the men, driving to some good hunting-ground and

spending a night or two; usually returning with two or three prongbucks, and once with an elk—but this was later in the fall. Not infrequently I went away by myself on horseback for a couple of days, when all the men were on the round-up, and when I wished to hunt thoroughly some country quite a distance from the ranch. I made one such hunt in late August, because I happened to hear that a small bunch of mountain sheep were haunting a tract of very broken ground, with high hills, about fifteen miles away.

I left the ranch early in the morning, riding my favorite hunting-horse, old Manitou. The blanket and oilskin slicker were rolled and strapped behind the saddle; for provisions I carried salt, a small bag of hardtack, and a little tea and sugar, with a metal cup in which to boil water. The rifle and a score of cartridges completed my outfit.

I rode more than six hours before reaching a good spot to camp. At first my route lay across grassy plateaus and along smooth, wooded coulees; but after a few miles the ground became very rugged and difficult. At last I got into the heart of the Bad Lands proper, where the hard, wrinkled earth was torn into shapes as sullen and grotesque as those of dreamland. Bands of black, red, and purple varied the gray and yellow-brown of their sides; the tufts of scanty vegetation were dull green. Sometimes I rode my horse at the bottom of narrow washouts, between straight walls of clay but a few feet apart; sometimes I had to lead him as he scrambled up, down, and across the sheer faces of the buttes. The glare from the bare clay walls dazzled the eye; the air was burning under the hot August sun. I saw nothing living except the rattlesnakes, of which there were very many.

At last, in the midst of this wilderness, I came on a lovely valley. A spring trickled out of a cedar cañon, and below this spring the narrow, deep ravine was green with luscious

grass, and was smooth for some hundreds of yards. Here I unsaddled, and turned old Manitou loose to drink and feed at his leisure. At the edge of the dark cedar wood I cleared a spot for my bed, and drew a few dead sticks for the fire. Then I lay down and watched drowsily until the afternoon shadows filled the wild and beautiful gorge in which I was camped. This happened early, for the valley was very narrow, and the hills on either hand were steep and high.

Springing to my feet, I climbed the nearest ridge, and then made my way, by hard clambering, from peak to peak and from crest to crest, sometimes crossing and sometimes skirting the deep washouts and cañons. When possible, I avoided appearing on the sky line, and I moved with the utmost caution, walking in a wide sweep so as to hunt across and up wind. There was much sheep sign, some of it fresh, though I saw none of the animals themselves; the square slots, with the indented marks of the toe points wide apart, contrasting strongly with the heart-shaped and delicate footprints of deer. The animals had, according to their habit, beaten trails along the summits of the higher crests; little side-trails led to any spur, peak, or other vantage point from which there was a wide outlook over the country roundabout.

The bighorns of the Bad Lands, unlike those of the mountains, shift their range but little, winter or summer. They are marvelous climbers, and dwell by choice always among cliffs and jagged, broken ground, whether wooded or not. An old bighorn ram is heavier than the largest buck; his huge, curved horns, massive yet supple build, and proud bearing mark him as one of the noblest beasts of the chase. He is wary; great skill and caution must be shown in approaching him; and no one but a good climber, with a steady head, sound lungs, and trained muscles, can successfully

hunt him in his own rugged fastnesses. The chase of no other kind of American big game ranks higher, or more thoroughly tests the manliest qualities of the hunter.

I walked back to camp, taking care to reach it before it grew really dark; for in the Bad Lands it is entirely impossible to travel, or to find any given locality, after nightfall. Old Manitou had eaten his fill and looked up at me with pricked ears and wise, friendly face as I climbed down the side of the cedar cañon; then he came slowly toward me to see if I had not something for him. I rubbed his soft nose and gave him a cracker; then I picketed him to a solitary cedar, where the feed was good. Afterwards I kindled a small fire, roasted two prairie-chickens I had shot, ate one, and put the other by for breakfast; and soon rolled myself in my blanket, with the saddle for a pillow, and the oilskin beneath. Manitou was munching the grass near by. I lay just outside the line of stiff black cedars; the night air was soft in my face; I gazed at the shining and brilliant multitude of stars until my eyelids closed.

The chill breath which comes before dawn awakened me. It was still and dark. Through the gloom I could distinctly make out the loom of the old horse, lying down. I was speedily ready, and groped and stumbled slowly up the hill, and then along its crest to a peak. Here I sat down and waited a quarter of an hour or so, until gray appeared in the east, and the dim light-streaks enabled me to walk farther. Before sunrise I was two miles from camp; then I crawled cautiously to a high ridge and, crouching behind it, scanned all the landscape eagerly. In a few minutes a movement about a third of a mile to the right, midway down a hill, caught my eye. Another glance showed me three white specks moving along the hillside. They were the white rumps of three fine mountain sheep, on their way to

drink at a little pool in the bottom of a deep, narrow valley. In a moment they went out of sight round a bend of the valley; and I rose and trotted briskly toward them, along the ridge. There were two or three deep gullies to cross, and a high shoulder over which to clamber; so I was out of breath when I reached the bend beyond which they had disappeared. Taking advantage of a scrawny sage brush as cover, I peeped over the edge, and at once saw the sheep—three big young rams. They had finished drinking and were standing beside the little miry pool, about three hundred yards distant. Slipping back, I dropped down into the bottom of the valley, where a narrow washout zigzagged from side to side, between straight walls of clay. The pool was in the upper end of this washout, under a cut bank.

An indistinct game trail ran up this washout; the bottom was of clay, so that I walked noiselessly; and the crookedness of the washout's course afforded ample security against discovery by the sharp eyes of the quarry. In a couple of minutes I stalked stealthily round the last bend, my rifle cocked and at the ready, expecting to see the rams by the pool. However, they had gone, and the muddy water was settling in their deep hoof-marks. Running on, I looked over the edge of the bank and saw them slowly quartering up the hillside, cropping the sparse tufts of coarse grass. I whistled, and as they stood at gaze I put a bullet into the biggest, a little too far aft of the shoulder, but ranging forward. He raced after the others, but soon fell behind and turned off on his own line at a walk, with drooping head. As he bled freely, I followed his tracks, found him, very sick, in a washout a quarter of a mile beyond, and finished him with another shot. After dressing him, I walked back to camp, breakfasted, and rode Manitou to where the sheep lay. Packing it securely behind the saddle, and shifting the

blanket-roll to in front of the saddle-horn, I led the horse until we were clear of the Bad Lands; then mounted him, and was back at the ranch soon after midday. The mutton of a fat young mountain ram, at this season of the year, is delicious.

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

If you have read this story carefully, you have no doubt gained a new idea of life on the plains. But if you are to get the full benefit from the selection (or in fact from any story or poem in this Reader), you will need to pause long enough to notice certain things that will give you a better understanding of it. In this book each selection is followed by **Notes and Questions** that are planned to help you in your reading.

Biography. First, it is always desirable to learn something about the author. When you read, for example, on page 30, that Theodore Roosevelt actually lived the life of a cowboy, and made many hunting trips, you feel that his story of the bighorn sheep will be interesting.

Discussion. Next, if you will read the story so carefully that you can answer the questions given under the topic **Discussion** (page 31), you will probably find that it is easier to understand certain incidents. For example, you hear much about the word "service" in these days when millions of American soldiers have been serving their country so nobly. But perhaps when you think of the answer to the fifth question on page 31 you will see more clearly than before that men in all walks of life have to obey the commands of a leader and carry out orders faithfully, just as soldiers are required to do.

Glossary. One of the benefits that should result from reading is the learning of new words and the ability to use them. At the end of the **Discussion** on page 31 you will find a list of words the meaning of which you are to look up in the Glossary (pages 422 to 448) and a second list that you should find out how to pronounce by using the Glossary. Many of these words you may feel certain you know how to pronounce correctly. But perhaps you have been *mispronouncing* some of them. Look up in the Glossary the words listed under question 14, and you may find that you have been mispronouncing *fortnight* or *route*. When you are looking up words in the pro-

nunciation lists, be sure that you understand the meaning, also. In addition to the words in the lists, the Glossary includes many other words. Whenever a selection contains a word that you are not sure you understand, form the habit of looking it up in the Glossary.

Besides the individual words you do not understand, you will sometimes read a phrase, or group of words, used in some special sense. The most striking are listed under the topic **Phrases for Study.** Look them up in the Glossary, for you will often find the hardest passage of the reading lesson made easy by the explanation of a single phrase.

A Forward Look and **A Backward Look.** Finally, you should notice that each story and poem is a part of some special group that treats some one big idea—such as Nature, Home and Country, etc. Each selection will have a fuller meaning for you and make a more lasting impression if you understand how it, united with others in teamwork, helps to bring out the big idea of the group. Before reading the selections in any group you should read and discuss in class the "Forward Look" that precedes them, in order that you may know in a general way what to expect. And after you have read all the selections in a group you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the "Backward Look"—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit derived from your reading.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), twenty-sixth president of the United States, was born in New York City. As a boy he was frail of body, but overcame this handicap by regular exercise and outdoor life. He was always interested in animals and birds and particularly in hunting game in the western plains and mountains. In 1884 Roosevelt bought two cattle ranches in North Dakota, where for two years he lived and entered actively into western life and spirit, sharing in the camps and joining in the round-ups on the cattle ranges. Two of the books in which he has recorded his western experiences are *The Deer Family,* and *The Wilderness Hunter,* from which this selection is taken. In 1909, at the close of his presidency, he conducted an expedition to Africa, to make a collection of tropical animals and plants. His party remained in the wilderness for a year, and returned with a collection of great value. Most of the specimens are now in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington, D. C.

Discussion. 1. This is a story of ranch life; what picture of the round-up does the author give? 2. Can you give a reason for branding the range cattle? 3. Describe the ranch-house. 4. Why does the author call the democracy of the round-up "healthy"? 5. Notice what he says about "laggards and idlers"; do you think Roosevelt did his share of the work? If the hardest and most unpleasant task had fallen to him, how would he have performed it? 6. What reason for hunting does the author give? 7. How did Roosevelt's life on the ranch differ from the life of the ordinary cowboy? What do you think of his way of dividing his time while on the ranch? Was it a wise plan? Was it easy to follow? What temptations to irregularity do you think he met? What qualities must Roosevelt have had to make him hold to such a course? 8. Compare Roosevelt's way of breaking a colt with the cowboy's way. Compare the results obtained. 9. Why did the chase of the bighorn attract Roosevelt? What do you think are the "manliest qualities of the hunter"? How does the chase of the bighorn test these qualities? Are these qualities possessed by hunters only? What other circumstances in life test these qualities? 10. Where are the Bad Lands? Locate them on a map. Why were they given this name? Read aloud lines that give the most vivid description of the "heart of the Bad Lands." Read aloud the description of the valley in the midst of the wilderness. 11. Tell the story of the hunt for mountain sheep, giving the main incidents under the following topics: (a) the preparation and first day; (b) the chase and the conclusion. 12. You will find Hagedorn's *The Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt* an interesting biography. 13. Find in the Glossary the following: round-up; cow-puncher; corral; bottom; prongbuck; sheer; picketed; loom; quarry. 14. *Pronounce:* buttes; fortnight; haunting; route; plateau; cañon; leisure; gorge; supple; wary; clamber.

Phrases for Study

(Numbers in heavy type refer to pages; numbers in light type to lines.)

worked the herd, **23**, 14
cutting the cattle, **23**, 14
breakneck galloping, **23**, 15
heart of the Bad Lands proper, **25**, 20
sullen and grotesque, **25**, 21
up wind, **26**, 15
vantage point, **26**, 21
ample security, **28**, 17
at the ready, **28**, 20

A FURIOUS ELEPHANT CHARGE *

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER

We had just arrived at the mountain, which we were now leaving to our left, when we suddenly halted, our attention having been arrested by the loud roaring of elephants in a jungle at the foot of the hills, within a quarter of a mile of us. The roaring continued at intervals, reverberating among the rocks like distant thunder, till it at length died away to stillness.

We soon arrived in the vicinity of the sound, and shortly discovered tracks upon a hard, sandy soil, covered with rocks and overgrown with a low, but tolerably open, jungle at the base of the mountain. Following the tracks, we began to ascend steep flights of natural steps formed by the layers of rock which girded the foot of the mountain; these were covered with jungle, interspersed with large masses of granite, which in some places formed alleys through which the herd had passed. The surface of the ground being nothing but hard rock, tracking was very difficult, and it took me a considerable time to follow up the elephants by the pieces of twigs and crunched leaves which they had dropped while feeding. I at length tracked them to a small pool formed by the rain water in the hollow of the rock; here they had evidently been drinking only a few minutes previous, for the tracks of their feet upon the margin of the pool were still wet. I now went on in advance of the party, with great caution, for I knew that we were not many paces from the herd. Passing through several openings among the rocks, I came suddenly upon a level plateau of ground

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

covered with dense lemon grass about twelve feet high, which was so thick and tangled that a man could with difficulty force his way through it. This level space, about two acres in extent, was surrounded by jungle upon all sides but one; on this side, to our right as we entered, the mountain rose in rocky steps, from the crevices of which the lemon grass grew in tall tufts.

The instant that I arrived in this spot I perceived the flap of an elephant's ear in the high grass, about thirty paces from me, and upon careful inspection I saw two elephants standing close together. By the rustling of the grass in different places I could see that the herd was scattered, but I could not make out the elephants individually, for the grass was above their heads.

I paused for some minutes to consider the best plan of attack; but the gun-bearers behind me, in a great state of excitement, began to whisper to each other, and in arranging their positions behind their respective masters, knocked several of the guns together. In the same moment the two leading elephants discovered us, and throwing their trunks up perpendicularly, they blew the shrill trumpet of alarm without attempting to retreat. Several trumpets answered the call immediately from different positions in the high grass; trunks were thrown up, and huge heads appeared in many places as they endeavored to discover the danger which the leaders had announced.

The growl of an elephant is exactly like the rumbling of thunder, and from their deep lungs the two leaders that had discovered us kept up an uninterrupted peal, thus calling the herd together. Nevertheless, they did not attempt to retreat, but stood gazing attentively at us with their ears cocked, looking extremely vicious. In the meantime we stood perfectly motionless, lest we should scare them before

the whole herd had closed up. In about a minute a dense mass of elephants had collected round the two leaders, and these were all gazing at us. Thinking this a favorable moment, I gave the word, and we pushed toward them through the high grass. A portion of the herd immediately wheeled round and retreated as we advanced; but five elephants, including the two which had first discovered us, formed in a compact line abreast; thrashing the long grass to the right and left with their trunks, and with ears cocked and tails up, they came straight at us. We pushed forward to meet them, but they still came on in a perfect line until within ten paces of us.

A cloud of smoke hung over the high grass as the rifles cracked in rapid succession, and the five elephants lay dead in the same order as they had advanced. The spare guns had been beautifully handled; and running between the elephants, we got into the lane that the remaining portion of the herd had made by crushing the high grass in their retreat. We were up with them in a few moments. Down went one! Then another! Up he got again, almost immediately recovering from V.'s shot. Down he went again, as I floored him with my last barrel!

I suddenly heard Wallace shriek, "Look out, sir! Look out! An elephant's coming!"

I turned round in a moment; and close past Wallace, from the very spot where the last elephant lay, came a "rogue" elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air; his ears were cocked; his tail stood erect above his back as stiff as a poker; and screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed toward me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim.

I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead.

He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me; but still his trunk was raised, and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me; down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me!

I fired at that instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his tusk in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and, turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to me; closer and closer he approached, and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I had stood opposed to him, I felt as I never wish to feel again, while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately, I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him and had

spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel White Baker (1821-1893) was an English engineer and author. At the age of twenty-four he went to Ceylon, where he soon became known as an explorer and hunter of big game. With his wife he explored the region of the Nile River, and later discovered the lake now called Albert Nyanza. These explorations in Africa are a part of the thrilling story of the discovery of the sources of that great river and of the opening of that region to civilization. Upon his return to England, Baker was knighted and sent to Egypt. Later he explored and hunted in Cyprus, India, Japan, and the United States. He is the author of *Wild Beasts and Their Ways, True Tales for My Grandsons,* and *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon,* from which "A Furious Elephant Charge" is taken.

Discussion. 1. Tell briefly the story of the charge. 2. To what does the author compare the growl of the elephant? 3. Why did the author feel more helpless in this adventure than in previous dangers? 4. How do you think he felt when the elephant had failed to find him, and pushed on? 5. What qualities do you think a good hunter must have? 6. You will enjoy reading "Toomai of the Elephants" in Rudyard Kipling's *Second Jungle Book,* and reporting the story to your classmates, reading aloud parts that you think are most interesting. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: arrested; jungle; reverberating; interspersed; margin; crevices; inspection; respective; compact; velocity; rendered; whip-thong; concealment; momentarily; acute. 8. *Pronounce:* often; ponderous.

Phrases for Study

at intervals, **32**, 5
uninterrupted peal, **33**, 29
cracked in rapid succession, **34**, 14
spare guns, **34**, 15
"rogue" elephant, **34**, *27*
devoid of hope, **35**, *2*

HOW AN ELK SWAM TO SAFETY *

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

The spot where the boy *voyageurs* had landed was at the bottom of a small bay. The country back from the lake was level and clear of timber. Here and there, nearer the shore, however, its surface was covered with small clumps of willows that formed little thickets of deep green. Beside one of these thickets, within a hundred yards of the beach, the fire had been kindled, on a spot of ground that commanded a view of the plain for miles back.

"Look yonder!" cried François, who had finished eating, and had risen to his feet. "What are these, captain?" François pointed to some objects that appeared at a great distance off upon the plain.

The "captain" rose, placed his hand so as to shade his eyes from the sun, and, after looking for a second or two in the direction indicated, replied by saying, "Wapiti."

"I'm no wiser than before I asked the question," said François. "What is a wapiti?"

"Why, elk, if you like."

"Oh! elk—now I understand you. I thought they were elk, but they're so far off I wasn't sure."

Lucien at this moment rose up, and looking through a small telescope which he carried, confirmed the statement of the "captain," and pronounced it to be a herd of elk.

"In my opinion," continued Lucien, "the wapiti is the noblest of all the deer kind. It has all the grace of limb and motion that belongs to the common deer, while its towering horns give it a most majestic and imposing appearance."

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

Lucien was interrupted by an exclamation from Basil, who stood observing the wapiti.

"What is it?" they cried.

"Look yonder!" replied Basil, pointing at the herd. "Something disturbs them. Give me your glass, Lucien."

Lucien handed the telescope to his brother, who turned it toward the elk. The rest watched them with the naked eye. They could see that there was some trouble among the animals. There were only six in the herd, and even at the distance the boys could tell that they were all bucks. They were running to and fro upon the prairie, and doubling about as if playing, or rather as if some creature was chasing them. With the naked eye, however, nothing could be seen upon the ground but the bucks themselves, and the other boys looked to Basil, who held the glass, for an explanation of their odd movements.

"There are wolves at them," said Basil, after regarding them for a second or two.

"That's odd," rejoined Norman. "Wolves don't often attack full-grown wapiti, unless they are wounded or crippled somehow. There must be something the matter with one of the bucks, then, or else there's a big pack of the wolves, and they expect to tire one of the wapiti down."

"There appears to be a large pack," answered Basil, still looking through the glass—"fifty at least. See! they have separated one buck from the herd—it's running this way!"

Basil's companions had noticed this, and all four now leaped to their guns. The wapiti was plainly coming toward them, and they could make out the wolves following upon his heels, strung out over the prairie like a pack of hounds. When first started, the buck was a full half mile distant, but in less than a minute's time he came breasting forward until the boys could see his sparkling eyes and the

play of his proud flanks. He was a noble animal to look at. His horns were full grown, and as he ran with his snout thrown forward, his antlers lay along both sides of his neck until their tips touched his shoulders. He continued on in a direct line until he was within less than a hundred paces of the camp; but he swerved suddenly from his course, and darted into the thicket of willows, where he was for the moment hidden from view. The wolves—fifty of them at least—had followed him up to this point; and as he entered the thicket several were close upon his heels. The boys expected to see the wolves rush in after him—as there appeared to be nothing to hinder them—but to the astonishment of all, they came to a sudden halt, and then went sneaking back—some of them even running off as if terrified! At first the boys believed this strange conduct due to their own presence and the smoke of the camp; but a moment's thought convinced them that this could not be the reason, as they were all well acquainted with the nature of the prairie wolf, and had never witnessed anything like it before.

But they had no time to think of the wolves just then. The buck was the main attraction, and, calling to each other to surround the thicket, all four started in different directions. In a couple of minutes they had placed themselves at nearly equal distances around the thicket, and stood watching eagerly for the reappearance of the wapiti.

The willows covered about an acre of ground, but they were thick and full-leaved, and the buck could not be seen from any side. Wherever he was, he was evidently at a standstill, for not a rustle could be heard among the leaves, nor were any of the tall stalks seen to move.

The dog was now sent in. This would soon start him, and all four stood with guns ready. But hardly had the

dog disappeared into the thicket when a loud snort was heard, followed by a struggle and the stamping of hoofs, and the next moment the wapiti came crashing through the bushes. All the boys ran round to the side he had taken, and had a full view of the animal as he bounded off. Instead of running free as before, he now leaped heavily forward; what was their astonishment on seeing that he *carried another animal upon his back!*

The boys could hardly believe their eyes, but there it was, sure enough, a brown, shaggy mass, lying flat along the shoulders of the wapiti, and clutching it with large, spreading claws. François cried out, "A panther!" Basil at first believed it to be a bear, but Norman, who had lived more in those parts where the animal is found, knew at once that it was the dreaded wolverene.

The boys, surprised by such an unexpected sight, had suddenly halted. François and Basil were about to renew the pursuit, but Norman told them to remain where they were.

"They won't go far," said he; "let us watch them a bit. See! the buck takes to the water!"

The wapiti, on leaving the willows, had run straight out in the first direction that offered, which happened to be in a line parallel with the edge of the lake. His eye, however, soon caught sight of the water, and, doubling suddenly round, he made directly toward it, evidently with the intention of plunging in. He had hopes, no doubt, that by this means he might rid himself of the terrible creature that was clinging to his shoulders, and tearing his throat to pieces.

A few bounds brought him to the shore. Though there was no beach at the spot, the bank rising steeply from the water's edge to a height of eight feet, the buck did not hesi-

tate, but sprang outward and downward. A heavy splash followed, and for some seconds both wapiti and wolverene were lost under the water. They rose to the surface, just as the boys reached the bank, but they came up *separately*. The dip had proved a cooler to the fierce wolverene; and while the wapiti was seen to strike boldly out into the lake and swim off, the wolverene, evidently out of his element, kept plunging about clumsily, struggling to get back to the shore. François emptied his gun at the savage beast, and the brute sank dead to the bottom of the lake. Strange to say, not one of the party had thought of firing at the buck. Persecution by so many enemies had won for him their sympathy. But the buck swam on, keeping almost in a direct line out into the lake. It was evident to all that he could not swim across the lake, as its farther shore was not even visible. Realizing that he must either return to where they were, or drown, the boys stood still and watched his motions. When he had got about half a mile from the shore, to the surprise of all, he was seen to rise higher above the surface, and then all at once to stop, with half of his body clear out of the water! He had come upon a shoal, and seemed determined to remain there until such time as it should be safe for him to return.

Later the boys found that the buck had been wounded. An arrowhead was sticking in one of his thighs. The Indians had been after him, and very lately too, as the wound showed. It would not have been a mortal wound, if the arrowhead had been removed; but, as it was, it finally proved his death. The wound explained why the wolves had assailed an animal that otherwise, from his great size and strength, would have defied them. The wolves had seen the wolverene as they approached the thicket, and that accounted for their strange behavior in the pursuit.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Captain Mayne Reid (1818-1883) is known as a British novelist, though much of his life was spent in America. He was born in Ireland, and at the age of twenty came to America in search of adventure. He roved through Canada and many of the states of the Union. For some time he did newspaper work in Philadelphia, where he met Edgar Allan Poe. In 1846 he enlisted in the Mexican War and won a captain's commission. He is a popular author with boys because his stories are simply written and are full of adventures based upon his own experiences.

This story is taken from his book, *The Young Voyageurs.* The young *voyageurs* of the story are three brothers, Basil, Lucien, and François. Dressed in the costume of the backwoods hunter, they are making their way, in a birch-bark canoe, from the swamps of Louisiana to the home of their uncle, who is stationed at a remote Hudson Bay Company post near the shores of the Arctic Sea. Their cousin, Norman, is their guide and is called "captain" in the story.

Discussion. 1. What part of the story is most interesting to you? 2. What description do you like best? 3. Read aloud descriptions that would make fine subjects for moving pictures. 4. Make an outline of the more important incidents of the story. 5. Tell the substance of the story, following your outline. 6. What incident gained for the elk the sympathy of the boys? 7. How is the attack on the elk by the wolves explained? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: indicated; towering; majestic; imposing; doubling; rejoined; antlers; swerved; wolverene; persecution; visible; mortal; assailed; defied; accounted. 9. *Pronounce:* François; wapiti; toward; wounded; reappearance; creature; farther; shoal; pursuit.

Phrases for Study

confirmed the statement, **37,** *22*
pronounced it to be, **37,** *23*
all the deer kind, **37,** *25*
with the naked eye, **38, 13**
breasting forward, **38,** *32*
play of his proud flanks, **39, 1**
proved a cooler to, **41,** *5*
out of his element, **41,** *7*

THE CARDINAL BIRD

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Where snowdrifts are deepest he frolics along,
A flicker of crimson, a chirrup of song,
My cardinal bird of the frost-powdered wing,
Composing new lyrics to whistle in Spring.

A plump little prelate, the park is his church;
The pulpit he loves is a cliff-sheltered birch;
And there, in his rubicund livery dressed,
Arranging his feathers and ruffling his crest,

He preaches, with most unconventional glee,
A sermon addressed to the squirrels and me,
Commending the wisdom of those that display
The brightest of colors when heavens are gray.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Arthur Guiterman (1871-) is an American poet. His home is in New York City, where he was graduated from the College of the City of New York. For a time he was an editorial writer for the *Literary Digest*, and lecturer on magazine and newspaper verse at the School of Journalism of New York University. He is the author of *Laughing Muse*, a volume of poems, from which "The Cardinal Bird" is taken.

Discussion. 1. The cardinal bird is an American songster; have you ever seen this bird? 2. What tells you in the poem that it stays all winter? 3. The poet says that this bird is a preacher; what is his church? What pulpit does he like best? To whom does he preach? What belief does he preach? 4. Do you agree that we should appear bright and cheerful on gray days? Why? 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: lyrics; prelate; rubicund; livery; unconventional; commending.

Phrases for Study

frost-powdered wing, 43, 3

composing new lyrics, 43, 4

THE BLUEBIRD

MAURICE THOMPSON

When ice is thawed, and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees,
When snowbirds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasseling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebirds' songs and winds of spring;
They tell me after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales,
And plum trees blossom on the hills;
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Maurice Thompson (1844-1901) was born in Indiana but lived for a number of years in the South. While in Georgia he joined the Confederate army. After the Civil War he returned to Indiana and located in Crawfordsville. He practiced law, but became well known as a writer. Among his published works are novels, books on archery, and *Poems*, a collection from which "The Bluebird" is taken.

Discussion. 1. Have you ever seen a bluebird? 2. At what time of the year does this bird "seek our maple groves"? 3. What do you know of its song? 4. What faith do the spring winds and the bluebird's songs give the poet? 5. What effect on the poet has the bluebird's song? 6. Explain the comparison found in the last stanza. 7. Which stanza do you like best? Why? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: swarm; thrills; gush; greening; splendor; gladden; vales.

Phrases for Study

racy sweetness, **44**, 2
floods the trees, **44**, 2
charms them into tasseling, **44**, 8
mists of splendor, **45**, 2
prophetic veil, **45**, 3
rich fulfillment dawn, **45**, 4
melody sincere, **45**, 6
fount of harmony, **45**, 7
nursed a faith, **45**, 9
do thy will, **45**, 22

TO THE CUCKOO

JOHN LOGAN

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fli'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green;
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Logan (1748-1788), a Scottish author, was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He became a teacher, a preacher, and a poet. His published works include several volumes, from one of which, *Poems,* this selection is taken.

Discussion. 1. Make a list of all the names by which the poet speaks of the cuckoo in this poem. 2. Mention the various things he says come at the same time that the cuckoo's song is heard. 3. What tells you that this bird's song is one of cheer? 4. Express the meaning of the fifth stanza in your own words. 5. What does the poet mean by "No Winter in thy year"? 6. Memorize the last two stanzas. In memorizing a selection, become familiar with the thought as well as the words through both the eye and the ear. Writing and then saying aloud the lines will help to fix them in your memory. 7. *Contest:* Who can memorize these two stanzas in the shortest time? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: cuckoo; decks; hail; bowers; starts; lay. 9. *Pronounce:* beauteous; visitant.

Phrases for Study

repairs thy rural seat, **46**, 3
what time, **46**, 5
thy certain voice, **46**, 6
mark the rolling year, **46**, 8
new voice of Spring, **47**, 3
fli'st thy vocal vale, **47**, 6
annual guest in other lands, **47**, 7

THE HUMMING BIRD

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

No sooner has the returning sun again caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams than the little humming bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause its beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; while the motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose.

Then is the moment for the humming bird to secure them. Its long, delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the tongue touches each insect in succession and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by a flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens—nay,

the deepest shades of the forest—are all visited in their turn; and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent, changing green. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upward, downward, to the right, and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season; and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John James Audubon (1780-1851) was born in New Orleans. His mother died when he was very young, and his father, who was a Frenchman, took the boy to France. There Audubon grew up and was educated. He studied drawing with some of the celebrated French artists. In 1798 he returned to America, and from that time on, he spent most of his time in this country. He devoted himself to the study of natural history and especially to birds. His great work, *The Birds of America,* contains life-size pictures of more than a thousand birds. The drawings for these he made himself, and they are artistically excellent as well as true to nature. Because of his interest in birds, the clubs for the care and study of birds, which have been formed throughout the United States, are called *Audubon Societies.*

Discussion. 1. Have you ever seen a humming bird? 2. What service does the bird render to the flowers? 3. How does the bird capture the insect? 4. How does the author excuse the bird's theft of food from the flower? 5. Make a program for Bird Day; or for exercises, with a bird-house exhibit. 6. You will find valuable suggestions in the illustrated bulletins: *Bird Houses and How to Build Them* and *How to Attract Birds,* which are sent free by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; also *Good Bungalows for Good Birds,* sent free by Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association, New Orleans, Louisiana. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: expand; pinions; gorgeous; baffles; competition; precaution. 8. *Pronounce:* genial; poised; recesses; resplendent.

FORBEARANCE

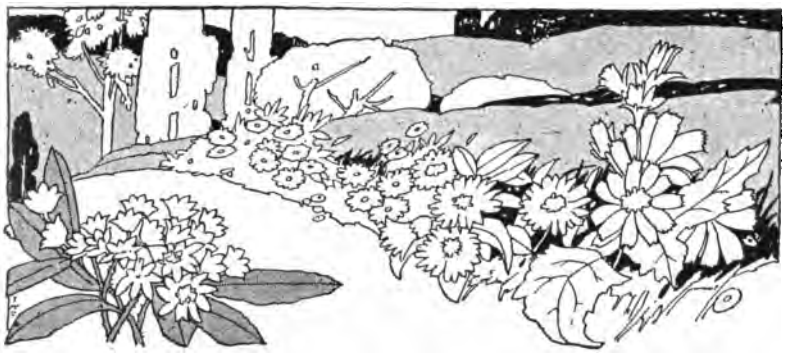
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was a native of Boston, born not far from Franklin's birthplace; and he lived most of his life in Concord, near Boston. Emerson was a quiet boy, but that he had high ambitions and sturdy determination is shown by the fact that he worked his way through college. He is best known for his essays, full of noble ideas which won for him the title "Sage of Concord." As a poet, he was not particular about meter, making his lines often purposely rugged but always full of thought. His poems of nature are as clear-cut and vivid as snapshots.

Discussion. 1. Which one of these five examples of forbearance do you think most difficult to practice? 2. Why should we protect birds and flowers? What society has for its purpose the protection of birds? 3. What feeling similar to that described in the fifth example have you experienced in greeting a hero from the World War? 4. Which do most people prefer in daily life—appreciation that is expressed, or silent appreciation? 5. What two words are sharply contrasted in the second line? 6. Read the poem aloud to bring out all the contrasts. 7. What word shows that Emerson feels that he does not possess all of these qualities? 8. How does he express his admiration for the person who does possess them? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: forbearance; wood-rose; pulse; high; behavior. 10. *Pronounce:* stalk.



ROADSIDE FLOWERS

BLISS CARMAN

We are the roadside flowers
  Straying from garden grounds,
Lovers of idle hours,
  Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
  If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
  The strangers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
  He makes His sun to rise,
And His rain to fall like pardon
  On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty—
  The task of the wandering breed—
To better the world with beauty,
  Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason;
The Lord of the Garden knows.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Bliss Carman (1861-) was born in Canada. He was graduated from the University of New Brunswick, and studied at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and later at Harvard College. For some years he lived in New York City and edited the magazine, *The Independent*. He has written many short stories and poems of rare beauty and charm.

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in the poem? 2. What do we commonly call roadside flowers? 3. What characteristics of roadside flowers that differ from those of cultivated flowers are noted in the first two stanzas? 4. What service do the flowers say they render? To whom? 5. How does "the Lord of the Garden" help the roadside flowers in their task? What is their task? 6. Do you think the last stanza means that the humble roadside flowers believe, with the poet Browning, that "all service ranks the same with God"? 7. What does the last stanza mean to you?

Phrases for Study

ordered bounds, **51**, 4
Lord of the Garden, **51**, 9
fall like pardon, **51**, 11
dusty paradise, **51**, 12
wandering breed, **51**, 14
the way may lead, **51**, 16

THE DANDELIONS

HELEN GRAY CONE

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.

We were not waked by bugle notes;
No cheer our dreams invaded;
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot,
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the selfsame spot
A crowd of veterans talking.

They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Helen Gray Cone (1859-), an American poet, born in New York City, is a Professor of English in Hunter College. She has written many strong, beautiful poems. Some of her published works are: *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems, Soldiers of the Light and Other Poems,* and *A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems,* from which this selection is taken.

Discussion. 1. To what is the coming of the dandelions likened in the first stanza? 2. Can you tell why the poet set the coming of the dandelions "upon a showery night"? 3. What does the second stanza tell you? 4. To what does the poet liken the dandelions in the third stanza? 5. What becomes of the dandelions? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: slopes; paraded; selfsame.

Phrases for Study

trooper band, **52**, 3
surprised the hill, **52**, 3
our dreams invaded, **53**, 2
crowd of veterans, **53**, 8

APPLE BLOSSOMS

WILLIAM WESLEY MARTIN

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white—
Just to touch them a delight!
In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades were falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird is calling
In the spring!

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring?
In the spring?
In an English apple country in the spring?

When the bride and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair;
Apple blossoms everywhere,
In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

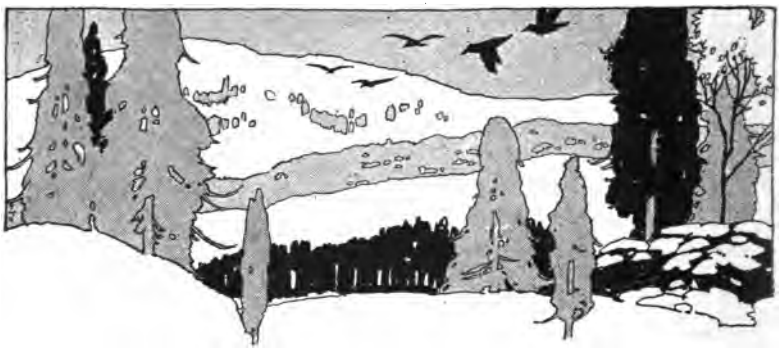
NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Wesley Martin is an English author of modern times. His "Apple Blossoms" proves that a comparatively unknown poet may produce a poem that ranks with the works of authors whose reputation is well established.

Discussion. 1. The poem describes an English apple orchard; does it picture equally well an American apple orchard? 2. What is the "promised glory" of the apple tree? 3. What picture does "baby-white" bring before you? 4. What other signs of spring does the poet mention? 5. How could blossoms falling from a tree make the poet think of a "cascade"? 6. What made the brooklets look like silver? 7. What effect does the repetition of "In the spring" give? 8. Find three lines in each stanza that rime. 9. What makes this poem so pleasing when read aloud? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: mavis; crumpled; brawling; bridal; render. 11. *Pronounce:* hoary; subtle; beneath.

Phrases for Study

wealth of promised glory, **54**, 5
pipes his story, **54**, 6
bursting at the light, **54**, 11
cascades were falling, **54**, 18



THE VOICE OF SPRING

FELICIA HEMANS

I come, I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a growing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Felicia Hemans (1793-1835), an English poet, was born in Liverpool. She lived much of the time in North Wales. She began to write poetry when young, and in 1819 won a prize of £50 (about $250) offered for the best poem on "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron." She is best known for her short poems such as "Casabianca," "The Voice of Spring," and "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. How may the steps of Spring be traced? 3. How does the wind tell that the violets are in bloom? 4. Read the lines from the second stanza which tell

where Spring has been and the result of her visit there. 5. Where does the third stanza tell us that Spring has been? What was the result of her visit there? 6. Why could not the fisherman go out before Spring came? 7. What places mentioned in the fourth stanza show how far Spring has traveled? 8. What is the name of the "night-bird" which sings through the "starry time"? 9. What bird is mentioned in connection with the Iceland lakes? Why is not a singing bird mentioned instead of this bird? 10. What was the chain which bound the streams before the coming of Spring? 11. Select the words from the fifth stanza which tell of the movement of the waters. 12. Which of the flowers and trees named in the poem do you know? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: ancient; fanes; clime; sparry; lyre. 14. *Pronounce:* violet; Italian; loosed; Hesperian; verdure.

Phrases for Study

wakening earth, **56**, 3
shadowy grass, **56**, 5
breathed on the South, **56**, 7
veiled with wreaths, **56**, 10
it is not for me to, **56**, 11
starry time, **57**, 5
silvery main, **57**, 10
may not stay, **57**, 20

SPRING PROPHECIES

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

Today the wind has a milder range,
And seems to hint of a secret change;
For the gossipy breezes bring to me
The delicate odor of buds to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The early grass in a sheltered nook
Unsheathes its blades near the forest brook;
In the first faint green of the elm I see
A gracious token of leaves to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The peach trees brighten the river's brink
With their dainty blossoms of white and pink,
And over the orchard there comes to me
The subtle fragrance of fruit to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The rigor of winter has passed away,
While the earth seems yearning to meet her May,
And the voice of a bird in melodious glee
Foretells the sweetness of songs to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Hamilton Hayne (1856-), a poet of the South, was born in Charleston, South Carolina. When a young boy, he moved with his parents into the pine regions of Georgia. His father, the distinguished lyric poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne, named the new home "Copse Hill." Here William grew to manhood and developed a taste which led him to devote his life to literature. Like his father, he excels in lyric verse, that is, in poetry that is musical. His best known work is *Sylvan Lyrics,* from which this poem is taken.

Discussion. 1. What "prophecy" of spring does the first stanza give? The second? The third? The fourth? 2. Which of these signs of spring have you noticed? 3. Why would you call this poem a lyric? 4. Find lines that seem to you especially musical. 5. Point out the lines that rime. 6. How does the poet avoid repeating the word "wind" in the first stanza? 7. There is a national club called "The United States School Garden Army"; are you a member? 8. Write to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., for *Home Gardening for City Children,* and for *A Manual of School-Supervised Gardening;* or to the Department of Agriculture for *Circular 48* of the "Boys' and Girls' Club Work." 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: range; gossipy; nook; gracious; token; rigor; foretells. 10. *Pronounce:* unsheathes; elm; melodious.

SPRING IN KENTUCKY

JAMES LANE ALLEN

March is a month when the needle of my nature dips toward the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of a winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark green snowdrop and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap which the old nurse would insist that she should wear.

But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain clouds for her water buckets, and the wind for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailfuls into every dirty corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor!

Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs.

This done, she begins to hang up soft, new curtains at the forest windows and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven.

And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Lane Allen (1849-) is a native of the South, having been born on a farm near Lexington, Kentucky. He was educated at Transylvania University, and for a time was Professor of Latin and English at Bethany College, West Virginia, but since 1886 he has devoted himself entirely to literature. He has written many interesting stories and novels, among which are *The Blue Grass Region and Other Sketches of Kentucky* and *The Kentucky Cardinal*, from which "Spring in Kentucky" is taken.

Discussion. 1. In what poetic words does the author say that in March he begins to think of spring? 2. How do plants "stretch arms upward and legs downward"? 3. How does "Nature do her spring house-cleaning"? 4. After house-cleaning, what does Nature do? 5. To whom does she send invitations to visit her? 6. When are these invitations accepted? 7. Compare the picture of spring in this selection with those in the two poems preceding; which picture do you like best? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: cranny; emerald.

Phrases for Study

needle of my nature dips, **60**, 1
frosted nightcap, **60**, 7
in a trice, **60**, 16
mortal looms, **60**, 23

MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The cock is crowing;
The stream is flowing;
The small birds twitter;
The lake doth glitter;
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon.
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing;
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was one of the great English poets. He was born in the beautiful lake region of northern England, and spent most of his lifetime there. He was always intensely devoted to the cause of liberty. Unlike many great poets, Wordsworth saw the beauty and charm of humble life; the characters in many of his best known poems are of the peasant class. His poems of flowers, birds, and the seasons show the simplicity and sincerity of his nature. In 1843 Wordsworth was appointed poet laureate of England.

Discussion. 1. Which of the things mentioned in this poem have you noticed in the spring? 2. How many of these may be seen in the city? 3. How many can be seen only in the country? 4. From what places has the snow "retreated"? 5. In what battle has it been "defeated"? 6. Where does it still linger? 7. What are the "fountains" of which the poet speaks? 8. What tells you that the plowboy feels happy? 9. To what are the small clouds compared? 10. Which words sound like the thought they express? 11. Which lines rime? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: grazing; prevailing; laureate.

Phrases for Study

forty feeding like one, **61**, 10
anon—anon, **62**, 5
doth fare ill, **62**, 3

JUNE

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming!
Among the alders by the stream I heard a partridge drumming;
I heard a partridge drumming, June, a welcome with his wings,
And felt a softness in the air, half Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June, I knew that you were nearing—
I saw it in the bursting buds of roses in the clearing;
The roses in the clearing, June, were blushing pink and red,
For they had heard upon the hills the echo of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming,
For ev'ry warbler in the wood a song of joy was humming.
I know that you are here, June, I know that you are here—
The fairy month, the merry month, the laughter of the year!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Douglas Malloch (1877-) was born in Muskegon, Michigan, a center of the lumbering industry not many years ago. He is the author of *In Forest Land, The Enchanted Garden,* and *The Woods,* from which this selection is taken. Many of his poems, which relate largely to the forest and lumber camp, have been published in the current magazines.

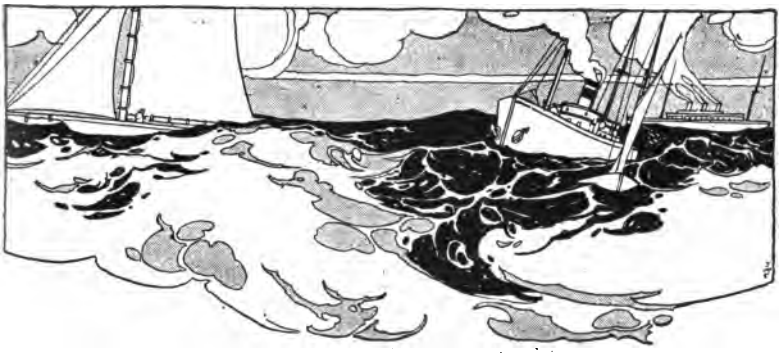
Discussion. 1. By what signs does the poet know that June has come? 2. In the first stanza notice the repetition of "I heard a partridge drumming," with the addition, "a welcome with his wings"; what similar instance is there in the second stanza? 3. What is the effect of this repetition? 4. Why does the poet call June "the laughter of the year"? 5. What rimes do you like particularly well? 6. Divide your class into groups or teams, each having two or three members. Each group will prepare a program for Arbor and Bird Day, the programs to be reported in class. Select the three best programs. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: nearing; clearing; warbler. 8. *Pronounce:* alders; partridge.

Phrases for Study

drumming a welcome, **63**, 3

softness in the air, **63**, 4

SKY AND WATER



MY HEART LEAPS UP

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 62.

Discussion. 1. What do you think Wordsworth means when he says his heart "leaps up"? Can you remember any occasion on which your heart leaped up? 2. How does the poet tell us that the sight of a rainbow gave him the same joy when he was a child that it gives him now? How can the child be "father" of the man he will become?

3. What things sometimes make boys and girls forget the wonderful world of nature? 4. What difference do you think the lack of this feeling would have made in Wordsworth's life? 5. How can we keep this feeling in our hearts?

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy in midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery;
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary.

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest.

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame;
Changed every moment,
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content;
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) came from a line of lawyers, his family having been distinguished in that profession in every generation since their coming to America. His mother was a fine musician, and it was from her that Lowell inherited his taste for poetry. As a boy he had the free use of his father's library, one of the oldest and best private libraries of that time. He had every opportunity for education that wealth and leisure afforded, but at college he says he "read nearly everything except the books prescribed by the faculty." After he was graduated from Harvard College he studied law and opened an office in Boston, but he soon decided that this was not the business for him. He published some poems, edited a magazine, and in 1855 succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and like him spent some years in study abroad. He was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and its first editor. Lowell was considered one of the finest scholars in America in his time. He was of a sunnier disposition than Bryant and is called the Poet of June, as Bryant has been called the Poet of Autumn.

Discussion. 1. What picture does the first stanza give you? The second? The third? 2. Which do you like best? 3. How could the

fountain change every moment and still be the same? 4. In what qualities would Lowell have his heart like the fountain? 5. What is addressed in the last stanza? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: element; constant; upward. 7. *Pronounce:* blithesome; aspiring.

THE SEA

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;

And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then in calm and strife
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874) was an English poet who wrote under the name "Barry Cornwall." Though he spent a busy life as a practicing lawyer, he wrote a number of books—essays, biographies, and poetry. His best poems are his songs, and of these "The Sea" is one of the most famous.

Discussion. 1. Who is supposed to be speaking in the poem? 2. When does the sea play "with the clouds"? 3. When does it lie "like a cradled creature"? 4. What is meant by "the blue above"? 5. What is "the blue below"? 6. Why does the shore seem "tame" to the sailor? 7. To what does the speaker compare himself when he returns from the shore? 8. Find a line in the poem which speaks of the silence of the ocean. 9. Find lines which speak of the noise of the ocean. 10. What caused the noise described in these lines? 11. What famous American or English sailors might have loved the sea as this sailor did? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: mark; bound; deep; bursting; aloft; tame; billowy; dolphins; outcry; range. 13. *Pronounce:* regions; porpoise; calm.

A Backward Look

By the Magic Wand of Reading you have been carried out of your schoolroom into the world of Nature. With Roosevelt you have ridden out upon the western plains; as you rode along with him, what did he tell you about life on these plains, and especially about the bighorn sheep? What impression of Roosevelt as a hunter do you gain from this narrative? What thrilling experience in hunting the elephants of Ceylon did you share with Sir Samuel White Baker? Imagine you are François and tell how the elk saved himself by swimming. Which of these three adventure stories did you find most exciting? Read again the lines of the Forward Look (page 22) that tell you where you have been traveling as you read these stories. Which story does the picture on page 23 illustrate? Which incident in these adventure stories is pictured most vividly in your mind?

What did the Sage of Concord say to you about forebearance that strengthened one of your good resolutions? Which birds described by the poets are familiar to you? To the poets these birds express various messages in their songs; what is the message each one sings? Which poem seems to you most joyous? Recite in class the last two stanzas of "The Cuckoo," and lines from any other poem you may have learned by heart just because you liked them. Notice how the artist has illustrated the group of selections on birds (page 43); what suggestions for illustrating this group can you make?

How does Lincoln's saying, "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them," apply to the flowers described in "Roadside Flowers"? The poet Browning says:

> "We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

In "The Dandelions" what has the poet "painted" for you that

will make these flowers seem more interesting the next time you see them? Which poem in this group is most musical?

Which is your favorite selection in the Spring and Summer group? Which makes you feel most keenly the joyousness of spring? Which shows humor in its comparisons? Recite the lines you have learned by heart in this group of poems.

What feeling do you have when you read "My Heart Leaps Up" and "The Fountain"? Mention instances when your heart leaped up. Do you think the lack of this feeling would make a difference in your life? How do you feel when you read the poem "The Sea"? How do you think the poet himself felt about the sea?

Which authors represented in the World of Nature group have you met before? Tell what you know about their lives and mention the titles of any of their works familiar to you, not found in this group. Which of these authors are new to you? Which are American? Which British? Which present-day writers?

In "The Magic Wand" (page 15) you learned that Strength, Knowledge, and Pleasure come from reading; read again what is said on page 16 about reading that brings Pleasure. What has the reading of this group of stories and poems brought to you?

In the *Notes and Questions* of Part I you have found a number of suggested problems, to be worked out by you alone or with the help of a group of your classmates. Similar suggestions will be found throughout the book. The working out of these problems and reporting upon them in class will add greatly to your *pleasure* in reading. If you organize your class into a *Reading Club*, with officers, and regular class reading-periods each month for meetings to hear reports of individual pupils and of groups, you will have added enjoyment. Interest will be increased and the spirit of contest added, if your club is divided into committees, each with a leader or chairman who, with the help of his committee members, works out problems and reports upon them as a club or a school-assembly program.

Some of the suggestions that you will find in your progress through this book are: (a) American Citizenship—Making a list of the suggestions you find in this Reader that help you to be a good citizen, and preparing a citizenship (Americanization) program from selections in this book; (b) Silent Reading—Making a report showing comparisons month by month of individual and class progress in silent reading; (c) Books I Have Read—Reviewing a favorite book, giving title, author, time and scene of story, principal characters, and a brief outline of the story, with readings of parts that will give your club members most pleasure; (d) Magazine Reading—Making monthly reports on current numbers of *The Junior Red Cross News, St. Nicholas, The Youth's Companion, School Life,* etc., recommending to the club articles that you have found interesting; (e) Newspaper Reading —Making a report of the departments of various newspapers in your town, showing the place of general news, of editorials, society news, sports, the joke column, cartoons, and advertisements, calling attention to the use of headlines in large type to attract attention to the story (Add interest to your report by showing examples of old newspapers and of the most widely-read current newspapers); (f) Dramatizing—Planning and presenting "Thanksgiving at Todd's Asylum," "The King of the Golden River," or, for an Arbor and Bird Day program, "The Birds of Killingworth," etc.; (g) Public Readings—Readings for entertainment, using the club as an audience; (h) Present-day Writers —Reading from their works and making a report of local visits by the writers and of any interesting newspaper or magazine reference to them, illustrated by portraits; (i) Collections—Making a collection of pictures, cartoons, advertisements, newspaper and magazine references, songs, and phonograph records, illustrating certain stories; (j) Excursions—Taking a trip through the library under the guidance of the teacher or librarian, locating various departments or visiting homes, statues, and monuments of writers located in your town.

A Forward Look

No one of the wonderful things that can be done by the Magic Wand of Reading is more important than what it shows you of the meaning of Home and Country.

There are many tales that show how true it is that happiness often depends upon simple things, not upon great possessions. In one of the stories of this book the King of the Golden River gave riches to a little boy named Gluck, who was the slave of his brothers, because he was always kind of heart and did his work faithfully. The brothers were rich and selfish and greedy. One would have thought that they had everything to make them happy, but they were cruel to an old man who asked for bread; they refused to help a dying child or to give water to a little dog; and as a punishment they lost all their riches.

Through magic Gluck found happiness, passing from slavery to good fortune. He found out that happiness is not a matter of possessing wealth. The blessings of the Magic Wand are given only to him who is fit.

In this part of your book, you will find stories and poems by which the Magic Wand will help you to enter into the joy that home and its festivals can give you, and into the joy of feeling a strong love for the larger home that we call our country. This joy is not given you by great possessions, but by faithfulness to the simple duties you owe to others. The gypsy wishes to wander along new roads in search of new adventures,

> "But when it is dark, he wants a roof
> To keep away the sky."

The grown man, in the midst of the business of life, thinks about the old oaken bucket at his boyhood home. Eph Todd, the hero

you will read about in "Thanksgiving at Todd's Asylum," was utterly unsuccessful as the world measures success. He had little money, and spent what he had to help the poor, so that the neighbors called his farm "Todd's Asylum." But no one can read the story of that Thanksgiving dinner without feeling that a millionaire could not buy such happiness as these simple people possessed. In another story of this group, the great English writer, Charles Dickens, recalls the Christmas tree of his childhood days; every object on it is seen bathed in fairy light. And through the simple festivals of home the fairy light also shines on all mankind: all round the world,

"The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

To Tennyson the ringing of the New Year Bells brings a prayer for a thousand years of peace, in which the larger heart and the kindlier hand will drive out the darkness of selfishness and hatred. Gluck is happy, not because of gold, but because of his faithfulness and helpfulness to others.

It is so, also, with the homeland. America is loved by the poet not for its greatness in war, but because it is the home of men who live as brothers. As another poet puts it, while we feel pride in the great expanse of the land we call America, it is really great because it is the home of free men, open to wanderers from afar who wish to breathe the air of freedom. The stories of early days in America, the deeds of Washington and the Revolutionary heroes, the events that have given meaning to our flag, are like the great English writer's memories of the Christmas tree of his boyhood. For they are reminders of the things that make America a homeland whose history, like the history of some old house, is dear to us through a thousand recollections.

Now the secret of the Magic Wand's power to point out the way to happiness is very simple. Gluck's brothers thought only

of seeking wealth, and they did not care who suffered, if they might have their way. They didn't know what "home" is. For the true meaning of home is found in its spirit of sympathy for all those who dwell in it, in the spirit of happiness which makes the home a place in which to live.

Now all this is just as true of citizenship in a democracy. For the success of such a government as ours depends upon all its citizens. If people think only of their own pleasure, or only of getting rich, and care nothing for the sufferings and the difficulties of others, they are bad citizens. So the last group of selections in this part of your book brings to you poems and stories about *service to others*. The spirit of home and good citizenship is well expressed in a poem you will read, called "The House by the Side of the Road." The bravery of a railway conductor many years ago; the devotion of men to the cause of liberty, in early times and also in the World War; the duty of all good citizens to work and to save; these are pictures that will be brought before you by the Magic Wand as it points the way to true happiness, which means *being a good citizen in our great American family home.*

In the selections of this group you will catch glimpses of men whose qualities made them worthy home-members and good citizens. Watch for these qualities as you read each selection. You will read of men who, like Abou Ben Adhem, loved their fellowmen, and you will learn about the man who said,

> "Let me live in a house by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man."

You will read of Gluck who regained by kindness and unselfish service to others what had been lost by cruelty; of George Washington who fought to win freedom for America; of the Oxford students who went to the aid of Belgium and France in the World War. You will see how work and thrift helped to make Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln useful citizens. You

will find a pledge for true citizens, and will read President Wilson's stirring message, "Go Forth to Serve." Finally you will read that "A noble deed is a step toward God," and that

> "We build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies."

When you have read all the selections of this group you will have a stronger love for your home, and for the larger home that we call our country. Keep in mind that you will be asked to prepare from selections in this book a program for citizenship or Americanization exercises—a program that you think will do much to inspire all who hear it to be worthy home-members and good citizens.

ROOFS

JOYCE KILMER

The road is wide, and the stars are out, and the breath of the night is sweet,
And this is the time when *wanderlust* should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home;
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead,
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.
He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark, he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call a gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes.

They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a tollgate where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road, and it stretches broad and far,
But at last it leads to a Golden Town where Golden Houses are.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918), an American poet, was born in New Brunswick, N. J., and educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. He was a member of the staff of the *New York Times,* and editor of poetry for *The Literary Digest.* Deeply moved by Germany's challenge to humanity, he enlisted seventeen days after the United States declared war, and was killed in the battle of the Marne. Though he died so young, he had written many beautiful poems. Among his published works are: *Trees and Other Poems, Literature in the Making,* and *Main Street and Other Poems,* from which "Roofs" is taken.

Discussion. 1. What preference for home does the poet express in the first stanza? 2. The poet thinks the gypsy is not a vagabond;

what reason does he give for this belief? 3. What does the poet give as the only reason a road is good? 4. Explain the comparison found in the last stanza. 5. What is the "Golden Town where Golden Houses are"? 6. What other titles might the author have given to this poem? 7. Listen while the entire poem is read aloud by a good reader. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: *wanderlust;* vagabond; milestone; tollgate.

Phrases for Study

breath of the night, **77**, 1
seize upon my feet, **77**, 2
canvas overhead, **78**, 1
keep away the sky, **78**, 4
life is a highway, **78**, 9
buy your way with tears, **78**, 10

HOME SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 344.

Discussion. 1. What reason does the poet give in the first stanza for believing that "To stay at home is best"? In the second? In the third? 2. Does it seem to you that "Home-keeping hearts are happiest"? 3. Does this poem make you think of the song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning"? Can you sing this song? 4. In reading Longfellow's biography, note that he lived abroad for a number of years; what do you think this experience taught him? 5. Compare this poem with "Roofs"; in what are they alike? In what are they unlike? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: distressed; baffled.

Phrases for Study

wilderness of doubt, **79**, 9 hovering in the sky, **79**, 14

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Woodworth (1785-1842), an American poet and editor, was born in Scituate, Massachusetts. He was a printer by trade, and became associated with George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," in a number of newspapers in New York City. He wrote several patriotic songs, but of all his writings "The Old Oaken Bucket" is best known.

Discussion. 1. Why do you think the "scenes" of the poet's childhood are so dear to him? 2. What words does he use to describe the bucket? 3. When did the boy find greatest pleasure in the old oaken bucket? 4. Listen while the poem is read aloud by three good readers, each reading a stanza. 5. What does the poet say is "the emblem of truth"? 6. How did the boy drink from the bucket? 7. Have you ever seen the kind of well and bucket described in this poem? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: cataract; cot; rude; iron-bound; yield; glowing; inclined. 9. *Pronounce:* exquisite; ardent; situation.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

WASHINGTON IRVING

When the day dawned, Columbus saw before him a level and beautiful island, covered with trees, like a continual orchard. Though everything appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen running from all parts to the shore. From their attitudes and gestures, they appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor, and to man the boats. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard.

As they approached the shore they were delighted by the beauty of the forests and the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by his companions, whose breasts, indeed, were full to overflowing. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession, in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors,

landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe. During the ceremony of taking possession they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and the splendid dress of the Spaniards. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. They were painted with a variety of colors, so as to have a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was straight and coarse, partly cut above the ears, but some had locks behind left long, and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age. They appeared to be a simple people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they know its properties, for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge. Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, which they received, and decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives In-

dians. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves, after their anxious voyage, amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and they returned to their ships late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen. —*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was a native of New York. He led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods. New York, called New Amsterdam in early colonial times, was then the capital of the country, and here the boy grew up, seeing many sides of American life, both in the city and country.

Manhattan Island and the region about it, with its commanding position at the entrance to a great inland waterway, was from the first a prize for which the nations from across the sea had contended. Such a mingling of different people must give rise to interesting experiences, and when someone appears who can put the story of those events into a pleasing sketch, then we begin to have real literature. But we had to wait until this prince of story-tellers had grown to manhood and given his sketches of this region to the world before we could claim at last to have a work of real American literature.

Irving is best known as a humorist and a charming story-teller, but he wrote some serious works also. His *Life of George Washington* was a tribute of loving reverence to the great American for whom he was named. As a boy, Irving was of a rather mischievous turn, a trait which perhaps helped to make him "the first American humorist." Indeed, it has been said that "before Irving there was no laughter in the land." He is called the "Father of American Literature," and also the "Gentle Humorist." "The Landing of Columbus" is taken from *Columbus, His Life and Voyages.*

Discussion. 1. Describe the island as Columbus saw it from the ships. 2. What was the ceremony of taking possession of the island? 3. What name did Columbus give the island? 4. How did the natives regard the ships and the white men? 5. Describe the natives as the Spaniards saw them. Tell about their arms of defense. 6. How did they receive the name Indian? 7. How do you think Columbus and

his men felt on finding land? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: luxuriance; Castilian; veering; affright; properties; extremity. 9. *Pronounce:* populous; gestures; raiment; ceremony.

Phrases for Study

of untamed nature, 82, 4
royal standard, 82, 10
issued from the deep, 82, 23
shifting and furling, 82, 25
moderate stature, 83, 21
hawks' bells, 83, 29

THANKSGIVING AT TODD'S ASYLUM *

WINTHROP PACKARD

THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM

People said that if it had not been for that annuity Eph Todd would have been at the poor farm himself instead of setting up a rival to it; but there *was* the annuity, and that was the beginning of Todd's asylum.

No matter who or what you were, if you were in hard luck, Todd's asylum was open to you. The Number Four district schoolhouse clock was a sample. For thirty years it had smiled from the wall upon successive generations of pupils, until, one day, bowed with years and infirmities, it had ceased to tick. It had been taken gently down, laid out on a desk in state for a day or two, and finally was in funeral procession to the rubbish heap when Eph Todd appeared.

"You're not going to throw that good old clock away?" Eph had asked of the committeeman who acted as bearer.

"Guess I'll have to," replied the other. "I've wound it up tight, put 'most a pint of kerosene in it, and shook it till I'm dizzy, and it won't tick a bit. Guess the old clock's done for."

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

"Now see here," said Eph; "you just let me have a try at it. Let me take it home for a spell."

"Oh, for that matter I'll give it to you," the committeeman replied. "We've bought another for the schoolhouse."

A day or two after, the old clock ticked away as soberly as ever on the wall of the Todd kitchen.

"Took it home and boiled it in potash," Eph used to say; "and there it is, just as good as it was thirty years ago."

This was not quite true, for enough enamel was gone from the face to make the exact location of the hour an uncertain thing; and there were days when the hour hand needed assistance.

"It wasn't much of a job," as Eph said, "to reach up once an hour and send the hand along one space, and Aunt Tildy had to have something to look forward to."

Aunt Tildy was the first inmate at Todd's. She passed his house on her way to the poor farm on the very day that the news of the legacy arrived, and Eph had stopped the carriage and begged the overseer to leave her with him.

"Are you sure you can take care of her?" asked the overseer, doubtfully.

"Sure?" echoed Eph with delight. "Of course I'm sure. Haven't I got four hundred dollars a year for the rest of my natural born days?"

"He's a good fellow, Eph Todd," mused the overseer as he drove away, "but I never heard of his having any money."

Next day the news of the legacy was common property, and Aunt Tildy had been an inmate at Todd's ever since. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and she really managed to keep the house after a fashion, her chief care being the clock.

Then there was the inventor. He had wasted his sub-

stance in inventing an incubator that worked with wonderful success till the day the chickens were to come out, when it caught fire and burned up, taking with it chickens, barn, house, and furniture, leaving the inventor standing in the field, thinly clad, and with nothing left in the world but another incubator.

With this he had shown up promptly at Todd's, and there he had dwelt thenceforth, using a pretty fair portion of the annuity in further incubator experiments.

With excellent wisdom, for him, Eph had obliged the inventor to keep his machine in a little shed behind the barn, so that when this one burned up, there was time to get the horse and cow out before the barn burned, and the village fire department managed to save the house. Repairing this loss made quite a hole in the annuity, and all the inventor had to show for it was Miltiades. He had put a single turkey's egg in with a previous hatch, and though he had raised nary a chicken, and it was contrary to all rime and reason, the turkey's egg had hatched, and the chick had grown up to be Miltiades.

Miltiades was a big gobbler now, and had a right to be named Ishmael, for his hand was against all men. He took care of himself, was never shut up or handled, and led a wandering life.

Last of all came Fisherman Jones. He was old now and couldn't see very well, unable to go to the brook or pond to fish, but he still started out daily with the fine new rod and reel which the annuity had bought for him, and would sit out in the sun, joint his rod together, and fish in the dry pasture with perfect contentment.

You would not think Fisherman Jones of much use, but it was he who caught Miltiades and made the Thanksgiving dinner possible.

FISHERMAN JONES CATCHES MILTIADES

The new barn had exhausted the annuity completely, and there would be no more income until January first; but one must have a turkey for Thanksgiving, and there was Miltiades. To catch Miltiades became the household problem, and the inventor set wonderful traps for him, which caught almost everything but Miltiades, who easily avoided them. Eph used to go out daily before breakfast and chase Miltiades, but he might as well have chased a government position. The turkey scorned him, and grew only wilder and tougher.

The day before Thanksgiving it looked as if there would be no turkey dinner at Todd's, but here Fisherman Jones stepped into the breach. It was a beautiful Indian summer day, and he hobbled out into the field for an afternoon's fishing. Here he sat on a log, and began to make casts in the open. Near by, under a juniper bush, lurked Miltiades, and viewed these actions with the scorn of long familiarity. By and by Fisherman Jones kicked up a loose bit of bark, and disclosed beneath it a fine, fat, white grub, of the sort which turns into June beetles with the coming of spring. He was not so blind but that he saw this, and with a chuckle at the thoughts it called up, he baited his hook with it.

A moment after, Eph Todd, coming out of the new barn, heard the click of a reel, and was astonished to see Fisherman Jones standing almost erect, his eyes blazing with the old-time fire, his rod bent, his reel buzzing, while at the end of a good forty feet of line was Miltiades, rushing in frantic strides for the woods.

"Good land!" said Eph, "it's the turkey! Hold him," he yelled. "Don't let him get all the line on you! He's hooked! Hold him!"

"Eph Todd!" gasped Fisherman Jones, "this is the whoppingest old bass I ever hooked on to yet. Beeswax, how he does pull!" And with the words Fisherman Jones went backward over the log, waving the pole and a pair of stiff legs in the air. The turkey had suddenly slackened the line.

"Give him the butt! Give him the butt!" roared Eph, rushing up. Even where he lay, the fisherman blood in Fisherman Jones responded to this stirring appeal, and as the rod bent in a tense half circle, a race began such as no elderly fisherman was ever the center of before.

Round and round went Miltiades, with the white grub in his crop, and the line above it gripped tightly in his strong beak; and round and round went Eph Todd, his outstretched arms waving like the turkey's wings, and his big boots denting the soft pasture turf with the vigor of his gallop. In the center Fisherman Jones, too nearsighted to see what he had hooked, had risen on one knee, and revolved with the bird, his soul wrapped in one idea—to keep the butt of his rod aimed at the whirling game.

"Hang to him! Reel him in! We'll get him!" shouted Eph; and, with the word, he caught his toe and vanished into the depths of the prickly bush, just as the inventor came over the hill. It would be very interesting to know what scheme the inventor would have put in motion for the capture of Miltiades, but just then he stepped into one of his own extraordinary traps, set for the turkey, of course, and, with one foot held fast, began to flounder about with cries of rage and dismay.

This brought Eph's head above the fringe of bush again, and now he beheld a wonderful sight. Fisherman Jones was again on his feet, staring in wild surprise at Miltiades, whom he sighted for the first time, within ten feet of him. There

was no pressure on the reel, and Miltiades was swallowing the line in big gulps, evidently determined to have not only the white grub, but all that went with it.

Fisherman Jones's cry of dismay was almost as bitter as that of the inventor, who still writhed in his own trap.

"Oh, Eph! Eph!" he whimpered, "he's eating up my tackle! He's eating up my tackle!"

"Never mind!" shouted Eph. "Don't be afraid! I reckon he'll stop when he gets to the pole!"

Eph scrambled out of his bush, and, taking up the chase once more, soon brought it to an end, for Fisherman Jones, his nerve completely gone, could only stand and mumble sadly to himself, "He's eating up my tackle! He's eating up my tackle!" and the line, wrapping about his motionless form, led Eph and the turkey in a brief circle which brought the three together.

It was not until the turkey was beheaded that Eph remembered the inventor and hastened to his rescue. He was still in the trap, but he was quite content, for he was figuring out a plan for release from the same, something which should hold the captive so long and then let him go, in the interests of humanity. He found the trap from the captive's point of view very interesting and instructive.

The stubbornness of Miltiades was further shown by the difficulty Eph and Fisherman Jones had in separating him from his feathers that evening; and Aunt Tildy was so interested in the plan of the inventor to raise featherless turkeys that she forgot the yeast cake she had put to soak until it had been boiling merrily for some time. Everything seemed to go wrong-end-to, and they all sat up so late that Mrs. Simpkins, across the way, observed that either someone was dead over at Todd's, or else they were having a family party; and in a certain sense she was right both ways.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

The crowning misadventure came next morning. Eph started for the village with his mind full of commissions from Aunt Tildy, some of which he was sure to forget, and in a great hurry lest he forget them all. He threw the harness hastily upon Dobbin, hitched him to the wagon, which had stood out on the soft ground overnight, and with an eager "Get up, there!" gave him a slap with the reins.

Next moment there was a ripping sound, and the inventor came to the door just in time to see the horse going out of the yard on a run, with Eph following, still clinging to the reins, and taking strides much like those of Baron Munchausen's messenger.

"Here, here!" called the inventor, "you forgot the wagon. Come back, Eph! You forgot the wagon!"

"Jeddediah Jodkins!" said Eph, as he swung about the gatepost; "do you—whoa!—suppose I'm such a—whoa! whoa!—fool that I don't know that I'm not riding—whoa! in a—whoa! whoa!—wagon?" And with this Eph vanished up street in the wake of the galloping horse, still clinging bravely to the reins.

"I believe he did forget that wagon," said the inventor; "he's perfectly capable of it." But when he reached the barn he saw the trouble. The ground had frozen hard overnight, and the wagon wheels sunken in it were held as in a vise. Eph had started the horse suddenly, and the obedient animal had walked right out of the shafts, harness and all.

A half hour later Eph was back with Dobbin, unharmed but a trifle weary. It took an hour more and all Aunt Tildy's hot water to thaw out the wheels, and when it was done, Eph was so confused that he drove to the village and back and forgot every one of his commissions. And in the

midst of all this the clock stopped. That settled the matter for Aunt Tildy. She neglected the pudding, she forgot the pies, and she let the turkey bake and bake in the overheated oven while she fretted about that clock; and when it was finally set going, after long and careful investigation by Eph, and frantic but successful attempts on the part of Aunt Tildy to keep the inventor from ruining it forever, it was the dinner hour.

Poor Aunt Tildy! That dinner was the crowning sorrow of her life. The vegetables were cooked to rags, the pies were charcoal shells, and the pudding had not been made. As for Miltiades, he was ten times tougher than in life, and Eph's carving knife slipped from his form without making a dent. Aunt Tildy wept at this, and Fisherman Jones and the inventor looked blank enough, but there was no sorrow in the countenance of Eph. He cheered Aunt Tildy, and he cracked jokes that made even Fisherman Jones laugh.

"Why, bless you!" he said, "ever since I was a boy I've been looking for a chance to make a Thanksgiving dinner out of bread and milk. And now I've got it. Why, I wouldn't have missed this for anything!" And there came a knock at the door.

Even Eph looked a trifle blank at this. If it should be company! "Come in!" he called.

The door was pushed aside, and a big, steaming platter entered. It was upheld by a small boy, who stammered, "My moth—moth—mother thaid she wanted you to try thum of her nith turkey."

"Well, well!" said Eph; "Aunt Tildy has cooked a turkey for us today, and she's a good cook"—Eph did not appear to see the signs the inventor was making to him—"but I've heard that your mother does things well, too. We're greatly obliged." And Eph put the platter on the table.

"She thays you c-c-can thend the platter home tomorrow," stammered the boy, and stammering himself out, he ran into another. The other held high a big dish of plum pudding. Again the inventor made signs to Eph.

"Our folks wanted you to try this plum pudding," said the newcomer. "They made an extra one, and the cousins we expected didn't come, so we can spare it just as well as not."

It seemed as if Eph hesitated a moment, and the inventor's face became a panorama. Then Eph took the boy by the hand, and there was an odd shake in his voice as he said: "I'm greatly obliged to you. We all are. Something happened to our plum pudding, and we didn't have any. Tell your ma we send our thanks."

There was a sound of voices in the hallway, and two young girls entered, each laden with a basket.

"Oh, Mr. Todd," they both said at once, "we couldn't wait to knock. We want you to try some of our Thanksgiving. It was mother's birthday, and we cooked extra for that, and we've got so much we can't get all ours on the table. She'll feel hurt if you don't."

Somehow Eph couldn't say a word, but there was nothing the matter with the inventor. His speech of delighted acceptance was such a good one that before he was half done the girls had loaded the table with good things, and with smiles and nods and "good-byes," slipped out as rapidly and as gayly as they had come in. It was like a gust of wind from a summer garden.

The table, a moment ago bare, fairly sagged and steamed with offerings of Thanksgiving. Somehow the steam got into Eph's eyes and made them wet, till all he could do was to say, "There goes my last chance at a bread-and-milk Thanksgiving."

But now Aunt Tildy had the floor, with her faded face all alight.

"Eph Todd," she said, "you needn't look so flusterated. It's nothing more than you deserve and not half so much either. Aren't you the kindest man yourself that ever lived? Aren't you always doing something for everybody, and helping every one of these neighbors in all sorts of ways? I'd like to know what the whole place would do without you! And now, just because they remember you on Thanksgiving Day, you look like—"

The steam had got into Aunt Tildy's eyes now, and she sat down again just as there came another knock at the door—a timid sort of knock this time.

The inventor's face widened in smiles of expectation at this, but Eph looked him sternly in the eye.

"Jeddediah Jodkins!" he said; "if that is any more people bringing things to eat to this house, they'll have to go away. We can't have it. We've got enough here now to feed a—a boarding school."

The inventor sprang eagerly to his feet. "Don't you do it, Eph," he said, "don't you do it. I've just thought of a way to can it."

A thinly clad man and woman stood at the door which Eph opened. Both looked pale and tired, and the woman shivered.

"Can you tell me where I can get work," asked the man, "so that I can earn something to eat? We are not beggars" —he flushed a little—"but I have had no work lately, and we have eaten nothing since yesterday. We are looking—"

The man stopped, and well he might, for Eph was dancing wildly about the two, and hustling them into the house.

"Come in!" he shouted. "Come in! Come in! You're the folks we are waiting for! Eat? Why, goodness gra-

cious! We've got so much to eat we don't know what to do with it."

He had them in chairs in a moment and was piling steaming roast turkey on their plates. "There!" he said, "don't you say another word till you have filled up on that. Folks"—and he turned to the others—"these two friends have come to stay a week with us and help eat turkey. Fall to! This is going to be the pleasantest Thanksgiving we've had yet."

And thus two new inmates were added to Todd's asylum.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Winthrop Packard (1862-) is an American editor and author. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, he enlisted in the navy. For a time he was secretary of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and has been one of the editors of *The Youth's Companion*. He is the author of many books which show his love of nature.

Discussion. 1. Read the story through silently and time yourself by the clock. 2. Tell the story from the following outline: (a) the inmates of the asylum (Uncle Eph, Aunt Tildy, the inventor, Fisherman Jones, the clock, Miltiades); (b) how Fisherman Jones caught Miltiades; (c) Thanksgiving day (the trip to the village, the dinner, the new inmates). 3. How does Eph spare Aunt Tildy's feelings? 4. Compare Eph's feeling with that of the inventor about the neighbors' gifts. 5. Give instances of Eph's unselfishness. 6. How do you explain the "steam" in Eph's eyes? 7. How did Aunt Tildy show her appreciation of Eph? 8. Who furnishes the most fun in the story? 9. What situations seem to you most humorous? 10. Dramatize the dinner scene, using the information given in the first part of the story for the table conversation. Let the inventor, with interruptions by the others, tell about his incubator; Fisherman Jones about how he caught Miltiades; Eph about going to the village; while Aunt Tildy busies herself with the clock. The entrance of the children and of the old couple will furnish enough action. Try to make each person express by his

manner and conversation the characteristics brought out in the story. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: annuity; asylum; infirmities; committeeman; inmate; legacy; overseer; mused; incubator; juniper; lurked; tense; commissions; wake; panorama; flusterated. 12. *Pronounce:* Miltiades; nary; Ishmael; whoppingest; writhed.

Phrases for Study

successive generations, **85**, 8
bowed with years, **85**, 9
in state, **85**, 11
for a spell, **86**, 2
common property, **86**, 28
knew no bounds, **86**, 30
wasted his substance, **86**, 33
contrary to all rime and reason, **87**, 18
his hand was against all men, **87**, *22*
stepped into the breach, **88**, 13
scorn of long familiarity, **88**, 17
old-time fire, **88**, *26*
give him the butt, **89**, 7
crowning misadventure, **91**, 1
Baron Munchausen's messenger, **91**, 11

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright;
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays, but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed;
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence, when their names are breathed,

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 335.

Discussion. 1. What event does this poem celebrate? 2. Do you know where in this country the Pilgrims first "trod the desert land"? 3. What does the poet tell about "our fathers" in the first stanza? 4. Could the pioneer Pilgrims have imagined the vast country into which the Colonies developed? 5. Why did the World War produce a fresh thrill of reverence for "the thoughtful and the free" Pilgrims? 6. Explain the last stanza. 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: strand; realm; sway; bays; reverence; sires; hallowed.

Phrases for Study

the thoughtful and the free, **96**, 3
desert land, **96**, 4
regions now untrod, **96**, 11
their names are breathed, **96**, 12

A CHRISTMAS TREE

CHARLES DICKENS

A CHRISTMAS TREE TODAY

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round a Christmas Tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers; and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; and there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity

of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French-polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day clocks, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made, in tin) perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men—and no wonder, for their heads came off, and showed them to be full of sugarplums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweatmeat-boxes, peep-show boxes, and all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets for the elder girls, far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pincushions in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were humming-tops, needle-cases, penwipers, smelling-bottles, conversation-cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf; imitation apples, pears, and walnuts, crammed with surprises; in short, as a pretty child, before me, delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There is everything and more."

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. I begin to consider: "What do we all remember best upon the branches of the Christmas Tree of our own young Christmas days?"

A CHRISTMAS TREE WHEN I WAS A CHILD

Straight, in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward

the earth—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections!

All toys at first, I find. Up yonder, among the green holly and red berries, is the tumbler, with his hands in his pockets, who wouldn't lie down, but, whenever he was put upon the floor, persisted in rolling his fat body about, until he rolled himself still, and brought those lobster eyes of his to bear upon me—when I affected to laugh very much, but in my heart of hearts was extremely doubtful of him. Close beside him is that snuffbox out of which there sprang a counselor in a black gown, with a red cloth mouth, wide open, who was not to be endured on any terms, but could not be put away either! for he used suddenly, in a highly magnified state, to fly out of mammoth snuffboxes in dreams, when least expected. Nor is the frog with cobbler's wax on his tail far off; for there was no knowing where he wouldn't jump; and when he flew over the candle and came upon one's hand with that spotted back—red on a green ground—he was horrible. The cardboard lady in a blue silk skirt who was stood up against the candlestick to dance, and whom I see on the same branch, was milder and was beautiful; but I can't say as much for the larger cardboard man who used to be hung against the wall and pulled by a string; there was a sinister expression in that nose of his; and when he got his legs round his neck (which he very often did), he was ghastly, and not a creature to be alone with.

I never wondered what the dear old donkey with the panniers—there he is!—was made of, then! His hide was real to the touch, I recollect. And the great black horse with the round red spots all over him—the horse that I could even get upon—I never wondered what had brought him to that strange condition, or thought that such a horse was not commonly seen at Newmarket. The four horses of no color, next to him, that went in the wagon of cheeses, and

could be taken out and stabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur for their tails and other bits for their manes, and to stand on pegs instead of legs, but it was not so when they were brought home for a Christmas present. They were all right, then; neither was their harness nailed into their chests, as appears to be the case now. The tinkling works of the music cart I *did* find out to be made of quill toothpicks and wire; and I always thought that little tumbler in his shirt-sleeves, perpetually swarming up one side of a wooden frame, and coming down, headforemost, on the other, rather a weak-minded person—though good-natured; but the Jacob's Ladder, next him, made of little squares of red wood, that went flapping and clattering over one another, each developing a different picture, and the whole enlivened by small bells, was a mighty marvel and a great delight.

Ah! The doll's house!—of which I was not proprietor, but where I visited. I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with real glass windows, and doorsteps, and a real balcony—greener than I ever see now, except at watering places; and even they afford but a poor imitation. And though it *did* open all at once—the entire house-front—it was but to shut it up again. Even open, there were three distinct rooms in it: a sitting room and bedroom, elegantly furnished, and, best of all, a kitchen, with uncommonly soft fire-irons, a plentiful assortment of diminutive utensils, and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish. What justice have I done to the noble feasts wherein the set of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss! Could all the temperance societies of these later days, united, give me

such a tea-drinking as I have had through the means of yonder little set of blue crockery, which really would hold liquid, and which made tea nectar? And if I did once shriek out, as a poisoned child, and strike the fashionable company with consternation, by reason of having drunk a little teaspoon, inadvertently dissolved in too hot tea, I was never the worse for it!

Upon the next branches of the tree, lower down, hard by the green roller and miniature gardening-tools, how thick the books begin to hang. Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, and with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! "A was an archer and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe—like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or a yew tree; and Z condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany. But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvelous bean-stalk up which Jack climbed to the Giant's house! And now those dreadfully interesting, double-headed giants, with their clubs over their shoulders, begin to stride along the boughs in a perfect throng, dragging knights and ladies home for dinner by the hair of their heads. And Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through, with her basket—Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appe-

tite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded. Oh, the wonderful Noah's ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in, even there; and then, ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was *that* against it! Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird; the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent, that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string!

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, but an Eastern king with a glittering scimitar and turban. By Allah! two Eastern kings; for I see another, looking over his shoulder! Down upon the grass, at the tree's foot, lies the full length of a coal-black giant, stretched asleep, with his head in a lady's lap; and near them is a glass box fastened with four locks of shining steel, in which he keeps the lady prisoner when he is awake. I see the four keys at his girdle now. The

lady makes signs to the two kings in the tree, who softly descend. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me. All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. Common flower pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to be thrown down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician and the little fire that will make the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date with whose stone the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible son. My very rocking-horse—there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out!—should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas Tree, I see this fairy light!

On the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. Schoolbooks shut up; cricket-bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas-time, there will be boys and girls (thank Heaven!) while the world lasts; and they do! Yonder they dance and play upon the branches of my tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was a great English writer. He gained much of the material for his novels while a reporter on a London newspaper. As a child, Dickens was neglected and received very little education, but before he was thirty years old he was the most popular writer in England. His vivid imagination and keen human sympathy give to his writings a peculiar interest and charm. Perhaps no other writer has made the characters in his stories so lifelike; they are real men, women, and children, not imaginary dwellers in an unreal world. "A Christmas Tree" appeared in *Household Words,* a magazine which Dickens edited, in 1850.

Discussion. 1. What did Dickens begin to think about when he returned home? 2. How did his "shadowy tree" appear to grow? 3. On what part of the tree were the toys? 4. What would the phrase "lower and maturer branches," page 103, line 23, seem to indicate as the thing to which Dickens is comparing his imaginary tree and its branches? 5. What stories from *The Arabian Nights* have you read? 6. Read aloud lines that refer to the stories you have read. 7. Read lines that show the love Dickens felt for children. 8. Read aloud lines containing humorous descriptions or comparisons. 9. In which lines do you think Dickens has best remembered the thoughts and feelings of his childhood? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: tapers; devices; fascination; counselor; mammoth; sinister; perpetually; fire-irons; garnished; nectar; inadvertently; dissolved; versatility; indifferent; talismans; Ali Baba; cricket-bats; stumps. 11. *Pronounce:* bouquet; ghastly; panniers; Parliament; diminutive; profile; miniature; dissembling; scimitar; genie.

Phrases for Study

an endless capacity, **97**, 8
artificially dazzling, **98**, 16
singular property, **98**, 31
affected to laugh, **99**, 7
extremely doubtful of him, **99**, 8
endured on any terms, **99**, 11
in a highly magnified state, **99**, 12
commonly seen at Newmarket, **99**, 32
developing a different picture, **100**, 14
what justice have I done to, **100**, 28
hard by, **101**, 8
ten to one but, **102**, 11
resolve themselves into, **102**, 21
by virtue thereof, **103**, 18

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 344.

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. What words describe the sound of the bells? 3. What words do these bells repeat? 4. Who "thought how, as the day had come," etc.? 5. What day is meant? 6. In what sense is it an "unbroken song"? 7. Why does the poet say "rolled"? 8. What does the second stanza tell you? 9. What is meant by "revolved from night to day"? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: carols; belfries; chime.

Phrases for Study.

all Christendom, **105**, *7*

chant sublime, **105**, 14

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rimes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was one of the greatest English poets of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a clergyman, attended Cambridge University, and devoted a long and peaceful life to the writing of poetry. His genius was recognized by Queen Victoria when she conferred upon him the title, Lord, and also when he succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate. He retold in verse the stories of King Arthur, and composed many beautiful lyric poems, or songs. "Ring Out, Wild Bells" is from *In Memoriam*, a long poem written on the death of a dear friend.

Discussion. 1. When were the bells described in this poem ringing? 2. Explain the description of the bells in line 1. 3. What picture does the poet give in the first stanza to explain his use of the phrase "wild sky"? 4. Find in the second stanza what the poet hopes will go with the old year; what does he hope will come with the new year? How does the poet's beautiful hope explain his description of the bells in this stanza? 5. What "false" things are mentioned in each stanza and what "true" things does the poet hope will replace them

during the new year? 6. What do you think the poet meant by "sweeter manners"? What does the mention of "sweeter manners" and "purer laws" in the same line tell you of the importance of manners? Read what Tennyson tells us about manners in another poem and see if this will help you to understand:

> "For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

7. What does the poet hope will prevent "the feud of rich and poor"? Can you show that this feud is with us still? 8. How does Tennyson describe his own poetry in the fifth stanza? 9. What does he mean by a "fuller minstrel"? 10. What things does the poet hope will remove men's false pride and their petty jealousies? 11. Why does the poet describe "lust of gold" as "narrowing"? 12. What organizations in your city or county are helping to "Ring out old shapes of foul disease"? 13. What attempt is being made in the world today to secure "a thousand years of peace"? 14. What is meant by "the darkness of the land"? 15. How does the public school help to "ring out" this darkness? 16. Name some other false things not mentioned in this poem that are found in the world. 17. What should take the place of these? 18. Why is this poem appropriate for Armistice Day? 19. Listen while the poem is read aloud by a good reader. 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: saps; mankind; modes; spite; common. 21. *Pronounce:* redress; valiant.

Phrases for Study

feud of rich and poor, **106**, 11
slowly dying cause, **106**, 13
ancient forms, **106**, 14
party strife, **106**, 14
faithless coldness of the times, **106**, 18
mournful rimes, **106**, 19
pride in place and blood, **107**, 1
civic slander, **107**, 2
narrowing lust, **107**, 6
larger heart, **107**, 10

ONE COUNTRY

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality—
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory, or her shame;
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Frank Lebby Stanton (1857-1918) spent his life in the South. He was for many years on the staff of writers for the *Atlanta Constitution,* one of the great newspapers of the South. His writings are full of patriotic expressions that show his love for his country.

Discussion. 1. To whom is this poem addressed? 2. What is "the Supreme Republic"? 3. What kind of deeds makes the glory of a country? 4. Of what does the poet say we must be the makers? 5. Why should boys and girls think of these things? 6. From whom do you think the command given in the second stanza comes? 7. Read aloud the lines that give "the command imperious." 8. How may many people "be as one" in the performance of an act? 9. How were the North and South to be as one? Tell several ways in which this was true in the World War. 10. What is worth more than empire? 11. Read aloud the line that tells us that the poet thinks Freedom's work has only begun. 12. Find the lines that tell how Freedom makes patriots rise to defend her. 13. Listen while the entire poem is read aloud by a good reader. 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: immortality; clarion; empire; coronal; clod. 15. *Pronounce:* imperious; patriots.

Phrases for Study

liegemen to God, **109**, 7
on soil and sea, **109**, 13
her brow is to the morning, **110**, 3
in the sod she breathes, **110**, 3

AMERICA

SIDNEY LANIER

Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) was an American poet. Born in Georgia and writing about southern scenes, he has been called the poet of the South. He was very musical and could play on the guitar, banjo, violin, and flute. His books for boys are widely read, especially his *Boys' King Arthur*. He wrote "The Centennial Cantata" for the Centennial Celebration held at Philadelphia in 1876, from which these famous lines are taken.

Discussion. 1. How does the poet address his country? 2. How long does he say her "name shall shine" and her "fame shall glow"? 3. In the third line, the poet expresses the idea that large countries should protect small countries. What did the United States do in the World War to live up to this ideal? 4. How are our laws made, and how may they be changed? 5. What is meant by "thy God is God above"? 6. What can Americans do to show that they regard every man as a brother? 7. What selections have you read in this book that show this spirit of brotherhood?

Phrases for Study

art shall love true love, **111**, 1
science truth shall know, **111**, 2
law by law shall grow, **111**, 4

OUR COUNTRY

(AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

Our country! 'Tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand;
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

Great God! we thank thee for this home,
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. To what does the author wish to call our attention when he speaks of the two oceans? 2. In the second stanza what things are mentioned which make up "many a goodly prospect"? 3. Why are the prairies compared to "sunlit oceans"? 4. What broad lakes lie on the breast of our country? 5. What makes the stars "tremble"? 6. Name a river which is "mountain born." 7. Why do "wanderers from afar" come to America? 8. From what places do they come? 9. What do they find here? 10. How long a time is meant in line 23? 11. Memorize the last stanza. 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: chafes; nurtured; ample; azure; fawn. 13. *Pronounce:* prospect; grandeur; bounteous.

Phrases for Study

enameled with her loveliest dyes, **112, 8**

roll afar, **112, 10**

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"Our old chair," resumed Grandfather, "did not now stand in the midst of a gay circle of British officers. The troops, as I told you, had been removed to Castle William immediately after the Boston Massacre. Still, however, there were many Tories, customhouse officers, and Englishmen who used to assemble in the British Coffee-house and talk over the affairs of the period. Matters grew worse and worse, and in 1773 the people did a deed which incensed the King and Ministry more than any of their former doings."

Grandfather here described the affair which is known by the name of the Boston Tea Party. The Americans for

some time past had left off importing tea on account of the oppressive tax. The East India Company in London had a large stock of tea on hand which they had expected to sell to the Americans, but could find no market for it. But after a while the government persuaded this company of merchants to send the tea to America.

"How odd it is," observed Clara, "that the liberties of America should have had anything to do with a cup of tea!"

Grandfather smiled and proceeded with his narrative. When the people of Boston heard that several cargoes of tea were coming across the Atlantic, they held a great many meetings at Faneuil Hall, in the Old South Church, and under Liberty Tree. In the midst of their debates three ships arrived in the harbor with the tea on board. The people spent more than a fortnight in consulting what should be done. At last, on the sixteenth of December, 1773, they demanded of Governor Hutchinson that he should immediately send the ships back to England.

The governor replied that the ships must not leave the harbor until the customhouse duties upon the tea should be paid. Now, the payment of these duties was the very thing against which the people had set their faces, because it was a tax unjustly imposed upon America by the English government. Therefore, in the dusk of the evening, as soon as Governor Hutchinson's reply was received, an immense crowd hastened to Griffin's Wharf, where the tea-ships lay. The place is now called Liverpool Wharf.

"When the crowd reached the wharf," said Grandfather, "they saw that a set of wild-looking figures were already on board the ships. You would have imagined that the Indian warriors of old times had come back again, for they wore the Indian dress, and had their faces covered with red and black paint like the Indians when they go to war. These

grim figures hoisted the tea-chests on the decks of the vessels, broke them open, and threw all the contents into the harbor."

"Grandfather," said little Alice, "I suppose Indians don't love tea, else they would never waste it so."

"They were not real Indians, my child," answered Grandfather; "they were white men in disguise, because a heavy punishment would have been inflicted on them if the King's officers had found who they were. But it was never known. From that day to this, though the matter has been talked of by all the world, nobody can tell the names of those Indian figures. Some people say that there were very famous men among them, who afterwards became governors and generals. Whether this be true I cannot tell."

When tidings of this bold deed were carried to England, King George was greatly enraged. Parliament immediately passed an act by which all vessels were forbidden to take in or discharge their cargoes at the port of Boston. In this way they expected to ruin all the merchants and starve the poor people, by depriving them of employment. At the same time another act was passed, taking away many rights and privileges which had been granted in the charter of Massachusetts.

Governor Hutchinson soon afterwards was summoned to England in order that he might give his advice about the management of American affairs. General Gage, an officer of the Old French War, and since commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, was appointed governor in his stead. One of his first acts was to make Salem, instead of Boston, the metropolis of Massachusetts by summoning the general court to meet there.

According to Grandfather's description, this was the most gloomy time that Massachusetts had ever seen. The

people groaned under as heavy a tyranny as in the days of Sir Edmund Andros. Boston looked as if it were afflicted with some dreadful pestilence, so sad were the inhabitants, and so desolate the streets. There was no cheerful hum of business. The merchants shut up their warehouses, and the laboring men stood idle about the wharves. But all America felt interested in the good town of Boston, and contributions were raised in many places for the relief of the poor inhabitants.

"Our dear old chair!" exclaimed Clara. "How dismal it must have been now!"

"Oh," replied Grandfather, "a gay throng of officers had now come back to the British Coffee-house, so that the old chair had no lack of mirthful company. Soon after General Gage became governor, a great many troops had arrived and were encamped upon the Common. Boston was now a garrisoned and fortified town, for the general had built a battery across the Neck, on the road to Roxbury, and placed guards for its defense. Everything looked as if a civil war were close at hand.

"Did the people make ready to fight?" asked Charley.

"A Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia," said Grandfather, "and proposed such measures as they thought most conducive to the public good. A provincial Congress was likewise chosen in Massachusetts. They exhorted the people to arm and discipline themselves. A great number of minutemen were enrolled. The Americans called them minutemen because they engaged to be ready to fight at a minute's warning. The English officers laughed and said that the name was a very proper one, because the minutemen would run away the minute they saw the enemy. Whether they would fight or run was soon to be proved."

Grandfather told the children that the first open resistance offered to the British troops in the province of Massachusetts was at Salem. Colonel Timothy Pickering, with thirty or forty militiamen, prevented the English colonel, Leslie, with four times as many regular soldiers, from taking possession of some military stores. No blood was shed on this occasion, but soon afterwards it began to flow.

General Gage sent eight hundred soldiers to Concord, about eighteen miles from Boston, to destroy some ammunition and provisions which the colonists had collected there. They set out on their march in the evening of the eighteenth of April, 1775. The next morning the general sent Lord Percy with nine hundred men to strengthen the troops that had gone before. All that day the inhabitants of Boston heard various rumors. Some said that the British were making great slaughter among our countrymen. Others affirmed that every man had turned out with his musket, and that not a single soldier would ever get back to Boston.

"It was after sunset," continued Grandfather, "when the troops who had marched forth so proudly were seen entering Charlestown. They were covered with dust and so hot and weary that their tongues hung out of their mouths. Many of them were faint with wounds. They had not all returned. Nearly three hundred were strewn, dead or dying, along the road from Concord. The yeomanry had risen upon the invaders and driven them back."

"Was this the battle of Lexington?" asked Charley.

"Yes," replied Grandfather; "it was so called because the British, without provocation, had fired upon a party of minutemen near Lexington meeting-house and killed eight of them. That fatal volley, which was fired by order of Major Pitcairn, began the war of the Revolution."

About this time, if Grandfather had been correctly in-

formed, our chair disappeared from the British Coffee-house. The manner of its departure cannot be satisfactorily ascertained. Perhaps the keeper of the Coffee-house turned it out-of-doors on account of its old-fashioned aspect. Perhaps he sold it as a curiosity. Perhaps it was taken without leave by some person who regarded it as public property because it had once figured under Liberty Tree. Or perhaps the old chair, being of a peaceable disposition, had made use of its four oaken legs and run away from the seat of war.

"It would have made a terrible clattering over the pavement," said Charley, laughing.

"Meanwhile," continued Grandfather, "during the mysterious non-appearance of our chair, an army of twenty thousand men had started up and come to the siege of Boston. General Gage and his troops were cooped up within the narrow precincts of the peninsula. On the seventeenth of June, 1775, the famous battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Here General Warren fell. The British got the victory, indeed, but with the loss of more than a thousand officers and men."

"Oh, Grandfather," cried Charley, "you must tell us about that famous battle."

"No, Charley," said Grandfather; "I am not like other historians. Battles shall not hold a prominent place in the history of our quiet and comfortable old chair. But tomorrow evening Laurence, Clara, and yourself, and dear little Alice, too, shall visit the diorama of Bunker Hill. There you shall see the whole business, the burning of Charlestown and all, with your own eyes, and hear the cannon and musketry with your own ears."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 354.

Historical Note. Hawthorne made the history of New England popular in the form of stories for children. From one such book, *Grandfather's Chair*, this story and "Washington and the American Army," are taken. Seated in the famous old chair, Grandfather tells his eager grandchildren—Laurence, Charley, Clara, and little Alice—the story of the chair and all its experiences since it was brought to America by the Puritans in 1630.

Discussion. 1. Why did the American colonists refuse to import tea?. 2. What did they do when they heard that three ships loaded with tea were on their way to America? 3. What request did they make of the British Governor of the American colonies? What was his reply? 4. Tell of the incident of the tea party in Boston harbor. 5. Tell of the new Governor and of his acts. 6. What did Governor Gage do to fortify Boston? 7. What did the Continental Congress do that showed that the colonists intended to fight? 8. What is said about the minutemen? 9. Tell how the colonists resisted the British troops at Salem. 10. Read the poem "Lexington," by Holmes, page 415. 11. In what battle did General Warren fall? 12. Tell what you know of the battle of Bunker Hill. 13. What do you think became of the famous Grandfather's chair? 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Tories; customhouse; Coffee-house; incensed; Ministry; Faneuil Hall; Liberty Tree; Common; garrisoned; battery; provincial; exhorted; affirmed; provocation; ascertained; aspect; diorama. 15. *Pronounce:* wharf; warriors; hoisted; metropolis; desolate; conducive; strewn; yeomanry; precincts.

Phrases for Study

Boston Massacre, **113**, 4
affairs of the period, **113**, 7
find no market for it, **114**, 4
set their faces, **114**, 22
discharge their cargoes, **115**, 18
granted in the charter, **115**, 22
Old French War, **115**, 27
general court, **115**, 31
across the Neck, **116**, 18
proposed such measures as, **116**, 23
discipline themselves, **116**, 26
military stores, **117**, 6

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

Hail, Columbia! happy land;
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize.
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause;

Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and Godlike power
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free
Resolved on death or liberty.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), a noted lawyer, lived and died in Philadelphia. His father, Francis H. Hopkinson, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Joseph Hopkinson wrote the song, "Hail, Columbia!" in 1798, when there was danger of a war with France. An army had been raised, and Washington, though in his sixty-seventh year, was appointed to command it. Many people in the United States were eager for war, but both President Adams and Washington advised against it.

Discussion. 1. Who were the heroes to whom the second line is addressed? 2. When had they "fought in Freedom's cause"? 3. How does the author say they had won peace? 4. What has independence cost? 5. Read aloud the lines in the refrain, or chorus, which tell how Liberty must be protected. 6. Whom does the author address as "Immortal patriots"? 7. What "rude foe" might he have had in mind when writing the song? 8. What does he mean by the "well-earned prize" of "toil and blood"? 9. Who had toiled and shed blood for this prize? 10. To whom was Columbia offering peace at this time? 11. Read aloud

lines which show that the author believed the United States would conquer if forced into war. 12. In whose praise was the third stanza written? 13. Find lines in this stanza which explain the words: "First in war, first in peace." 14. Who was the chief described in the fourth stanza? 15. What comparison indicates the author's faith in this chief's ability to save his country? 16. How had he served his country before? 17. When had Washington "resolved on death or liberty"? 18. Read aloud the lines that express a thought that should guide our country for all time. 19. How do lines 4 and 5, page 120, fit the present time? Why do you think those who fought overseas in the World War enjoy peace even more than those who remained at home? 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: shrine; prevail; trump. 21. *Pronounce:* valor; impious.

Phrases for Study

scheme of bondage, **120**, *22*
fearful hour, **121**, 4
armed in virtue, **121**, 10
obscured Columbia's day, **121**, 13

THE FLAG

ARTHUR MACY

Here comes The Flag!
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it?
Give it hurrahs—
Three for the stars,
Three for the bars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it!

Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it;
Children caress it;
All shall maintain it;
No one shall stain it.
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it!
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it!
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it!
Here comes The Flag.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Arthur Macy (1842-1904) was born at Nantucket, Massachusetts. He served in the Civil War, was wounded at Gettysburg three times, and was there taken prisoner. As a soldier he learned what it means to march with the flag. It is not surprising, therefore, that his poem, "The Flag," is full of stirring patriotism.

Discussion. 1. What feeling does this poem express? 2. Why should men and boys uncover their heads to the flag? 3. What word is generally used for the "bars" in our flag? 4. Why is the white in America's flag "unsullied"? 5. What line in the poem by Lanier (page 111) expresses his hope that it never will be sullied? 6. Give another phrase for "tread to it." 7. Why do tyrants dread our flag? 8. Why were Americans willing to go to France to fight in the World War? For what were they fighting? 9. Listen while the entire poem is read aloud by a good reader. 10. What picture does the whole poem suggest? 11. What does the poem say "valley and crag" will hear? 12. How may all "maintain" the flag? 13. When did men go "down to the grave" for the flag? 14. How may we honor these men? 15. Why is this poem easy to read? 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: trail; unsullied; crag.

WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN ARMY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

The Continental Congress which was assembled at Philadelphia was composed of delegates from all the colonies. They had now appointed George Washington of Virginia to be commander-in-chief of all the American armies. He was at that time a member of Congress, but immediately left Philadelphia and began his journey to Massachusetts. On the third of July, 1775, he arrived at Cambridge and took command of the troops which were besieging General Gage.

"Oh, Grandfather," exclaimed Laurence, "it makes my heart throb to think what is coming now. We are to see General Washington himself!"

The children crowded around Grandfather and looked earnestly into his face. Even little Alice opened her sweet blue eyes, with her lips apart, and almost held her breath to listen. Grandfather paused a moment, for he felt as if it might be irreverent to introduce the hallowed shade of Washington into a history where an ancient elbow-chair occupied the most prominent place. However, he determined to proceed with his narrative, and speak of the hero whenever it was needful, but with an unambitious simplicity.

So Grandfather told his auditors that on General Washington's arrival at Cambridge his first care was to reconnoiter the British troops with his spyglass and to examine the condition of his own army. He found that the Amer-

ican troops amounted to about fourteen thousand men. They were extended all round the peninsula of Boston—a space of twelve miles from the high grounds of Roxbury on the right to Mystic River on the left. Some were living in tents of sail-cloth, some in shanties rudely constructed of boards, some in huts of stone or turf with curious windows and doors of basket-work.

In order to be near the center and oversee the whole of this wide-stretched army, the Commander-in-chief made his headquarters at Cambridge, about half a mile from the colleges. A mansion-house, which perhaps had been the countryseat of some Tory gentleman, was provided for his residence.

"When General Washington first entered this mansion," said Grandfather, "he was ushered up the staircase and shown into a handsome apartment. He sat down in a large chair which was the most conspicuous object in the room. The noble figure of Washington would have done honor to a throne. As he sat there with his hand resting on the hilt of his sheathed sword, which was placed between his knees, his whole aspect well befitted the chosen man on whom his country leaned for the defense of her dearest rights. America seemed safe under his protection. His face was grander than any sculptor had ever wrought in marble; none could behold him without awe and reverence. Never before had the lion's head at the summit of the chair looked down upon such a face and form as Washington's."

"Why, Grandfather!" cried Clara, clasping her hands in amazement, "was it really so? Did General Washington sit in our great chair?"

"I knew how it would be," said Laurence; "I foresaw it the moment Grandfather began to speak."

Grandfather smiled. But, turning from the personal

and domestic life of the illustrious leader, he spoke of the methods which Washington adopted to win back the metropolis of New England from the British.

The army, when he took command of it, was without any discipline or order. The privates considered themselves as good as their officers and seldom thought it necessary to obey their commands unless they understood the why and wherefore. Moreover, they were enlisted for so short a period that as soon as they began to be respectable soldiers it was time to discharge them. Then came new recruits, who had to be taught their duty before they could be of any service. Such was the army with which Washington had to contend against more than twenty veteran British regiments.

Some of the men had no muskets, and almost all were without bayonets. Heavy cannon for battering the British fortifications were much wanted. There was but a small quantity of powder and ball, few tools to build intrenchments with, and a great deficiency of provisions and clothes for the soldiers. Yet, in spite of these perplexing difficulties, the eyes of the whole people were fixed on General Washington, expecting him to undertake some great enterprise against the hostile army.

The first thing that he found necessary was to bring his own men into better order and discipline. It is wonderful how soon he transformed this rough mob of country people into a regular army. One of Washington's characteristics was the faculty of bringing order out of confusion. All business with which he had any concern seemed to regulate itself as if by magic. It was this faculty more than any other that made him so fit to ride upon the storm of the Revolution when everything was unfixed and drifting about in a troubled sea.

"Washington had not been long at the head of the army," proceeded Grandfather, "before his soldiers thought as highly of him as if he had led them to a hundred victories. They knew that he was the very man whom the country needed, and the only one who could bring them safely through the great contest against the might of England. They put entire confidence in his courage, wisdom, and integrity."

"And were they not eager to follow him against the British?" asked Charley.

"Doubtless they would have gone whithersoever his sword pointed the way," answered Grandfather, "and Washington was anxious to make a decisive assault upon the enemy. But, as the enterprise was very hazardous, he called a council of all the generals in the army. Accordingly, they came from their different posts and were ushered into the reception-room. The Commander-in-chief arose from our great chair to greet them."

"What were their names?" asked Charley.

"There was General Artemas Ward," replied Grandfather, "a lawyer by profession. He had commanded the troops before Washington's arrival. Another was General Charles Lee, who had been a colonel in the English army and was thought to possess vast military science. He came to the council followed by two or three dogs which were always at his heels. There was General Putnam, too, who was known all over New England by the name of Old Put."

"Was it he who killed the wolf?" inquired Charley.

"The same," said Grandfather; "and he had done good service in the Old French War. His occupation was that of a farmer, but he left his plow in the furrow at the news of Lexington battle. Then there was General Gates, who afterwards gained great renown at Saratoga and lost it again

at Camden. General Greene of Rhode Island was likewise at the council. Washington soon discovered him to be one of the best officers in the army.

"When the generals were all assembled, Washington consulted them about a plan for storming the English batteries. But it was their unanimous opinion that so perilous an enterprise ought not to be attempted. The army therefore continued to besiege Boston, preventing the enemy from obtaining supplies of provisions, but without taking any immediate measures to get possession of the town. In this manner, the summer, autumn, and winter passed away.

"Many a night, doubtless," said Grandfather, "after Washington had been all day on horseback, galloping from one post of the army to another, he used to sit in our great chair rapt in earnest thought. Had you seen him, you might have supposed that his whole mind was fixed on the blue china tiles which adorned the old-fashioned fireplace. But in reality he was meditating how to capture the British army or drive it out of Boston. Once when there was a hard frost, he formed a scheme to cross the Charles River on the ice. But the other generals could not be persuaded that there was any prospect of success."

"What were the British doing all this time?" inquired Charley.

"They lay idle in the town," replied Grandfather. "General Gage had been recalled to England, and was succeeded by Sir William Howe. The British army and the inhabitants of Boston were now in great distress. Being shut up in the town so long, they had consumed almost all their provisions and burned up all their fuel. The soldiers tore down the Old North Church and used its rotten boards and timbers for firewood. To heighten their distress, the smallpox broke out. They probably lost far more men by

cold, hunger, and sickness than had been slain at Lexington and Bunker Hill."

"What a dismal time for the poor women and children!" exclaimed Clara.

"At length," continued Grandfather, "in March, 1776, General Washington, who had now a good supply of powder, began a terrible cannonade and bombardment from Dorchester Heights. One of the cannon balls which he fired into the town struck the tower of the Brattle Street Church, where it may still be seen. Sir William Howe made preparations to cross over in boats and drive the Americans from their batteries, but was prevented by a violent gale and storm. General Washington next erected a battery on Nook's Hill, so near the enemy that it was impossible for them to remain in Boston any longer."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Charley, clapping his hands. "I wish I had been there to see how sheepish the Englishmen looked."

"Alas for the poor Tories!" said Grandfather. "Until the very last morning after Washington's troops had shown themselves on Nook's Hill these unfortunate persons could not believe that the rebels, as they called the Americans, would ever prevail against King George's army. But when they saw the British soldiers preparing to embark on the ships of war, then they knew that they had lost their country. Could the patriots have known how bitter were their regrets, they would have forgiven them all their evil deeds and sent a blessing after them as they sailed away from their native shore."

"And what did General Washington do now, Grandfather?" asked Charley.

"As the rear of the British army embarked from the wharf," replied Grandfather, "General Washington's troops

marched over the Neck, through the fortification gates, and entered Boston in triumph. And now, for the first time since the Pilgrims landed, Massachusetts was free from the dominion of England. May she never again be subject to foreign rule—never again feel the rod of oppression!"

"Dear Grandfather," asked little Alice, "did General Washington bring our chair back to Boston?"

"I know not how long the chair remained at Cambridge," said Grandfather. "Had it stayed there till this time, it could not have found a better shelter. The mansion which General Washington occupied is still standing, and his apartments have since been tenanted by several eminent men. Governor Everett, while a professor in the university, resided there. So, at an after period, did Mr. Sparks, whose labors have connected his name with the immortality of Washington. And at this very time a venerable friend of your Grandfather, after long pilgrimages beyond the sea, has set up his staff of rest at Washington's headquarters."

"You mean Professor Longfellow, Grandfather," said Laurence. "Oh, how I should love to see the author of those beautiful *Voices of the Night!*"

"We will visit him next summer," answered Grandfather, "and take Clara and little Alice with us—and Charley too, if he will be quiet."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 354.

Note. Like "The Boston Tea Party," this selection is from *Grandfather's Chair.*

Discussion. 1. What did you learn about the Continental Congress? 2. Describe Grandfather's feeling toward Washington. 3. How and where were Washington's soldiers quartered? 4. Describe Washington as he looked when seated in the great chair. 5. Describe the lack of discipline in the American army before Washington took com-

mand. 6. Do you know of any army in the World War that lost its power to fight because the privates "considered themselves as good as their officers and refused to obey their commands"? 7. Compare Washington's army with the British army, as to numbers, training, and equipment. 8. What characteristic of Washington helped him most at this time? 9. Find the lines in which Hawthorne describes this power of Washington. 10. Describe the feeling Washington inspired in his men. 11. Give instances in which Washington submitted his plans to his generals and followed their judgment even though it differed from his own. 12. Why did he do this? 13. How did Washington's army spend the summer, autumn, and winter of 1775-1776? 14. What happened in Boston to the inhabitants and to the British army quartered there? 15. How did Washington finally take Boston? 16. What do you know about the mansion-house in Cambridge? 17. Laurence thought of Longfellow as the author of *Voices of the Night*. Of what poems do you think of him as the author? 18. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: irreverent; auditors; conspicuous; befitted; deficiency; enterprise; faculty; hazardous; unanimous; tenanted; venerable; pilgrimages. 19. *Pronounce:* reconnoiter; hostile; decisive; eminent.

Phrases for Study

hallowed shade, **124**, 17
unambitious simplicity, **124**, 21
regulate itself, **126**, 29
storm of the Revolution, **126**, 31
troubled sea, **126**, 33
military science, **127**, 24
he who killed the wolf, **127**, 28
rod of oppression, **130**, 5

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was an English poet. He was born near London and attended Christ's Hospital, a famous school in London. He wrote both prose and poetry. A monument was erected to his memory in the Kensal Green Cemetery on which is the inscription: "Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

Discussion. 1. Find the line that tells what Abou saw when he awoke the first time. 2. By what other names does the poet speak of the angel? 3. Read aloud the lines that answer Abou's questions. 4. Find the line that tells how he wished to have himself recorded. 5. Why was it that "Ben Adhem's name led all the rest"? 6. This kind of story is called a parable; what is its *theme,* or subject? 7. Read aloud, with the help of a classmate, the conversation between Abou and the angel. 8. Name some acts by which you think Abou might have shown his love for his fellow men. 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: thrift; rich; exceeding; accord; cheerly; wakening. 10. *Pronounce:* Abou Ben Adhem.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

SAM WALTER FOSS

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Sam Walter Foss (1858-1911) was a native of New Hampshire. After he was graduated from Brown University, he began work as editor of a newspaper. Later he was made librarian of the public library at Somerville, Massachusetts, a position he held until his death. Among his published works are *Songs of War and Peace, Songs of the Average Man,* and *Dreams in Homespun,* from which "The House by the Side of the Road" is taken.

On one of his trips to England, the poet came, at the top of a long hill, to a little house, set almost in the road, so near was it. At one side a queer signpost finger pointed to a well-worn path and a sign "Come in and have a cool drink." Following the path he found a spring of ice-cold water, with an old-fashioned gourd dipper hanging near; on a bench was a basket of fragrant apples, with a sign "Help yourself." In the little house lived an old couple whose only source of livelihood was the stony farm. The place was rich in delicious spring water and an abundance of fruit; and from the ripening of the first purple plum to the harvesting of the season's last apple a basket of fruit was so placed that everyone passing might rest upon the long hill and refresh himself. The old man explained to the poet that they were too poor to give money to help others, so they took this way to add their mite to the world's comfort and well-doing. The beautiful thought inspired Mr. Foss to write this poem.

Discussion. 1. How does the thought of this poem compare with that of "Abou Ben Adhem"? 2. Do you know persons of the kinds described in the first stanza? How does the poet describe himself in this stanza? 3. What do you learn of the poet in the second stanza? 4. Tell in your own words the meaning of the third stanza. 5. In the fourth stanza the poet tells you that he has sympathy with his fellow men in their joys and sorrows; what does the first line of the stanza tell you? The second line? 6. Note in the poem that the road is compared to life; read the lines that describe the road and those that describe fellow travelers. 7. Read lines that give the poet's reason for his love for his fellow men. 8. Name characters about whom you have read that you think lived "by the side of the road." 9. Why do you think the poet repeats the second stanza, with slight changes, at the end of the poem? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: hermit; self-content; firmament; pioneer; blaze; highways; scorner; cynic; press; ardor; infinite; brook-gladdened.

A BIRD HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

It was the fifteenth of March, and Duncan Chellis was exactly twelve years old. His parents had given him a tool-chest for a birthday present, and as he walked proudly out of the back door into the morning sunshine, he was wondering what he should make first with the new tools. He had hardly gone as far as the pump when he heard a soft, gurgling bird voice from the old apple tree in the yard, and a bluebird fluttered down almost to his feet. In an instant he decided to make a bird house, and he walked off to the barn to find his father and talk the matter over with him.

Duncan's father, Stickney Chellis, was the best beloved man in Meriden, and the reason was not hard to guess. He tried to be a friend to everyone. Only the night before when he read aloud Sam Walter Foss's poem, "A House by the Side of the Road," Duncan had said to himself, "The man who wrote that must have been thinking of father." And now he thought what fun it would be to have just a little house by the side of the road and be a friend to the birds.

His father gladly agreed to help him and suggested that they build a house suitable for both bluebirds and tree swallows, and for purple martins too if they wished to come, though martins had not nested in Meriden for many years.

First they wrote to the Department of Agriculture in Washington for a pamphlet called *Bird Houses and How to Build Them,* and with this as a guide they went to work. Early in April the little dwelling was ready to put up. In appearance it was like an old-fashioned, two-story, New England farmhouse, painted white, and it was fastened to

the end of a stout pole about eighteen feet long, which lay on the ground near the barnyard gate.

The bluebirds had already chosen a hole in the apple tree for their first home, so for the present they were not interested in any other. But on the telephone wire sat a pair of tree swallows, their steel-blue coats and white shirt fronts glistening in the sunlight. As soon as Duncan and his father began to raise the pole into the air, the swallows left their perch, and twittering excitedly, flew round and round the little bird house as if they knew that it was for them. It had barely come to rest as the end of the pole dropped into the hole which had been dug for it, when the swallows alighted boldly on the roof and took possession.

During the next few days the birds were very busy. Much of their time was spent in looking over their new home, creeping first into one room, then into another as if trying to decide which they liked best. Then they would sit on the telephone wire in full view of the bird house, perhaps admiring it, and ready to attack and drive away any other bird which came near. And of course they never neglected their regular work of darting back and forth to catch the insects which they needed for their daily food.

At last one of the rooms was selected, and the birds began to gather bits of hay to make a nest, and then followed swift visits to the poultry yard for feathers with which to line it. One morning when Duncan opened the door of the henhouse and let out the hens, he was surprised and amused to see the swallows swoop down, pluck soft feathers from an indignant old biddy, and bear them home in triumph.

Five white eggs had been laid when a flock of English sparrows arrived. One tree swallow was in the nest and the other on guard outside. A fierce but one-sided battle

once, see how much of the story these topics suggest to you: Duncan's birthday; Duncan's father; the bird house; the tree swallows; the bluebird; the martins; Duncan's success. 3. In what respect was Duncan's act like that of the aged couple which inspired, "The House by the Side of the Road"? 4. What are the names of bird-lovers about whom you have read? 5. Find words in this story that tell characteristic acts of birds. 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: indignant; biddy; scapnet. 7. *Pronounce:* martin; gaping.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
Be said with reverence!), as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped, just where he stood,
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand supreme endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved; himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 403.

Discussion. 1. What noble service did Conductor Bradley perform? 2. Why was it a "grand supreme endeavor"? What does the poet say of Bradley's words? 3. In what sense was "the lost life" saved? 4. What is the Biblical reference in "Others he saved; himself he could not save"? 5. Why did not the poet say "beside the noble deed," instead of "the noble deed beside"? 6. Can you explain why this noble deed dwarfs "all our pride of virtue"? 7. What wish does the poet express in the last line? 8. Can you tell why this poem belongs in this group of selections? 9. Can you tell of an instance of a similar kind of self-sacrifice? Read aloud the stanza in which the poet compares Bradley, who thought only of others, not of himself, to those who think only of themselves. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: smitten; wreck; signals; electric; sensual; failing. 11. *Pronounce:* martyr; dramas; aureole.

Phrases for Study

swift doom, **140**, 2
mangled frame, **140**, 3
freighted with life, **141**, 3
in his record still, **141**, 8
the earth shall tread, **141**, 8
bow as in the dust, **141**, 10

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS *

JOHN RUSKIN

CHAPTER ONE

I. TREASURE VALLEY AND THE BLACK BROTHERS

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains and wound away through broad plains and past populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could not see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them and turned them out-of-doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if with such a farm and such a system of farming they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors; yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to church; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less

sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

II. THE WET WEATHER AND THE STRANGE VISITOR

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door without the slightest regard.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house

door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again very hard; and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical, pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallowtail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he

caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there, blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window by this time that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long, bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I

can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck; "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck; and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching for a quarter of an hour the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday or today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice today, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

III. THE RETURN OF HANS AND SCHWARTZ

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I am a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen—"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's

collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him when he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock tonight I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water; and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead

a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

Chapter Two

IV. How the Black Brothers Became Goldsmiths

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without anyone's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink from the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once after emptying it full of Rhenish seventeen times he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no

wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad, purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room and under the table and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did not speak, but he could not help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind

him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft, running, effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, it seemed to be coming not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright. for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room for a minute or two with his hands up and his mouth open, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again; "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately; "I'm too hot."

V. GLUCK AND THE LITTLE GOLDEN DWARF

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend, the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclined to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt way of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the

course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute what he said.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns some six feet long in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger King, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you and your conduct toward your wicked brothers renders

me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

Chapter Three

VI. How Hans Prepared for the Journey

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of cre-

dence; the immediate consequence of which was that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

On hearing this, Hans contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some bread in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water

in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was indeed a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long, level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above shot up red, splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept in the blue sky the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

VII. THE DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED AND THE END OF THE JOURNEY

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between

him and the source of the Golden River. He mounted it, though, with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never in his life traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines —a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler, while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous encumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast at the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment, and the high, hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long,

snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain-sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

Chapter Four

VIII. How Mr. Schwartz Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and How He Prospered Therein

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine. He went then and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased and said Gluck should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and he determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. He got up early in the morning before the sun rose, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy

purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. As he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West. When he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying on the path, and moaning for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun. The bank of black cloud too had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed —do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you!" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about the lips. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he

rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

Chapter Five

IX. How Gluck Met the Difficulties that He Encountered on the Way

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry and did not know what to do. He had no money, so he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. After a month or two Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little King looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had crossed over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he became dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink as his brothers had done, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. The path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it; some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Having done this, it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star. He then turned and began climbing again. And behold, there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink, starry flowers, and soft

belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white, transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet after he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. But just as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—precisely as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt. He tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and he stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold, too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone, and, before Gluck, stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened; it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf; "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but"—and his countenance grew stern as he spoke—"the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

X. HOW TREASURE VALLEY BECAME A GARDEN AGAIN

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with a belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint; the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River; its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold,

but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. Now, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. For him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley The Black Brothers.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Ruskin (1819-1900) was one of the great English writers of his time. He wrote "The King of the Golden River" for "a very young lady," while he was at Oxford University. He has written wonderful descriptions of the beauty in Nature, and is famous for his writings about pictures. He spent the last years of his life working for better living conditions among the poor, that they might have some beauty in their lives. There is no more charming story in all literature than "The King of the Golden River."

Discussion. 1. From what did the Golden River gets its name? 2. To what was the fertility of the valley due? 3. By what name were Hans and Schwartz known? Why were they given this name? 4. How did Gluck differ from his brothers? 5. What things happened during the little old man's first visit that tell you he was an extraordinary person? 6. In what manner did Southwest Wind make his last visit? 7. What change came over the valley when the West Winds ceased to visit it? 8. What chances to show kindness did Hans have as he climbed the mountain? 9. Read lines that show how the sky changed each time he refused to help the suffering. 10. What opportunities to help others did Schwartz have as he ascended the mountain? 11. What happened each time that he refused to help? 12. How did the face of the mountain change after Gluck gave the water to the old man? After he gave water to the child? 13. What happened after he gave the water to the dog? Why was it hard for Gluck to give away all his water? What chance did he think he was giving up when he gave away the last drop of water? 14. What words show that he was willing to lose his chance in order to save the dog? 15. Find lines that show that Gluck's boyhood had been spent in service to others. Find lines that show how he helped others when he became a man. 16. Commit to memory the following lines:

> "A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
> A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."

What is the meaning of these lines? 17. How did the dwarf account for the failure of Hans and Schwartz and for Gluck's success? 18. What lines on page 170 contain the main thought of the whole story? 19. Why was this story placed in this group of selections? 20. Tell the story briefly in your own words, using for your outline the ten topic

headings given in the book. 21. Find in the Glossary the meaning of (I) * secluded; dear; tithes; (II) refactory; doublet; swallowtail; hob; accommodated; dryly; knuckle; (III) bolster; stead; gutted; Esquire; (IV) effectually; plate; precipice; crucible; (V) proprietor; malice; (VI) massy; angular; (VII) traverse; lurid; recruited; (X) innumerable; emerges. 22. *Pronounce:* (I) cicada; (II) inundation; maledictions; venture; conical; concerto; savory; humility; meditatively; (III) administering; deprecatingly; incommode; ironically; admonition; (IV) momentous; averred; malicious; effervescent; (V) deigning; (VI) combatants; constable; gnashed; (VII) glacier; (VIII) zenith; (IX) gentians.

Phrases for Study

so cruel and grinding a temper, **143,** *22*
hardly less sparing upon themselves, **143,** *33*
dry blows, **144,** *4*
without the slightest regard, **144,** *18*
do their hearts good, **144,** *29*
warranted a supposition, **145,** *13*
his heart melted within him, **146,** *25*
with desperate efforts at exactitude, **148,** *13*
refusal of hospitality, **150,** *16*
wreath of ragged cloud, **150,** *22*
an agony of terror, **151,** *25*
similar line of conduct, **152,** *11*
contend with the adverse skies, **152,** *17*
valueless patrimony, **152,** *18*
good knave's trade, **152,** *25*
hired a furnace, **153,** *2*
coppered gold, **153,** *4*
exquisite workmanship, **153,** *17*
command its whole circumference, **153,** *20*
subjected to an intense gaze, **153,** *22*
prismatic colors, **156,** *17*
pertinacious and intractable disposition, **156,** *25*
of peculiar delicacy, **157,** *13*
at all events, **157,** *26*
made the extraordinary exit, **158,** *17*
expiration of which period, **158,** *23*
some degree of credence, **158,** *29*
immediate consequence, **159,** *1*
breaking the peace, **159,** *9*
so abandoned a character, **159,** *16*
alpine staff, **159,** *23*
perilous encumbrance, **161,** *28*
indomitable spirit of avarice, **161,** *32*
manage matters, **164,** *20*
manifest symptoms, **168,** *28*
defiled with corpses, **169,** *12*

* Roman numerals refer to the parts of the story.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 67.

Discussion. 1. How does the poet define true freedom? 2. Mention cases to show that our country has been "earnest to make others free." 3. What men and women do you know of in history who have helped "make others free"? 4. How does this poem apply to America's going to the aid of Cuba and, more recently, to the aid of France and Belgium? 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: boast; fetters; fallen; scoffing.

OUR NOBLE DEFENDERS

CARDINAL MERCIER

My dearest Brethren: I desire to utter, in your name and my own, the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others, without bearing in it any active part.

When, immediately on my return from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded—when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy, or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviors.

A first time, at Liége, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes. Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting awhile in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our allies feel for the heroism of our army. Our King is, in the esteem of all at the very summit of the moral scale; he is doubtless the

only man who does not recognize that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the trenches and puts new courage, by the serenity of his face, into the hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their country. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the army.

If any man had rescued you from shipwreck or from a fire, you would hold yourselves bound to him by a debt of everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man—it is two hundred and fifty thousand men—who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Cardinal Mercier (1851-), a native of Belgium, was born in a village adjoining the historic battlefield of Waterloo. For many years he was a professor in the University of Louvain, Belgium. In 1906 he was made Archbishop of Malines. Since he had always been a champion of liberty, his distinguished service to the stricken Belgians during the World War was most natural. This selection is taken from his address, "Patriotism and Endurance," one of the great speeches of the World War. In the autumn of 1919 Cardinal Mercier visited America, and was greeted everywhere with profound admiration.

Discussion. 1. Read aloud Cardinal Mercier's words of gratitude to the wounded Belgian soldiers. 2. In what two instances does he say they were "saviors"? 3. What does he point out as the foremost duty of every Belgian citizen? 4. Find words in this speech that we may apply to American soldiers who fought in the World War. 5. How has our country shown its gratitude to those who fought in the World War? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: vocation; onslaught; assuredly. 7. *Pronounce:* Mercier; Havre; Malines; Louvain; Liége; Calais.

Phrases for Study

social conditions, **174**, 3
benefit by the heroism, **174**, 3
was given to me, **174**, 7
very summit of the moral scale, **174**, 27
of whom he requires, **175**, 4

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

WINIFRED M. LETTS

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war,
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Winifred M. Letts is an Irish author who lives in Dublin. She has written many poems that are widely read, particularly those relating to the World War. "The Spires of Oxford" is taken from *Hallowe'en and Poems of the War*. Oxford University, at Oxford, England, is one of the oldest and greatest seats of learning in the world.

For a picture of the World War, read at the library *A Peep at the Front*, McFee.

Discussion. 1. This poem describes Oxford University as seen from a train during the World War; what picture does the first stanza give you? 2. What tells you that Oxford is a college town? 3. Why does the poet say "hoary" Colleges? 4. What does the poem say the Oxford men who went to war gave up? 5. What did American college men who went to war overseas give up? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: Colleges; cricket-field; quad; shaven.

Phrases for Study

gave their merry youth away, 176, cap and gown, 176, 22 17

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE TRIAL OF THE BIRDS

It was the season when all through the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics written by His hand
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-Heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds

And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then, from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said:
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours
You put to death, by means of a Committee,

The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think Who made them, and Who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

"Think every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

THE KILLING OF THE BIRDS

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards and o'er woodland crests
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The cankerworms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient; but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Domesday Book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder caroled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 344.

Discussion. 1. What season is described at the beginning of the poem? 2. When did the events described occur? What tells you this? 3. Which of the signs of spring mentioned have you seen? 4. What is meant by "the vanguard of the Spring"? 5. What does the poet say are its "banners"? 6. What are the "fluttering signals" of the rivulets? 7. Who does he say wrote "those lovely lyrics" the merle and mavis sing? 8. What is said about the sparrows in Holy Writ? (See *Matthew* X, 29-31.) 9. Who is it hears the ravens cry? (See *Luke* XII, 24.) 10. Read the prayer the crows utter incessantly. 11. What tells you the direction from which "the birds of passage" came? 12. What alarmed the farmers? 13. For what purpose was a town-meeting called? 14. What kind of man was the Squire? Read the lines that tell you this. 15. Read lines that describe the Parson. 16. Tell about the Preceptor; what do you think of his poetry? 17. Read lines that describe the Deacon. 18. Who championed the cause of the birds? 19. Where does his speech begin? 20. Explain "as David did for Saul." (See *I Samuel* XVI, 14-23.) 21. What services does the Preceptor say the birds render to man? 22. What was the effect of his speech? 23. What action did the meeting take? 24. What resulted from the destruction of the birds? 25. What comparison is made relating to Herod? (See *Matthew* II.) To schoolboys? 26. By whom were the birds restored? 27. How did the Preceptor celebrate the restoration of the birds? 28. Memorize lines 5-8, page 182. 29. Notice how Longfellow adds to the music of the poem by repeating certain sounds, as, "lovely lyrics," "wingéd wardens," and "melodious madrigals." The

repetition of the same sound at the beginning of two or more words used closely together is called "alliteration." Find other examples that please you. 30. One of the reasons why this poem is easy to read is that there is a pause somewhere near the middle of many of the lines; test a few of the lines for this. 31. Longfellow uses the following riming scheme in this poem, a b a b a b c c; that is, the first, third, and fifth lines rime, the second, fourth, and sixth lines rime, and the seventh and eighth lines rime. Test the rimes in several stanzas by this scheme. 32. Why has this poem a place in the Service group? 33. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: merle; Saxon; vanguard; Sound; jocund; tilled; convened; marauders; fervor; lopped; Preceptor; sonnet; bombazine; incarnate; sundry; jargoning; weevil; dialect; windrows; man-at-arms; bounty; bard. 34. *Pronounce:* piteous; gibberish; prognosticating; august; austere; voluminous; perpetuate; madrigals; roundelay; omnipotence; vanquished; canticles.

Phrases for Study

Blithe-Heart King, **177**, 4
tropic isle remote, **178**, 11
in lieu of, **178**, *27*
levied blackmail, **178**, *28*
skeleton at their feast, **179**, 3
reveries profound, **179**, *25*
fine-spun sentiment, **183**, 17
crowned his modest temples, **183**, *24*
fusillade of terror, **184**, 3
blushed crimson with their shame, **185**, 9

INDUSTRY AND THRIFT

(A LETTER TO A RELATIVE IN REPLY TO HIS REQUEST FOR A LOAN)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Dear Johnston: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, "We can get along very well now," but in a short time I find you

in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler.

You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is that you go to work "tooth and nail" for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and the boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages—or in discharge of any debt—that you can get; and to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labor, either as money or as discharging your own indebtedness, I will give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you should go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines of California, but I mean for you to get at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Coles County.

You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense. If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born on a farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky. When he was seven, the Lincoln family moved to Indiana, and in 1830, to Illinois. Lincoln's boyhood was full of hardships and privation. He was able to attend school only a few months altogether, but he had a small number of good books, which he read again and again. By hard struggles he educated himself, became a lawyer, a member of Congress, and in 1860 was elected President of the United States. He was assassinated by an actor named Booth, April 14, 1865. There are many memorials to Lincoln: the farm where he was born was presented to the nation, in 1916; the Abraham Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., stands in Potomac Park, near the shore of the Potomac River; there is a beautiful monument in Springfield, Illinois, where he is buried; a national highway crossing the continent from east to west has been named the Lincoln Highway; one of the most famous statues of Lincoln is the one made by Saint Gaudens, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Lincoln was famous as a story-teller, and his shrewd common-sense is well illustrated in this letter.

Discussion. 1. How did Lincoln regard the letter from Johnston (his half-brother), requesting eighty dollars? 2. What reason did Lincoln suggest for Johnston's continued difficulty? 3. What valuable advice did he give him? 4. What proposition was made if this advice was heeded? 5. Do you think it was a good way to develop thrift in Johnston? 6. What plan for developing thrift in its citizens did our government originate during the World War? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: comply; idler; discharging; deed. 8. *Pronounce:* request; indebtedness; contrary.

Phrases for Study

defect in your conduct, **188**, 2
work "tooth and nail," **188**, 5
make the crop, **188**, 7
deliver possession, **188**, 26

A THRIFT PROVERB

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

We have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 325.

Discussion. 1. How did Franklin's wife help him to prosper? 2. What habits of thrift can boys and girls establish for themselves? 3. Tell about Thrift Stamps and other ways of saving. 4. Compare Franklin's habits of thrift with Lincoln's advice to his brother. 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: frugality; pamphlets; earthen; pewter. 6. *Pronounce:* thrive; porringer.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser deep and wide
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't and won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

. . . . . .

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor; "what's that?

. . . . . .

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes each like a pin,

And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
There was no guessing his kith or kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire;
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table;
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
And people call me the Pied Piper.
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;

And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed, dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,

Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp, or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! Beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst."

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I am bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,

And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before
And never hear of that country more!

Alas! alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth—
Wherever it was men's lot to find him—
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second day of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six";
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away—
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Browning (1812-1889) was, like Lord Tennyson, one of the great English poets of the nineteenth century. He was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London. He began early to read good literature, and all his life was a lover and student of music. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett and went to Italy, where for fifteen years he lived and wrote, until Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. He then returned to England and spent most of his time in London, where he continued his literary work. He died at the home of his son in Venice and was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Most of his poetry is difficult to understand, but this poem, which was written to amuse a sick child, is simple and full of humor.

Discussion. 1. Find Hanover and the Weser River on your map. 2. Whom did the people blame for the condition of their city? 3. What threat did they make? 4. What effect did this have upon the Mayor? 5. Describe the appearance of the Mayor's strange visitor. 6. What did the Pied Piper offer to do? 7. How did the Mayor and Corporation receive his proposal? 8. How soon did the notes of the pipe take effect? 9. Read aloud lines in the report to Rat-land telling how the music sounded to a rat. 10. What did the Mayor order when the rats had been destroyed? 11. Whom had he forgotten? 12. Find the lines that show why the Mayor dared dispute the Piper's claim. 13. How did the Mayor reward the Piper for his services? 14. Compare the sound made by the gathering of the children with the noise made by the rats. 15. Where did the Piper lead the children? 16. Tell the story of the little lame child. 17. What comparison is made on page 199, lines 7-9? 18. How do you account for the strange tribe in Transylvania? 19. What does the selection teach about service? 20. Give examples showing how the rimes add to the fun of the story. 21. Find words that the author "coined" to add to the rhythm. 22. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: pied; ditty; vermin; sprats; noddy; Corporation; dolts; quaked; hap; swarthy; brawny; tawny; commentary; puncheon; pottage; scorpion; ribald; enraptured; pate; decree; tabor; alien; subterraneous; trepanned. 23. *Pronounce:* ermine; obese; guilder; newt; vesture; conserve; psaltery; replenish; caliph; bereft; burgher.

Phrases for Study

furry civic robe, **192**, 5
sat in council, **192**, 11
kith or kin, **193**, 4
quaint attire, **193**, 6
trump of doom's tone, **193**, 8
please your honors, **193**, 11
so as you never saw, **193**, 15
your brain bewilders, **194**, 1
magic slept, **194**, 8
musical adept, **194**, 10
bate a stiver, **196**, 28
on the rack, **197**, 28
bosoms beat, **197**, 29
his steps addressed, **198**, 2
let the piping drop, **198**, 6
wondrous portal, **198**, 9
to his heart's content, **199**, 13
lost endeavor, **199**, 16
last retreat, **199**, 26
wipers of scores out, **200**, 17

TRUE CITIZENS

MARY E. MCDOWELL

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are His children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We wish, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works.

Our country asks us to live for her good; so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and that every home within her boundaries shall be a place fit to grow the best kind of men and women to rule over her.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Mary E. McDowell (1854-) was born in Cincinnati, and has devoted herself to the service of others. She is head of the University of Chicago Settlement House—a place where neighbors meet for entertainments and for deciding on plans to make the neighborhood cleaner and better. Her "True Citizens" expresses a patriotic pledge for American boys and girls.

Discussion. 1. For what does our flag stand? 2. Mention some sacrifices that true citizens made for the good of all during the World War; what sacrifices did you make? 3. Did "meatless" and "wheatless" days mean sacrifice? Who do you think made the greatest sacrifice during the war? 4. Tell what sacrifice the "Oxford men" made; what service the Belgian soldiers performed for the world. 5. What can an American boy or girl do for his school? For his home? 6. What does our country ask us to do? 7. How should a true citizen feel and act toward his country?

"GO FORTH TO SERVE"

WOODROW WILSON

TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES

Two years ago, as President of the United States and as President of the American Red Cross, I addressed to you a letter in which I advised you to enroll in the newly organized Junior Red Cross, and I explained to you some of the ways in which the Junior Red Cross would help you to be useful to your country and to the children of those countries which were associated with us in a great war against a powerful enemy. Millions of you did join the Junior Red Cross and worked hard, and what you did is warmly appreciated by the whole country.

Now, by the blessing of God and through the faithful performance of duty by our soldiers and sailors and the soldiers and sailors of the countries by whose side we fought, a great victory has been won and the war is over, but I am sure that you wish to continue to be useful to your country and to children less fortunate than yourselves. Therefore, I am writing to you at the opening of the new school-year to advise you again to join the Junior Red Cross, which has planned a work for peace times even larger and more systematic than the work done during the war.

The Junior Red Cross will instruct you in ideals and habits of service, will show you how to be useful to your school, how to aid the older people in your community in their efforts to promote the health and comfort of the people among whom you live, and how to help children who are still suffering from the effects of the great war in foreign lands invaded by the enemy.

The recent war was the greatest of all wars, not only because more men and nations were engaged in it than in any other war of history, but also because, as a result of it, people have seen a vision of a different kind of world from the world of the past, a world in which nations shall unite for purposes of peace and good will as they formerly united only for war against an armed foe. In working for the children of other nations you will come to understand them better, and they will understand and appreciate you more. Your education will not be complete unless you learn how to be good citizens, and the Junior Red Cross plans to teach you simple lessons of citizenship through its organization and its activities. It is your generation which must carry on the work of our generation at home and abroad, and you cannot begin too soon to train your minds and habits for this responsibility. By doing what you can to make happier the people of your own neighborhood, your state, your country, and also the people of other lands, you will make yourselves happier.

WOODROW WILSON

September, 1919

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Woodrow Wilson (1856-), twenty-eighth President of the United States, is a native of Virginia. He was educated at Princeton University, and later became president of this institution. He was for some years a teacher of history and he has written many books on history and government; these are models of good expression. In 1911 he became Governor of New Jersey, and in 1913 he entered upon his duties as President of the United States, serving throughout the difficult period of the World War. This letter to the Junior Red Cross has peculiar interest because it points out the kinds of service you may give in times of peace.

Discussion. 1. When was this letter written and to whom was it addressed? 2. What was the purpose of the letter and what reason does President Wilson give for writing it? 3. What kinds of peace-time work does the letter say the Junior Red Cross will teach you to do? 4. President Wilson says the World War was the greatest of all wars; in what respects does he say this is true? 5. He says the Junior Red Cross will teach you to be a good citizen; in what ways? 6. How has your school helped the children of other countries? 7. Mention other ways in which the pupils of your school have done the work of good citizens. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: associated; systematic; invaded; formerly; generation. 9. *Pronounce:* duty; fortunate; foreign.

GRADATIM

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a fairer view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed or the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881) was an American poet and journalist. He was born on a Massachusetts farm and studied medicine, but took up literary work and became editor of the *Springfield Republican.* He was one of the founders of *Scribner's Magazine* and was for a time its editor.

Discussion. 1. Where does the poet imagine the foot of the ladder to be? 2. How is the ladder built? 3. By what kind of deeds do we ascend this ladder? 4. What foes does the third stanza tell us we must conquer if we wish to mount the ladder? 5. Notice how Longfellow in the following lines from his poem, "The Ladder of St. Augustine," has expressed the same thought in a different way:

"Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

6. Mention some noble deed of which you have read in this book. 7. What opportunities have boys and girls to do noble deeds? 8. Many opportunities are offered American boys and girls for *individual* service; what opportunities do the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, and the Junior Red Cross offer for *organized* service? 9. What part does your school take in these national organizations for service? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: gradatim; grandly; mastered; deposed. 11. *Pronounce:* vaulted; passion; vanquished.

A Backward Look

The Magic Wand of Reading has revealed to you pictures of home and country. These pictures have been presented by men and women whose love of home and the homeland may be no greater than yours and mine, but who can express our common feeling with much greater force and grace than we could do. Often, too, they give us new thoughts, and thus increase our *capacity* to love home and the homeland and all that centers about them. Which of the poems in this group have "home" for their theme? Which poet expressed the thought that the best thing about wandering is the home-coming? Who said "Home-keeping hearts are happiest"? Why do you think the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" recalled so vividly the details of his childhood home? Are there any Eph Todds in your neighborhood or town? Such a story as "Thanksgiving at Todd's Asylum" makes us see how genuinely helpful and fine a person may be, whom we had thought of as being merely queer; can you think of any such person? What do you do to make yourself a helpful member of your home? How does being a worthy home-member fit one to be a good citizen? Read again in the Forward Look (page 73) the sentence that tells what gives the joy of home and the homeland. Which of the festivals do you think the artist had in mind when he drew the picture on page 77?

Maybe you are not old enough to have many tender memories of home, but you no doubt remember pleasantly certain Christmas and Thanksgiving celebrations, or a visit from grandmother; and just as these memories are closely connected with your feeling for home, so all that you learn about the homeland becomes part of your love for it. As you sat with Laurence and Alice and the other children around Grandfather's Chair, what did you learn about Washington and about the Boston Tea Party? Which of the poems in this group is the most stirring? Which makes you feel that we are a united country? In the Forward Look (page 74) read the lines that tell why America is truly great; which poem expresses this thought particularly

well? Prepare a program from selections in this book for citizenship (Americanization) exercises. Select the three best from the class. How has your feeling for home and the homeland been affected by the study of the stories and poems in this group?

Read again the last paragraph of the Forward Look (page 75) and tell how each selection in the group "Service and Thrift" fits the statements that are made there. Repeat in class the lines you have learned by heart. Point out ways in which the Oath and Laws of the Boy Scouts and the Law of the Camp Fire Girls express in a practical way the ideals set forth in this group of stories and poems. The Scout Oath is:

> "On my honor I will do my best—(1) to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law; (2) to help other people at all times; (3) to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The third of the twelve Laws reads:

> "A Scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and to share home duties. *He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day.*"

The ninth Law is:

> "A Scout is thrifty. He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing, and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need, and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay, but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns."

When a girl joins the Camp Fire she says, "This Law of the Camp Fire I shall strive to follow:

> "'Seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold on to health; glorify work; be happy.'"

With the Contents (page 8) before you, try to state at least one interesting fact about each author represented in this group. Which of these authors do you feel that you know best? How does the picture on page 20 with the quotation on page 19 apply to the selections in Part I?

PART II

STORIES OF GREECE AND ROME

Write on your door the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere, "Be bold";

. . . . .

Better like Hector in the field to die
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE

A Forward Look

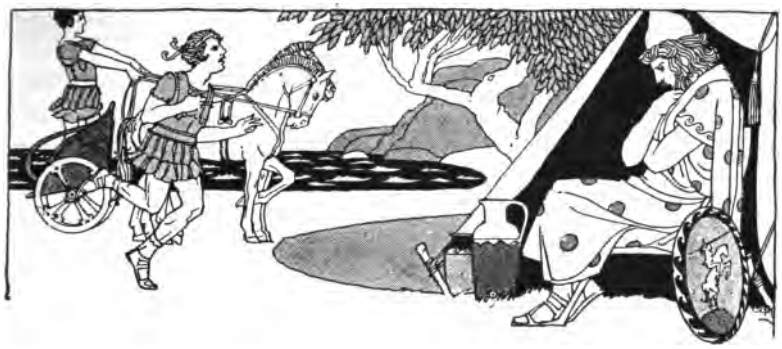
Every great people has cherished the stories that have grown up about the names of its ancient heroes. As a nation increases in wealth and power, its founders are regarded with deeper reverence, and their lives are studied as a means for making clear the ideals which have made the nation great. So, just now, Americans call to mind the words and deeds of Washington and the Revolutionary heroes, who founded the nation, and of Lincoln and Roosevelt, heroes who have interpreted the spirit of the nation, in order to remind themselves of their great inheritance and to find guidance through the years that are to come.

In the long centuries of the world, many nations have come into being, risen to power, and then passed away. Some wandering tribe one day seized upon a fertile land and, under the leadership of bold and able chieftains, settled down and established a homeland. They drove out invaders, found riches in commerce or in war, built up forms of government, developed better ways of living, and increased their territory, until at length they seemed to be an empire which could govern the future of the world. At last came decay and death, and the power passed to other races. Ancient Babylon, Persia, Egypt; in later times Greece; still later Rome—these are illustrations of what has been going on for ages. Sometimes a nation has had vast territories but has done little to make the world better; again, a nation small in territory, like the ancient Hebrews, has given new ideas to the world and left a permanent influence on mankind. But always there has been this growth followed by decay.

The world is like a forest in which are trees of every size and age. Thousands of wandering seeds are driven with the leaves before the wind; at length a slender shoot springs up, which grows with the help of sun and shower into a tree. For most of these

shoots, little further growth is possible; there is not room, or wild beasts trample them, or they are bent out of shape by some larger tree near by. But at length some monarch of the forest towers above all the surrounding trees and seems to command the world. Storms beat upon it, the lightning strikes at it, but it seems as immovable as the earth itself. And all through the forest other trees, large and small, struggle for life and growth; some of them will rival the ancient monarch, others will take his place when he is gone. So the peoples of the earth are like the trees of the forest; their life is never-ending, always changing; the greatest nations rise in various places; sometimes they rise in unsuspected spots; there is always this growth followed by decay.

Through the power of the Magic Wand of Reading you may call once more to life the story of the beginnings of great nations. Some of these nations no longer exist, except in name, but they have given ideals that have become part of the life of all nations. Greece and Rome have influenced the life and the literature of the modern world. Through the stories of their heroes, Achilles, Ulysses, Aeneas, you will come to see some of the reasons for this influence. These stories are a part of your rightful heritage, like the stories of early English heroes and the stories of the founding of America. Take your Magic Wand, therefore, and prepare to be transported back through many centuries. As you are whisked back, your clothes change to the loose, flowing robes worn by the ancient Greeks and Romans, or perhaps you are clad in the smooth, silky skin of some wild beast. Now you come to an open place, like a park, and in one corner there is a fountain of marble, with marble seats extending round the sides of the enclosure. At the back is an old man, so old that it seems he must have lived for centuries. He bends over the harp which he holds in front of him, listening to see if it be in tune. Then he turns toward you for a moment, and you see that though he is blind there is intense animation in his face, as if he sees things hidden from mortal eye. He bends once more over his harp, and strikes a wonderful chord, and then sings, or chants, to the sound of the music, the story of Achilles.



THE STORY OF ACHILLES *

I. WHY THE GREEKS SAILED TO TROY

Helen, daughter of the King of Sparta, was the fairest of all the women in Greece—nay, of all the women on the face of the whole earth. All the princes of Greece were suitors for her. They assembled at Sparta in order that she and her father, King Tyndareus, might choose a husband for her from their number.

When they were assembled, Tyndareus said to them, "You do me much honor, my lords, by paying court to my daughter and wishing to marry her. But there is something in this matter that makes me afraid. You are many, and my daughter can have but one of you for a husband. How, then, will it be when she shall have made her choice? Will it not be, that one indeed will be pleased and many offended, and that for one friend I shall have a score or so of enemies? Listen, therefore, to me, and be assured that my daughter agrees with me. She would rather die unmarried than to bring trouble upon my house. Her resolve

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

a-kĭl′ēz tĭn-dā′rē-ŭs

is this: You must all swear a great oath that you will defend her and her husband, whomever she may choose, with all your might, and that if he or she suffers any wrong, you will avenge it to the very best of your power."

It was Ulysses who advised the King to speak thus, because he thought: "Helen will hardly choose me, for I have only a small kingdom; nor can I myself, in strength or beauty, be compared with some that are here. However, there are other fair maidens in Greece besides Helen, such as Penelope, her cousin, who is also likely to have a goodly marriage portion. If, then, I do good service to the King, he will speak for me to his brother, Penelope's father, and I shall have an advantage when I present my suit."

The words of Tyndareus pleased the suitors, and they swore a great oath—each man by that which he held most sacred upon earth—that they would defend Helen and her husband against all injury that might be done to them.

Helen chose Menelaus, King of Sparta and younger brother of Agamemnon, who was overlord of all Greece. And Ulysses had his wish, for Penelope became his wife.

And now for a time all things went well. Menelaus lived happily with his wife, Helen, and their little daughter. But when the child was hardly a year old, there came a grievous trouble to the house of Menelaus and on the whole land of Greece and even on Asia. This is how it came about.

Across the sea from Greece was the city of Troy, famous in ancient days. Here lived a brave race of people, who had made their city great by their industry in peace and their courage in war.

The King of Troy was Priam, much beloved by everyone. He had many children, but one day another son was born, and to him was given the name Paris. When the

ū-lĭs′ēz pē-nĕl′ō-pē mĕn′ē-lā′ŭs ăg′a-mĕm′nŏn prī′ăm

priest said that Paris would grow to be a danger and a curse to his family and to his country, King Priam had his servants take the baby to a mountain-side and leave it there to die. But some shepherds found the child, and reared him carefully. He grew to be a tall, beautiful youth, very active and skillful in all sorts of games.

Now it so happened that when Paris was a young man, Peleus, King of Thessaly, married Thetis, a goddess of the sea. These two called to their wedding feast all the gods, for Thetis was herself of the race of the gods. One only they did not invite, and that one was Discord. But Discord came unbidden, bringing with her a golden apple on which she had written these words, "To the Fairest." This she threw among the guests and swiftly departed.

When these words were read aloud, there was hardly a woman or a goddess in the whole company but thought that the apple belonged to her. Three were so bold as openly to claim it, and these three were Hera, queen of the gods, Athena, goddess of war, and Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty. When it was asked who should be judge in the matter, Zeus said to Hermes, the messenger of the gods:

"There is a shepherd on Mount Ida, Paris by name; he is son of Priam, King of Troy, and he is the most beautiful of mortal men. Let him be the judge in the matter; for if an immortal god should judge, there will be no end to the quarrel; but if a mortal man be judge, then it will come to an end when he dies. Be thou guide to these three, and show them the place, and give my message to Paris."

So Hermes took the three to Mount Ida, and they stood before Paris so that he might judge which was the fairest of the three. Nor were they satisfied that he should judge

pē'lūs thĕs'ă-lĭ thē'tĭs hē'ra ă-thē'nă
ăf'rô-dī'tê zūs hûr'mēz

by looks only; but they also made promises to him. Hera said, "Choose me as the fairest, and I will give thee lordship over the whole land of Asia." Athena said, "I can make thee wise in counsel and skillful in war above all others." Last of all Aphrodite said, "I will give thee for wife the fairest woman in all the world, if you choose me." Whether Paris was moved by this promise, or whether he thought in his heart that Aphrodite was in truth the fairest, we know not; however this may be, he gave her the apple.

This judgment of Paris was the beginning of many troubles. For Aphrodite had promised Paris for his wife the fairest woman in all the world. Now the fairest woman was Helen, and she was already married to Menelaus. It is not agreed among those who have written about these things how Helen was persuaded to leave her husband's house. Some say that Aphrodite, to keep her promise to Paris, allowed him to carry her away by force, and some that Aphrodite made Helen willing to leave her husband and flee with Paris. This one thing is certain—Menelaus lost his wife to Paris, and at once he called upon all the princes who had sworn to defend him to keep their promises.

This call was but little to their liking. Some felt that they were not bound to obey it. Ulysses himself pretended that he had lost his reason; he went about day after day, plowing the sands of the seashore so that men would say, "It is of no use to take this fool, who knows no difference between cornfields and the sands of the seashore." But there was one of the friends of Menelaus who discovered the truth. He said to the King, "Let me see whether this man is really mad or only pretends that he is." So he took the young child of Ulysses and set him in the way of the plow, and when Ulysses saw the child, he turned aside. Then it was seen

that Ulysses only pretended to be mad, and he was forced to make ready for the voyage.

Other chiefs also tried to make excuses; but at last an army was gathered together, greater by far than had ever before been seen in the land of Greece, and this host, one hundred thousand men and twelve hundred ships, crossed over to Troy to punish Paris and to restore Helen to Menelaus.

II. WHY THERE WAS STRIFE BETWEEN AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES

For nine years and more the Greeks besieged the city of Troy, and being many in number and having very strong and valiant chiefs, they pressed the men of the city very hard, so that these dared not go outside the walls. And, indeed, they might have taken it without further loss, but that there arose a deadly strife between two of the Greek chieftains, even between Agamemnon, who was overlord of all the host, and Achilles, who was the most valiant man among them. Now the strife came about in this way:

The Greeks had offended the priest of Apollo, the sun-god, because Agamemnon had taken for himself the daughter of the priest as a prize of war. Apollo was angered by this and sent swift death, first among the dogs and mules, and then among the men of the Greeks. Achilles, learning the cause of this misfortune, roused the anger of Agamemnon because he required him to give up the prize.

Agamemnon in his wrath said, "I will send back my prize, Achilles, but I will take for myself the prize which the Greeks have given you."

Then the face of Achilles grew black as a thunderstorm, and he cried:

â-pŏl′ō

"Surely you are altogether shameless and greedy, and, in truth, an ill ruler of men. No quarrel have I with the Trojans. They never stole oxen or sheep of mine. But I have been fighting in your cause, and that of your brother, Menelaus. Yet you care naught for that. You leave me to fight, while you sit in your tent at ease. But when the spoil is divided, yours is always the lion's share. Small indeed is my part. And even the prize I took, you now take away! So am I determined to go home. Small profit will you get then, methinks!"

King Agamemnon answered, "Go, and take your Myrmidons with you. I have other chieftains as good as you are, and ready, as you are not, to pay me due respect."

Then Achilles was insane with anger, and he thought, "Shall I arise and slay this coward, or shall I keep down the wrath in my breast?" And as he thought, he laid his hand on his sword-hilt, and had half drawn his sword from the scabbard, when lo! the goddess Athena stood behind him—for Hera, who loved these Greek chieftains, had sent her—and caught him by his long yellow hair. Achilles wondered much when he felt the mighty grasp, and turned, and looked, and knew the goddess, though no one else in the assembly could see her. Then his eyes flashed with fire, and he cried, "Art thou come, child of Zeus, to see the insolence of Agamemnon? Truly, I think that he will perish for this folly of his."

Athena said, "Nay, I have come to put an end to thy wrath. Use bitter words, if thou wilt, but put up thy sword and strike him not. Truly, I tell thee that for this haughty show of pride today, he will some day bring thee splendid gifts, threefold and fourfold for all that he may take away."

Then Achilles answered, "I shall obey thy command, for

mûr'mĭ-dŏnz

it is always well for a man to obey the immortal gods." As he spoke, he thrust back the heavy sword into the scabbard, and Athena went her way to Olympus.

Then he turned to King Agamemnon, and spoke again: "Drunkard, with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer! never fighting in the front of the battle! 'Tis a cowardly race you rule, or this would be your last wrong. And surely the Greeks shall one day miss Achilles, when they fall in heaps before the dreadful Hector, and you shall be grieved to think that you have wronged the bravest of your host."

As he spoke, he dashed the scepter on the ground and sat down. On the other side Agamemnon sat in furious anger. Then Nestor rose, an old man of a hundred years and more, and counseled peace. But he spoke in vain. For Agamemnon answered:

"Nestor, you speak well, and peace is good. But this fellow would lord it over all, and he must be taught that there is one here, at least, who is better than he."

And Achilles said, "I were a slave and a coward, if I owned you as my lord. Not so; play the master over others, but think not to master me."

Then Achilles went apart from his comrades and sat upon the seashore, weeping bitter tears. He stretched out his hands with a loud prayer to his mother, who was Thetis, a goddess of the sea. She heard him where she sat in the depths of the sea, and rose from the waves—you would have thought it a mist rising—and came to where he sat weeping. She stroked him with her hand, and called him by his name.

"What aileth thee, my son?" she said.

Then he told her the story of his wrongs, and when he had ended, he said:

ô-lĭm′pŭs hĕk′tẽr nĕs′tŏr

"Go, I pray thee, to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus. Often have I heard thee boast how, long ago, thou didst help him when the other gods would have bound him. Go now and call these things to his mind, and pray him to help the sons of Troy and give them victory in the battle, so that the Greeks, as they flee before them, may know the kind of king they have, who has done such wrong to the bravest of his host."

And his mother answered him, "Thy life is short, and it should of right be without tears and full of joy; but now it seems to me to be both short and sad. But I will go, as thou sayest, to Olympus, to the palace of Zeus himself, and try to persuade him. Do thou sit still, and go not forth to the battle."

So Thetis went to the top of Olympus, to the palace of Zeus, and made her prayer to him. He was loath to grant it, for he knew that it would anger his wife, Hera, who loved the Greeks and hated the sons of Troy. Yet he could not refuse Thetis, but promised that she should have her wish. And to make his word the surer, he nodded his awful head, and with the nod all Olympus was shaken.

That night Zeus planned how to carry out his purpose. He called to him a Dream, and said, "Dream, go to the tent of Agamemnon, and tell him to set his army in array against Troy. For the gods are now of one mind, and the day of doom has come for the city. He shall take it, and so gain eternal glory for himself."

So the Dream went to the tent of Agamemnon, and it took the shape of Nestor, the old chief whom the King honored more than all beside.

Then Nestor said, "Are you asleep, Agamemnon? It is not for kings to sleep all through the night, for they must do the planning for many, and have many cares. Listen

now to the words of Zeus: 'Draw up the battle line against Troy, for the gods are now of one mind, and the day of destruction has come for the city. Thou shalt take it, and gain eternal glory for thyself.' "

And Agamemnon believed the Dream, and knew not the purpose of Zeus in bidding him go forth to battle; neither did he know that the Trojans should win the day, and great shame should come to himself, but that great honor would come to Achilles, when all the Greeks should beg him to come and deliver them from death. So he rose from his bed, put on his tunic, and over it a great cloak, and fastened the sandals on his feet. He hung from his shoulders his mighty silver-studded sword, and took in his right hand the great scepter of his house, which was the token of his lordship over all the Greeks.

III. HOW THE GREEKS BATTLED WHILE ACHILLES SULKED IN HIS TENT

So Agamemnon went forth, and took counsel with the chiefs and afterwards called the people to an assembly. After the assembly the shrill-voiced heralds called the host to the battle. As is the flare of a great fire when a wood is burning on a hill-top, so was the flash of their arms and their armor as they thronged to the field. As thick as the bees swarm in the spring, when the milk-pails are full, the Greeks thronged to the battle in the great plain by the banks of the river. Many nations were there, and many chiefs. But the most famous among them were these: Agamemnon, and his brother, the yellow-haired Menelaus, King of Sparta and husband of the beautiful Helen; Ajax or, as men called him, the Lesser Ajax, swiftest of foot among the Greeks after the great Achilles; Ajax the

Greater; Nestor, oldest and wisest among the Greeks; Ulysses, crafty in counsel. All these were there that day, and many more; and the strongest was Ajax the Greater; but there was none that could compare with Achilles, the bravest man, whose horses were the swiftest steeds. But he sat apart and would not go to battle.

On the other side the sons of Troy and their allies came forth from the gates of the city and set themselves in battle array. The most famous of their chiefs were these: Hector, son of King Priam, bravest and best of all, and Æneas, son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodite.

So the battle was set in array, and the two hosts stood over against each other.

While they stood ready for the battle, Paris rushed forth from the ranks of the Trojans. He had a panther's skin over his shoulders, and a bow and sword, and in either hand a spear, and he called aloud to the Greeks that they should send forth their bravest to fight with him. But when Menelaus saw him, he was glad, for he said that now he would avenge himself on the man who had done him such wrong. He leaped from his chariot and rushed to meet his enemy; but Paris, having done evil, and being therefore a coward in his heart, was afraid when he saw Menelaus, and fled back into the ranks of his comrades. Then Hector saw him and rebuked him. "You are fair to look upon, Paris, but worthless. Surely the Greeks will scorn us if they think that you are our bravest warrior. You are a coward; and yet you dared to go across the sea and carry off the fair Helen. Why do you not stand and fight against her husband, and see what sort of man he is?"

Then Paris answered, "You speak well, Hector, and your rebuke is just. Now set Menelaus and me in the midst, and

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let us fight, man to man, for the fair Helen and for all her possessions. If he be victor over me, let him take her and them and depart, and the Greeks with him, and you shall dwell in peace; but if I be victor, they shall depart without her."

So King Priam, on the one side, for the Trojans, and King Agamemnon, for the Greeks, made a solemn agreement that Paris and Menelaus should fight together, and that the fair Helen, with all her treasures, should go with him who should be victor.

Then Hector and Ulysses marked out a space for the fight. The two warriors armed themselves, came forth, and stood brandishing their spears, with hate in their eyes. Paris threw his spear. It struck the shield of Menelaus but pierced it not. Then Menelaus cast his long-shafted spear; but Paris shrank aside, and the spear wounded him not. Menelaus rushed forward and seized Paris by the helmet. Certainly he would have taken him captive, but Aphrodite loosed the strap under his chin, and the helmet came off. Then Aphrodite snatched Paris away, covering him with a mist, and put him down in his chamber in Troy. Menelaus looked for Paris everywhere, but no one could tell him where he might be.

Then King Agamemnon said, "Now, sons of Troy, it is for you to give back the fair Helen and her wealth, and to pay me besides as much as may be fitting, for all my cost and trouble."

But it was not the will of the gods that the sons of Troy should do this thing, but rather that the city should perish.

Then King Agamemnon went throughout the host, and if he saw anyone getting ready for battle, he praised him and gave him encouragement; but if he saw anyone hanging back, he blamed him, whether he was common man or chief.

The Greeks went forward to the battle in order after their chiefs; you would have thought them dumb, so silent were they. But the Trojans were like a flock of bleating sheep, so confused a cry went out from their army, for there were men of many tongues gathered together. On either side the gods urged them on, but chiefly Athena urged the Greeks, and Ares, god of war, gave courage to the Trojans.

Hector with Ares at his side dealt death and destruction through the ranks of the Greeks. Hera and Athena saw him from where they sat on top of Olympus, and were wroth. They passed down to earth and brought victory to the Greeks. At last Helenus, brother of Hector, and a wise seer, urged Hector to go to the city and bid the mothers of Troy assemble in the temple of Athena to see if perchance her wrath might not be stayed.

Hector came into the city, and wherever he went, wives and mothers crowded about him, asking how it had fared with their husbands and sons. But he said naught, save to bid them gather in the temple of Athena and pray; and indeed there was sore news for many, if he had told all that he knew.

So Hector ran through the city, and Andromache, his wife, spied him and hastened to meet him. And with her was the nurse, bearing the young child—Hector's only child, beautiful as a star. Silently he smiled when he saw the child, but Andromache clasped his hand and wept, and said:

"O Hector, your courage will bring you to death. All the Greeks will rush on you and slay you. It were better for me to die than to lose you, for I have no comfort but you. My father is dead, for Achilles slew him. He burned his body and his arms, and the mountain-nymphs planted poplars about his grave. Seven brothers I had, and lo! they all

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fell in one day by the hand of the great Achilles. My dear mother too is dead. But you are father to me, and mother, and brother, and husband also. Have pity, then, and stay here upon the wall, lest you leave me a widow, and your child an orphan. Set the people here in array by this fig-tree, where the wall is low, and the city is easiest to be taken."

But Hector said, "Nay, let these things be my care. I am not willing that any son or daughter of Troy should see me keeping away from the battle. My own heart loathes the thought and bids me fight in the front. Well I know, indeed, that Priam and the people of Priam, and holy Troy, will perish. Yet it is not for Troy, or for the people, or even for my father or my mother that I care so much, as for you, in the day when some Greek shall carry you away captive, and you shall ply the loom or carry the pitcher in the land of Greece. And someone shall say when he sees you, 'This was the wife of Hector, who was the bravest of the sons of Troy.' May the earth cover me before that day!"

Then Hector stretched out his arms to his child. But the child drew back into the bosom of his nurse with a loud cry, fearing the shining bronze armor and the horsehair plume which nodded dreadfully from his helmet top. Then father and mother laughed aloud. And Hector took the helmet from his head and laid it on the ground, and caught the child in his hands, and kissed him, praying aloud to Father Zeus and all the gods:

"Grant, Father Zeus and all ye gods, that this child may be as I am, great among the sons of Troy; and may they say some day, when they see him carrying home the bloody spoils from war, 'A better man, this, than his father,' and his mother shall be glad at heart."

Then he gave the child to his mother, and she clasped him to her, and smiled a tearful smile. And her husband had pity on her, and stroked her with his hand, and said:

"Be not troubled overmuch. No man shall slay me against the ordering of fate; but no man may escape fate, be he cowardly or brave. But go, ply your tasks at the shuttle and the loom, and give their tasks to your maidens, and let men take thought for the battle."

Then Hector took up his helmet from the ground, and Andromache went her way to her home, often turning back her eyes. She and all her maidens wailed, for she felt that she should never more see him returning safe from the battle. But Hector went into battle with renewed strength, and everywhere the Greeks gave way before him.

IV. HOW PATROCLUS WENT INTO BATTLE WEARING THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES

Achilles was standing on the stern of his ship, looking at the battle, when he saw Nestor carrying a wounded soldier in his chariot to the ships. Then he called to Patroclus, his friend, and Patroclus, who was in the tent, came forth. Then said Achilles:

"Now will the Greeks soon come, praying for help, for their need is great. But go and see who this is whom Nestor is taking to the ships."

Then Patroclus ran. And when Nestor saw him, he urged him to sit down. But Patroclus would not sit, saying:

"Keep me not. I came but to see who this is that you have brought wounded from the battle."

Then said Nestor, "What cares Achilles for the Greeks,

or why does he ask who is wounded? Hear, then, what I say. It may be that Achilles will not go forth to battle. But let him send you forth, and his Myrmidon warriors with you. Let him put his arms upon you, so that the sons of Troy will be frightened, thinking that Achilles is in the battle, and so we shall have a breathing space."

So Patroclus ran to the tent of Achilles and stood by him, weeping bitterly. Then said Achilles, "What ails you, Patroclus, that you weep?"

Then said Patroclus, "Be not angry with me, great Achilles, for the Greeks are in sore trouble; all their bravest are wounded, while you cherish your wrath. If you will not go to the battle, fearing some warning from the gods, let me go, and your Myrmidons with me. Let me put on your armor; so shall the Greeks have a breathing space from the war."

So he spoke, entreating, and he did not know that he was entreating for his own doom. And Achilles made reply:

"It is no warning of the gods that keeps me from the war. But Agamemnon took from me my prize, which I won with my own hands. But let the past be past. I said that I would not rise up till the battle should come nigh to my own ships. But you may wear my armor and lead my Myrmidons to the fight. For in truth the men of Troy are gathered as a dark cloud about the ships, and the Greeks have scarce standing-ground between them and the sea. For they see not the gleam of my helmet. I do not hear the voice of Agamemnon, but only the voice of Hector, as he calls the men of Troy to the battle. Go, therefore, Patroclus, and drive the fire from the ships. And then come back; do not fight any more with the Trojans, lest you take my glory from me. And go not near, in the excitement of bat-

tle, to the walls of Troy, lest one of the gods meet you to your hurt; for remember that the keen archer Apollo loves the Trojans well."

But as they talked one to the other, the men of Troy set torches to the ships, and a great flame shot up to the sky. When Achilles saw it, he smote his thigh and said:

"Hasten, Patroclus, for I see the fire rising from the ships. Put on the armor, and I will call my people to the war."

So Patroclus put on the armor—corselet and shield and helmet—and bound upon his shoulder the silver-studded sword, and took a mighty spear in his hand. Then he mounted the chariot drawn by the horses of Achilles, those mighty steeds.

Meanwhile Achilles called the Myrmidons to battle. Fifty ships had he brought to Troy, and in each there were fifty men. Achilles said, "Forget not, O Myrmidons, the bold words that you spoke against the men of Troy during the days of my wrath, complaining that I kept you from the battle against your will. Now you have your wish."

So the Myrmidons went to the battle in close array, helmet to helmet and shield to shield, close as the stones with which a builder makes a wall. And Patroclus went in front. Then Achilles went to his tent and took from his chest a great cup which Thetis, his mother, had given him. Now no man except Achilles drank from that cup, and he poured out of it offerings to no god but Zeus himself, father of all the gods. First he cleansed this with sulphur, and then with water from the spring. After that he washed his hands, and standing before his tent, he poured out wine to Zeus, saying:

"O Zeus, I send my comrade to this battle; make him strong and bold, and give him glory, and bring him home safe to the ships, and my people with him."

So he prayed, and Father Zeus heard him. And part he granted; but part he denied.

Now Patroclus with the Myrmidons had come to where the battle was raging, and when the men of Troy beheld him, they thought that Achilles had forgotten his wrath, and had come forth to battle. Then the men of Troy turned to flee, and many chiefs fell by the spears of the Greeks. So the battle rolled back to the trench, and in the trench many chariots of the Trojans were broken, but the horses of Achilles went across it at a stride, so nimble and strong were they. The heart of Patroclus was set to slay Hector; but he could not overtake him, so swift were his horses. Then did Patroclus turn his chariot and keep back those that fled, so that they could not go to the city; and he rushed hither and thither, still slaying as he went.

But Patroclus forgot the order of Achilles that he should not go near to Troy, for he pursued the men of the city even to the wall. Thrice he mounted on the wall, and thrice Apollo himself drove him back, pushing against his shining shield. But the fourth time the god said, "Go thou back, Patroclus. It is not for thee to take the city of Troy; no, nor for Achilles, who is far better than thou art."

So Patroclus went back, fearing the wrath of the archer-god. Then Apollo stirred up the spirit of Hector to go against Patroclus. Therefore he went, with his brother for driver of his chariot. But when they came near, Patroclus cast a great stone which he had in his hand, and smote the driver on the forehead, crushing it in, so that he fell headlong from the chariot. And Patroclus mocked him, saying: "How nimble is this man! How lightly he dives! Who would have thought that there were such skillful divers in Troy!"

Then the battle waxed hot about his body, which the

Greeks drew to themselves and stripped of its arms. Next, Patroclus rushed against the men of Troy. Thrice he rushed, and each time he slew nine chiefs of fame. But the fourth time Apollo stood behind him and struck him on the head and shoulders, so that his eyes grew dim. The helmet fell from his head, and the horsehair plumes were soiled with dust. Never before had that headpiece touched the ground, for it was the helmet of Achilles. The god also broke the spear in his hand, and struck the shield from his arms, and loosed his corselet, till all amazed he stood. Then Patroclus sought to flee to the ranks of his comrades. But Hector saw him, and thrust his spear at him so that he fell. When the Greeks saw him fall, they sent up a terrible cry. Then Hector stood over him and cried:

"Did you think to spoil our city, Patroclus, and to carry away our wives and daughters in the ships? Instead, you are slain, and the great Achilles cannot help you at all—Achilles, who bade you, no doubt, to strip the tunic from my breast."

But Patroclus answered, "You boast much, Hector. Yet it was not you that slew me, but Apollo, who took from me my arms, for had twenty such as you met me, I would have slain them all. And mark this, death and fate are close to you by the hand of the great Achilles."

Hector answered, though Patroclus was already dead:

"Why do you prophesy death to me? It may be that the great Achilles himself will fall by my hand."

Then he drew his spear from the wound and went away.

V. HOW THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS AROUSED ACHILLES

Fierce was the fight about the body of Patroclus, and many heroes on both sides fell. Hector came rushing

through the battle; and when Menelaus saw him coming, he fled back into the ranks of his own people. Then Hector stripped off the arms of Patroclus, the arms which the great Achilles had given him to wear. And when he had done this, he laid hold of the body, and would have dragged it into the host of the Trojans, but Ajax the Greater came forth and put his broad shield before it, as a lion stands before his cubs when the hunters meet it in the woods.

But Hector said, "I fear you not, nor any man. Zeus gives victory now to one man and now to another. But wait here and see whether I am a coward or not."

He had sent the armor of Patroclus to the city. Now he ran after those that were carrying it, and overtook them. Hector put on the armor himself—but Zeus saw him doing it, and liked it not—and he came back to the battle; and all who saw him thought that he fought like Achilles himself. Then they all charged together, and fiercer grew the battle. At last Ajax said to Menelaus—these two had borne themselves more bravely in the fight than all others:

"See if you can find Antilochus, Nestor's son, that he may carry the tidings to Achilles that Patroclus is dead."

So Menelaus went and he found Antilochus on the left of the battle, and said to him, "I have ill news for you. You see that the men of Troy have the victory today. And moreover, Patroclus lies dead. Run, therefore, to Achilles, and tell him. Perhaps he may save the body; but as for the arms, Hector has them already."

Sad, indeed, was Antilochus to hear such tidings; his eyes were filled with tears, and his voice was choked. Yet he gave heed to the words of Menelaus and ran to tell Achilles of what had happened. But Menelaus went back to Ajax, where he had left him with Patroclus, and said:

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"Antilochus will bear the tidings to Achilles. Yet I doubt whether he will come, in spite of all his wrath against Hector, for he has no armor to cover him. Let us think, then, how we may carry Patroclus away from the men of Troy."

Then said Ajax the Greater to Menelaus, "Do you and one of your men raise the body in your arms, and meanwhile Ajax and I will keep off the men of Troy."

So Menelaus and his companion ran forward and lifted up the body. But the Trojans ran with a great shout when they saw them, as dogs run barking before the hunters when they chase a wild boar; but when the beast turns, lo! they flee this way and that. So did the men of Troy flee when Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less turned to give battle. But still the Greeks gave way, and still the Trojans came on, and ever in the front were Hector, the son of Priam, and Aeneas, the son of Anchises.

In the meantime Antilochus came to Achilles, who, seeing that the Greeks fled and the men of Troy pursued, was already sore afraid. And Antilochus said, weeping as he spoke:

"I bring ill news—Patroclus is dead. The Greeks fight for his body, but Hector already has his arms."

Then Achilles took some of the dust of the plain in his hands and poured it on his head. He lay full length upon the ground and tore his hair. Antilochus sat weeping; but he held fast the hands of Achilles, lest the great warrior should slay himself in his grief.

Hearing his cry from where she sat in the depths of the sea, Thetis, his mother, came and laid her hand on Achilles and said:

"Why weepest thou, my son? Hide not the matter from me, but tell me."

Achilles answered, "All that Zeus promised me he has fulfilled. But what profit have I, for lo! my friend Patroclus is dead, and Hector has the arms which I gave him to wear. And as for me, I care not to live, unless I can avenge his death."

Then said Thetis, "Nay, my son, speak not thus. For when Hector dies, your doom also is near."

And Achilles spoke in great wrath:

"Would that I might die this hour, seeing that I cannot help my friend, but am a burden on the earth—I, who am better in battle than all the Greeks besides. Cursed be the wrath that sets men to strive one with the other, even as it set me to strive with King Agamemnon! But let the past be past. And as for my fate—let it come when it may, only let me first avenge myself on Hector. Wherefore, seek not to keep me back from the battle."

Then Thetis said, "Be it so; only thou canst not go without thy arms, which Hector hath. But tomorrow will I furnish thee with new armor."

But while they talked, the men of Troy drove back the Greeks more and more, and the two heroes, Ajax the Greater and Ajax the Less, could no longer keep Hector from the body of Patroclus. And indeed he would have taken it, but Zeus sent a messenger to Achilles, who said:

"Rouse thee, Achilles, or Patroclus will be a prey for the dogs of Troy!"

But Achilles said, "How shall I go?—for arms I have none, nor do I know whose I might wear."

Then answered the messenger, "Go only to the trench and show thyself; then the men of Troy will tremble and stop fighting, and the Greeks will have a breathing space."

So he went; and Athena put her shield upon him and a golden halo about his head, making it shine as a flame of

fire. Then went he to the trench; with the battle he mingled not, heeding his mother's commands, but he shouted aloud, and his voice was as the sound of a trumpet. When the men of Troy heard, they were stricken with fear; the horses backed with the chariots, and the drivers were astonished when they saw above his head the flaming fire which Athena had kindled. Thrice across the trench the great Achilles shouted, and thrice the men of Troy fell back.

Then did the Greeks take the body of Patroclus away from the battle. They laid it on a bier and carried it to the tent, while Achilles walked with many tears by the side of the body.

In the camp of the Greeks they mourned for Patroclus. And Achilles stood among his Myrmidons and said:

"Vain was the promise that I made to the father of Patroclus that I would bring back his son with his portion of the spoils of Troy. Zeus fulfills not the thoughts of man. Patroclus lies dead; and I shall not return to the house of my father, for I, too, must die in this land. But you, O Patroclus, I will not bury till I bring hither the body of Hector."

So they washed the body of Patroclus and anointed it, putting ointment into the wounds; they laid it on a bed, and covered it with a veil from the head to the feet.

Meanwhile Achilles sat mourning for Patroclus, and his comrades wept about him. At dawn Thetis brought the new arms and laid them before him. Loud they rattled on the ground, and all the Myrmidons trembled to hear, but when Achilles saw them, his eyes blazed with fire, and he rejoiced in his heart.

Then Achilles went along the shore and called the Greeks, shouting mightily; and all, even those who usually stayed in the ships, heard him and came.

So Achilles gathered the Greeks for the battle, and he shone in the midst with the arms which Thetis had brought, and he flashed like fire. Into the battle he rushed, slaying as he went. And Hector would have met him, but Apollo stood by him and said, "Fight not with Achilles, lest he slay thee." Therefore he went back among the men of Troy. Many did Achilles slay, and among them the youngest son of Priam. When Hector saw this, he could stand back no longer. So he rushed at Achilles, and Achilles rejoiced to see him, saying, "This is the man who slew my comrade." But they did not fight, for when Hector cast his spear, Athena turned it aside, and when Achilles charged, Apollo bore Hector away.

Then Achilles turned to the others, and slew many of them; and those escaping fled, part across the plain, and part to the river. These leaped into the water as locusts leap into a river when the fire which men light drives them from the fields. And all the river was full of horses and men. Many of the Trojans hid themselves under the banks of the river. That hour the Greeks would have taken Troy, but Apollo saved it by drawing Achilles away from the city. For Apollo took the form of a Trojan chief, whom Achilles pursued far from the walls of Troy.

VI. HOW ACHILLES AVENGED THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS

The Trojans were now safe in the city, refreshing themselves after all their toil. Hector alone remained outside the walls, standing in front of the great gates of the city. But all the while Achilles was fiercely pursuing Apollo, until at last the god turned and spoke to him:

"Why dost thou pursue me, swift-footed Achilles? Hast thou not yet discovered that I am a god, and that all thy fury is in vain? And now all the sons of Troy are safe in

their city, and thou art here, far out of the way, seeking to slay me, who cannot die."

In great wrath Achilles answered him, "Thou hast done me wrong in drawing me away from the wall, great archer, most mischief-loving of all the gods. Had it not been for this, many more Trojans would have been killed. Thou hast robbed me of great glory, and saved thy favorites. O that I had the power to take vengeance on thee! Thou wouldst pay dearly for this cheat."

Then Achilles turned and rushed toward the city, as swiftly as a race-horse whirls a chariot across the plain. Priam spied him from the wall, with his glittering armor, bright as the brightest of stars. The old man groaned aloud when he saw him, and stretching out his hands, cried to his son, Hector, who stood before the gates, eager to do battle with this dread warrior, and urged him to come within the walls.

Priam spoke, but could not turn the heart of his son. And from the wall on the other side of the gate his mother called to him, weeping, and said:

"Pity me, my son; come within the walls; wait not for this man; do not stand in battle against him. If he slay you, neither I nor your wife shall pay you the last honors of the dead, but far away by the ships of the Greeks your body shall lie unburied and dishonored."

So father and mother begged their son, but all in vain. He was determined to wait for Achilles.

When Achilles approached, brandishing his great spear, and wearing his bright armor, Hector trembled, and dared not stay. Fast he fled from the gates, and fast Achilles pursued him, as a hawk pursues a dove upon the mountains. Past the watchtower they ran, past the wind-blown fig-tree, along the wagon-road which went about the

walls; and they came to the fair-flowing fountain. Past this they ran, one flying, the other pursuing. Brave was he that fled; braver he that pursued. They ran for no common prize, but for the life of Hector, the tamer of horses. Thrice they ran around the city, and all the gods of Olympus looked on.

And Zeus said, "This is a sad sight that I behold. My heart is grieved for Hector—Hector, who has ever worshiped me with sacrifice, on the heights of Ida and in the city of Troy; and now the great Achilles is pursuing him around the city of Priam. Come, ye gods, let us take counsel together. Shall we save him from death or let him fall beneath the hand of Achilles?"

Then Athena said, "What is this that thou sayest, O Father? Rescue a mortal man from death? Do it if it is thy will; but we, the other gods, will not approve."

Zeus answered her, "My heart is sore; yet I wish to do thee pleasure. Be it as thou wilt."

Then Athena came down in haste from the top of Olympus; and still Hector fled, and Achilles pursued. And ever Hector made for the gates, or tried to get shelter beneath the towers, so that those that stood upon them might defend him with their spears; and ever Achilles would get before him, and drive him toward the plain. So they ran, one making for the city, and the other driving him to the plain. But Apollo helped Hector, and gave him strength, or he could not have held out against Achilles, who was swiftest of foot among the sons of men.

Now Achilles had motioned to the Greeks that no man should throw his spear at Hector, lest, perchance, he should be robbed of his glory. When the two came, in their running, for the fourth time to the fountain, Zeus held out the great balance of doom; in one scale he put the fate of

Achilles, and in the other the fate of Hector; and lo! the scale of Hector sank down to the realms of death. Then Apollo left him.

Now Athena alighted from the air close to Achilles and said: "This, great Achilles, is our day of glory, for we shall slay Hector, mighty warrior though he be. For it is his doom to die, and not Apollo himself can save him. Stand thou still and take breath, and I will give this man heart to meet thee in battle."

Then the two chiefs came near to each other, and Hector with the waving plume spoke first: "Thrice, great Achilles, have you pursued me around the walls of Troy, and I dared not stand up against you; but now I fear you no more. Only let us take this oath between us: if Zeus give me the victory, I will do no dishonor to your body; arms and armor will I take, but give back your body to the Greeks; and do you promise to do likewise."

But Achilles scowled at him and said: "Hector, talk not of oaths to me. One of us two shall fall; and now is the time for you to show yourself a warrior, for of a truth Athena will slay you by my spear, and you shall pay the penalty for all my comrades whom you have slain."

Then he threw his spear, but Hector saw it coming and avoided it, crouching on the ground, so that the mighty spear flew above his head and fixed itself in the earth. Athena snatched it from the ground and gave it back to Achilles, but Hector did not see it.

Hector said to Achilles: "You have missed your aim, great Achilles. It was no word of Zeus that you spoke prophesying my doom, but you sought to cheat me, terrifying me by your words. You shall not drive your steel into my back, but here into my breast, if the gods will it so. But now look out for my spear. Would it might bury itself

in your flesh. Easier would the battle be for the men of Troy if only you were out of the way."

And as he spoke, he threw his long-shafted spear. True aim he took, for the spear struck the very middle of Achilles's shield. It struck, but did not pierce it, and bounded far away, for the shield was not made by the hand of man. Hector stood dismayed, for he had no other spear. Then he knew that his end had come, and he said to himself, "Now have the gods called me to my doom. Zeus and Apollo are with me no more, but, if I must die, let me at least die in such a deed as men of after time may hear of."

Hector drew the mighty sword that hung by his side. As an eagle rushes through the clouds to pounce upon a lamb, he rushed on the great Achilles. But he dealt never a blow; for Achilles charged to meet him, his shield before his breast, his helmet bent forward as he ran, with the long plumes streaming behind. The gleam of his spear-point was as the gleam of the evening star. For one moment he wondered where he could strike, for the armor which Hector had taken from Patroclus guarded him well; but there was one spot unprotected, which Achilles knew well, where the neck joins the shoulder. There he drove in the spear until the point stood out behind the neck, and Hector fell in the dust.

Then Achilles cried aloud, "Hector, in the day when you robbed Patroclus of his arms you thought that you would be safe from vengeance, not remembering me. And lo! you have fallen before me. Your body shall not be given honorable burial; but to Patroclus all the Greeks shall give due rites."

Then Hector, growing faint, spoke to him, "Nay, great Achilles, by thy life, and by thy parents dear, I pray you, let not my fallen body suffer this disgrace. Take rather the

ransom that my father and mother will pay you, and let the sons and daughters of Troy give me burial rites."

But Achilles scowled at him and cried, "Dog, try not to beg this of me! No ransom, though it were paid ten times, shall buy you back; no, not though Priam should offer your weight in gold!"

Then Hector, who was now at the point of death, spoke to him again: "I know well what manner of man you are, and that the heart in your breast is iron. Beware lest vengeance from the gods come upon you in the day when Paris and Apollo shall slay you in spite of all your valor."

So speaking, he died. But Achilles said, "Die, hound; my fate I shall meet when Zeus and the other gods will it."

Then he drew his spear out of the corpse and stripped off the bloody armor; and all the Greeks came about the dead man, marveling at his stature and beauty. They said, looking at one another, "Surely this Hector is less dreadful now than in the day when he burned our ships with fire."

And Achilles took the body of Hector back with him to the ships of the Greeks, so that his oath of vengeance should be fulfilled.

VII. HOW KING PRIAM RANSOMED THE BODY OF HECTOR

When Priam, from the walls of Troy, saw Achilles take Hector's body with him from the field of battle, he was determined to go forth and beg the body of his dear son. Hecuba, the mother of Hector, tore her hair and shrieked aloud, but white-armed Andromache knew not as yet what had happened. She sat in her dwelling, weaving a purple mantle embroidered with flowers. She bade her maidens make ready a bath for Hector, when he should come back from the

battle, for she did not know that he would never come again. But when the sound of wailing came from the town to her, she rose up hastily in great fear, dropped the shuttle from her hand, and called to her maidens:

"Come with me, O maidens, that I may see what has happened, for I heard the voice of Queen Hecuba, and I fear that some evil has come to the children of Priam. It may be that Achilles has run between Hector and the city, and is pursuing him to the plain, for Hector will never stay with the army, but will always fight in the front, so bold is he."

Then she hastened through the city, with terror in her heart. When she came to the wall, she stood and looked; and lo! she saw Achilles taking Hector's body to the ships. Then her eyes grew dim, and she fell back fainting.

While the maidens took care of Andromache, Thetis, at the bidding of Zeus, went to Achilles and found him weeping softly for his dead friend, and she said to him, "It is the will of the gods that thou shouldst give up the body of Hector, and take in exchange the ransom of gold and precious things which his father will give thee."

And her son answered, "If the gods will it, be it so."

Then Zeus sent his messenger to King Priam, where he sat with his face wrapped in his mantle, his sons weeping about him, and his daughters wailing through the chambers of his palace.

To him the messenger of Zeus said:

"Be of good cheer, Priam; Zeus has sent me to thee. Go, taking with thee such gifts as may best please the heart of Achilles, and bring back the body of thy dear son Hector. Go without fear of death or harm, and go alone. Only let an aged herald go with thee, to help thee when thou bringest back the body of the dead."

Then Priam rose with joy, and bade his sons bring forth his chariot; but first he went to his chamber and called to Hecuba, his wife, and told her of his purpose. He did not heed when she sought to turn him from it, but said, "Seek not to hold me back. If any prophet or seer had bidden me do this thing, I should have questioned it; but I have heard the voice of the messenger of Zeus and therefore I shall go. And if I die, what care I? Let Achilles slay me, if only I may embrace once more the body of my son."

Then Hecuba came near, and bade a woman-servant come and pour water on his hands. And when she had poured, King Priam took a great cup from the hands of his wife, and poured out wine to Zeus, and prayed:

"Hear me, Father Zeus, and grant that Achilles may pity me. Send me now a lucky sign, in order that I may go with a good heart to the ships of the Greeks."

And Zeus heard him, and sent his eagle, his favorite bird, as a sure sign. On Priam's right hand it flew high above the city, and all rejoiced when they saw the sign.

Then the old man mounted his chariot in haste, and drove forth from the palace. Before him the mules drew the four-wheeled wagon, and these the herald guided. But his chariot the old King drove himself. And all his kinsfolk went with him, weeping as for one who was going to his death. But when they came to the plain, Priam and the herald went toward the ships of the Greeks alone, and all the others returned to Troy.

When Priam came near the tent of Achilles, he leaped down from the chariot, leaving the herald to care for the horses and mules, and went to the tent. There he found Achilles sitting; his comrades sat apart, but two waited on him, for he had just ended his meal, and the table was still at hand. But no man saw King Priam till he was close to

Achilles, and caught his knees and kissed his hands. Achilles wondered to see King Priam, and his comrades wondered, looking one at another. Then King Priam spoke:

"Think of your father, godlike Achilles, and pity me. He is old, as I am, and it may be that his neighbors trouble him, seeing that he has no defender; yet so long as he knows that you are alive, it is well with him, for every day he hopes to see his dear son return from Troy. But as for me, I am altogether wretched. Many valiant sons I had, but most of them are dead, and he that was the best of all, and kept our city safe, has been slain by you. He it is whom I have come to ransom. Have pity on him and on me, thinking of your father."

These words so stirred the heart of Achilles that he wept, thinking now of Patroclus, and now of his old father at home; and Priam wept, thinking of his dead Hector. At last Achilles stood up and raised King Priam, having pity on his white hair and his white beard, and spoke:

"How did you dare to come to the ships of the Greeks? You cannot raise your son from the dead."

But Priam answered, "Let me ransom Hector, my son, and look upon him with my eyes. And then may the gods grant you safe return to your fatherland."

Achilles hastened from his tent, and two comrades with him. First, they loosed the horses from the chariot and the mules from the wagon; then they brought in the herald and took the gifts. But they left two cloaks to wrap the dead. Achilles bade the women wash and anoint the body, but apart from the tent, lest, perchance, Priam should see his son and cry aloud. But when the body was washed and anointed, Achilles himself lifted it in his arms and put it on the litter, and his comrades lifted the litter upon the wagon.

Then Priam said, "If you are willing to let me bury

Hector, let there be a truce between my people and the Greeks. For nine days let us mourn for Hector, and on the tenth we will bury him and let the people feast, and on the eleventh raise a great tomb above him, and on the twelfth we will fight again, if fight we must."

And Achilles answered, "Be it so; I will stop the war while you give burial to Hector."

Wailing and weeping, Priam and the herald took the body to the city.

Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was the first to see her father and the herald, and the dead body on the litter, and she cried: "Sons and daughters of Troy, go to meet Hector, if ever you met him with joy as he came back in triumph from the battle."

And straightway there was not man or woman left in the city. They met the wagon when it was close to the gates. Andromache led the way, and Hecuba and all the multitude followed. They took Hector to his home and laid him on his bed. And the minstrels mourned, and the women wept aloud.

Then first of all came Andromache, his wife, who cried: "O my husband, you have perished in your youth, and I am left a widow, and our child, your child and mine, is but an infant! I fear he will not grow to manhood. Before that day this city will fall, for you are gone who were its defender. Therefore, the people wail for you today. Great is your parents' grief, O Hector, but mine is greater."

Next spoke Hecuba, his mother: "My son, dear were you in life to the immortal gods, and dear are you in death. Even now you lie as fresh and fair as one whom the god of the silver bow had slain with a sudden stroke."

And last of all came Helen, and cried: "Many a year

has passed since I came to Troy—would that I had died before! Never have I heard from your lips one bitter word. Therefore I weep for you; no one is left to be my friend in all the broad streets of Troy. All shun and hate me now."

And all the people wailed bitterly.

Then Priam spoke: "Go, my people, gather wood for the burning, and fear not any attack by the Greeks, for Achilles promised that he would stop the war until the twelfth day should come."

So for nine days the people gathered wood, and on the tenth they laid Hector upon the pile, and lighted a fire beneath it. When the body was burned, his comrades gathered the bones and laid them in a chest of gold; and this they covered with purple robes and put into a great coffin, and upon it they laid stones many and great. Over all they raised a mighty mound; and all the while the watchers watched, lest the Greeks should arise and slay them. Last of all a great feast was held in the palace of King Priam.

So they buried Hector, the tamer of horses.

But for Achilles the day of doom was not far distant, for it was decreed that he, too, should perish when Hector fell. Thetis, his mother, hearing it prophesied when he was born that his life would be short and glorious, nevertheless wished for him a long life, even if it were not heroic. So she took the babe to the river Styx and dipped him in its waters. For the water of this river made the body of him who was bathed in it proof against all wounds. But when Thetis dipped Achilles in the river, she held him by the heel, which alone remained untouched by the magic water. Therefore, his heel was not proof against wounds.

When Achilles strove in his valor to break through the gates of Troy, Paris aimed at him a fateful arrow which struck him in the heel, for the archer-god, Apollo, guided

the hand of Paris. So Achilles was slain on the very place where he had killed Hector.

But the Greeks carried off his body and his armor and brought them to the ships. For seventeen days they mourned over his body, and on the eighteenth day they gave it burial by the side of his friend Patroclus. Over them both the Greeks raised a great mound that was the wonder of men in after times.

Many other chiefs, both Greek and Trojan, besides Hector and Achilles, met their doom on the plains before the gates of Troy during the ten long years that the Greeks laid siege to the city, for the gods gave victory now to the Greeks and now to the Trojans. But in the end, through the craftiness of Ulysses, the gates of the city were opened and the Greek hosts swept through the streets. They took the city with all its rich treasures, and Menelaus won back his wife, the beautiful Helen.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. There is much doubt as to the date and authorship of both the great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but it is commonly believed that they are the work of Homer, a blind poet, who lived in the eighth century B.C. The events which the poems celebrate occurred about 1000 B.C. It is generally supposed that Homer earned his living as a minstrel, traveling from town to town and reciting his poems to the music of his harp. There is much uncertainty as to his birthplace, as the following couplet shows:

> "Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged for bread."

The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are two of the oldest poems in existence. They were sung originally in the Greek language, but many translations, both verse and prose, have been made into the modern languages.

* A full description of the fall of Troy is given in "The Story of Aeneas," page 297.

Among the best known verse translations is that by William Cullen Bryant.

The stories in this book are simplified from the prose version by Alfred J. Church (1829-1912), an English clergyman and writer, who tried not only to select interesting parts of the stories but also to preserve in his style of writing some of the quaint features of the original poems.

The story of Achilles is found in the *Iliad,* which takes its name from Ilium, the Greek name of the city of Troy.

Suggestions for Silent Reading. Some stories and poems must be read thoughtfully in order to gain the author's full meaning; such reading cannot be done rapidly. In other selections the meaning can be grasped easily, and the reading can be rapid; in such cases we read mainly *for the story,* holding in mind the various incidents as the plot unfolds. The stories of PART II are particularly suited to the purposes of rapid silent reading.

In previous grades your training in silent reading has enabled you to gather facts from individual paragraphs and to hold in mind the thread of the narrative in shorter selections. But you are steadily to extend this power until you can follow the unfolding plot in selections of considerable length. The stories in PART II are long enough to train you to read with intelligence a newspaper, a magazine, or a book. And this is precisely the ability you most need in your school work and throughout life outside the school; indeed the gaining of this ability is the chief aim of silent reading in this grade.

(a) Time yourself by the clock as you read this story silently, treating each chapter as a unit of the story; what was your reading speed per page? Remember that reading with the lips and pointing with the fingers slow up your speed in silent reading.

(b) Test your ability to get the thought quickly from the printed page (1) by noting how many of the Questions for Testing Silent Reading (page 248) you can answer after one reading, and (2) by telling the substance of the chapter. Then read it again silently, timing yourself as before; test yourself again on the questions and retell the story, trying to tell it more accurately than you did the first time. You may have to read parts of the chapter again to be able to answer all these questions and to give the substance of the story fully.

Notice that the rapid silent readers in your class generally gain and retain more facts from their reading than the slow readers do. Try

steadily to increase your speed in silent reading and you will find that as you give a story closer attention, you will not only understand it better but also remember more of it. By keeping a record, showing comparisons month by month, you will be able to see how much you are improving.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. I. 1. Who was Helen? 2. What promise did the King force the suitors to make? 3. Why did Ulysses suggest this promise to the King? 4. Whom did Helen choose? 5. Who was Paris? 6. Tell about the apple of Discord. 7. Why did Zeus decide to have Paris, a mortal, make the choice? 8. What were the promises given to Paris by Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite? 9. To whom did Paris award the apple? 10. How did Aphrodite reward Paris? 11. What did Menelaus do then? 12. How did Ulysses try to avoid keeping his promise? 13. How large an army went from Greece to Troy? 14. What was the family relationship between Helen and each of the following: Tyndareus, Menelaus, Agamemnon, Penelope, Ulysses, Paris, and Priam?

II. 1. How long did the Greeks besiege Troy? 2. Why did the siege last so long? 3. What started the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles? 4. In the end, who gave up his prize? 5. How was Achilles prevented from slaying Agamemnon? 6. What was the wish Achilles told his mother, Thetis? 7. How was the wish carried out? 8. What did Agamemnon do?

III. 1. Name the Greek leaders. 2. Who were the Trojan leaders? 3. What additional reason does this chapter give you for Aphrodite's favoring Aeneas and the other Trojans? 4. By what act did Paris show his nature? 5. What was the result of the hand-to-hand conflict between Paris and Menelaus? 6. Why did Hector return to the city? 7. Which was Andromache most anxious about—her husband or her country? 8. Tell the incidents that make you think Hector was a good husband and father. 9. What was the family relationship between Hector and each of the following: Priam, Hecuba, Paris, Helenus, and Andromache?

IV. 1. Why did Patroclus come to Nestor? 2. What was Nestor's advice, and how was it carried out? 3. How large a host were the Myrmidons? 4. What did Achilles do before he made his prayer? What was the meaning of these acts? 5. What did the Trojans think when they saw Patroclus? 6. In what ways did Apollo help the Trojans? 7. What happened to Hector's brother, the driver of his chariot?

8. How was Patroclus killed? 9. What is said about the helmet of Achilles?

V. 1. What became of the arms of Achilles which Patroclus wore? 2. How did the Greeks try to protect the body of Patroclus? 3. Who was sent to Achilles with the news of Patroclus's death? 4. What did Achilles do when he heard of the death of his friend? 5. How did Achilles feel about what had happened? 6. Who came to comfort him and what did she promise to do for him? 7. Who called Achilles to the battle, and who helped him? 8. What was the result of his appearance? 9. Why was Achilles able to fight the next day? 10. What did the gods do to prevent the fighting between Hector and Achilles? 11. How was Troy saved at this time?

VI. 1. How did Achilles happen to be far from the walls of Troy? 2. What did Achilles do when Apollo made himself known? 3. What did Priam and Hecuba urge Hector to do? 4. Describe Achilles's pursuit of Hector around the city walls. 5. Who helped Hector? 6. Why did Apollo leave Hector? 7. How did the fact that Hector wore the armor taken from Patroclus help Achilles? 8. Why did Hector want the Trojans to have his body?

VII. 1. Who saw Achilles taking away the body of Hector? 2. Who persuaded Achilles to give up the body? 3. Who went after it and how? 4. What sign did Zeus send to Priam? 5. How did Priam touch the heart of Achilles? 6. After Hector's body was returned to Priam, what favor did Priam beg of Achilles? 7. How was the body of Hector met? 8. Describe the funeral rites. 9. What was the fate of Achilles? 10. What happened when Troy fell?

Discussion. 1. The *Iliad* is full of beautiful comparisons such as the two at the beginning of III; find another one. 2. Another characteristic of the *Iliad* is the double adjective: yellow-haired; shrill-voiced. Can you find others that are striking? 3. Which of the gods are favorable to the Greeks and which to the Trojans? 4. Notice how the gods themselves are not free to act as they wish; give an example. 5. Compare the trenches, armor, and implements of war in the *Iliad* with those of the World War. 6. What was the first cause of the Trojan War? 7. You will enjoy the illustrations as well as the stories in Colum's *The Children's Homer*. In *Stories of Greece and Rome, Retold from St. Nicholas* you will find interesting information about Greek and Roman life. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (1) assembled; resolve; avenge; overlord; reared; immortal; counsel;

(II) pressed; ill; spoil; scabbard; scepter; awful; array; doom; beside; (III) herald; apart; pierced; shrank; seer; fared; loathes; shuttle; (IV) warning; entreating; nigh; archer; corselet; waxed; (V) halo; ointment; drawing; (VI) dread; sacrifice; heart; dismayed; ransom; (VII) mantle; kinsfolk; litter; minstrels; shun. 9. *Pronounce:* (I) suitors; grievous; (II) besieged; naught; due; (III) thronged; allies; rebuked; bleating; wroth; nymphs; (IV) chariot; smote; forehead; bade; tunic; prophesy; (V) bier; mourning; locusts; (VI) whirl; pounce; vengeance; stature; (VII) truce; decreed.

Phrases for Study

paying court, **213**, 8
goodly marriage portion, **214**, 10
speak for me, **214**, 12
give thee lordship over, **216**, 2
but little to their liking, **216**, 23
lord it over all, **219**, 17
play the master, **219**, 20
loath to grant, **220**, 16
deliver them from death, **221**, 10
crafty in counsel, **222**, 2
of many tongues, **224**, 5
dealt death and destruction through, **224**, 8
ply the loom, **225**, 16
take thought for, **226**, 8
breathing space, **227**, 6
take my glory from me, **227**, 32
to your hurt, **228**, 1
poured out wine, **228**, 30
death and fate, **230**, 23
sets men to strive, **233**, 12
turn the heart of, **236**, 18
balance of doom, **237**, 33
realms of death, **238**, 2
of after time, **239**, 11
be given honorable burial, **239**, 28
due rites, **239**, 29
proof against all wounds, **245**, 27

THE STORY OF ULYSSES *

I. HOW ULYSSES OUTWITTED POLYPHEMUS

When the great city of Troy was taken, all the chiefs who had fought against it set sail for their homes. But there was wrath in heaven against them, for they had borne themselves haughtily and cruelly in the day of their victory. Therefore they did not all find a safe and happy return. Some were shipwrecked, and others found everything at home changed, and had to seek new dwellings elsewhere. The wise Ulysses wandered farthest and suffered most of all, before he reached his island home, Ithaca.

He was among the last to sail from Troy, for he had lingered many days to please Agamemnon, lord of all the Greeks. Twelve ships he had with him—twelve he had brought to Troy—and in each there were some fifty men. This number was scarcely half of those that had sailed in them in the old days, for many valiant heroes slept the last sleep on the plain and on the seashore.

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

pŏl'ĭ-fē'mŭs ĭth'a-kȧ

First, they sailed northwest to the land where dwelt the Ciconians, who had helped the men of Troy. They took the city and in it much plunder, slaves and oxen and jars of fragrant wine. They might have escaped unhurt, if they had not stayed to hold revel on the shore. But the Ciconians gathered their neighbors, men of the same blood, and battled with the Greeks, and drove them to their ships. When Ulysses counted his men, he found that he had lost six out of each ship.

He had scarcely set out again when the wind began to blow fiercely; so, seeing a smooth, sandy beach, they drove the ships ashore, dragged them out of reach of the waves, and waited till the storm should pass. The third morning was fair, so they sailed again and journeyed safely till they came to the southern shore of Greece. But contrary currents prevented their sailing around the point, and the north wind blew so strongly that they were driven before it.

On the tenth day they came to the land where grew the lotus—a honey-sweet fruit. Whoever ate of it cared not to see country or wife or children again. Now the Lotus-eaters, for so they called the people of the land, were a kindly folk, and gave this fruit to some of the sailors, not because they wished them any harm, but because it was the best they had to give. When the sailors had eaten of this magical food, they refused to return to the ships; but Ulysses bade their comrades bind them and drag them back.

Then, since the wind had gone down, they took to their oars, and rowed for many days till they came to the country where the Cyclops dwell. A mile or so from the shore there is an island, very fair and fertile, but no man dwells there or tills the soil. Here is a harbor where a ship may be safe from all winds. Into this the ships passed safely, and were

sĭ-kō′nĭ-ănz sī′klŏps

hauled up on the beach. The crews slept by them, waiting for the morning. The next day they hunted the wild goats of the island, and feasted merrily on goats' meat, and red wine which they had taken in abundance from the town of the Ciconians.

The next morning Ulysses gathered his men together and said: "Stay here, all the rest of you, while I go with my ship and my company to the mainland to see what kind of people dwell upon it." There was a great hill sloping to the shore, and here and there smoke rose from the caves where the Cyclops dwelt apart from each other. They were a rude and savage folk, and each ruled his own household, not caring for others. Now, very close to the shore was one of these caves, very huge and deep, with laurels around the opening, and in front a fold with walls built of rough stone and shaded by tall oaks and pines. Ulysses chose out of the crew the twelve bravest, bade the rest guard the ship, and went to see the kind of dwelling this was and who lived there. He had his sword by his side, and on his shoulder a mighty skin of wine, sweet-smelling and strong, with which he hoped to win the heart of some fierce savage.

They entered the cave, and judged that it was the dwelling of some rich and skillful shepherd. For within, there were pens for the young of the sheep and of the goats, all divided according to age, and there were baskets full of cheeses, and full milk pails ranged along the wall. But the Cyclops himself was away. Then the companions of Ulysses begged him to depart, taking with him, if he liked, the cheeses, and driving the lambs and kids to the ships. But he would not, for he wished to see what kind of host this strange shepherd might be. And truly he saw to his cost!

It was evening when the Cyclops came home, a mighty giant, twenty feet or more in height. On his shoulder he

bore an immense bundle of pine logs for his fire. These he threw down outside the cave with a great crash, while he drove the flocks within and closed the entrance with a huge rock. Then he milked his flocks, and half of the milk he curdled for cheese, and half he set ready for himself, to drink for his supper. Next he kindled a fire with the pine logs, and the flame lighted up all the cave, showing him Ulysses and his comrades.

"Who are you?" cried Polyphemus, for that was the giant's name. "Are you traders or pirates?"

Ulysses shuddered at the dreadful voice and shape, but bravely answered: "We are no pirates, mighty sir, but Greeks, sailing back from Troy, and subjects of the great King Agamemnon, whose fame is spread from one end of heaven to the other. We have come to beg hospitality of you in the name of Zeus, who rewards or punishes hosts and guests according as they are faithful to each other."

"Nay," said the giant, "it is but idle talk to tell me of Zeus and the other gods. We Cyclops take no account of gods, holding ourselves to be much better and stronger than they. But come, tell me, where have you left your ship?"

But Ulysses saw his thought when he asked about the ship, and knew that he planned to break it, and take from them all hope of flight. Therefore he answered craftily:

"We have no ship, for King Poseidon drove it on a rock and broke it, and we whom you see are all that escaped from the waves."

Polyphemus made no answer but sprang up and clutched two of the men, as a man might catch up a dog, and killed them, and devoured them, with huge drinks of milk between, leaving not a morsel, not even the bones. The others, when they saw the dreadful deed, could only weep and

pray to Zeus for help. When the giant had ended his foul meal, he lay down among his sheep and slept.

Then Ulysses questioned much in his heart whether he should slay the monster as he slept, for he did not doubt that his good sword would pierce the giant's heart, mighty as he was. But, being very wise, he remembered that, should he slay him, he and his comrades would yet perish miserably. For who would move away the great rock that lay against the door of the cave? So they waited till the morning. When the monster awoke, he milked his flocks, and afterwards, seizing two men, devoured them for his meal. Then he went to the pastures, but first he put the great rock at the mouth of the cave again.

All that day the wise Ulysses was thinking what he could do to save himself and his companions, and he formed this plan. There was a mighty pole in the cave, green wood of an olive tree, as big as a ship's mast, which Polyphemus intended to use, when the smoke had dried it, as a walking-staff. Of this Ulysses cut off a piece, and his comrades sharpened it and hardened it in the fire, and then hid it away. At evening the giant came back and drove his sheep and rams into the cave. Having done his shepherd's work, he made his cruel feast as before. Then Ulysses came forward with the wine-skin in his hand, and said:

"Drink, Cyclops, now that you have feasted. Drink, and see what precious things we had in our ship. But no one hereafter will come to you with such a gift, if you treat strangers as cruelly as you have treated us."

Then the Cyclops drank and was pleased, and said: "Give me again to drink, and tell me your name, stranger, and I will give you a gift such as a host should give. Truly this is a rare drink. We, too, have vines, but they bear not wine like this, which indeed must be such as the gods drink."

Then Ulysses gave him the cup again, and he drank. Thrice he gave it to him, and thrice he drank, not knowing what it was and how it would work within his brain.

Then Ulysses said, "You asked my name, Cyclops. Lo! my name is No Man. And now that you know my name, I ask for the gift."

He said, "My gift shall be that I will eat you last of all your company."

As he spoke, he fell back in a drunken sleep. Then Ulysses bade his comrades be of good cheer, for the time had come when they should be set free from their danger. They thrust the stake of olive wood into the fire till it was ready, green as it was, to burst into flame, and with it they put out the monster's eye; for he had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead.

Then the giant leaped up in pain and cried aloud, so that all the Cyclops who dwelt on the mountain side heard him and came about his cave, asking him, "What ails you, Polyphemus, that you make this noise in the peaceful night, driving away sleep? Is any one robbing you of your sheep, or seeking to slay you by craft or force?"

And the giant answered, "No Man slays me by craft."

"Nay, but," they said, "if no man hurts you, we cannot help you escape the sickness which has come upon you."

Then they departed; and Ulysses was glad at heart that he had said he was No Man.

But the Cyclops rolled away the great stone from the door of the cave, and sat in the opening, stretching out his hands, to feel whether the men within the cave would try to go out with the sheep.

Long did Ulysses think how he and his comrades could best escape. At last he thought of a good plan, and much he thanked Zeus that the giant had driven the rams with

the other sheep into the cave. For, since these were great and shaggy, he fastened his comrades under the bodies of the beasts, tying them there. One ram he took, and fastened a man beneath it, and two other sheep he placed, one on either side. So he did with the six men, for but six were left out of the twelve who had come with him from the ship. There was one mighty ram, far larger than all the others, and under this Ulysses clung, grasping the heavy fleece tightly with both his hands. So they waited for the morning. And when the morning came, the rams rushed forth to the pasture. The giant sat in the door and felt the back of each as it went by but did not think to feel what might be underneath. Last of all went the great ram. And the Cyclops knew him as he passed, and said:

"How is this, you who are the leader of the flock? You never lag behind. You have always been the first to run to the pastures and streams in the morning, and the first to come back to the fold when evening fell; and now you are last of all. Perhaps you are troubled about your master's eye, which some wretch—No Man, they call him—has destroyed, having first mastered me with wine. He has not escaped, I know. I wish that you could speak and tell me where he is hiding. Truly, I would dash out his brains upon the ground, and avenge me on this No Man."

So speaking, he let the ram pass out of the cave. But when they were out of reach of the giant, Ulysses loosed his hold of the ram, and then unbound his comrades. They hastened to their ship, not forgetting to drive before them a number of the fat sheep. Glad, indeed, to see their companions were those that had remained by the ship. Nor did they lament for those that had died, for Ulysses forbade all sounds of weeping, fearing lest the noise should betray to the giant where they were. Then they all climbed into the ship,

and, sitting well in order on the benches, started to row diligently. When they had gone a hundred yards or so, Ulysses stood up in the ship and shouted:

"Hear, Cyclops, he was no coward whose comrades you did so foully slay. If any man ask who blinded you, say that it was the warrior, Ulysses!"

The Cyclops broke a mighty rock off the top of a great hill and hurled it where he had heard the voice. Barely did Ulysses and his ship escape. Then the Cyclops lifted up his hand to Poseidon and prayed:

"Hear me, Poseidon, if I am indeed thy son. May this Ulysses never reach home! Or, if the Fates have ordered that he should reach it, may he come alone, after his comrades have been lost, and may he find sore trouble in his house!"

Bending to their oars with all their might, Ulysses and his men soon came again to the island of the wild goats, where they found their comrades, who had waited long for them, fearing that they had perished. Then Ulysses divided among his company all the sheep which they had taken from the Cyclops. And all with one consent gave him for his share the great ram which had carried him out of the cave, and he sacrificed it to Zeus. All that day they feasted, and when night came, they slept upon the shore.

II. HOW CIRCE TURNED THE MEN TO SWINE

After sailing many days, Ulysses and his companions came to the island of Aeolus, who is the king of the winds, and who dwells there with his children, six sons and six daughters. Aeolus received them with many words of welcome, feasting them royally for a whole month, while he heard from Ulysses the story of all that had been done at

Troy. When Ulysses begged him to help them on their way to Ithaca, Aeolus granted his request, and gave them the skin of an ox, in which he had bound all contrary winds, so that these should not hinder the Greeks. But he let a gentle west wind blow, that it might carry Ulysses and his comrades to their home. For nine days it blew, and then they were so near to Ithaca, their country, that they saw lights burning in it at night. But at this time, by an ill chance, Ulysses fell asleep, being wholly worn out, for he had held the helm for nine days, not trusting it to any of his comrades. While he slept, his comrades, who had cast eyes of envy on the great ox-hide, said one to another:

"Strange it is how men love and honor this Ulysses wherever he goes. Now he comes back from Troy with much spoil, but we with empty hands. Let us see what Aeolus has given him, for doubtless there is much silver and gold in this ox-hide."

So they loosed the great bag, and lo! all the winds rushed out, and carried them far away from their country. Ulysses, waking with the tumult of the winds and waves, thought he would throw himself into the sea and so die. But he endured, thinking it better to live. Only he covered his face and sat thus, while the ships were driven before the winds, till they came once more to the island of Aeolus. Then Ulysses went to the palace of the king, and found him feasting with his wife and children, and he sat down on the threshold. Much they wondered to see him, saying, "What evil power has hindered you, so that you did not reach your country and home?"

Then he answered, "Do not blame me! Sleep overcame me to my harm. But help me again, I beg of you."

But they said, "Begone; we may not help him whom the gods hate; and hated of them you surely are."

So Aeolus sent him away. Then again they launched their ships and set forth, toiling wearily at the oars, and sad at heart.

Six days they rowed, without resting at night, and on the seventh they came to the city of the Laestrygonians, in whose land the night is as the day, so that a man could earn double wages, if he did not need to sleep.

Here was a fair harbor with cliffs around it. Now Ulysses made fast his ship to the rocks outside, but the others entered the harbor. Then he sent two men and a herald with them, and these came upon a smooth road by which wagons brought down wood from the mountain to the city. Here they met a maiden, the daughter of the king of the land, and asked her who was lord of that country. Whereupon she showed them to her father's lofty palace. When they entered this, they saw the maiden's mother, big as a mountain, horrible to behold, who straightway called to her husband. The messengers fled to the ships; but the king made a great shout, and there came flocking about him the Laestrygonians—giants, not men. They broke off great stones from the cliffs and cast these at the ships and crushed them. Then they speared the men as if they were fishes, and devoured them. This happened to all the ships in the harbor. Ulysses and his ship escaped, and he bade his men ply their oars, which they did most willingly. Ulysses had started from Troy with twelve ships, and now but one was left.

They sailed on, mourning for their lost comrades, and after many days came to the island where dwelt Circe, the daughter of the Sun. Ulysses took his spear and sword and climbed a hill, for he wished to see what manner of land they had found. And having climbed the hill, he saw smoke rising from the palace of Circe, which stood in the midst of

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a wood. Should he go straightway to the palace, or first return to his comrades on the shore? To go back to his comrades seemed better; and it chanced that as he went, he saw a great stag which was going down to the river to drink, and casting his spear at it, he pierced it through. Then he fastened together the feet, and slinging the beast around his neck, carried it to the ship, leaning on his spear; for indeed it was heavy to bear. When he came to the ship, he cast down his burden. Now the men were sitting with their faces muffled, so sad were they. But when he bade them be of good cheer, they looked up and marveled at the great stag. All that day they feasted on deer's flesh and sweet wine, and at night lay down to sleep on the shore. But when morning came, Ulysses called them all together and spoke:

"I know not where we are. But I know that someone dwells in this island, for I saw smoke from the hills."

It troubled the men much to hear this, for they thought of the Cyclops and the Laestrygonians; and they wailed aloud. Then Ulysses divided the men into two companies, placing Eurylochus over one, and himself over the other, and shook lots in a helmet to see who should go to examine the island; and the lot fell to Eurylochus. So he went, and twenty-two comrades with him. In an open space in the wood they found the palace of Circe. All about were wolves and lions; yet these harmed not the men, but stood up on their hind legs, fawning upon them, as dogs fawn upon their master when he comes from his meal. And the men were afraid. They stood in the porch and heard the voice of Circe as she sang and plied her loom.

So they called to her, and she came out and beckoned them. And they went, in their folly, She bade them sit, and mixed for them a bowl of red wine, and in it barley-meal,

and cheese, and honey, and mighty drugs. If a man drank this, he forgot all that he loved and held most dear. When they had drunk, she smote them with her wand. And lo! suddenly they had the heads and the bristles and the voices of swine; but the heart and mind of a man were still in each. Circe shut them in sties and fed them acorns and other food for swine.

But Eurylochus, who had remained outside because he mistrusted the goddess, fled back to the ship. For a while he could not speak, because his heart was so full of grief, but at last he told what had happened. Then Ulysses took his silver-studded sword and his bow, and bade Eurylochus guide him by the way that he had come.

Nor would he listen when Eurylochus tried to hinder him, but said, "Stay here by the ship, eating and drinking, if you wish, but I must go."

When he had come to the house, he met Hermes in the shape of a fair youth, who said to him:

"Art thou come to rescue thy comrades that are now swine in Circe's house? Nay, but thou shalt never go back thyself. Yet, stay; I will give thee a plant that shall give thee power to resist her charms. When she shall have mixed thee a drink, and smitten thee with her wand, then rush upon her with thy sword, making as if to slay her. And when she shall pray for peace, make her swear by the great oath that binds the gods that she will not harm thee."

Then Hermes showed Ulysses a certain plant, whose root was black, but the flower white as milk; moly, the gods call it, and very hard it is for mortal man to find.

Taking the plant, Ulysses went into the palace, and all happened as Hermes had told him. For Circe tried to change him as she had changed his comrades. But when he drank the wine, the charm did not work, for he was pro-

tected by the herb. He rushed at her with his sword, and made her swear that she would not harm him.

Now all this happened while the handmaids were busy preparing food. But when they sat at meat together, the goddess saw that he was silent and did not eat. So she said, "Why dost thou sit, Ulysses, as though thou wert dumb? Fearest thou any craft of mine? Nay, that cannot be, for have I not sworn the great oath that binds the gods?"

Ulysses said, "Nay, but who could think of meat and drink when such things had befallen his companions?"

Then Circe led the way, holding her wand in her hand, and opened the doors of the sties, and drove out the swine that had been men. Then she rubbed on each of them another mighty drug, and the bristles fell from their bodies, and they became men again, only younger and fairer than before. When they saw Ulysses, they clung to him and wept for joy, and Circe herself was moved with pity.

Then she said, "Go, Ulysses, to thy ship, and put away all the goods in the caves that are on the shore, but come hither again and bring thy comrades with thee."

Then Ulysses returned to his ship, and his men were glad indeed to see him. Together they all went to the dwelling of Circe, who feasted them royally. They remained with her for a whole year, well content.

But when the year was spent, they said to Ulysses, "It would be well to remember your country, if it is indeed the will of the gods that you should return to Ithaca."

Then Ulysses begged Circe to send him on his way homeward, as indeed she had promised to do. And she answered: "I would not have thee remain in my house unwillingly. Yet must thou first go on another journey, even to the dwellings of the dead, there to speak with the seer, Tiresias."

But Ulysses was sore troubled to hear such things, and wept aloud, saying, "Who shall guide us in this journey? For never yet did ship make such a voyage as this."

Then said Circe, "Seek no guide; only raise the mast of thy ship and spread the white sails, and sit in peace. So shall the north wind bear thee to the place on the ocean shore where is the sacred grove with tall poplars and willows. There must thou beach thy ship. And after that thou must go alone."

Then she told him all that he must do if he wished to speak with the dead seer, Tiresias, and hear what should happen to him. So the next morning he roused his companions, and when they were assembled, Ulysses spoke to them saying, "You think that you are going to your native country; not so, for Circe has shown me another journey that we must take, even to the dwellings of the dead, that I may speak with the spirit of Tiresias, the seer." This they were troubled to hear, yet they made ready and departed.

III. HOW ULYSSES SAILED BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

Then Ulysses and his companions came to the grove of which Circe had told them. Ulysses left his men upon the beach and entered the grove alone. When he had performed all sacrifices in proper form, the spirits of the dead crowded around him. Among them came the spirit of Tiresias, holding a scepter of gold in his hand. When Ulysses asked him about his return to Ithaca, he said:

"Thy return shall be difficult, because thou hast angered Poseidon by blinding his son, Polyphemus. Yet, when thou comest to the island where feed the oxen of the Sun, if thou leavest these unhurt, thou shalt return with thy comrades to Ithaca. But otherwise they shall perish, and thou shalt

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return after a long time, in a ship not thine own. Thou shalt find in thy palace, devouring thy goods, men of violence, suitors of thy wife. These shalt thou slay. Then at last shalt thou die in peace."

Having spoken to many other spirits, Ulysses went back to his ship, and returned with his companions to the island of Circe. And when they arrived there, Circe made them a feast. But while the others slept, she told Ulysses all that should happen to him, saying:

"First thou wilt come to the island of the Sirens, who sing so sweetly that whoever hears them straightway forgets wife and child and home. They sit in a meadow, singing, but about them are bones of men. Do thou, then, close with wax the ears of thy companions, and make them bind thee to the mast, so that thou mayest hear the song and yet take no hurt. And do thou bid them, when thou shalt pray to be loosed, not to yield, but rather to bind thee the more.

"When this peril is past, there lie others in thy path, of which I would give thee warning. Thou must go through a strait where there is a rock on either hand. In the one rock dwells Scylla, a horrible monster with twelve unshapely feet and six long necks, a head on each. Think not to escape her, Ulysses, for, of a truth, with each head will she take one of thy companions.

"But the rock on the other side is lower, and there Charybdis thrice a day draws in the water, and thrice a day sends it forth. Choose to pass near Scylla, for it is better to lose six of thy companions than that all should perish.

"Then wilt thou come to the island where feed the oxen of the Sun. Beware that thy companions harm them not."

The next day they departed. Then Ulysses told his

companions of the Sirens, and how they should bind him. Ulysses made cakes of wax, kneading them in the hot sun, and put them into the ears of his companions. They bound him upright to the mast and so rowed on. Then the Sirens sang a wondrous song, and Ulysses, charmed by the melody, begged that they would free him, nodding his head, for their ears were stopped; but they plied their oars the faster and tightened the ropes around him. After the island was passed, the men took the wax from their ears and loosed the bonds from Ulysses.

After this they saw smoke and surf, and heard a mighty roar, and their oars dropped out of their hands for fear; but Ulysses bade them be of good heart and reminded them that by his counsel they had escaped other dangers in past time. He commanded the men to row with all their might. But of Scylla he said nothing, fearing that they would lose heart and cease rowing altogether. Then he armed himself, and stood in the prow waiting till Scylla should appear.

On the other side Charybdis was sucking in the water with a horrible noise, and with eddies so deep that a man might see the sand at the bottom. But while they looked trembling at this, Scylla caught six of the men from the ship, and Ulysses heard them call him by his name as the monster carried them away. Never, he said in after days, did he see with his eyes so pitiful a sight.

After this they came to the land where fed the oxen of the Sun. Ulysses said, "Let us pass by this island, for there we shall find the greatest evil that we have yet suffered." But the men were so weary of the sea that they begged him to land if only for a day.

Then spoke Ulysses, "You force me to yield, being many against one. Yet promise me that you will not take any of the oxen; for if you do, great trouble will come to us."

So they promised. But for a whole month the south wind blew, and they could not depart. When their store of meat and drink was gone, they caught fishes and birds, as they could, being pinched with hunger. At last it chanced that Ulysses, being weary, fell asleep. And while he slept, his companions took some of the oxen of the Sun, and slew them, for they said they could not die of hunger, and that when they came to their own land, they would build a temple to the Sun to make amends. But the Sun was very angry with them, and called upon Zeus for vengeance. Then a dreadful thing happened, for as they roasted the animals, the hides crept, and the meat on the spits bellowed.

Six days they feasted on the oxen, and on the seventh they set sail. But when they were out of sight of land, Zeus brought up a great storm over the sea, and a mighty west wind blew, breaking the mast, so that it fell. After this a thunderbolt struck the ship, and all the men fell overboard and perished. But Ulysses lashed the keel to the mast, and on this he sat, borne by the winds across the sea.

For nine days Ulysses floated upon his raft, till he came to the island Ogygia, where dwelt the goddess Calypso.

In this island Ulysses stayed seven years, much against his will, thinking always of his home and his wife, Penelope, and his young son, Telemachus. When the seven years were ended, Athena, who had always loved him, complained to Zeus that one so wise had been so long kept from his home.

Then Zeus said that it should be so no longer, but that Poseidon must give up his wrath against the man, if all the other gods were of one mind.

Then said Athena to Zeus, "Do thou send Hermes, thy messenger, to Calypso, telling her to let Ulysses depart, and

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I will go to Ithaca to Telemachus, to bid him go in search of his father; for indeed it is but fitting that he should do so, now that he is a man full-grown."

So she went to Ithaca in the guise of a young man.

Now there were gathered in the house of Ulysses many princes from the islands, suitors of the Queen Penelope, for they said, "Ulysses is dead; choose, therefore, a husband from our number." They spent their days at games and feasting, giving orders to the servants of the house. Telemachus sat among them, vexed at heart, for they wasted his wealth, and he was not even master in his own house.

Penelope put off making a choice among the suitors by saying, "Hasten not my marriage till I finish weaving this cloth to be a burial robe for Laertes, the aged father of Ulysses." So she spoke, and for three years she undid at night what she wove during the daytime.

Athena put might and courage into the heart of Telemachus and urged him to seek news of his father.

Straightway he set out and came to Sparta, to the palace of King Menelaus. The King told him that Ulysses was still alive, and that the nymph Calypso was keeping him against his will upon the island of Ogygia.

IV. HOW CALYPSO HELPED ULYSSES BUILD A RAFT

While Telemachus was still in Sparta, Zeus sent Hermes to Calypso, to bid her let Ulysses return to his home. So Hermes donned his golden sandals and took his wand in his hand, and came to the island of Ogygia and to the cave where Calypso dwelt. A fair place it was. In the cave a fire of sweet-smelling wood was burning, and Calypso sat at her loom and sang with a lovely voice. Round about the cave was a grove of alders and poplars and cypresses,

wherein many birds nested; and all about the mouth of the cave was a vine with purple clusters of grapes; and there were four fountains which streamed four ways through meadows of green and violet. But Ulysses was not there, for he sat, as was his custom, on the seashore, weeping and groaning because he was kept from his wife and home and country.

When Calypso saw Hermes, she bade him come within, and gave him meat and drink. When he had ended his meal, she asked him about his errand. He told her that he had come at the bidding of Zeus, and that it was the pleasure of the gods that Ulysses should return to his native country. It vexed Calypso much to hear this, for she wished to keep Ulysses with her always, and she said:

"Ye gods are always jealous when a goddess loves a mortal man. As for Ulysses, did not I save him when Zeus had struck his ship with a thunderbolt, and all his comrades had perished? But let him go—if it pleases Zeus. Only I cannot send him, for I have neither ship nor rowers. Yet will I willingly help him to return to his native land."

Hermes said, "Do this thing speedily, lest Zeus be angry with thee."

So he departed. Calypso sought Ulysses, and found him on the shore of the sea, looking out over the waters, and weeping, for he was weary of his life, so much did he desire to see Ithaca again. She stood by him and said:

"Long no more for thy native country, nor waste thyself with tears. If thou wilt go, I will speed thee on thy way; but not without sore trouble wilt thou reach Ithaca. I will help thee make a raft and I will give thee bread and water and wine, and clothe thee also, so that thou mayest return safe to thy native country, for the gods will have it so."

"Nay," said Ulysses, "what art thou saying? Shall I pass in a raft over the dreadful sea, over which even ships cannot go without harm? I will not go against thy will; but thou must swear the great oath of the gods that thou plannest no evil against me."

Then Calypso smiled and said, "These are strange words. I swear that I plan no harm against thee, but only such good as I would ask for myself, did I need it; for indeed my heart is not of iron but rather, full of pity."

The next day, as soon as the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Calypso gave Ulysses an ax and an adz, and took him to the end of the island, where there were great trees, alder and poplar and pine. Of these he cut down twenty, and trimmed them. Then the goddess brought him augers, and he made holes in the logs and joined them with pegs. He made decks and side-planking also, and a mast, a yard, and a rudder to turn the raft. Calypso wove the sails, and Ulysses fitted them to the mast. Afterwards, with ropes he moored the raft to the shore.

On the fourth day all was finished, and on the fifth day he departed. Calypso gave him fine garments, a skin of wine, another of water, and food in plenty. She sent also a fair wind, and Ulysses set his sails and proceeded joyfully on his way. He did not sleep, but watched the sun and the stars, steering to the left as Calypso had bidden. He sailed for seventeen days, and then he saw the hills of Phaeacia.

But Poseidon spied him as he sailed, and was angry to see him so near the end of his troubles. So he sent all the winds of heaven down upon him. Sore troubled was Ulysses, and said to himself, "Calypso spoke the truth when she said that I should suffer many troubles returning to my home. Would that I had died in far-off Troy. Then at

least would the Greeks have buried me; but now I shall perish miserably."

As he spoke, a great wave struck the raft and threw him into the sea.

Then for two days and two nights he swam, Athena helping him, for otherwise he would have perished. But on the third day there was a calm, and he saw from the top of a great wave the land, close at hand. But when he came near, he heard the waves breaking along the shore, for there was no harbor there, but only cliffs and rugged rocks.

While he wondered what he should do, a great wave bore him to the shore. Then all his bones would have been broken, and he would have perished; but Athena put it in his heart to swim along the shore until he came to the mouth of a river, where there were no rocks. When he landed, he was much wearied. His knees bent under him, his hands dropped at his sides, and the salt water ran out of his mouth and nostrils. Breathless was he and speechless; but when he came to himself, he looked about him to see what manner of land he had reached.

Then he dropped down on the rushes by the bank of the river and kissed the earth. Close to the river there was a wood. Here he found two olive bushes so closely grown together that neither sun nor rain could pierce through. Under these he crept and covered himself with leaves. Athena sent down upon his eyelids deep sleep, and he rested after his toil.

V. HOW THE PHAEACIANS RECEIVED ULYSSES

Now Ulysses had chanced upon the land of the Phaeacians, though he knew it not. The King of Phaeacia was Alcinous, and he had five sons and one daughter, Nausicaa.

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To her, as she slept, Athena went, taking the shape of Nausicaa's friend, and said:

"Why hath thy mother so idle a daughter, Nausicaa? Lo! thy garments lie unwashed, and thy wedding must be near, seeing that many nobles in the land are thy suitors. Ask thy father to give thee the wagon with the mules, for the places where we must wash are far from the city, and I will go with thee."

When the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Nausicaa awoke, marveling at the dream, and went to seek her parents. Her mother she found busy with her maidens at the loom. Her father she met as he was going to the council with the chiefs of the land. Then she said, "Give me, father, the wagon with the mules, that I may take the garments to the river to wash them. You should always have clean robes when you go to the council, and there are my five brothers also, who love to have newly-washed garments at the dance."

But of her marriage she said nothing. And her father, knowing her thoughts said, "It is well. The men shall harness the mules to the wagon for you."

So they put the clothing into the wagon. And her mother put also food and wine, and olive oil, with which she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. When all was ready, they climbed into the wagon and went to the river. There they washed the clothing, and spread it out to dry on the rocks by the sea. After they had bathed and anointed themselves, they sat down to eat and drink by the river side. After the meal they played at ball, singing as they played, and Nausicaa, fair and full of grace, led the song. But when they had nearly ended their play, the princess, throwing the ball to one of her maidens, threw it so that it fell into the river. Then they all cried aloud,

and Ulysses awoke. He said to himself, "What is this land to which I have come? Are they that dwell here fierce or kind to strangers? Just now I seemed to hear the voices of nymphs—can I be near the dwellings of men?"

Then he gazed about him in bewilderment, and rose and went toward the maidens. Frightened at his wild appearance they fled hither and thither, all but Nausicaa.

She called to her maidens, "Why do you flee when you see a stranger? No enemy comes here to harm us, for we are dear to the gods. But if any man comes here sorrowing or in trouble, it is well to befriend him. Give this man, therefore, food and drink and clothing."

So they brought him down to the river, and gave him a tunic and a cloak to clothe himself, and also olive oil in a flask of gold. Then Nausicaa said to Ulysses:

"Follow with the maidens, and I will go in the wagon and lead the way to the city."

And they came to the city, and to the palace of King Alcinous. A splendid place it was, with walls of brass, and doors of gold hanging on posts of silver; and on either side of the door were dogs of gold and silver. Along the wall from the threshold to the inner chamber were seats, on which sat the chiefs of the Phaeacians, feasting; and youths wrought in gold stood holding torches in their hands, to give light in the darkness. Fifty women were in the house grinding corn and weaving robes, for the women of the land were no less skilled in weaving than were the men in sailing the sea. And round about the house were beautiful gardens with orchards of fig, and apple, and pear, and pomegranate, and olive. There was also a vineyard, and beds of all kinds of flowers; and in the midst of all were two never-failing fountains.

These things Ulysses gazed upon for a time, and then

passed into the hall. Following Nausicaa's advice he passed quickly by the Phaeacian chiefs, and came to the Queen, and addressed her. As he spoke, the mist cleared which Athena had spread about him, and all that were in the hall saw him.

And Ulysses said, "I come to you and to your husband and to your guests, asking a favor. May the gods bless you and them, and grant that you live in peace. But I pray you to send me safe home to my native country."

And he sat down in the ashes of the hearth. Then for a time all were silent, but at last one spoke who was the oldest man in the land:

"King Alcinous, it is not fitting for you to allow this man to sit in the ashes of the hearth. Raise him and bid him sit upon a seat, and let us pour an offering to Father Zeus, who is the friend of strangers, and let the keeper of the house give him meat and drink."

And Alcinous did so, bidding his eldest son, Laodamas, rise and give Ulysses his seat. An attendant poured water on his hands, and the keeper of the house gave him meat and drink. Then when all had poured out wine to Father Zeus, King Alcinous said that they would make plans on the morrow for sending this stranger to his home. They answered that it should be so, and each went to his home. Only Ulysses was left in the hall, and Alcinous and the Queen with him. She saw his cloak and tunic which she and her maidens had made, and said:

"Where do you come from, stranger, and who gave you these garments?"

So Ulysses told her how he had come from the island of Calypso, and what he had suffered, and how Nausicaa had found him on the shore, and had guided him to the city.

The next day the King called the chiefs to an assembly

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and told them of his purpose to send this stranger to his home, for it was their custom to show kindness to such as needed it. He bade fifty-two of the younger men make ready a ship, and bade the elders come to his house, and bring the minstrel with them, for he wished to make a great feast for this stranger before he departed. So the youths made ready the ship. Afterwards there was gathered together a great multitude, so that the palace was filled from one end to the other. Alcinous slew for them twelve sheep and eight swine and two oxen. When they had feasted to the full, the minstrel sang to them of Achilles and Ulysses. But when Ulysses heard the song, he wept, holding his mantle before his face.

This Alcinous saw, and said to the chiefs, "Now that we have feasted and delighted ourselves with song, let us go forth, so that this stranger may see that we are skillful in boxing and wrestling and running."

So they went forth, a herald leading the minstrel, who was blind. Then stood up many Phaeacian youths. These strove with one another in feats of racing, wrestling, boxing, throwing the quoit, and in leaping over the bar.

Ulysses, too, took part in the games, though he had suffered much in battle and in shipwreck. He said, "Come now, I will try wrestling or boxing, or even the race, with any man in Phaeacia. I can shoot with the bow, and I can cast a spear as far as other men can shoot an arrow. But as for the race, it may be that someone might outrun me, for I have suffered much upon the sea."

But they were all silent till the King stood up and said, "You have spoken well. We men of Phaeacia are not mighty to wrestle or to box; but we are swift of foot, and skillful to sail upon the sea. We love feasts, and dancing, and the harp, and gay clothing. In these things no man may surpass us."

Then the King bade the minstrel sing again. When he had done so, the King's two sons danced together; and afterwards they played with the ball. The one bent backward and threw it cloud-high; the other leaped upward and caught it lightly before his feet touched the ground.

Afterwards the King said, "Let us each give this stranger a mantle and a tunic and a talent of gold." They all said that it should be so.

But as Ulysses went to the hall, Nausicaa, fair as a goddess, met him and said, "Hail, stranger; you will remember me in your native country, for you owe me thanks for your life."

And he answered, "Every day in my native country I will remember you, for indeed, fair maiden, you have saved my life."

When they were seated at the feast, Ulysses sent a portion of his meat to the minstrel with a message that he should sing to them of the long ten-years' war between the Greeks and the Trojans, and how, through the craftiness of Ulysses, the city of Troy was at last taken. And as the minstrel sang, Ulysses wept to hear the tale. Now none of all the company noticed his weeping except Alcinous, who said to the Phaeacians:

"Let the minstrel cease his song, for it is not pleasing to all. Ever since he began his tale, yonder stranger has not ceased his weeping. Tell us, stranger, your name, your people, and your home. Declare, too, why this tale of Troy moves you to tears. Did you have a relative or a loving friend who fell before the gates of Troy? For a loving friend is no less dear than a brother."

Ulysses answered him, saying, "Now first will I tell my name. Lo! I am Ulysses, son of Laertes, and I dwelt in Ithaca, a rugged isle but a good mother of noble youths;

and for myself I know of nothing sweeter than a man's own country. But come, let me tell you, too, of the troubles which Zeus laid on me since I came from Troy."

He told how the wind which drove him from Troy brought him to the land of the Ciconians, where he lost six men from each ship, and how he had sailed, and would have come to Ithaca all unhurt, but that the North Wind had swept him from his course and driven him wandering nine whole days until he had reached the land of the Lotus-eaters.

Then he told them of the Cyclops and how Poseidon's wrath had followed him; of Aeolus and the bag of winds; and of the cruel Laestrygonians who destroyed eleven of his ships with all their company.

He told them, too, of Circe and of his descent to the dwellings of the dead; of the song of the Sirens and the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis; how his men had eaten of the cattle of the Sun, and how Zeus sent the mighty stroke that destroyed his ship, and he alone was saved by clinging to a plank; of the nymph Calypso and how he dwelt upon her wooded isle.

All these things Ulysses told, all that he had done and all that he had suffered down to the time Nausicaa found him on the river shore.

Thus he spoke; and dead silence fell on all, and they were spellbound throughout the shadowy hall. Then Alcinous commanded that rich gifts be brought so that when Ulysses set sail the next evening he might go forth as befitted so illustrious a guest.

As soon as early Dawn shone forth, the gifts were brought to the ship, and then all went again to the palace of Alcinous for feasting. The mighty King sacrificed before them an ox to Zeus, who is lord of all, and the blind min-

strel played the harp for them. But Ulysses would ever turn his head to the splendor of the sun, as one anxious to hasten its setting, so welcome was the sinking of the sunlight to Ulysses. Then he spoke to the Phaeacians, masters of the oar, and to Alcinous the chief, saying:

"My lord Alcinous, send me safe upon my way; and as for you, fare you well. For now have I all that my heart desired—an escort and loving gifts. May the gods of heaven give me good fortune with them; and may I find my noble wife in my house with my friends, unharmed; and may the gods grant all manner of good to you; and may no evil come nigh your people."

Then the goodly Ulysses stepped over the threshold and departed.

VI. HOW ULYSSES FOUND HIS OLD SWINEHERD STILL FAITHFUL TO HIM

Ulysses slept while the ship was sailing to Ithaca. And when it came to the shore, he still slept. So the men lifted him out and put him on the shore with all his goods that the princes of the Phaeacians had given him, and so left him. After a while he awoke, and knew not the land, for there was a great mist about him.

But as he walked by the sea, lamenting his fate, Athena met him, in the shape of a young shepherd, fair to look upon; and Ulysses, when he saw him, was glad, and asked him what men called this country.

And the shepherd said, "You are foolish, or it may be you have come from so far that you do not know this country. Many men know it, both in the East and in the West. Rocky it is, not fit for horses; nor is it very broad; but it is fertile land, and full of wine; nor does it want for rain; and a good pasture it is for oxen and goats. Men call it Ithaca.

Even in Troy, which is very far from this land of Greece, men have heard of Ithaca."

This Ulysses was indeed glad to hear. Yet he did not wish to say who he was, but rather to pretend.

This pleased Athena, and she changed her shape, becoming like a woman, tall and fair, and said to Ulysses:

"I am Athena, daughter of Zeus, and I am ever ready to stand by thee and help thee. Now we will hide these gifts of thine. Thou must be silent, nor tell anyone who thou art. Thou must endure many things before thou mayest come to thine own again."

But still Ulysses doubted, and wished to have the goddess tell him whether this was really his native land. And being glad to see him so careful, she scattered the mist that was about him.

Then Ulysses knew the land and kissed the ground. After this, with Athena guiding him, he hid away his possessions in a cave. Then the two laid plans together.

Athena said, "Think, Ulysses, how thou wilt lay hands on these men, suitors of thy wife, who for three years have sat in thy house devouring thy substance. She hath answered them craftily, making many promises, but always waiting for thy coming."

Then Ulysses said, "Truly I had perished but for thee. But do thou help me now as of old in Troy, for with thee at my side I would fight with three hundred men."

Then said Athena, "Lo! I will see that no man shall know thee, for I will wither the fair flesh on thy limbs, and take the bright hair from thy head, and make thy eyes dull. And the suitors shall take no account of thee; neither shall thy wife nor thy son know thee. But go to the swineherd, Eumaeus, where he dwells by the fountain, for he is faith-

ful to thee and to thy house. And I will hasten to Sparta, to the house of Menelaus, to fetch Telemachus, for he went thither, seeking news of thee."

Then Athena changed him into the shape of a beggar. She caused his skin to wither, and his hair to fall off, and his eyes to grow dim; and she put on him filthy rags, with a great stag's hide about his shoulders, and in his hand a staff, and a bag on his shoulder, fastened by a rope.

Then she departed, and Ulysses went to the house of Eumaeus, the swineherd. A great courtyard there was, and twelve sties for the swine, and four watchdogs, big as wild beasts, for such did the swineherd breed. He himself was shaping sandals, and of his men three were with the swine in the fields, and one was driving a fat beast to the city, to be meat for the suitors. But when Ulysses came near, the dogs ran upon him, and he dropped his staff and sat down, and would have suffered harm, even on his own threshold, but the swineherd ran forth and drove away the dogs, and brought the old man in, and gave him a seat of brushwood, with a great goatskin over it.

And Ulysses said, "May Zeus and the other gods repay you for this kindness."

Then the two talked of matters in Ithaca, and Eumaeus told how the suitors of the Queen were devouring the substance of Ulysses. Then the beggar asked him about the King, saying that he had himself traveled far, and he might perhaps know him.

But Eumaeus said, "Nay, old man, thus do all wayfarers talk; yet we hear no truth from them. Not a beggar comes to this island but our Queen must see him, and ask him many things, weeping the while. And you, I doubt not, for a cloak or a tunic would tell a wondrous tale. But Ulysses,

I know, is dead, and either the fowls of the air or the fishes of the sea devour him."

Ulysses tried to comfort the swineherd by saying that he knew his master would return; but he would not be comforted. Moreover, he prophesied evil for Telemachus also, who had gone to seek news of his father, but would surely be slain by the suitors, who were even now lying in wait for him. Then he asked the stranger who he was and whence he had come. But Ulysses answered him craftily and told a strange tale so that he might put to the test the loyalty of the swineherd to his master. After this they talked much, and when the swineherd's men returned, they all feasted together.

When night came on, they slept; but Eumaeus stayed outside, keeping watch over the swine.

Meanwhile Telemachus returned to Ithaca, having been warned by Athena that the suitors were lying in wait for him. The goddess pointed out a different route so that he might avoid the suitors and have a safe return. He went first to the swineherd, Eumaeus, as Athena had advised him. Here Ulysses made himself known to his son, and together they planned the destruction of the suitors. Lest their plans should fail, he urged Telemachus to tell no one of his return, not Eumaeus, nor Laertes, nor even Penelope herself.

VII. HOW THE OLD NURSE RECOGNIZED ULYSSES

The next day Telemachus went to the city. But before he went, he asked Eumaeus to bring the beggar to the city, for it was better to beg in the city than in the country. The beggar also said that he wished this. When Telemachus arrived at the palace, he greeted the nurse, Eury-

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cleia, and his mother, Penelope, who said, "You have returned, Telemachus, sweet light of my life. I feared I should never see you again."

Then he told her of his visit to Sparta and how Menelaus had told him that Ulysses was still living. But he said nothing to Penelope of his father's return to Ithaca.

Meanwhile Eumaeus and the beggar were coming to the city. The goatherd met them at the fountain and spoke harshly to Eumaeus, rebuking him for bringing this beggar to the city. Then he kicked Ulysses on the thigh, but moved him not from the path. Ulysses thought a moment whether he should smite him with his club and slay him, or dash him to the ground. But it seemed to him better to endure.

But Eumaeus lifted up his hands and said, "Oh, now may the gods fulfill this hope, that Ulysses may come back to his home, and tear from you this finery wherein you come to the city, leaving your flock for evil shepherds to devour!"

So they went on to the palace. At the door of the court there lay the dog, Argus, whom in the old days Ulysses had reared with his own hand. But before the dog grew to his full size, Ulysses sailed to Troy. While he was strong, men used him in the chase, hunting wild goats and hares. But now he lay neglected in the dust, and no man spoke kindly to him. Well he knew his master, and even though he could not come near to him, he wagged his tail and drooped his ears.

And Ulysses, when he saw him, wiped away a tear, and said, "Surely this is strange, Eumaeus, that such a dog, being of so fine a breed, should lie here in neglect."

And Eumaeus made reply, "He belongs to a master who died far away. Indeed when Ulysses had him of old, he was the strongest and swiftest of dogs; but now my dear lord has perished far away, and the careless women tend him not.

For when the master is away, the slaves are careless of their duty."

As he spoke, the dog Argus, looking up at Ulysses, dropped his head upon the ground and died. Twenty years had he waited for his master, and he saw him at last.

After this the two entered the hall. When Telemachus saw them, he took from the basket bread and meat, as much as his hands could hold, and bade a servant carry them to the beggar, and also to tell him that he might go around among the suitors, asking alms. So he went, stretching out his hand, as though he were in the habit of begging; and some gave, having pity upon him, and wondering about him, asked who he was. But, of all, Antinous was the most shameless. For when Ulysses came to him and told him how he had riches and power in former days, Antinous mocked him, saying, "Get away from my table."

Then Ulysses said, "Surely your soul is evil though your body is fair; for though you yourself sit at another man's feast, yet you will give me nothing."

Antinous, in great wrath, took the stool on which he sat and threw it at Ulysses, striking his right shoulder. But Ulysses stirred not, but stood as a rock. In his heart he thought of revenge. But he went back and, standing at the door, he said:

"Hear me, suitors of the Queen! Antinous has struck me because I am poor. May the curse of the hungry light on him, therefore, ere he come to his marriage day."

The other suitors, too, blamed Antinous for his cruelty to the stranger. The Queen, also, was angry when she heard it, as she sat in the upper chamber with her maidens.

That evening, after the suitors departed to their own dwellings, Ulysses and Telemachus took all the arms from

the hall, as they had planned to do. And while they did so, Telemachus said, "See, my father, this marvelous brightness on the pillars and the ceiling. Surely some god is with us."

Ulysses made reply, "I, too, have seen it, but let us be silent. And now go to your chamber and sleep, and leave me here, for I have something to say to your mother and her maidens."

When the Queen and her maidens came into the hall—for it was the work of the maidens to clean it and make it ready for the morrow—Penelope asked him of his family and of his country. At first he did not answer, fearing, he said, to trouble her with the story of his sufferings. But after she had told him what she herself had suffered, her husband being lost and the suitors troubling her continually, he made up a story to satisfy her. For he told her that he was a man of Crete and had befriended Ulysses, when he was sailing to Troy.

When the Queen, trying to find out whether he spoke the truth, asked him about Ulysses—what kind of man he was, and what clothing he wore—he answered her rightly, saying, "I remember that he had a mantle, twofold, woolen, of sea-purple, clasped with a brooch of gold, on which was a dog that held a fawn by the throat; marvelously wrought they were, so hard held the one, so strove the other to be free. He also had a tunic, white and smooth, which the women much admired. But whether someone had given him these things, I do not know, for indeed many gave him gifts. I, too, gave him a sword and a tunic."

Penelope, knowing these things to be true, wept aloud, crying because she feared she should see her husband no more. But the beggar comforted her, saying that although Ulysses had lost his ships and his comrades, nevertheless he would speedily return.

Then Penelope bade her servants make ready for the stranger a bed of soft mats and blankets, and also that one of them should bathe him. But the mats and blankets he would not have, saying that he would sleep as before, and for the bathing, he wished only that some old woman, wise and prudent, should do this. Wherefore the Queen bade Eurycleia, the keeper of the house, to bathe the stranger. She also told her that this man had been the comrade of her lord, and indeed was marvelously like him in feet and hands.

Eurycleia was very willing to obey the order, out of love for her master. When she had prepared the bath for his feet, Ulysses sat by the fire, but as far in the shadow as possible, for fear the old woman should see a great scar that was upon his leg, and know him by it.

Now he had got the scar in this manner: when a child while visiting his grandfather, Ulysses went hunting on Mount Parnassus. And one day he came in the heart of a wood upon a place where lay a great wild boar, and the beast, being stirred by the noise, rose up, and Ulysses charged him with his spear. But before he could slay the beast, it ripped a great wound just above his knee.

By this scar, then, the old nurse knew that it was Ulysses himself, and said, "O Ulysses, O my child, to think that I knew you not!"

She looked toward the Queen, intending to tell her the news. But Ulysses said to her, "Eurycleia, do you wish to kill me? I have returned after twenty years; but none must know till I shall be ready to take vengeance."

And the old woman held her peace. After this Penelope talked with him again, telling him her dream: that she had seen a flock of geese in her palace, and that an eagle had slain them, and when she mourned for the geese, lo! a voice

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said, "These geese are your suitors, and the eagle your husband."

"Even now," she said, "the morn draws near when I must make my choice. For I have promised to bring forth the great bow that belonged to Ulysses, and whoever shall draw it most easily and shoot an arrow best at a mark, he shall be my husband."

Ulysses made answer to her, "It is well, O wife of Ulysses. Put not off this trial of the bow, for before one of them shall draw the string, the great Ulysses shall come and shall shoot at the mark that has been set."

After this Penelope went to her royal chamber with her maidens; but Ulysses made plans for the morrow.

VIII. HOW THE SUITORS TRIED THE BOW OF ULYSSES

The next day many things cheered Ulysses for the work which he had to do: first, Athena told him that she would stand at his side; next, he heard the thunder of Zeus in a clear sky; and last, it chanced that a woman who sat at the mill grinding corn, being very weary of her task, and hating the suitors, said, "Grant, Father Zeus, that this be the last meal which these men shall eat in the house of Ulysses!"

After a while the suitors came and sat down to the feast, as was their custom. And the servants carried to Ulysses, as Telemachus had bidden, a full share with the others. At this the suitors scoffed, but Telemachus heeded them not, but sat waiting till his father should give the sign.

After this Penelope brought forth the great bow of Ulysses. From the peg on which it hung she took it with its sheath, and sitting down, she laid it on her knees and wept over it. Then she rose and went to where the suitors sat feasting in the hall. The bow she brought, and also the quiver full of arrows, and standing by the pillar of the state-

ly roof, with a veil before her face, and a beautiful maiden on each side of her, she said:

"You suitors who devour this house, pretending that you wish to wed me, lo! here is a test of skill. Here is the bow of the great Ulysses. Whoever shall bend it most easily in his hands, and shoot an arrow through the holes of the twelve axes that Telemachus shall set up, him will I follow, leaving this house, which I shall remember only as a pleasant dream."

Then she bade Eumaeus bear the bow and the arrows to the suitors. The faithful swineherd wept to see his master's bow, and the herdsman wept also, for he was a good man and loved the house of Ulysses.

Telemachus arose and throwing from his shoulders the scarlet cloak, placed the axes, with holes in them, in a straight row with a skill that all admired.

He himself wished to draw the bow, and indeed would have done so, but Ulysses signed to him that he should not. So he said, "Methinks I am too weak and young; you that are elder should have first trial."

Then first, the priest, who alone among the suitors hated their evil ways, made trial of the bow. He could not move it, and his hands grew tired with it, for they were tender and unused to toil. He said, "I cannot bend this bow; let some other try; but I know it shall be grief to many on this day."

Antinous was wroth to hear such words, and bade a servant bring from the stores a roll of fat, so that with it they might grease the string and soften it. But even then they could not bend it. They all tried in vain, till only Antinous and Eurymachus were left, who indeed were the bravest and the strongest of them all.

Now the swineherd and the herdsman had gone forth out

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of the yard, and Ulysses came behind them and said, "What would you do if Ulysses were to come back to his home? Would you fight for him, or for the suitors?"

And both said that they would fight for Ulysses.

Then Ulysses said, "Look at me, for I am Ulysses, son of Laertes, who have come back in the twentieth year, and you, I know, are glad at heart that I have come. If you will help me as brave men today, you shall have wives, and houses near to my own. And you shall be brothers and comrades to Telemachus. And for a sign, behold this scar, which the wild boar made when I hunted on Parnassus."

Then they wept for joy and kissed Ulysses, and he also kissed them. And he told Eumaeus to bring the bow to him when the suitors had tried their skill with it; also that he should bid the women keep within doors, nor stir out if they should hear the noise of battle. He bade the herdsman lock the doors of the hall and fasten them with a rope.

After this he came back to the hall, and Eurymachus had the bow in his hands, and sought to warm it at the fire. Then he tried to bend it, but could not. And he groaned aloud, saying, "Woe is me! not for the loss of this marriage only, for there are other women to be wooed in Greece, but that we are so much weaker than the great Ulysses. This is indeed a shame to tell."

Then said Antinous, "Not so; today is a holy day of the archer god; therefore we could not bend the bow. But tomorrow let us try once more, after due sacrifice to Apollo."

This saying pleased them all; but Ulysses said, "Let me try this bow, for I should like to know whether I have such strength as I had in former days."

At this all the suitors were angry, and chiefly Antinous, but Penelope said that it should be so, and promised the man great gifts if he could bend this bow.

But Telemachus spoke thus, "Mother, the bow is mine to give or to refuse. And no man shall hinder me, if I wish that this stranger make trial of it. But go to your chamber with your maidens, and let men take thought for these things."

This he said, for he wished her to depart from the hall at once, knowing what would happen. But she marveled to hear him speak with such authority, and answered not, but departed. When Eumaeus was about to carry the bow to Ulysses, the suitors spoke roughly to him, but Telemachus urged him to go. Therefore he took the bow and gave it to Ulysses. Then Eumaeus went to Eurycleia, and bade her shut the door of the women's chambers and keep them inside, no matter what they might hear. The herdsman also shut the doors of the hall and fastened them with a rope.

Ulysses handled the great bow, trying it, whether it had taken any hurt, but the suitors thought scorn of him. Then, when he had found it to be without a flaw, just as a minstrel fastens a string upon his harp and strains it to the pitch, so he strung the bow, without toil, and holding the string in his right hand, he tried its tone, and the tone was sweet as the voice of a bird. Then he took an arrow from the quiver, and laid the notch upon the string and drew it, sitting as he was, and the arrow passed through every hole and stood in the wall beyond.

Immediately Telemachus stood by him, armed with spear and helmet and shield.

IX. HOW ULYSSES WAS RESTORED IN HIS OLD HOME

Then Ulysses stripped off his rags and leaped upon the high platform near the door with his bow and the quiver full of arrows. Throwing the arrows at his feet, he cried

aloud to the suitors, "Lo, now is the trial ended at last. Let me try at yet another mark."

And he aimed his arrow at Antinous. The man was just raising a cup to his lips, thinking not of death—for who would have thought that any man, though mightiest of mortals, would venture on such a deed, being one among many?

And all the suitors, when they saw Antinous fall, leaped from their seats; but when they looked, there was neither spear nor shield upon the wall. They knew not whether it was by chance or of set purpose that the stranger had smitten him. But Ulysses then declared who he was, saying:

"Dogs, you thought that I should never come back. Therefore have you devoured my house, and made suit to my wife while I yet lived, and feared not the gods nor regarded men. Therefore a sudden destruction is come upon you all."

Then, when all the others trembled for fear, Eurymachus said, "If you are indeed Ulysses of Ithaca, you have said well. Foul wrong has been done to you in the house and in the field. But lo! here lies he who was the mover of it all—Antinous. Nor was it so much this marriage that he sought, as to be king of this land, having destroyed your house. But we will pay you back for all that we have devoured, even twenty times as much."

But Ulysses said, "Speak not of paying back. My hands shall not cease from slaying till I have taken vengeance on you all."

And all the while Athena waved her flaming shield from above, and the suitors fell as birds are scattered and torn by eagles.

But Ulysses spared the minstrel, for he had sung among the suitors in the hall, by force, and not of his free will; he spared also the herald.

When the slaughtering of the suitors was ended, Ulysses bade the servants cleanse the hall with water and with sulphur. When this was done, he bade Eurycleia, the nurse, go to Penelope and tell her that her husband had indeed returned.

Eurycleia went in all haste to the upper chamber to tell her mistress that her lord had returned. So great was her joy that her feet stumbled one over the other. She stood above the lady's head and said, "Awake, Penelope, dear child, and see with your own eyes the very thing you have desired for all these years. Indeed Ulysses has come back and has slain the suitors that devoured his wealth."

But Penelope made answer, "Dear nurse, the gods have taken away your reason—the gods who have it in their power to make foolish the wise and give wisdom to the simple. Why do you mock me and rouse me from sweet slumber, the sweetest since the day Ulysses went forth to Troy? Go back to your chamber; your age alone saves you from further rebuke."

Then the good nurse answered her, "I am not mocking, dear child; truly Ulysses is here and has come home even as I tell you. He is the guest who was so dishonored. Telemachus knew, but kept the secret, in order that with his father he might take vengeance on the haughty suitors."

Thus she spoke, and then was Penelope glad, and leaping from her bed, with tears she spoke, "Come, dear nurse, tell me all the truth. How could he, being but one man, bring death to the crowd of shameless suitors."

The nurse made answer, "I saw not and I know not how Ulysses slew them, but it is your lord himself who has returned. I know for certain, for I saw the scar that the boar dealt him with his white tusk. I wished to tell you at once, but he laid his hand upon my mouth and in the

fullness of his wisdom forbade me to speak. But come with me, and I will stake my life upon it; and if I play you false, slay me at once."

Still the Queen doubted, and said, "Let me go down and see my son, and these men that are slain, and the man who slew them."

So she went down from her chamber and sat by the wall in the light of the fire. Ulysses sat by a pillar, with eyes cast down, waiting to see whether his wife would speak to him when she beheld him. But she was sore perplexed; for now she seemed to know him, and now she knew him not, since he was still clad as a beggar, for he had not allowed the women to put new robes upon him.

Telemachus said, "Mother, why do you sit apart from my father, and why do you not speak to him? Surely your heart is harder than stone."

But Ulysses said, "Let be, Telemachus. Your mother will know that which is true in good time."

Meanwhile Ulysses went to the bath, clothed himself in fair garments, and came back to the hall; and Athena shed beauty upon him. Then he sat down as before, opposite his wife, and said:

"Surely, O lady, the gods have made you harder of heart than all women besides. Would any other wife have kept away from her husband, when he came back after twenty years?"

Then Penelope knew that he was her husband, and ran to him, and threw her arms about him and kissed him, saying, "Forgive me, my lord, if I was slow to know you; for, so many tricks have men that I ever feared that someone would deceive me, saying that he was Ulysses. But now I know that you are indeed my husband."

And they wept over each other and kissed each other.

On the morrow Ulysses went forth to the well-wooded farm land to see his father, the old Laertes. Quickly he came to the well-ordered farm. There was the house, and all about it were the huts of the servants. He found his father alone in the garden digging about a plant. Ulysses questioned him and saw that his father knew him not. As Laertes spoke of his son, now gone these twenty years, he broke down with grief. Then the heart of Ulysses was moved, and he sprang toward him and fell on his neck and kissed him, saying, "Behold, I, even I, my father, am the man of whom you speak; in the twentieth year have I come to my own country. But cease your weeping, and I will tell you all clearly. I have slain the suitors in our halls and avenged their evil deeds."

Then Laertes answered him, "If you are indeed Ulysses, my own child, show me now a manifest sign, that I may be assured."

Then Ulysses answered him, "Look first on this scar that the boar dealt me with his white tusk on Parnassus. But come, and I will tell you also about the trees in the terraced garden which you gave me for my very own when I was a little child following you through the garden and begging for this and that. Pear trees thirteen you gave me, and ten apple trees, and figs two score, and fifty rows of vines."

So he spoke, and the heart of Laertes melted within him, as he knew the sure tokens that Ulysses showed him. About his dear son he cast his arms and said, "Father Zeus, truly ye gods yet bear sway on high Olympus, for now my son has returned, and the suitors have paid for their insolent pride."

So did Ulysses come back to his home after twenty years.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. For sketch of Homer see page 246. The story of Ulysses is told in Homer's *Odyssey*. The poem receives its name from the Greek name of the hero, Odysseus, who is better known to us by his Latin name, Ulysses.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading: I. 1. How did the number of ships and men which Ulysses had when he came to Troy compare with those he had when he left? 2. How many men did he lose in his adventure with the Ciconians? 3. What would have happened if a south wind instead of a north wind had blown, after they sailed around the southern point of Greece? 4. Tell about the adventure with the Lotus-eaters. 5. Where did Ulysses and his men go next? 6. Who was Polyphemus? 7. Tell the story of Ulysses's dealings with the Cyclops. 8. How many men were lost in this adventure? 9. What was the plan of escape Ulysses carried out? 10. What was the prayer of Polyphemus to Poseidon?

II. 1. What did the king of the winds do to help Ulysses? 2. How near to Ithaca did the west wind carry Ulysses? 3. What happened while Ulysses slept? 4. Why was Aeolus not willing to help Ulysses a second time? 5. How did it happen that Ulysses's ship was saved when all the others were destroyed by the Laestrygonians? 6. Where did they next sail? 7. Who went exploring? 8. What did Eurylochus report when he fled back to the ship? 9. How did Hermes help Ulysses? 10. How long did the men stay with Circe? 11. What new adventure did Circe declare to Ulysses?

III. 1. What warning regarding the oxen of the Sun did Tiresias give Ulysses? 2. Why was it well for Ulysses that he returned to Circe? 3. How did Ulysses prepare to resist the attraction of the Sirens? 4. How did Ulysses and his men pass between Scylla and Charybdis? 5. Why did Ulysses land at the island where the oxen of the Sun fed, when both Tiresias and Circe had warned him? 6. What wrong did the men do, and how were they punished? 7. How was Ulysses saved? 8. Where did he land? 9. How long did he stay with Calypso? 10. What did Zeus promise Athena? 11. What happened in Ithaca?

IV. 1. Why do we not find Ulysses in the beautiful cave listening to the lovely song of Calypso? 2. What was the message of Hermes to Calypso? 3. How did Calypso help Ulysses? 4. How long did he sail and how near was he to Phaeacia? 5. What did Poseidon do? 6. How did Ulysses finally reach the mouth of the river?

V. 1. Why did Nausicaa decide on this particular day to wash the clothes? 2. What reason for washing the clothes did Nausicaa give her father? 3. How did Nausicaa and her maidens go to the river? 4. What did the girls do after the clothing was washed? 5. Why was Nausicaa not afraid of the stranger? 6. Describe the home of Alcinous. 7. How was Ulysses received? 8. How was he entertained on the following day? 9. When did Ulysses tell his name? 10. What did Ulysses tell the Phaeacians? 11. How did Ulysses express his appreciation of their kindness to him?

VI. 1. Describe the arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca. 2. What did Ulysses do when he recognized his own country? 3. How and why did Athena change him? 4. How did Ulysses test Eumaeus? 5. What acts of Eumaeus must have impressed Ulysses favorably? 6. Who helped Telemachus to return safely? 7. How did Ulysses caution Telemachus?

VII. 1. How did Penelope greet the returning Telemachus? 2. What information did he give her? 3. What was the goatherd's treatment of Ulysses? 4. Tell about the dog, Argus. 5. How did Antinous treat Ulysses? 6. What did Ulysses and Telemachus do after the suitors had departed? 7. What was the story of the mantle and the tunic which Ulysses told Penelope? 8. How did Eurycleia recognize Ulysses? 9. What was Penelope's dream? 10. What did Ulysses say concerning the trial of the bow?

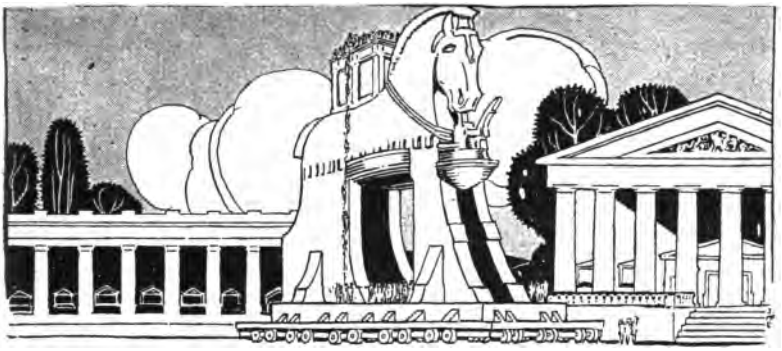
VIII. 1. How did the suitors regard the kindness of Telemachus toward the beggar? 2. What did Penelope invite the suitors to do? 3. Who was the first to try the bow, and who were the last? 4. How did Ulysses make himself known to Eumaeus and the herdsman? 5. How did Eurymachus feel when he found that he could not bend the bow? 6. What explanation did Antinous give? 7. Why did Telemachus speak as he did to his mother? 8. What help did the faithful servants give? 9. How did Ulysses handle the bow and with what success?

IX. 1. At what mark did Ulysses take aim? 2. What surprised the suitors when they tried to defend themselves? 3. How did Ulysses make himself known to the suitors? 4. How did Eurymachus try to excuse himself? 5. Whom did Ulysses spare? 6. How did Penelope receive Eurycleia's news of the return of Ulysses? 7. Why was Penelope so slow in being convinced that the beggar was Ulysses? 8. Where did Ulysses find his father, Laertes? 9. What signs did Ulysses show him to prove that he was his son? 10. What was the prayer of Laertes?

Discussion. 1. Which one of the gods befriended Ulysses, and which one was hostile to him? 2. Notice that the Cyclops lacked three qualities which were valued by the ancient Greeks just as they are valued by good citizens today: caring for the welfare of others; reverence; kindness to strangers. 3. How did Poseidon answer the prayer of Polyphemus? 4. Give illustrations of Ulysses's cunning and craftiness. 5. Notice Ulysses's determination to return to his country in spite of all dangers and the charms of Circe, the Sirens, Calypso, and Nausicaa. 6. Find a passage showing Ulysses's love for Ithaca, and another showing why Nausicaa thought no enemy could harm the Phaeacians. 7. Tell about the treatment of strangers in the time of Homer, noting the order which was followed: (1) refreshing the stranger with bath and food; (2) questioning him as to name, country, and purpose of coming; (3) exchanging gifts. 8. Compare the sports in Phaeacia with our modern sports. 9. How are Laertes, Penelope, Telemachus, Eurycleia, Eumaeus, and Argus connected with Ulysses? 10. Make a list of ten or more interesting double adjectives with the nouns they describe. 11. Make a list of ten or more nouns used to describe other nouns, as: Eurycleia, the nurse; Athena, daughter of Zeus. 12. Locate on a map: Sparta; Troy; Home of the Cyclops (Sicily); Scylla and Charybdis (Straits of Messina); Phaeacia (Corcyra); Ithaca. 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (I) laurels; fold; curdled; pirates; hospitality; craft; (II) launched; lofty; fawning; (III) violence; monster; spits; (IV) donned; cypress; adz; augers; yard; moored; (V) council; quoit; illustrious; (VI) substance; wayfarers; loyalty; (VII) marvelous; sea-purple; brooch; (VIII) scoffed; quiver; authority; flaw; (IX) manifest; terraced; insolent. 14. *Pronounce:* (I) forbade; (II) threshold; acorns; herb; (III) bellowed; guise; (V) pomegranate; escort; (VI) route; (VII) alms; (IX) mock.

Phrases for Study

hold revel, **252**, 5
men of the same blood, **252**, 6
make amends, **267**, **9**
rosy-fingered Dawn, **272**, 9
talent of gold, **276**, *7*
come to thine own again, **279**, 11
curse of the hungry light on him, **283**, *26*
venture on, **290**, 6
of set purpose, **290**, 10



THE STORY OF AENEAS *

I. THE FALL OF TROY

For ten years the Greeks under King Agamemnon laid siege to Troy. Although the city was doomed to fall, the day of destruction was delayed because certain gods—Apollo and Mars and even Jupiter himself—loved it well.

Now Minerva, always favoring the Greeks, devised a scheme for taking the city. She put it into the heart of Ulysses to have the men of Greece make a great horse of wood. The Trojans were made to believe that the horse was a peace offering to Minerva in order that the Greeks might have safe return to their homes. In the body of the horse were hidden the bravest of the Greek chiefs—Menelaus, Ulysses, and Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and many others. The rest of the Greeks pretended to depart for their homes; but they went no farther than Tenedos, an island not far from Troy.

Great joy was there in Troy when it was reported that

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

märz jōō′pĭ-tẽr mĭ-nûr′vȧ pĭr′ŭs tĕn′ê-dŏs

the men of Greece had departed. The gates were opened, and the people went forth to see the plain and the camp. And one said to another, as they went, "Here was the battle line; and there were the tents of the fierce Achilles; and there lay the ships." And some stood and marveled at the great peace offering to Minerva, the horse of wood.

One of the elders of the city was the first to advise that it should be brought within the walls and placed in the citadel. No man knows whether he gave this advice because he was a traitor or because the gods wished him to do so. Others said that it should be drowned in water, or burned with fire, or that men should pierce it and see whether there was anything within. And the people were divided, some saying one thing and some another.

Then the priest Laocoön came forward with a great company, and he said, "What madness is this? Do you think that the men of Greece have really departed, or that there is any profit in this gift? Surely there are armed men in this mighty horse; or perhaps they have made it so that they may look down upon our walls. Touch it not, for I fear the Greeks even though they offer gifts."

And he cast his spear against the horse, so that it gave forth a hollow sound. But the people did not heed him, for the gods did not wish that Troy should be saved.

Meanwhile, certain shepherds came to the city, dragging with them a man whose hands were bound. He pretended to the men of Troy that he had just fled from the Greeks, who had chosen him by lot as a sacrifice to appease the winds so that they might return safe to Greece.

King Priam had pity upon him and bade the Trojans loose his bonds, saying, "Who are you, and what do you know about the horse of wood?" And he said, "Lo, I deny

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not that I am a Greek, Sinon by name. I call you to witness, ye everlasting fires, that I break my faith with the Greeks for a just cause. Know then, King Priam, the horse of wood is a peace offering to Minerva, which the Greeks hoped to make so large that the men of Troy could not get it through their gates. For once within the walls of Troy, the image will bring woe to the Greeks and safety to Troy."

These words greatly impressed the men of Troy, and as they pondered on them, lo! the gods sent still another marvel to deceive them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, was slaying a bull at the altar of his god, two serpents came across the sea from Tenedos. Their heads and necks, on which were thick manes of hair, rose high above the waves, and many scaly coils trailed behind in the waters. As they reached the land, they still sped forward. Their eyes were as red as blood and blazed with fire, and their forked tongues hissed aloud with rage.

Then all the men of Troy grew pale with fear and fled away, but the serpents turned not aside this way or that, going straight to where Laocoön stood. First they wrapped themselves about his little sons, one serpent about each, and began to devour them. When the father took a sword and tried to rescue his children, the serpents seized him and bound him fast with their coils. Twice they encircled his body and his neck, lifting their heads high. All the while he strove to tear them away with his hands, and he did not cease to cry aloud horribly. When their work was done, the two serpents glided to the temple of Minerva and hid themselves beneath the feet and the shield of the goddess.

Then said the men one to another, "Lo! the priest Laocoön has been judged according to his deeds; for he cast his spear against this holy thing, and now the gods have slain

him." Then all cried out together that the horse of wood must be brought inside the city.

Whereupon, they opened the gates of the city and pulled down the wall that was adjoining and put rollers under the feet of the horse. So, in much joy, they drew it into the city by means of ropes, youths and maidens singing about it the while, and laying their hands to the ropes with great gladness.

Yet there were not lacking signs and tokens of evil to come. Four times it halted on the threshold of the gate, and men might have heard a clashing of arms within. Also, Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, prophesied evil; but no man heeded her, for it was her fate to be able to foresee the future, and yet to have no one believe her prophecy.

So the men of Troy drew the horse into the city. That night they made a feast to all the gods with much joy, not knowing that the last day of the great city had come.

And Helen came forth from the palace and walked around the horse, touching it here and there as she passed. Surely a god favorable to the Trojans put it into her mind to call aloud the names of the chiefs of the Greeks. Each man inside, as he heard his name, thought it was the voice of his wife that was calling him. All the chiefs would have rushed forth, but Ulysses held them back and checked their madness.

When night was fully come and the men of Troy lay asleep, lo! from the ship of King Agamemnon there rose up a flame for a signal to the Greeks; and these straightway manned their ships and rowed across the sea from Tenedos, for it was calm, and the moon gave them light. At the same time Sinon opened a secret door that was in the great horse, and the chiefs issued forth and opened the gates of the city, slaying those that kept watch.

Meanwhile there came a vision to Aeneas, who, now that Hector was dead, was the chief hope of the men of Troy. It was Hector's self that he seemed to see, but not as he had seen him coming back rejoicing with the arms of Achilles, or setting fire to the ships, but as he lay after Achilles had slain him. To him said Aeneas, not knowing what he said, "Why have you tarried so long? Much have we suffered waiting for you! And what grief has marked your face? And whence these wounds?"

To all this the spirit answered nothing, but said, groaning, "Fly, son of Venus, fly, and save yourself from these flames. The enemy is within the walls, and Troy is about to perish. If any hand could have saved our city, this hand of mine would have done so. You are now the hope of Troy. Take, then, her gods, and flee with them for company, seeking the city that you shall one day build across the sea."

The alarm of battle came nearer and nearer, and Aeneas, waking from sleep, climbed upon the roof and looked upon the city. As a shepherd stands and sees a fierce flame sweeping before the south wind over the cornfield or a flood rushing down from the mountains, so he stood. And as he looked, the citadel sank down in the fire, and the neighboring houses blazed forth, till the sea close by shone with the light. Then he girded on his armor, thinking perhaps that he might yet gain some place of safety, or at least that he might avenge himself on the enemy or find honor in death.

But as he was coming out of his house, he met the priest of Apollo, who cried to him, "O Aeneas, the glory is departed from Troy, and the Greeks have the mastery in the city. Armed men are coming forth from the great horse of wood, which Sinon has treacherously opened, and thousands also swarm in at the gates." As he spoke, others came

up under the light of the moon, and to these Aeneas said: "If you are minded, my brethren, to follow me to the death, come on. For how things happen this night you see. The gods who were the support of this city have departed from it; and there is nothing left standing for us to defend. Yet we can die as brave men in battle. And perhaps he that counts his life lost may yet save it." So they went through the city, battling against the invaders with great fury, and for a while the men of Greece fled before them.

Aeneas, hearing a great shouting, hastened to the palace of King Priam, where the battle was fiercer than in any other place. For some of the Greeks were seeking to climb the walls, by means of ladders on which they stood, holding their shields with their left hands, and with their right grasping the roof.

Meanwhile others sought to break down the gates of the palace. Foremost among these was Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, clad in shining armor of bronze. With a great battle-ax he cut through the doors, breaking down also the door-posts, though they were plated with bronze, making, as it were, a huge window, through which a man might see, within, the great hall of King Priam and of the kings who had reigned before him in Troy.

Then, as a river bursts its banks and overflows the plain, so did the sons of Greece rush into the palace.

But old Priam, when he saw the enemy in his hall, girded on his armor, which because of old age he had long laid aside, and took a spear in his hand, and would have gone against the enemy, but Queen Hecuba called to him from where she sat. She and her daughters had fled to the great altar of the household gods, and sat crowded about it like doves that are driven by a storm. The altar stood in an open court that was in the middle of the palace, with a

great bay tree above it. So when she saw how Priam had girded himself with armor as a youth, she cried to him: "What has bewitched you that you gird yourself with armor? It is not the sword that shall help us this day; no, not though my own Hector were here. It is rather the gods and their altars. Come hither to us; for here you will be safe, or at least will die with us."

So she made the old man sit down in their midst. But lo! there came flying through the palace, Polites, his son, wounded to death by the spear of Pyrrhus, and Pyrrhus close behind him. And as Polites came in sight of his father and his mother, he fell dead upon the ground.

When King Priam saw this, he restrained himself no longer but cried aloud: "Now may the gods, if there be any justice in heaven, repay you for this wickedness, seeing that you have slain the son before his father's eyes. Great Achilles, whom you falsely call your father, did not treat me so. Though he was an enemy, he reverenced truth and justice. He gave me the body of Hector for burial and sent me back in safety to my city."

And as he spoke the old man cast a spear, but aimlessly and without force, so that it did not pierce even the knob of the shield. Then said the son of Achilles, "Go tell my father of his unworthy son and all these evil deeds. And that you may tell him, die!" So King Priam, who had ruled mightily over many peoples and countries in the land of Asia, was slain that night, after he had seen his palace in ruins and Troy burning about him.

II. HOW AENEAS FLED FROM TROY

All these things Aeneas beheld, but he was helpless, for he was but one against many. And when Troy was in ruins,

and King Priam lay dead, Aeneas thought of his father, and his wife, Creusa, and of his little son, Ascanius, and remembered that he had left them at home without defense.

When he turned to seek them, the night was as clear as day, because of the fires. Then he saw Helen sitting in a temple, where she had sought refuge, for she feared the men of Troy, to whom she had brought ruin and destruction, and not less her own husband, whom she had left. At that the wrath of Aeneas was kindled, and he said to himself, "Shall this evil woman return safe to Sparta? Shall she see again her home and her daughter, while Trojan women are forced to be her handmaidens? Shall Troy be burned and King Priam slain, and she receive no harm? Not so; for though there be no glory to be won from such a deed, yet shall I satisfy myself by taking vengeance upon her for my kinsmen and my countrymen."

But while he was thinking these things, lo! there appeared to him Venus, his mother, as he had never seen her before, fair and tall as only the dwellers in heaven behold her. Then Venus spoke thus: "What meaneth all this rage, my son? Hast thou no care for me? Hast thou forgotten thy father, Anchises, and thy wife, and thy little son? Surely the fire and the sword would have consumed them long ago if I had not cared for them and saved them. It is not Helen—no, nor is it Paris, that hath laid low this great city of Troy, but the wrath of the gods. See now, for I will take away the mist that covers thy eyes—see how Neptune with his trident is overthrowing the walls and rooting up the city from its foundations; and how Juno stands with spear and shield within the gates of the city and calls fresh hosts from the ships; and how Minerva sits on the height with the storm-cloud about her, and how Jupiter

·krē-ū′sȧ ăs-kā′nī-ŭs jōō′nō

himself stirs up the enemy against Troy. Fly, therefore, my son. I will not leave thee till thou shalt reach thy father's house." And as she spoke, she vanished in the darkness.

Then did Aeneas see the forms of the gods who were the enemies of Troy, and before his eyes the whole city seemed to sink down into the fire. Sadly Aeneas passed on, and Venus led the way so that the flames gave place to him, and the javelins harmed him not.

But when he came to his house, he thought first of his father; and he would have carried him to the hills, but Anchises refused, for he was unwilling to live in some strange country when Troy had perished. "Nay," said he, "fly, you who are strong and in the flower of your days. But as for me, if the gods had willed that I should live, they would have saved this dwelling for me. It is enough for me, and more than enough, that I should have seen this city taken, and lived. Bid me, then, farewell as though I were dead. Death will I find for myself."

Nor could the old man be moved from his purpose, though his son and his son's wife, and even the child, Ascanius, begged him with many tears not to make heavier the fate that was upon them. Then did Aeneas wish to go back to the battle and die. For what hope was left? "Did you think, my father," he cried, "that I would flee and leave you behind? What evil word is this from your lips? If the gods will that nothing of Troy shall be left, and you are determined that you and yours shall perish with the city, be it so. Comrades, give me my arms, and take me back to the battle. At least I will die avenged."

But as he girded on his arms and was about to depart from the house, his wife, Creusa, stopped him on the threshold, and held out the little Ascanius, saying, "If you go to your death, take your wife and child with you; but if you

expect anything from arms, guard first the house where you have father and wife and child."

And lo! as she spoke, there befell a mighty marvel, for as the father and mother looked, they saw a light shine on the head of the boy, Ascanius, and play upon his waving hair, and glitter on his temples. And when they feared to see this, and would have smothered the flame or quenched it with water, the old man, Anchises, in great joy raised his eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, "O Father Jupiter, if prayer move thee at all, give thine aid and make this omen sure."

And as he spoke, the thunder rolled, and a star shot through the skies, leaving a long trail of light behind, and passed over the housetops till it was hidden in the woods of Ida. Then the old man bowed reverently and said, "I delay no more; wherever you lead I will follow. Gods of my country, save my house and my grandson. This sign is from you. And now, my son, I no longer refuse to go."

Then as the fire came nearer, the light grew brighter, and the heat more fierce, Aeneas said, "Climb, dear father, on my shoulders; I will bear you, and I shall not grow weary with the weight. We will be saved or perish together. The little Ascanius shall go with me, and my wife shall follow behind. And you servants of my house, listen to me; you remember the tomb and the temple near an old cypress tree in a lonely place just outside the city. There will we gather by different ways. And do you, my father, take the holy images in your hands, because I, who have just come from battle, may not touch them till I have washed myself in the running stream."

And as he spoke, he put a cloak of lion's skin upon his shoulders, and the old man sat thereon. Ascanius took hold of his hand, and Creusa followed behind. So they went, in much dread and trembling. While Aeneas had no fear of the

sword and spear of the enemy, yet now he feared for them that were with him. But when they came near to the gates, and the journey was well-nigh finished, they heard the sound of many feet through the darkness. Then the old man cried to him, "Fly, my son, fly; they are coming. I see the flashing of shields and of swords."

But as Aeneas hastened to go, Creusa, his wife, was separated from him. Whether she wandered from the way or sat down in weariness, no one knew. But Aeneas saw her no more. He did not even know that she was lost until all his company were gathered at the temple, and she alone was not there. Sad, indeed, was Aeneas, and he cried out in his wrath against gods and men. He bade his comrades take care of his father and his son, and of the household gods, while he armed himself again, and returned to the city.

First, he went to the gate by which he had come forth, and then to his house, thinking that perhaps she had returned home. And after that, he went to the ruins of the citadel and to the palace of King Priam. Through all the streets of the city he sought his wife and called her aloud by name.

But lo! as he called, the image of her whom he sought seemed suddenly to stand before him. And the spirit said, "Why are you so troubled? These things have not happened to us against the will of the gods. The ruler of Olympus orders that Creusa shall not go with you on your journey. You have a long journey to take, and many seas to cross, till you come to the shore where the Tiber flows softly through a fertile land. There shall you have great prosperity, and take to yourself a wife of royal race. Do not weep for me whom you love, and do not imagine me carried away to be a bond-slave to some Grecian woman. Such a fate

cannot befall a daughter-in-law of Venus. The mighty mother of the gods keeps me in this land to serve her. And now, farewell; love the young Ascanius, your son and mine."

Thus the spirit spoke, and when Aeneas wept and was about to answer, she vanished from his sight. Thrice he tried to throw his arms about her neck, and thrice the image escaped him, being thin as air and fleeting as a dream. Then he sought his comrades again and found with much joy and wonder that a great company of men and women were gathered together, and were willing, all of them, to follow him wherever he went. The morning star was already rising over Mount Ida, and Aeneas, seeing that the Greeks held the city, and that there was no longer any hope of relief, led the way to the mountains.

It was summer when Troy was taken, and during the rest of the year Aeneas and his men built ships for the voyage, dwelling the while under Mount Ida. When it was almost summer again, the work was finished. Then Anchises commanded that they should delay no longer; whereupon they sailed, taking their gods with them.

III. HOW AENEAS CAME TO ITALY

There was a certain land named Thrace, loved by Mars beyond all other lands. Here Aeneas built a city, but it was not the will of the gods that this should be the dwelling place of the Trojans, and so again they launched their ships and set sail.

Then they came to an island sacred to Apollo. Here the oracle spoke to them thus: "Seek your ancient mother. The land that first bore you shall receive you again, and there Aeneas and his children's children shall rule from one generation to another."

thrās

Then Anchises remembered that the beginning of their nation had been upon the island of Crete. So they offered sacrifices and set sail for Crete. Here they dwelt, but there came a sickness upon the men and a blight upon the harvest so that they hardly knew where to seek for help or where they should go.

One night as Aeneas slept, there appeared to him the household gods that he had carried from the burning ruins of Troy, and they said to him: "It was not Crete that Apollo decreed should be your home, but an ancient land far to the west which men call Italy. Thither sail; there is our home, and there the gods would have us dwell."

So the men of Troy again made ready their ships and departed. When they were out of sight of land, a great storm arose, driving them for many days far from their course. They passed many islands, and when they sailed by Ithaca, they cursed it because it was the home of the hated Ulysses.

After many days of wandering they came to a city ruled over by Helenus, son of King Priam, whose wife was Andromache, the widow of brave Hector. Aeneas met her in a grove by a river, where with many tears she made offerings to the spirit of Hector. She could hardly believe that the one before her was not a spirit but was indeed Aeneas of Troy. She told how she had been carried from Troy by Pyrrhus, the haughty son of Achilles.

While she spoke, Helenus came with a great company and bade Aeneas and his men welcome. Aeneas saw how everything was planned and named even as it had been at Troy; only the things at Troy had been great, and these were very small. Afterwards King Helenus made a feast for them in his house, and together they made merry.

When Aeneas saw that the wind favored them, they

again set sail. A north wind blew them, with many hardships, past the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis and to the land of the Cyclops. While seeking shelter in a harbor, they saw a wretched man as he ran along the shore, hailing the ships. His hair was unkempt, and his clothes in tatters and pinned together with thorns. He begged the men of Troy to have pity upon him, saying that he had been left behind in the cave when Ulysses and his companions escaped. For many months he had lived upon roots and berries, always in fear lest the giant should find him. Though he was a Greek, they were glad to help anyone who was in such a sad state, and they took him on board.

On the island of Sicily the old Anchises died and was buried with due funeral rites.

When Juno, who hated the men of Troy, saw them nearing their destination, she came to Aeolus, king of the winds, who keeps them under bolt and bar though they roar mightily within the mountain. To him she said, "Loose thy storms against a nation which I hate and which is now sailing over the seas." King Aeolus answered, "I obey thee, O Juno." So saying, he drove in with his spear the great doors of their prison, and all the winds rushed forth together, rolling great waves upon the shore.

King Neptune heard the tumult from where he sat at the bottom of the sea, and he looked forth and saw that the ships were scattered and the men of Troy in great peril. He said to the winds, "Begone, and tell your King that I have dominion over the sea and that I bid him keep to his rocks."

Then Aeneas and his companions, who were worn-out by the storm, made for the nearest shore, Africa, where they found a harbor. Aeneas reached this spot with only seven ships out of the twenty with which he had set sail.

All these things Jupiter beheld; and even as he beheld them, Venus came to him with a sad countenance and with her shining eyes dim with tears, and said, "O great Father that rulest all things, how have Aeneas and the men of Troy sinned against thee, that the whole world is shut against them? Didst thou not promise that they should rule over land and sea? With this I was wont to comfort myself for the evil fate of Troy; but lo! this same fate follows them still; nor is there any end to their troubles."

Then her father kissed her, and answered smiling: "Fear not, my daughter; the fate of thy children changeth not. Thou shalt see the city for which thou lookest, and shalt receive thy son, the great-hearted Aeneas, into the heavens. Hearken, therefore, and I will tell thee things to come. Aeneas shall make war with the nations of Italy, and shall subdue them, and build a city, and rule therein for three years. After thirty years the boy Ascanius shall change the place of his throne to Alba, where for three hundred years there shall be kings of the kindred of Hector. Then shall a priestess bear twin sons, whom a wolf shall nurse; and one of these, Romulus, shall build a city, dedicating it to his father, Mars, and shall call it Rome, after his own name. To this city have I given power without bound or end. Even Juno shall repent of her wrath and join with me in cherishing the men of Rome, so that they shall rule even over the land of the Greeks."

It came to pass on the next day that Venus appeared to Aeneas in the form of a maiden and told him the story of the people among whom he and his companions had come. "The city, near by, is Carthage," she said, "and is peopled by men from Tyre. Dido is their Queen. Her brother was King of Tyre, a wicked man, and always eager to increase

ăl'bà rŏm'û-lŭs kär'thâj tīr dī'dō

his wealth. He had secretly put to death the husband of Dido, in order that he might come into possession of his great wealth. After many days the spirit of her dead husband appeared to Dido in a dream and told her how he had been killed, showed her his wounds, and bade her flee from Tyre. In order that she might do this easily, he told her of great treasures, gold and silver, hidden in the earth. Dido made ready for the flight, and all those who feared or hated the King joined her. Then they seized ships that chanced to be ready and, loading them with gold, fled across the sea. They came to this place, asking of the natives as much land as could be covered with a bull's hide. Dido caused the hide to be cut into strips and with it marked off the spot on which they built their citadel. Yonder walls enclose the city of Carthage, which they are now building."

Then Jupiter sent Mercury, his messenger, to turn the hearts of Dido and her people so that they would deal kindly with the strangers.

When Aeneas and his companions had come into the city, Dido received them with friendliness and hospitality, saying, "I, too, have wandered far, and, having suffered much, I have learned to help others that suffer." She prepared a feast for them, and entertained them with games.

Aeneas was filled with wonder as he passed through the streets and saw the many men, all busily at work, some cutting trees, and some rolling great stones for buildings.

When he told the Queen of all the hardships and sorrow through which they had passed since Troy was burned, she took pity upon them and offered them new homes in Carthage, saying, "Men of Troy and men of Tyre shall have equal privileges in this new city."

So weary were they of the sea, and so good did a home

mûr'kû-rĭ

seem to the wanderers, that they gladly stayed, helping not only with the work of building the city but also by taking part in the councils.

Dido, the Queen, said to her sister Anna, "Never, since the death of my husband, has any man moved my heart as this stranger, so noble in looks and so bold in war. Surely he is one of the sons of the gods."

Willingly would Aeneas have spent the rest of his days here, but Jupiter sent his messenger, Mercury, to him, saying, "Buildest thou Carthage, forgetting thine own work? Why stayest thou here? If thou carest not for thyself, yet think of thy son and that the Fates have given to him Italy and Rome."

Aeneas stood stricken with fear and doubt. He would gladly have obeyed the voice, but when his plans were made known to the Queen, she was unwilling to let him go.

When nothing could make him change his purpose to go, Dido ordered a great funeral pile to be erected near the shore. As Aeneas and his companions sailed forth, she mounted the pile and, throwing herself upon a sword, was consumed by the flames. When Aeneas looked back and saw the flames, he knew in his heart what had happened.

The men of Troy, though weary of the sea, endured many more hardships in order that the will of the gods might be fulfilled. And lo! after the seventh year from the time Troy was burned, they saw the shores of Italy and landed near the dwelling place of the Sibyl.

Aeneas went up to the great cave of the Sibyl, where she foretold things to come. In company with her and by her aid he made the descent to the region of the dead, and there from his father, Anchises, he heard that, though he had at last reached the promised land, yet there still were sore trials

before him. Anchises told him, too, of the glorious future of Rome and called by name the illustrious heroes who would make Rome great.

When the object of his visit to the Sibyl was accomplished, Aeneas set sail and steered along the coast in the direction of the promised land. Soon they came near an island where dwelt Circe, who by her enchantments changed men into beasts. As they passed the island, the Trojans heard with horror the roaring of lions and the howling of wolves, once human beings but now transformed into the shapes of savage animals. Aided, however, by favorable winds, they sped away from this dangerous spot, and soon they were near the end of their wanderings. For at dawn one morning they beheld a large grove, through which a pleasant river, tinted by the yellow sand, burst forth into the sea. This was the Tiber, on whose banks was to be founded in the distant future the city of Rome.

Latinus was king of this country. He had an only child, a daughter, Lavinia, who was now of an age to be married. Many chiefs came as suitors, but none of these found favor, for King Latinus remembered an oracle which said, "There shall come from beyond the sea a son-in-law who shall make great thy name from one end of heaven to the other."

Then there was waged a terrible war between the men of Troy and a native prince and suitor. But the gods gave victory to Aeneas, and he gained Lavinia for his wife.

Upon the death of Latinus, Aeneas became king. But though he was in possession of the long-promised land, his wars were not entirely over. In one of these conflicts Aeneas mysteriously disappeared and was seen no more. Some said he was drowned in the river, and that the Latins, not finding the body, supposed he had been taken up to

tī'bēr lā-tī'nŭs lā-vĭn'ī-ā

heaven. From that time on they offered sacrifices to him as a god.

After the death of Aeneas, his son Ascanius ruled as king for many years. For three hundred years kindred of Hector ruled in the land, and one of the descendants of Aeneas was Romulus, who became the founder of Rome.

When Juno saw that the descendants of Aeneas, the son of Venus, were established in Italy in spite of all her planning, she begged one favor of Jupiter, "Though these people are descendants of the Trojans, let them be known as Romans. Troy has perished; let the name also perish."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Vergil (70 B.C.—19 B.C.) was a famous Roman poet who told the story of Aeneas in his great poem, the *Aeneid,* written in the Latin language. In this poem Vergil makes the founder of Rome the direct descendant of the Trojan hero, Aeneas.

The Romans worshiped the same gods the Greeks had worshiped, but called them by different names.

Greek	*Roman*
Aphrodite	Venus
Apollo	Phoebus *or* Apollo
Ares	Mars
Athena	Minerva
Hera	Juno
Hermes	Mercury
Poseidon	Neptune
Zeus	Jupiter

Questions for Testing Silent Reading: I. 1. Why did the siege of Troy last so long? 2. What were the Trojans made to believe regarding the horse of wood? 3. What did the Greeks pretend to do? 4. Who was the first to advise that the horse should be brought inside the walls? 5. What was Laocoön's opinion? 6. How did Sinon deceive the Trojans? 7. What happened that made the Trojans think Laocoön was punished for his treatment of the horse? 8. How was

the horse brought into the city? 9. What did Cassandra say, and how was her prophecy received? 10. What did Helen do when she saw the horse? 11. How did the Greek army enter the city? 12. What vision did Aeneas see and what did the spirit tell him to do? 13. In what part of the city was there most fighting? 14. What was Hecuba's advice to Priam? 15. What happened to Polites? 16. What other cruel thing did the son of Achilles do?

II. 1. Where was Aeneas going? 2. What effect did the sight of Helen have upon Aeneas? 3. What truth did Venus reveal to Aeneas? 4. What gods especially were hostile to Troy? 5. Why did Anchises at first refuse to flee with Aeneas? 6. What happened that made Anchises change his mind about going with Aeneas? 7. Describe the picture you see of Aeneas and his family leaving their home. 8. What happened to Creusa? 9. What did the spirit of Creusa reveal to Aeneas? 10. What had happened while Aeneas was returning to the city? 11. Where and how was the winter spent? 12. What was the family relationship between Aeneas and each of the following: Venus, Anchises, Creusa, and Ascanius?

III. 1. Where did they go first, and where did they settle later, on Anchises's advice? 2. What did the household gods tell Aeneas as he slept? 3. What did the Trojans do as they passed Ithaca? 4. Where did they meet Andromache and Helenus? 5. Tell about the Greek, the companion left behind by Ulysses. 6. What happened on the island of Sicily? 7. What did Juno do when she saw the Trojans nearing their destination? 8. Why did the action of Aeolus anger Neptune? 9. What comforting facts did Jupiter tell Venus? 10. To what country had Aeneas and his companions come? 11. Who told Aeneas about Carthage? 12. Why was Aeneas well received by Dido? 13. What did Dido offer the Trojans? 14. Why was she unwilling to let Aeneas go? 15. How did Aeneas know of Dido's fate? 16. How long did Aeneas wander? 17. What did Aeneas learn from Anchises in the regions of the dead? 18. How did Aeneas and his men escape the enchantment of Circe? 19. Who was Latinus? 20. How did Aeneas become king? 21. How did the life of Aeneas end? 22. What last favor did Juno beg of Jupiter?

Discussion. 1. Notice points of resemblance in the stories related in Homer's poems and those related in the *Aeneid* by Vergil, who lived at least seven centuries after Homer. 2. Which gods were

favorable to the Trojans, and what were the reasons for Venus's partiality? 3. In this conflict between the gods, which side seems to you to have won? 4. Did Aeneas show his bravery in the same way that Hector showed his? Who was braver, Creusa or Andromache? 5. How did Hector and Venus make Aeneas willing to flee from Troy? 6. Do you know of any World War heroes who served their country in a way similar to Sinon's service? What are such people called? 7. Relate an instance of kindness to an enemy in the World War of which you are reminded by the Trojans' treatment of the Greek companion of Ulysses. 8. Trace on a map the wanderings of Aeneas, locating: Troy; Thrace; Crete; Sicily; Carthage; Italy. 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (I) delayed; devised; scheme; citadel; appease; marvel; treacherously; bewitched; reverenced; knob; unworthy; (II) handmaidens; consumed; trident; javelins; well-nigh; fleeting; (III) oracle; blight; tumult.

Phrases for Study

put it into the heart of, **297**, 6
were divided, **298**, 13
even though they offer gifts, **298**, 21
everlasting fires, **299**, 2
laying their hands to, **300**, 7
checked their madness, **300**, 24
find honor in death, **301**, 26
glory is departed from, **301**, 28
household gods, **302**, 31
in the flower of your days, **305**, 13
expect anything from arms, **306**, 1
make this omen sure, **306**, 10
save my house, **306**, 16
holy images, **306**, 26
ancient mother, **308**, 27
without bound or end, **311**, 23
equal privileges, **312**, 31

A Backward Look

You are familiar with your own city, county, and state, and through the Magic Wand of Reading you have come to know American life in general, especially its heroes and its ideals. A knowledge of America and all it stands for helps you to realize what it means to be a young *American citizen.* The Magic Wand has revealed to you a Greek and Roman pageant picturing *world-stories.* You are not alone as you sit enjoying the pageant, for all over the world boys and girls are reading these stories with you—in languages strange to you, but familiar to them. How does the reading of these stories help to make you a *world-citizen?*

How many of the Greek and Roman gods can you describe from reading these stories? Which one of the heroes seems to you to have had the liveliest imagination? How did his power of imagination help him in his adventures? What has the reading of these stories done for your imagination?

When you see Hector defending his city with his very life, and see Aeneas fleeing from burning Troy, carrying Trojan ideals along with his household gods to a new and strange country, founding there the beginnings of the great Roman empire, you find it difficult to decide which is the greater patriot; discuss this topic in class. On page 211, a comparison is made between nations and trees; how does this apply to Rome? Where did the "seed" come from? Have you seen in newspapers or magazines references to these stories or to any of the heroes? Bring examples of this kind to class and aid in making a collection.

Find the lines on page 212 that give you a picture of Homer, the minstrel. Assign to each of your classmates one of the nineteen chapters of Part II, and allow them as minstrels, to review for you the stories of Achilles, Aeneas, and Ulysses, in this order. What progress did you note, as you read these stories, in your ability to gather ideas from the printed page at an increasing rate of speed? The artist selected a particular subject for each of the pictures on pages 213, 251, and 297 to illustrate the story; what other subjects can you suggest for this purpose?

PART III

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

LONGFELLOW

THE MINSTREL'S STORY

Two pictures from the series in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., entitled "The Making of a Book"; from Copley Prints, Copyright, Curtis & Cameron, Boston

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS

A Forward Look

They had what they called "An Author's Reading" down at the schoolhouse the other night. The big posters announced the event in their largest type. Below the heading was the statement that "Miss Annie Belle Lee, the distinguished author, will read from the manuscript of her new book for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society," and that a silver offering would be taken at the door.

You remember how people talked about the matter. Some thought that the village was getting to be almost a city, since it could have "Author's Readings." And some others thought it was great doings if Miss Annie Belle Lee should be called an "author," for everybody had known her ever since she was a little girl. The village paper, the *News Index,* had printed some of her verses down in the "Poet's Corner," but very few people had read them. One time, you remember, father read some of them and then laughed and called them sentimental, and mother had said they were "sweet," and your uncle, who was very wise and knew all about dictionaries and the like, had smiled and said "So Annie Belle is an author, now." And the editor put a note in his paper about "Miss Annie Belle Lee, our distinguished fellow townswoman" and said that "this gifted young lady is to delight her friends by giving an Author's Reading," etc. But you thought you would like to go to see what this sort of entertainment would be like, and you wondered what she would do, and your mother and Aunt Jane wondered what she would wear, and father said he had to go back to the office and work that night.

So you and Mother and Uncle had another discussion about authors. And you said that you thought that an author was a man, or sometimes a woman, who made a *book.*

Now it is perfectly true that in these days of printed books

very few people will ever think of you as an author unless you have your name on a book as the maker of it. If you write an essay about "Thrift" or "Self-Control" and read it at Friday afternoon literary exercises, even if your mother and Sue's mother and Johnnie's mother and everybody's aunties are there, you are not a "really truly" author. Maybe the editor of the *News Index* will print the prize essay, and that would make it seem as though Jennie, who wrote it, was a sort of "author," especially if the editor puts in a little note calling her "the author of this charming little sketch," or "the charming little author of this sketch" or something like that.

But just because it was in print in the paper didn't seem to you to make it "literature" or Jennie an "author." For one thing, Editor Jones was always writing things about people and asking for subscriptions, or telling about a wedding or a ball game, and surely no one would call *him* an author; why, he didn't wear a coat, and his hands were covered with ink, and—well, he just didn't look like an author. What if Editor Jones were to announce that he would give an "Author's Reading." You could just hear Father shout at the idea, and even Mother couldn't say it would be "sweet." Besides, and this puzzled you more than ever, you knew that you thought "literature" was something supposed to be very fine and hard to understand, something that the preacher and Lawyer Elliott and your uncle talked about now and then, and you couldn't understand a word they were saying. And you thought that an "author" was very distinguished-looking, and that you would die if you had to shake hands with him. Only that he wouldn't be looking at you at all, or at anything, but straight out over your head and right through the wall, and with a queer sort of fire in his eyes as if he were looking at ghosts or fairies or "squadrons of marching men." You liked that last phrase when you heard the preacher declaim it, and almost thought for a moment that *he* was an author, only you knew that he wasn't, for he minded the baby and helped his wife with the washing. But you *know* Jennie, who wrote the prize essay, and you read every word of the

essay when it was printed, and were very proud because she was in your class and because it sounded just wonderful when Mother read it aloud after supper. Still you couldn't think of Jennie as an "author," or of her essay as "literature."

Perhaps the real point was that an author is a man or a woman who writes a book, which is bound in cloth or leather, and that this book is "literature," because—well, because it is a book. But Mother's cookbook is a book, bound in cloth, yet you couldn't call it literature or think that the members of the Ladies' Aid, who helped by giving their best recipes, were "authors." And in Father's office you had seen a big book, bound in red leather, that was filled with facts and figures about lumber. You couldn't call that "literature," surely.

So it all seemed mixed up, someway. Was Miss Annie Belle Lee an author, though she had not printed anything except in the poet's corner of the *News Index?* Was Jennie an author because Editor Jones said she was? Was Editor Jones an author because he wrote more things that were printed than anybody else in town? And the cookbook and the lumber catalogue, were they "literature" because they were both bound in cloth or leather? Or was literature, after all, long poems like one called *Paradise Lost* that you dipped into one rainy day because it looked interesting, and you found it wasn't?

Just as things were at the worst, Uncle came to your rescue, as he often did. He said right away that Miss Annie Belle Lee's Author's Reading was really an Author's Reading if she read things that she had printed or had written in order to have printed. He said, too, that Jennie was an "author" so far as her essay went. There were authors of all kinds, he said, just as there were cooks of all kinds. But a book, or anything printed in the paper, is not literature just because it has been printed. There are books, like cookbooks and lumber catalogues, that are filled with useful information, but they are not literature. A dictionary is very useful, but it is not literature. Neither, for that matter, is a printed composition necessarily a poem, even though it has rimes in it and every line begins with

a capital letter. The "Short Story of the Day" printed in the newspaper is not necessarily literature just because it is a story that is printed. It might be literature, just as Miss Annie Belle's verses in the poetry corner, *might* be.

The big thing, he said, was simply this: That we value as literature an account, told in beautiful and simple language, of something that someone has seen for himself and taken the trouble to express in such a way as to bring delight and profit to others. It might be a description of a flower, or of a bird, or of a storm. It might be a story of a noble deed. It might be verse or prose. But it must have *truth*, being a record of what the author has seen for himself. It must have *beauty*, for its purpose is not merely to give you information like the cookbook or the catalogue or the dictionary. And, last of all, it must have *vision*, that is, it must have the power of opening your eyes to things that you might not see otherwise, the power of appealing to your imagination and your feelings.

Some day, Uncle said, he would talk to you more about these three qualities of *truth*, *beauty*, and *vision*, as tests of what is literature. But now there was time for only one thing. You loved to read Jennie's essay because *you knew Jennie*. Very likely you would love to hear Miss Annie Belle Lee's "Author's Reading" because you knew Miss Annie Belle. So there was this thing that added greatly to your pleasure in reading. If you could only know Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, and Mr. Holmes, just as you knew Jennie and Miss Annie Belle Lee, how much more thrilling it would be to read their books.

This knowledge you can get. Here are some stories about men whom all Americans love and recognize as their own great authors. Here, also, are some poems and prose selections that they wrote, and which have these qualities of *truth* and *beauty* and *vision*. Take your Magic Wand of Reading and imagine that these great men are here in this quiet room with you. You will not be afraid of them, for they are simple and sincere and kindly. And they will talk with you and tell you of some of the beauty they have found in life.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

In 1733, long before the American colonies gained their freedom, a book appeared in the city of Philadelphia under the title of *Poor Richard's Almanac.* If you had lived in Philadelphia at that time you would very probably have bought a copy, for ten thousand of these little books were sold every year—a very large sale for those days. In this little book, besides the usual features of almanacs, such as the calendar for the year, prophecies of the weather and events, and little anecdotes, you would find many wise proverbs about thrift, honesty, hard work, the way to wealth, etc. Some of these proverbs you still hear now and then: "Never leave till tomorrow what you can do today." "Little strokes fell large oaks." "Think of saving, as well as of getting." These are samples of the homely proverbs that everybody got by heart in the old Quaker city, and these sayings did much to send down the high cost of living in those days, as they will in ours if only we pay attention to them.

This little book, *Poor Richard's Almanac,* was the work of a young printer who was on his way to becoming one of the Builders of America. Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was his name. Born in Boston, the son of a soap-merchant, he was not able to go to Harvard College as most Boston lads of higher

birth did. But he read constantly, read everything he could lay his hands on, and determined to make a career for himself.

The beginnings were hard enough. Benjamin's brother owned a printing shop, and the lad became his apprentice. He used to write little essays on the sly and send them to his brother to be printed in the paper. He listened with delight to what his brother said, and his brother's friends, in praise of their unknown contributor. But when the secret came out, the brother was jealous, and treated the boy so cruelly that he ran away to Philadelphia, a long journey in those days. Without money or friends, he began the long climb from poverty to fame.

The story is too long to be told here in detail. Benjamin found a place with a printer and later went to London to get more experience. When he returned to Philadelphia, at the age of twenty, he secured a clerkship, but he was soon back at printing again. His newspaper attracted attention throughout the colonies. He founded a debating society, a public library, the first American magazine, the University of Pennsylvania, a volunteer fire department, and the postal system for the colonies. He experimented with science and invention. He invented the lightning rod and a stove which bears his name.

This was not all. Franklin was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He went to France, where his fame as a scientist, his reputation as the author of *Poor Richard's Almanac,* and his wit made him one of the most popular men at the French court. Later, when the colonies, now free, were trying to work out a scheme of government, he had a large part in the framing of the constitution under which we live.

It is an interesting and exciting story, this story of how a poor printer's apprentice in Boston became a great public benefactor, a great scientist, and a great statesman. It is a story that shows how the ideas of thrift and industry that he put into his Almanac enabled him to make his life a record of noble achievement for himself and for his country's safety and fame.

MY ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA

I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings; and I knew no soul or where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money and the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; and she, standing in the door, saw me and thought I made, as I

certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meetinghouse of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quakerman, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made

myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford, the printer's. I found in the shop the old man, his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who perhaps might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the townspeople that had a good will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greater part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press, and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on

Aquila Rose [his former helper], an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no cŏpy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be worked with, and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasions; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterwards found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He, being at Newcastle forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good will to me, and that everything would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thanked him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and showed him the letter. The governor read it, and seemed surprised when he was told my age. He said I appeared a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones; and if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part, he would procure me the public business and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when, one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we

saw the governor and another gentleman (who proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle), finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer stared like a pig poisoned. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third Street, and over the Madeira he proposed my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assured me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the meantime the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual, the governor sending for me now and then to dine with him—a very great honor I thought it—and conversing with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offered for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flatter-

ing things of me to my father, and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that must make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay, and sprang a leak; we had a blustering time at sea and were obliged to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arrived safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What tells you that the events related in this story happened many years ago? 2. Why do you think Franklin remembered so well all the details of his ridiculous appearance when he arrived in Philadelphia? 3. How did he fall in with the Quakers in Philadelphia? 4. What trade did Franklin learn, and to whom did he apply for work? 5. What interest did Sir William Keith show in him? 6. Why did he return to Boston? 7. What tells you that Franklin was fond of reading? 8. What traits in Franklin's character are indicated in this selection? 9. Which of them may account for his later greatness? 10. What habit of Franklin's does the picture on page 325 suggest? 11. Make a list of expressions peculiar to Franklin's time and give modern substitutes for them. 12. How do you connect Franklin's name with *The Saturday Evening Post?* 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: passage; thereby; sly; hand; discovering; artful; font; dieted; illiterate; condescension. 14. *Pronounce:* fatigued; accosting; reputable; sophister; novice; compositor; apprehended; affable.

Phrases for Study

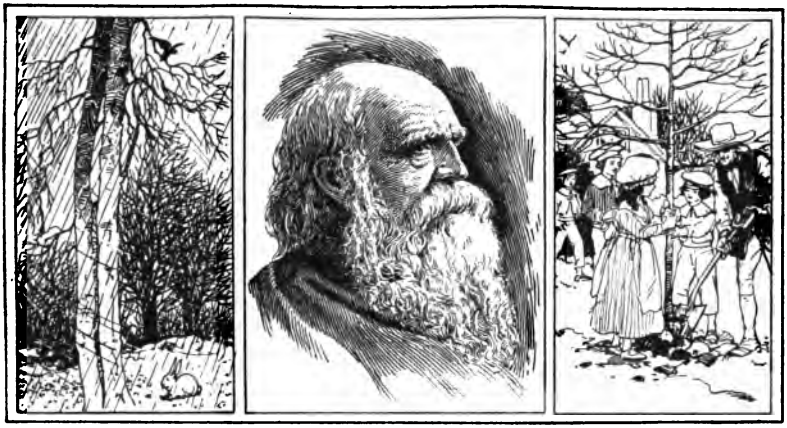
composing stick, **329**, 16
starting little doubts, **329**, 25
interest he relied on, **329**, 26
French prophets, **330**, 21
enthusiastic agitations, **330**, 21
something of all on occasions, **330**, 23
had a good deal of the knave in his composition, **330**, 24
accommodated to my mind, **331**, 15
of promising parts, **331**, 26
vessel offered for, **332**, 31

FRANKLIN'S "ONLY AMUSEMENT"

The library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day and thus repaired in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allowed myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continued as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing house; I had a young family coming on to be educated; and I had to contend for business with two printers who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father, having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me, though I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings,* which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before *five,* and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What habit of using the library did Franklin make? Have you a fixed habit of reading outside the school? 2. What kind of books do you think Franklin read? 3. What amusement did he allow himself? 4. What two habits combined to make Franklin's income increase? 5. What proverb did his habit of industry prove true? 6. What habits of saving have you? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: repaired; degree; learned; education; frolics; contend; mean. 8. *Pronounce:* indefatigable; distinction.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Once there was a boy who lived in the hill country of western Massachusetts and who came to know every bird and flower and stream. Years later, when he was a man, carrying a heavy burden of work in the city of New York, he went back summer after summer to the scenes of his boyhood to gain new strength from the hills that were dear to him. And always, from his boyhood to his old age, he loved poetry. In nature he found many of his best subjects, so that from time to time a poem about the gladness of nature, or the waterfowl, or the yellow violet, or the bobolink, or March, would be added to his sheaf of poems, and he is now revered as our first great American poet, William Cullen Bryant.

This almost sums up a long and useful life. Bryant (1794-1878) was born four years after Franklin's death, and eighteen years after the Declaration of Independence. He died two years after the first centennial of that Declaration. When he was born, Washington was president; he died thirteen years after Lincoln, the great preserver of the Union that Washington had founded. But his life was not so crowded with thrilling experiences as the life of Franklin. His boyhood in the Massachusetts hills; his active life as the editor of the New York

Evening Post, which he made the most influential newspaper in America; his summers on Long Island or back amid the scenes of his boyhood; varied by an occasional trip to Europe—these make the simple record of a life as truly great, in its way, as the life of Franklin.

Franklin's life was filled with adventure, like Roosevelt's or Admiral Peary's. But Bryant's adventures were none the less real. He was too poor to complete his college course, and he studied law in an office. When he walked through the country to the village where he expected to practice law, he was filled with doubt as to his future. Suddenly he saw a waterfowl, and wondered whence it had come and whither it was going, flying high and alone through the soft evening air. And as the youth watched, the bird was gone, and the adventure was over, except for the reflection that brought courage to the boy's heart—

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

There were other adventures. Once he came upon the yellow violet—

"When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below,"

and his joy over finding this early flower made for the poet an adventure as truly as if he had discovered Aladdin's cave.

Bryant's poetry, then, is filled with stories of these adventures in the kingdom of nature. The woods were filled for him with solemn magic. To know this magic of the woods, you have no better guide than the poems of William Cullen Bryant. He can show you how to find adventure near at hand, adventure that is as real as if he led you to pirate ships or desert islands or enchanted caves. And after all, it is the power to find adventure in the life about us that will help to make us happy.

MARCH

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But, in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
And that soft time of sunny showers
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What peculiarities of March weather have you observed? 2. How does the poet regard March? Why? 3. What reasons does the poet give for calling March "a welcome month"? Another poet, Helen Hunt Jackson, says:

"Oh, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!"

Do you agree with her? 4. Why does the poet say "the full springs are just set out to meet the sea"? 5. What season is indicated in lines 21 and 22, page 337? 6. How does "the year's departing beauty" hide the threat of winter storms? 7. What "kindly promise" is meant? 8. In whose "sternest frown" does it abide? 9. To what month does the last stanza refer? 10. Memorize the last stanza. 11. How does the March of Bryant's poem compare with that described by Wordsworth (page 61)? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: train; sullen.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above this apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,

Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh! when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rimes
On planting the apple tree."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Read the stanza that tells how we plant the apple tree. 2. What comparison is there in the first stanza? 3. In the second stanza what does the poet say we plant in the apple tree? In the third stanza? In the fourth? 4. Why did the poet follow this order? 5. Why is the grass called fragrant? 6. In the fifth stanza, what is said of the apple tree in the winter season? 7. With what is "cottage hearth" compared? 8. What is the meaning of lines 7-9, page 340? 9. How would you answer the poet's questions in the seventh stanza? 10. What do you think Bryant would say about the work of the American Forestry Association as a "task of mercy"? This association sent 35,000,000 tree seeds overseas to plant new trees on the battlefields of France and Belgium. 11. To whom does "a poet of the land" refer? 12. Why do you like this poem? 13. How does the picture on page 335 compare with the picture you imagined when reading the first stanza? 14. What thoughts about the apple tree were uppermost in Bryant's mind? In the mind of the poet who wrote "Apple Blossoms," on page 54? 15. The last paragraph on page 336 mentions the kind of "adventures" that made Bryant's life full of interest. Was the poet's experience in planting an apple tree one of these adventures? How does this kind of adventure differ from the adventures that made the life of Roosevelt thrilling? 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: mold; betrays; fraud; wasting; quaint. 17. *Pronounce:* hearth; sojourners.

Phrases for Study

thrush with crimson breast, **339**, 4
Cintra's vine, **340**, 4
of the line, **340**, 5
wonder at the view, **340**, 10
tasks of mercy, **340**, 21
length of years, **340**, 23

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago;
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

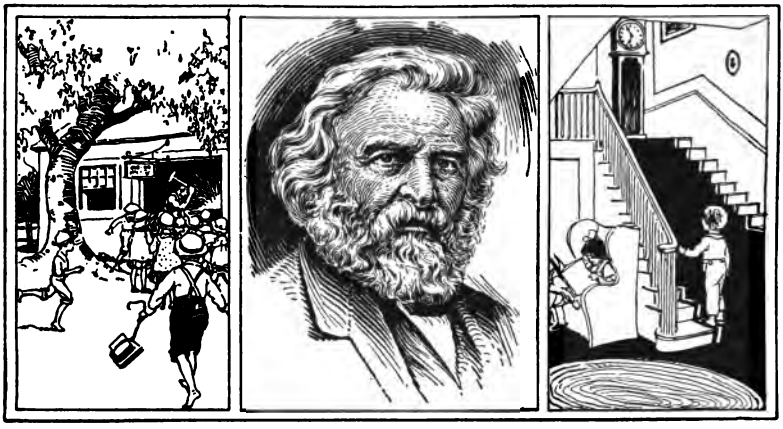
And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. To what season does the poet refer in the opening stanza? 2. Why does he call it "the saddest of the year"? 3. What does Bryant say makes the leaves "rustle" at this time of year? 4. What is an "eddying gust"? 5. What is meant by "a beauteous sisterhood"? 6. What spring flowers does the poet name? What fall flowers? 7. What comparison is made in the third stanza? 8. Which line contains the best description of autumn? 9. How does your feeling about autumn compare with Bryant's? 10. Are the brooks and the wind and the rain really sad in autumn, or is it the poet's fancy that makes them seem so? Do these same things seem sad in "March," page 337? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: sear; sprang; glade; glen. 12. *Pronounce:* orchis; upland.

Phrases for Study

naked woods, **342**, 2
fair and good of ours, **342**, 10
falls the plague on men, **342**, 17
late he bore, **343**, 5



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), most loved of our poets, spent his boyhood amid the scenes of the beautiful harbor of Portland, Maine. It was to him a source of inspiration, as it was later to Robert Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole. They looked upon the islands of Casco Bay and upon the ships passing out from Portland on their way to the uttermost reaches of ocean, and the magic and mystery of these far-travelers and of the sea roused in these boys the spirit of adventure.

Longfellow, too, like Peary, was to become a discoverer. He was to cross the sea and bring back stories and legends from the old world, to become the first to interpret the civilization of Europe for the benefit of America. From his love of the sea he was to write a patriotic poem, "The Building of the Ship," in which he compared the nation to a ship, a poem that nerved the tired heart of Lincoln in the darkest days of war. He was to write ballads of the sea, and the sea was to be a constant source of inspiration in many of his poems.

Most of Longfellow's active years were spent as professor of modern languages, first at Bowdoin College in Maine, and later at Harvard College, Cambridge, where he lived in the historic Craigie House overlooking the Charles River—a house in which

Washington had been quartered when he came to Cambridge in 1775 to take command of the Continental army.

The events of Longfellow's life were few, but his service to his country was as real as though he had been a great general or a statesman. The weak and struggling nation had become powerful and wealthy. Pioneer hardships were being forgotten, and with growing wealth came increasing need for keeping alive the plain household virtues of simplicity and sincerity.

Longfellow is our "Household Poet." Poems like "The Arrow and the Song," "The Psalm of Life," and scores of others have become household treasures. Like Franklin's homely proverbs of thrift, they appeal not to the few but to all sorts of people. To those youths who long to do great things he says,

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time."

The village blacksmith teaches how,

"At the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought."

Longfellow's gift lay in his power of telling stories. He could translate a legend into ringing verse, and he told colonial history and legend in such form that children and their parents alike take delight in them. He studied the legends of the Indians and wrote about them in a long poem, "Hiawatha," one of the most precious possessions of American literature. He translated poems from foreign literature in such a way as to make them seem our own. He is the poet of history and legend, of the culture that Europe had possessed for centuries but that America, the new country, had to make for herself.

He is, finally, the poet of childhood and youth. This is because he loved children. He said to them:

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun;
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done.
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The "village smithy" stood "under a spreading chestnut tree" in Brattle Street, Cambridge, not far from the Longfellow home. In time it gave place to a dwelling house, and the chestnut tree had to be cut down. On the morning this event took place many people came out to see the old tree, made famous by the poet,

meet its fate. Everyone was sorry to see the old landmark go, and Longfellow especially felt the loss keenly. On his seventy-second birthday, an armchair made from the wood of the old chestnut tree was presented to Longfellow by the children of Cambridge. The fourth stanza of the poem was inscribed upon the chair, and a brass plate bore this inscription:

"To the author of 'The Village Blacksmith,' this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in the best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary, February 27, 1879."

This remembrance so greatly pleased Longfellow that in reply to the children he wrote the poem, "From My Armchair."

Discussion. 1. What picture does the poet give you of the smith? 2. What is the result of the smith's owing nobody? 3. What habits of the blacksmith does this stanza tell you about? 4. What "lesson" has the blacksmith taught? 5. What is compared with "the flaming forge"? With "the sounding anvil"? 6. Which lines make an appropriate motto for all workers? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: smithy; brawny; crisp; tan; bellows; sledge; sexton; chaff; thrashing. 8. *Pronounce:* sinewy; wrought.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned countryseat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchangéd it has stood;
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;

But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed.
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled;
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long-since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly:
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. "The Old Clock on the Stairs," that for many years stood in the Longfellow home in Cambridge, passed to the home of Mr. Thomas Appleton, in Boston. The Longfellow home, "the most historic building in New England save Faneuil Hall," was Washington's headquarters for nine months following the battle of Bunker Hill. It is a fine example of colonial architecture, "guarded by stately poplars," and commanding a good view of the Charles River. Down the street on the opposite side stood the "spreading chestnut tree" and the "village smithy." The house is now occupied by Longfellow's daughter Alice. She is one of his three daughters, whom he calls "blue-eyed banditti" in "The Children's Hour."

Discussion. 1. What picture do you have after reading the first stanza? 2. What do "old-fashioned" and "antique" add to your picture? 3. What picture of the clock do the first two stanzas give you? 4. Read the lines illustrated by the picture on page 344. 5. Why does Longfellow call this an "ancient" timepiece? 6. What name is applied to this kind of clock? 7. In what way does he say the clock is like a monk? 8. Why does the clock's voice seem low by day and loud at night? 9. With what does the poet compare the clock's voice at night? 10. What habit of the clock does Longfellow mention in the fourth stanza? 11. Whose fires does he say once roared up the chimney? 12. To what "precious hours" does he refer in the sixth stanza? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: portico; countryseat; station; massive; board; prime; shroud; incessantly. 14. *Pronounce:* vicissitude; affluence; horologe.

A PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art; to dust returnest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. The poet says that life is not a dream, but a reality; quote the words that tell what the aim of life is. 2. What do the lives of great men suggest to us? 3. What lines tell how our right living may be a help to others? 4. What added meaning does *then* give to the last stanza? What other word might be used instead of *then*? 5. Can you suggest another title to express the theme or thought of the poem? 6. Compare the theme of this poem with that of the poem "Gradatim" (page 205). 7. Commit to memory the seventh stanza. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: goal; destined; bivouac; sublime; main; achieving.

Phrases for Study

mournful numbers, **352**, 1
art is long, **352**, 13
time is fleeting, **352**, 13
dead Past bury its dead, **352**, 22
footprints on the sands of time, **353**, 4

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Like Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne was a great weaver of tales. He wrote in prose, not verse, but his stories are told in such perfect form that they are almost like poems. Like Longfellow, too, Hawthorne was interested in early American legend and history. He did not write about Indians, or ballads about the sea, but found his subjects, for the most part, in the early history of the state in which he was born and in which he passed, except for foreign travel, almost his whole life.

Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the nation's birthday, July 4. His father was a sea-captain and died when Nathaniel was four years old. His boyhood was rather lonely, and at Bowdoin College, where he was a classmate of Longfellow's, he was shy and silent. When he returned to Salem after his graduation, he lived for a dozen years in almost complete seclusion. All the time he was writing, filling page after page of manuscript and then destroying it because it did not satisfy him. It was not until twelve years after his graduation that he brought out his first book, *Twice-Told Tales.*

The *Twice-Told Tales* get their name from the fact that they are usually based on some story that Hawthorne found in

his readings of early New England history. Some of the stories are more imaginative and less like history, as "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe." They are, however, usually related in one way or another to the deeds and beliefs of the Puritans who settled the New England colonies.

Hawthorne wrote many other collections of stories, almost all of them interesting because they were "twice-told" tales. *Grandfather's Chair* is one such collection, from which "The Boston Tea Party" and "Washington and the American Army" are taken. "Little Daffydowndilly" is from *The Snow Image and Other Tales. The Wonder-Book,* from which "Hercules and the Golden Apples" is taken, and *Tanglewood Tales* you will like because they tell old myths of Greece and Rome in modern form. *Mosses from an Old Manse* is the delightful name Hawthorne gave to a collection of tales somewhat like his *Twice-Told Tales.* The Manse was the quaint old house in which the author lived.

You see that the very names given by Hawthorne to his stories tempt the reader. *Grandfather's Chair, Twice-Told Tales, Mosses from an Old Manse, Tanglewood Tales, The Wonder-Book*—such names make you wish to know what these books contain.

Hawthorne, then, is the interpreter of early life in New England. He spent most of his life not far from Boston. Old Salem; old Concord, where the Revolutionary war broke out; the hills of western Massachusetts, for a brief time—these were his principal homes. He held several government positions. President Franklin Pierce was his classmate and intimate friend. Hawthorne lived abroad in the consular service for a time. But his life speaks to us of our beginnings as a nation. The old house at Concord, near the bridge where the battle took place on that April day in 1775, is to be remembered and loved as the dwelling place of our best interpreter of early New England. In the beautiful Sleepy Hollow cemetery at Concord is his grave, near the grave of Emerson, another of America's great men of letters.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY *

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Daffydowndilly had never been known to tell a lie in his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good

deal to do with Mr. Toil and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him among the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers

to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop for a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-ax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed

his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he were only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see

but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and by and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all

his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, down shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brothers.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is—there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of the opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better

acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Why was Daffydowndilly so named? 2. Do you think he disliked school because of the work or because of Mr. Toil? 3. Which sentences tell you this? 4. What was his purpose in running away from school? 5. Who joined him? 6. On their way they met several groups of workers; what happened in each case? 7. What conclusion did Daffydowndilly finally draw? 8. Find the lines that tell you. 9. Why should everyone do his part of the world's work? 10. Why should we learn to enjoy work? 11. What was Hawthorne's purpose in writing this story? 12. Which of all the experiences that Daffydowndilly had in his walk with the stranger surprised him most? 13. Who are more easily tired, persons like Monsieur le Plaisir who constantly seek pleasure, or persons who enjoy their everyday life and tasks? 14. Whom do you know that finds real pleasure in doing work that seems to you uninteresting and tedious? 15. Find the lines illustrated by the picture to the left of Hawthorne's portrait on page 354. 16. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: resembled; affirmed; hitherto; indulgent; ugly-visaged; trudging; sociably; precisely; erecting; clapboards; molest; compasses; exhorting; diligent; besought; composedly; flourishing; innumerable; entreated; torpid; whit. 17. *Pronounce:* countenance; quoth; epaulets; Monsieur le Plaisir; Signor Far Niente; approbation.

Phrases for Study

took no delight in, **356**, 3
worthy character, **356**, 8
sedate appearance, **357**, 18
bore such a singular resemblance to, **359**, 12
delighting himself with this idea, **359**, 25
hard visage, **360**, 6
making merry, **361**, 20
ease and dexterity, **361**, 33

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE *

I. THE PEDDLER MEETS THE TRAVELER

A young fellow, a tobacco-peddler by trade, was on his way from Morristown to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco-stalk, on the rear. The peddler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character. As will be seen in the course of my story, he was inquisitive and something of a tattler, always anxious to hear the news and to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown the tobacco-peddler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had traveled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill at the foot of which the peddler had stopped. Dominicus noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and traveled with a weary, yet determined, pace. He did not look as if he had started in the morning, but as if he had footed it all night and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

The traveler—an ill-looking fellow—appeared to hesitate a little. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard at eight o'clock last night by an Irishman and a negro. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a cigar and relate all the particulars. The peddler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him a great deal of tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator

had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road. He found himself the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard, about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting that he was a crusty old fellow. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

II. THE PEDDLER RETELLS THE STORY

What with telling the news and driving bargains, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper he seated himself in the lobby, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before and was now seated in a corner. When the story was concluded, he rose up, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus. "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store as I was riding by, and asked me to do a little business for him. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then, it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus.

"I guess he'd have mentioned it, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus Pike quite down in the mouth.

The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. To avoid the old farmer, Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away toward Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, wagon, horseman, nor foot-traveler, till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the peddler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, maybe you can tell me the real facts about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a negro?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian ap-

peared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the peddler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at about thirty miles distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all?

With these meditations Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton-factories can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but few of the shop doors were unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the hostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the fact. Neither did he relate it on his own authority but mentioned it as a report.

The story ran through the town like fire and became so much the talk that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the cotton-factories. Such was the excitement that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication and came out with a column headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed

account stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree.

III. THE EXCITEMENT AT PARKER'S FALLS

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls rushed into the street. Our friend Dominicus forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative when the mail-stage drove into the village street. It had traveled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it, to hear the news. The peddler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the center of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Has Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!!"

The lawyer had generally his wits about him, even

when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large red pocketbook. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, and had such a sweet, pretty mouth that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, "I can assure you that some mistake, or a falsehood, has excited this uproar. We passed through Kimballton this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which proved either that Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or—as some deemed the more probable case—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the peddler's explanation, appeared at the tavern-door, making a signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright—that same unhappy niece whom they had supposed, on the authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my

dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocketbook under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuits in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

A stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The mill men resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. Nothing saved Dominicus but an appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to her, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighborhood clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud was easily brushed off when dry. His heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The peddler meditated much on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke or looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham while defending him.

IV. THE PEDDLER SOLVES THE MYSTERY

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind. The story of the first traveler might now have been considered a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his guilty look on being questioned. When to this it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making inquiries along the road, the peddler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth!"

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on

Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. A man on horseback trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on toward the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the toll-man, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the peddler, throwing back his whip-lash to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but tonight he nodded, as if to say, 'Charge my toll,' and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be home at eight o'clock."

The peddler strained his eyes through the twilight and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim, as if faintly molded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the peddler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street. On his left was a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still a mowing-field, and last of all a house. These were the premises of Mr.

Higginbotham. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate," said he, trembling, "till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn around the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary center of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The peddler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor in this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt-end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—old Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle has not been already guessed, a few words will explain it. Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by his disappearance; the third was in the act when a champion appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the peddler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the

pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death in bed, since which event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a tobacco manufactory in my native village.

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Tell in your own words the story of Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, using the following topics: (a) the peddler meets the traveler; (b) the peddler retells the sensational news; (c) the excitement at Parker's Falls; (d) the peddler solves the mystery. 2. Read again the first chapter of the story and list all the suggestions made by the author to increase the reader's suspicion that the traveler is one of the three men who plotted the murder. 3. Point out suggestions that make you think the negro whom the peddler met was also one of the three plotters. 4. At what point in your reading of this story did you connect the first traveler or the negro with the plot to hang Mr. Higginbotham? 5. What reason can you give for the traveler's telling the sensational news? 6. At what point in the story was your interest greatest? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (I) depicted; communicated; pondering; perpetrated; manifested; (II) gospel; (III) population; narrative; shifted; rumbled; excessive; (IV) hoax; equivalent; instinct; solitary. 8. *Pronounce:* (I) catastrophe; narrator; occurrence; (II) mentioned; perplexity; meditations; hostler; originated; pathos; (III) edition; apprehended; signature; supplicate; ablution; (IV) autograph; discern; emergency; champion.

Phrases for Study

hold a morning gossip, **365**, 14
determined pace, **365**, 20
go a pretty good jog, **365**, 24
relate all the particulars, **366**, 18
filling up the outline, **367**, 5
quite a respectable narrative, **367**, 6
driving bargains, **367**, 16
make affidavit, **367**, 28
mingle in the conversation, **368**, 14
revived his spirits, **368**, 20
reining in, **368**, 26
deemed it advisable, **369**, 22
coroner's verdict, **370**, 28
excited this uproar, **371**, 9
continue to transact, **371**, 21
object of abhorrence, **372**, 14
thanksgiving had been proclaimed, **372**, 15
revolve the circumstances, **373**, 12
sanctioned his addresses, **375**, 33

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES *

I. HERCULES SEEKS THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price by the bushel if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. Children, nevertheless, used to listen open-mouthed to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch while the other fifty slept.

In my opinion, it was hardly worth running so much risk for the sake of a solid golden apple. Had the apples been sweet, mellow, and juicy, indeed, that would be another matter. There might then have been some sense in trying to get at them, in spite of the hundred-headed dragon.

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 247.

But, as I have already told you, it was quite a common thing with young persons, when tired of too much peace and rest, to go in search of the garden of the Hesperides. And once the adventure was undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapped in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though on the whole, he was kind and generous and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter, and many looked as if they would have laughed at the question if the stranger had not carried so very big a club.

II. HERCULES MEETS THE FLOWER MAIDENS

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until at last he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

The young women had been having a fine time together, weaving the flowers into wreaths and crowning one another's heads. And there seemed to be a kind of magic in the touch of their fingers that made the flowers more fresh and dewy and of brighter hues and sweeter fragrance while they played with them than even when they had been growing on their native stems. But on hearing the stranger's

question, they dropped all their flowers on the grass and gazed at him with astonishment.

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it after so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveler, what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"Most of the young men who go in quest of these apples," observed another of the damsels, "desire to obtain them for themselves or to present them to some fair maiden whom they love. Do you, then, love this king so very much?"

"Perhaps not," replied the stranger, sighing. "He has often been severe and cruel to me. But it is my destiny to obey him."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon with a hundred heads keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But from my cradle upward it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure, and they whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But then the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster? So kind-hearted were the maidens that they could not bear to see this brave and handsome traveler attempt what was so very dangerous, and devote himself most probably to become a meal for the dragon's hundred mouths.

"Go back!" cried they all; "go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up."

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club and let it fall upon a rock that lay half-buried in the earth near by. With the force of that idle blow the great rock was shattered all to pieces. It cost the stranger no more effort to achieve this feat of a giant's strength than for one of the young maidens to touch her sister's rosy cheek with a flower.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass and told them the story of his life, or as much of it as he could remember, from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield. While he lay there, two immense serpents came gliding over the floor and opened their hideous jaws to devour him, and he, a baby of a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists and strangled them to death. When he was but a stripling, he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders. The next thing that he had done was to fight a battle with an ugly sort of monster called a hydra, which had no less than nine heads and exceedingly sharp teeth in every one of them.

"But the dragon of the Hesperides, you know," observed one of the damsels, "has a hundred heads!"

"Nevertheless," replied the stranger, "I would rather fight two such dragons than a single hydra. For as fast as

I cut off a head, two others grew in its place; and, besides, there was one of the heads that could not possibly be killed, but kept biting as fiercely as ever, long after it was cut off. So I was forced to bury it under a stone, where it is doubtless alive to this very day. But the hydra's body and its eight other heads will never do any further mischief." The damsels, judging that the story was likely to last a good while, had been preparing a repast of bread and grapes, that the stranger might refresh himself in the intervals of his talk. They took pleasure in helping him to this simple food, and now and then one of them would put a sweet grape between her rosy lips lest it should make him bashful to eat alone.

The traveler proceeded to tell how he had chased a very swift stag for a twelvemonth together without ever stopping to take breath, and had at last caught it by the antlers and carried it home alive. And he had fought with a very odd race of people, half horse and half man, and had put them all to death, from a sense of duty, in order that their ugly figures might never be seen any more. Besides all this, he took to himself great credit for having cleaned out a stable.

"Do you call that a wonderful exploit?" asked one of the young maidens with a smile. "Any clown in the country has done as much."

"Had it been an ordinary stable," replied the stranger, "I should not have mentioned it. But this was so gigantic a task that it would have taken me all my life to perform it if I had not luckily thought of turning the channel of a river through the stable door. That did the business in a very short time."

Seeing how earnestly his fair auditors listened, he next told them how he had shot some monstrous birds, and had caught a wild bull alive and let him go again, and had tamed

a number of very wild horses, and had conquered Hippolyta, the warlike queen of the Amazons. He mentioned, likewise, that he had taken off Hippolyta's enchanted girdle and had given it to the daughter of his cousin, the king.

"Was it the girdle of Venus," inquired the prettiest of the maidens, "which makes women beautiful?"

"No," answered the stranger; "it had been the sword-belt of Mars, and it can only make the wearer valiant."

"An old sword-belt!" cried the damsel, tossing her head. "Then I should not care about having it."

"You are right," said the stranger.

Going on with his wonderful narrative, he informed the maidens that as strange an adventure as ever happened was when he fought with Geryon, the six-legged man. This was a very odd and frightful sort of figure, as you may well believe. Any person looking at his tracks in the sand or snow would suppose that three sociable companions had been walking along together. On hearing his footsteps at a little distance, it was no more than reasonable to judge that several people must be coming. But it was only the strange man Geryon clattering onward with his six legs.

Six legs and one gigantic body! Certainly he must have been a very queer monster to look at; and, my stars, what a waste of shoe-leather!

When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he modestly. "My name is Hercules."

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens, "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange any longer that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took possession of his ponderous club, and so entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms that not a finger's breadth of its oaken substance could be seen. It looked all like a huge bunch of flowers. Lastly, they joined hands and danced around him, chanting words which became poetry of their own accord and grew into a choral song in honor of the illustrious Hercules.

III. THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

And Hercules was rejoiced, as any other hero would have been, to know that these fair young girls had heard of the deeds which it had cost him so much toil and danger to achieve. But still he was not satisfied. He could not think that what he had done was worthy of so much honor while there remained any bold adventure to be undertaken.

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

"Ah! must you go soon?" they exclaimed. "You, that have performed so many wonders and spent such a toilsome life, cannot you content yourself to repose a little while on the margin of this peaceful river?"

Hercules shook his head.

"I must depart now," said he.

"We will then give you the best directions we can," replied the damsels. "You must go to the seashore and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found."

"The Old One!" repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. "And pray, who may the Old One be?"

"Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure," answered one of the damsels. "He has fifty daughters, whom some people call very beautiful, but we do not think it proper to be acquainted with them, because they have sea-green hair and taper away like fishes. You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He is a seafaring person, and knows all about the garden of the Hesperides, for it is situated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness—for the bread and grapes with which they had fed him, the lovely flowers with which they had crowned him, and the songs and dances wherewith they had done him honor; and he thanked them most of all for telling him the right way—and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him.

"Keep fast hold of the Old One when you catch him!" cried she, smiling and lifting her finger to make the caution more impressive. "Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

Hercules again thanked her and pursued his way, while the maidens resumed their pleasant labor of making flower-wreaths. They talked about the hero long after he was gone.

"We will crown him with the loveliest of our garlands," said they, "when he returns hither with the three golden apples after slaying the dragon with a hundred heads."

Meanwhile, Hercules traveled constantly onward over hill and dale and through the solitary woods. Sometimes he swung his club aloft and splintered a mighty oak with a

downright blow. His mind was so full of the giants and monsters with whom it was the business of his life to fight that perhaps he mistook the great tree for a giant or a monster. And so eager was Hercules to achieve what he had undertaken that he almost regretted to have spent so much time with the damsels, wasting idle breath upon the story of his adventures. But thus it always is with persons who are destined to perform great things. What they have already done seems less than nothing—what they have taken in hand to do seems worth toil, danger, and life itself.

Persons who happened to be passing through the forest must have been affrighted to see him smite the trees with his great club. With but a single blow the trunk was riven as by the stroke of lightning, and the broad boughs came rustling and crashing down.

Hastening forward without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound he increased his speed and soon came to a beach where the great surf-waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand in a long line of snowy foam. At one end of the beach, however, there was a pleasant spot where some green shrubbery clambered up a cliff, making its rocky face look soft and beautiful. A carpet of verdant grass largely intermixed with sweet-smelling clover covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should Hercules espy there but an old man fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight it looked very like one, but on closer inspection it rather seemed to be some kind of creature that lived in the sea. For on his legs and arms there were scales such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than

of an ordinary beard. Have you never seen a stick of timber that has been long tossed about by the waves, and has got all overgrown with barnacles, and, at last drifting ashore, seems to have been thrown up from the very deepest bottom of the sea? Well, the old man would have put you in mind of just such a wave-tossed spar. But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the hospitable maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe toward him and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules the next moment. For, all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear out of his grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a seabird, fluttering and screaming while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw. But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards there was an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but Geryon, the six-legged man-monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on. By and by no Geryon was there, but a huge snake like one of

those which Hercules had strangled in his babyhood, only a hundred times as big; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright, so that it was really a very terrible spectacle. But Hercules was no whit disheartened and squeezed the great snake so tightly that it soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea, though he generally looked so much like the wave-beaten figurehead of a vessel, had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such surprise and terror by these magical transformations that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea, whence he would not soon have given himself the trouble of coming up in order to answer any impertinent questions. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, I suppose, would have been frightened out of their wits by the very first of his ugly shapes, and would have taken to their heels at once. For one of the hardest things in this world is to see the difference between real dangers and imaginary ones.

But as Hercules held on so stubbornly and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, and really put him to no small torture, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage with something like a tuft of seaweed at his chin.

"Pray what do you want with me?" cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath; for it is quite a tiresome affair to go through so many false shapes. "Why do you

squeeze me so hard? Let me go this moment, or I shall begin to consider you an extremely uncivil person."

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger; "and you will never get out of my clutch until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides."

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw with half an eye that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. The Old One was an inhabitant of the sea, you must recollect, and roamed about everywhere, like other seafaring people. Of course he had often heard of the fame of Hercules, and of the wonderful things that he was constantly performing in various parts of the earth, and how determined he always was to accomplish whatever he undertook. He therefore made no more attempts to escape, but told the hero how to find the garden of the Hesperides, and likewise warned him of many difficulties which must be overcome before he could arrive thither.

"You must go on thus and thus," said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

"And if the giant happens not to be in the humor," remarked Hercules, balancing his club on the tip of his finger, "perhaps I shall find means to persuade him."

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. He met with a great many strange adventures, which would be well worth your hearing if I had leisure to narrate them as minutely as they deserve.

IV. THE GIANT AND THE GOLDEN CUP

It was in this journey, if I mistake not, that he encountered a prodigious giant who was so wonderfully contrived by nature that every time he touched the earth he became ten times as strong as ever he had been before. His name was Antæus. You may see plainly enough that it was a very difficult business to fight with such a fellow, for as often as he got a knock-down blow, up he started again, stronger, fiercer, and abler to use his weapons than if his enemy had let him alone. Thus, the harder Hercules pounded the giant with his club, the further he seemed from winning the victory. I have sometimes argued with such people, but never fought with one. The only way in which Hercules found it possible to finish the battle was by lifting Antæus off his feet into the air, and squeezing and squeezing and squeezing him until finally the strength was quite squeezed out of his enormous body.

When this affair was finished, Hercules continued his travels and went to the land of Egypt, where he was taken prisoner, and would have been put to death if he had not slain the King of the country and made his escape. Passing through the deserts of Africa and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crests of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But suddenly, as he looked toward the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer, for at every instant this wonderful object be-

came larger and more lustrous. At length it had come so nigh that Hercules discovered it to be an immense cup or bowl made either of gold or burnished brass. How it had got afloat upon the sea is more than I can tell you. There it was, at all events, rolling on the tumultuous billows, which tossed it up and down and heaved their foamy tops against its sides, but without ever throwing their spray over the brim.

"I have seen many giants in my time," thought Hercules, "but never one that would need to drink his wine out of a cup like this."

And, true enough, what a cup it must have been! It was as large—as large—but, in short, I am afraid to say how immeasurably large it was. To speak within bounds, it was ten times larger than a great mill wheel, and, all of metal as it was, it floated over the heaving surges more lightly than an acorn-cup down the brook. The waves tumbled it onward until it grazed against the shore within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing.

As soon as this happened, he knew what was to be done, for he had not gone through so many remarkable adventures without learning pretty well how to conduct himself whenever anything came to pass a little out of the common rule. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power and guided hitherward in order to carry Hercules across the sea on his way to the garden of the Hesperides. Accordingly, without a moment's delay he clambered over the brim and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. He had scarcely rested until now since he bade farewell to the damsels on the margin of the river. The waves dashed with a pleasant and ringing sound against the circumference of the hollow cup; it rocked

lightly to and fro, and the motion was so soothing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

His nap had probably lasted a good while when the cup chanced to graze against a rock, and in consequence immediately resounded and reverberated through its golden or brazen substance a hundred times as loudly as ever you heard a church bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started up and gazed around him, wondering whereabouts he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea, and was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And on that island what do you think he saw?

V. THE GIANT ATLAS

No, you will never guess it—not if you were to try fifty thousand times! It positively appears to me that this was the most marvelous spectacle that had ever been seen by Hercules in the whole course of his wonderful travels and adventures. It was a greater marvel than the hydra with nine heads, which kept growing twice as fast as they were cut off; greater than the six-legged man-monster; greater than Antæus; greater than anything that was ever beheld by anybody before or since the days of Hercules, or than anything that remains to be beheld by travelers in all time to come. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as

Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head! This does really seem almost too much to believe.

Meanwhile the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it with all its enormous features—eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people nowadays who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength. What the sky was to the giant, such are the cares of earth to those who let themselves be weighed down by them. And whenever men undertake what is beyond the just measure of their abilities, they encounter precisely such a doom as had befallen this poor giant.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet, and oak trees six or seven centuries old had sprung from the acorns and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder proceeding out of the cloud that had just flitted away from his face:

"Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, causing such a pother that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up in the obscurity of the tempest, and now and then a momentary glimpse of his whole figure mantled in a volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking most of the time, but his big, deep, rough voice chimed in with the reverberations of the thunder-claps and rolled away over the hills like them. Thus by talking out of season the foolish giant expended an incalculable quantity of breath to no purpose, for the thunder spoke quite as intelligibly as he.

At last the storm swept over as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine beaming over his vast height and illuminating it against the background of the sullen thunder-clouds. So far above the shower had been his head that not a hair of it was moistened by the raindrops.

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the seashore, he roared out to him anew:

"I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must be careful to remember, was a remarkably strong man; and, though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking that for the first time in his life he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders, "but it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years."

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought that it would be still more for his own glory if he could boast of upholding the sky than merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas and placed upon those of Hercules.

VI. HERCULES GAINS THE GOLDEN APPLES

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it, then the other. Then all at once he began to caper and leap and dance for joy at his freedom, flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea—ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant as he still went onward, for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form more than thirty miles off, half-hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall and misty and blue as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the bye, its weight began already to be a little irksome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how it must have wearied him in a thousand years!"

Oh, my sweet little people, you have no idea what a weight there was in that same blue sky which looks so soft and aërial above our heads! And there, too, was the bluster of the wind, and the chill and watery clouds, and the blazing sun, all taking turns to make Hercules uncomfortable. He began to be afraid that the giant would never come back. He gazed wistfully at the world beneath him and acknowledged to himself that it was a far happier kind of life to be a shepherd at the foot of a mountain than to stand on its dizzy summit and bear up the firmament with his might and main. For, of course, as you will easily understand, Hercules had an immense responsibility on his mind, as well as a weight on his head and shoulders. Why, if he did not stand perfectly still and keep the sky immovable, the sun would perhaps be put ajar! Or, after nightful, a great many of the stars might be loosened from their places and shower down like fiery rain upon the people's heads! And how ashamed would the hero be if, owing to his unsteadiness beneath its weight, the sky should crack and show a great fissure quite across it!

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah, it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides! Yes, and the dragon with a hundred heads is a

sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go and am rather in haste, and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air twenty miles high or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down—"as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience."

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel

in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant."

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it," quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling toward Hercules, and was merely acting with a too selfish consideration of his own ease. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect. I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples and received back the sky from the head and shoulders of Hercules upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet and grew ancient there, and again might be seen oak trees six or seven centuries old that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

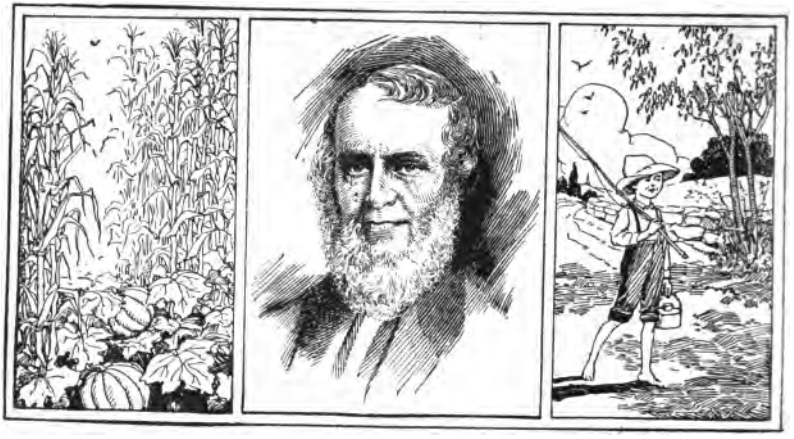
And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas bellowing after Hercules.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Tell the story of Hercules and the Golden Apples, following this outline: (a) Hercules seeks the garden of the Hesperides; (b) the flower maidens; (c) the Old Man of the Sea; (d) the giant Antæus; (e) the golden cup and the mighty Atlas; (f) the ending. 2. Which incident of the story interested you most? 3. What incidents of his life did Hercules narrate to the flower maidens? 4. Find all the different names the author uses in speaking of the flower maidens. 5. Which of the exploits of Hercules seems to you most wonderful? 6. What made Antæus so strong? 7. How did Hercules overcome the giant? 8. What do you learn of the beauty of the garden of the Hesperides? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: (I) graft; (II) pastime; heroic; remonstrances; intervals; auditors; valiant; ponderous; illustrious; (III) impressive; riven; verdant; figurehead; uncivil; (IV) prodigious; contrived; lustrous; immeasurably; circumference; reverberated; (V) intolerably; disconsolate; sustain; obscurity; intelligibly; (VI) immersed; wistfully; ajar. 10. *Pronounce:* (I) Hesperides; (II) destiny; stripling; hydra; exploit; gigantic; choral; (III) hospitable; minutely; (IV) Antæus; horizon; tumultuous; (V) pother; incalculable; (VI) aërial; firmament; fissure; posterity; variety.

Phrases for Study

to deal with, **379**, *21*
far beyond the might of, **379**, *26*
achieve this feat, **380**, 11
oaken substance, **383**, 6
of their own accord, **383**, 9
on closer inspection, **385**, *28*
overgrown with barnacles, **386**, 3
magical transformations, **387**, 13
relaxed his grasp, **387**, 14
taking the points of the compass, **388**, *20*
be in the humor, **388**, *22*
speak within bounds, **390**, 14
heaving surges, **390**, 16
conduct himself, **390**, *22*
beyond the just measure of their abilities, **392**, 13
mantled in a volume, **393**, 8
prodigious spectacle, **395**, 3
dizzy summit, **396**, 10
might and main, **396**, 10
spice of life, **398**, 17



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

You have seen that Longfellow wrote poems that have made him a household poet—his stories in verse, his poems of simple faith and noble ambition, and the poems in which he brought something of the culture of old Europe to this new country in such a way as to appeal to all the people—even those who care little for books and learning.

In the same year as that which is memorable for Longfellow's birth, another great American poet was born. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) knew hardship in his youth. The Massachusetts farm near Haverhill, where Whittier lived, supplied a living only to people who were sturdy enough to contend with stony soil. He had little schooling; Longfellow's training at Bowdoin College, his call to a professorship there while he was yet a mere boy, and the period of travel in Europe by which he completed his preparation for teaching, were helps to culture that Whittier never knew. Whittier had a year in Haverhill Academy; he had about thirty books; he acquired his first copy of Shakespeare and one of Scott's novels when he made a memorable trip to Boston—all these together making a preparation for life very different from that enjoyed by Longfellow.

But Whittier, more truly than any other of our chief poets, is the poet of the people. His best loved poems are those in which he told of boyhood on the farm, as in "The Barefoot Boy"; or of farm festivals, as "The Huskers" and "The Pumpkin"; or of winter in a Massachusetts countryside, as in "Snow-Bound"; or of labor, as in "The Drovers" and "The Fishermen." Like Longfellow, he wrote ballads, or short tales in verse, dealing with New England legends; and poems of simple religious faith, like hymns; and patriotic poems. He took an active part in the movement to abolish slavery, and some of his most stirring poems set forth his love for human liberty. But it is the poet who wrote about barefoot boys and husking-bees and fishermen, and scenes of farm-life, winter and summer, in old New England who is most dear to us. He loved and was inspired by the Scotch poet, Robert Burns, whose writings contained so many of Whittier's own deepest thoughts. The village school-teacher, as has often been the case in country districts, brought this inspiration to him, for one day the teacher visited the Whittier family, and the boy heard for the first time some of the poems of liberty and country life that the Scottish poet, himself a farmer, had written. Soon after, Whittier wrote some verses, and his sister sent one of his poems to a Boston paper. The poem was printed, and others followed, until one day the Boston editor came out to see, in the corn-field, the plowboy who could write such verse.

Like many other poets, Whittier lived a life that seemed to have few events, though he was a member of the state legislature for a time, and took much interest in politics. Like Bryant, he found his "adventures" in the quiet scenes of Nature and in the simple incidents of everyday life.

THE PUMPKIN

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crooknecks are coiling, and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine;
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below;
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow;
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Which line tells where the gourd and melon vines are found? 2. Explain the reference to Jonah, "Nineveh's prophet" (See *Jonah* IV, 4-11). 3. Which line tells that the Yankee delights in his pumpkin crop? 4. What "calls back the past" on Thanksgiving Day? 5. Why does boyhood love the pumpkin? 6. Find lines that you think refer to "Cinderella." 7. To whom do you imagine the poet addresses the last stanza? 8. Read the poet's prayer. 9. What is compared to the pumpkin pie in this prayer? 10. How did the artist illustrate this poem on page 400? 11. Commit to memory the third stanza. 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: greenly; gourd; Creole; crooknecks; matron. 13. *Pronounce:* purpling; pumpkin.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play;
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge never learned of schools
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood,

How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well,
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine,
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks;
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played;
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night;

Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond;
Mine the walnut slopes beyond;
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,

Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil;
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Why was Whittier able to make so good a picture of the barefoot boy? 2. What picture of the barefoot boy does the first stanza give you? 3. Why does the poet call him a "prince"? 4. What does the boy have that "the million-dollared" cannot buy? 5. What does the barefoot boy know that he "never learned" from books? 6. Who taught him these things? 7. Read the lines which show that Nature and the boy are on intimate terms. 8. Why is June "boyhood's time"? 9. What is meant by "all things" waiting for him, "their master"? 10. Read the lines that tell the riches of the boy. 11. What is the mole's spade? 12. Where in this book have you read about "Apples of Hesperides"? 13. Explain the comparison of the sunset rays to a tent, page 406, line 16. 14. What fly lights "his lamp of fire"? 15. What does Whittier think are the boy's greatest troubles? 16. Why did the poet say "I was monarch"? 17. What does the poet call "prison cells of pride"? 18. Why does he call them this? 19. What wish does the poet express for the barefoot boy in the last stanza? 20. Which stanza do you like best? 21. Do you think the

artist, on page 400, has illustrated the poet's word-picture? 22. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: republican; tenants; groundnut; mason; artisans; plied; snouted; complex; fashioned; monarch; flinty; moil. 23. *Pronounce:* habitude; architectural; eschewing; orchestra.

Phrases for Study

jaunty grace, **404**, 8
give thee joy, **404**, 9
painless play, **404**, 19
mocks the doctor's rules, **404**, 21
part and parcel, **405**, 18
brief moon, **405**, 21
waited for, **405**, 23
my horizon grew, **406**, 7
festal dainties, **406**, 12
regal tent, **406**, 16
mills of toil, **407**, 9
quick and treacherous sands of sin, **407**, 14
ere it passes, **407**, 16

ALL'S WELL

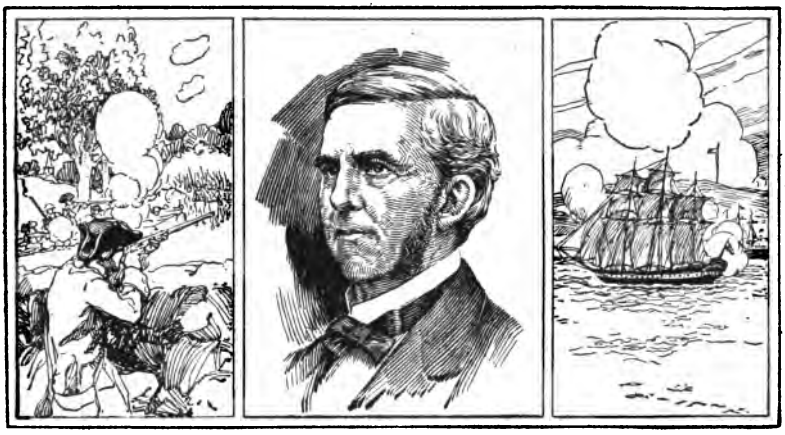
The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain,
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. How do clouds "which rise with thunder" appear? 2. What feeling do they inspire? 3. What do these clouds bring? 4. What is the "shadowy lens of even"? 5. When does the eye look "farthest into heaven"? 6. In what three ways does Whittier illustrate the title, "All's Well"? 7. To what is "the love of God" compared?

Phrases for Study

slake our thirsty souls, **408**, 1
blow most dreaded, **408**, 3



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Nearly a century ago the Navy Department decided to destroy the frigate *Constitution,* one of the most famous ships in the early American navy, but in 1830 old and unseaworthy. The ship had been launched in 1797, had served in the Mediterranean, and had become famous in the War of 1812. The orders of the Department would have been carried out had it not been for one singular circumstance. A young student named Holmes, barely twenty-one years of age, read the newspaper bulletin telling what was in store for the brave old ship. He thought it shameful that such a thing should be proposed. He seized a scrap of paper and a lead pencil and wrote a poem of three stanzas to which he gave the name "Old Ironsides."

The effect of these verses by the young student was astonishing. They were printed in a Boston paper, were copied by newspapers in every part of the country, and were even scattered about the city of Washington on handbills. A storm of indignation was roused by this poem written by an unknown youth; the ship was saved, and the youth became famous.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Boston. At the age of twenty he was graduated from Harvard College, and

then took up the study of medicine. He became skilled in this profession, and for thirty-five years held a professorship in the Harvard Medical School. During all this time, however, he was doing much writing. He is loved for the poems which through a long life he wrote for special occasions like class reunions, centennials, birthdays, and for the witty prose in which he wrote of conversations with a professor and a poet at their breakfast table.

His was an interesting life, filled with laughter and wit and never-flagging spirits. Holmes wrote of some humorous verses he had given to his servant, who laughed so violently as he read them that he burst off all his buttons and then fell down in a fit. He wrote of his ancient maiden aunt, who trained her winter curls in such a spring-like way. And in the poem "Contentment," page 411, he wrote jokingly about his "simple" desires, such as a fine house, dinners of three courses, a bit of bank-stock, a few jewels, a good horse or two, some rare books, and the like.

But he was not always in fun when he wrote. He could be serious, too, and even stern if necessary. He was very much in earnest when he wrote the stirring patriotic poem, "Lexington," which forms a fitting climax to this book.

For many years Holmes wrote poems for the annual reunions of his Harvard class. The last of this series of poems was written sixty years after the graduation of the famous class.

There is little time to speak of Holmes as a delightful companion, of the wit and charm of his prose stories and sketches, of his skill as a teacher, and his fame as a scientist. You will learn of these things as you grow older. He lived a long and useful life in which he made happier and better the lives of all those who came in touch with him and his writings.

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brownstone will do)
That I may call my own—
And close at hand is such a one
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land—
Give me a mortgage here and there,
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

. . . . . .

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some *not so large,* in rings—
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

. . . . . .

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care—
Perhaps for just a *single spurt*
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

. . . . . .

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

. . . . . .

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn?
But *all* must be of buhl.
Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and minds content!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. With what statement does the first stanza open? 2. How is this statement contradicted in the same stanza? 3. What do the words "cold victuals" usually mean? What seems to be the poet's idea of "cold victuals"? 4. Find a statement in each stanza which is contradicted by other statements in the same stanza. 5. What does the poet say of his wants in the first line of the poem? What have you learned of his wants from the succeeding lines of the poem? 6. For what does he say that he is grateful? 7. What furnishes the fun in the poem? 8. What do you think was the poet's purpose in writing this poem? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: brownstone; subsist; baubles; unfruitful; vellum; recumbent. 10. *Pronounce:* victuals; mortgage; buhl.

Phrases for Study

note of hand, **411**, 15
easy gate—two forty-five, **412**, 3
morocco's gilded gleam, **412**, 11
glittering upstart fool, **412**, 14
grasping pomp, **412**, 17
Midas' golden touch, **412**, 20

TO AN INSECT

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
  Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
  Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks—
  Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
  In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
  I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
  So petulant and shrill;

I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katydids—
Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah, no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katydid
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Who is addressed in the poem? 2. Why does the poet say the insect reminds him of certain old folks? 3. Can you account for the question asked in the last line of the second stanza? 4. What wish and prophecy are expressed in the last stanza? 5. Point out instances of the poet's quiet humor in this poem. 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: testy; trill; quivers; spinster; warrant; rend. 7. *Pronounce:* dogmatist; petulant; mystic.

Phrases for Study

living oak shall crash, **414**, 21
stood for ages still, **414**, 22
the ever-murmuring race, **415**, 1
fainting voice, **415**, 5
lift her drooping lid, **415**, 6
child of future years, **415**, 7

LEXINGTON

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping;
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun;
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died";
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling;
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath;
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash;
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing;
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn;
Voiceless the trumpet horn;
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sank to their rest—
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The Battle of Lexington took place April 19, 1775. It was the beginning of the war for independence. The mother country had laid unjust and burdensome laws upon the colonists, some of which were resisted by them. To enforce these laws the British Government had sent troops to Boston under the command of General Gage, who, hearing that the Americans had collected powder, shot, and muskets at Concord, sent a force of soldiers to seize these supplies. Paul Revere was sent to warn the two leaders, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and to "spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm."

When the British soldiers, called regulars, reached Lexington, they found some minutemen drawn up on the green by the meetinghouse. When the British officer ordered them to throw down their arms and disperse, they refused to obey. Then he ordered his men to fire, and several of the Americans were killed or wounded. The British regulars marched to Concord, where the minutemen were drawn up "by the rude bridge." Here they destroyed some of the stores and then started back to Boston. On the way they were fired upon by farmers and minutemen from behind houses and barns, trees, and stone walls. In this poem Holmes gives us a picture of the battle at Lexington.

Discussion. 1. Where is Lexington? 2. When did the Battle of Lexington occur? 3. What made this a famous battle? 4. Who is meant by the "bold rebel"? 5. To what is the beat of the drum compared in the third stanza? 6. What word in the third stanza refers

to the American volunteers? 7. To whom does the word "soldier" in the same stanza refer? 8. Find something in the fourth stanza which tells you that "the horseman" was a British soldier. 9. Why is the English flag called "silken-fringed red cross"? 10. What is meant by the word "her" in the last stanza? Who are "her martyrs"? 11. What is the "starry fold"? 12. What is meant by "eagle" in the last stanza? 13. What is the "fair emblem her heroes have won"? 14. How does the last stanza apply to our heroes of the World War? 15. Notice the interesting riming scheme in this poem. As you read the poem aloud, notice the pleasing effect produced by the two-syllabled rime in the first and third lines of every stanza. 16. Read the stanza that you think the picture on page 412 illustrates. What other lines might the artist have chosen for illustrations? 17. Find a copy of Holmes's poems in the library and read "Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle." 18. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: spire; death-volley; knell; yeomanry; mustering; reeking; herd; ashes. 19. *Pronounce:* plume; prancing; shroudless; tombless.

Phrases for Study

fresh leaf is springing, **416**, 1
first-born of glory, **416**, 2
nerveless the iron hand, **416**, 8
far hamlets, **416**, 12
darken the waves of wrath, **416**, 16
pale is the lip of scorn, **416**, 25
belted breast, **416**, 28
dark hunters, **416**, 30
sank to their rest, **417**, 2
borne on her northern pine, **417**, 5
foaming brine, **417**, 6
spread her broad banner, **417**, 7

A Backward Look

Just as Prospero (page 13) was able by the aid of the Magic Wand to call forth a rich spectacle for the delight of the lovers, so you have been able—because you possess the magic power of getting life from the printed page—to enjoy the companionship of six great authors whom all Americans love and claim as their own. By means of the pictures you were able to know how these writers looked, and your acquaintance was further increased by reading their biographies and selections from their works. So, now, whenever you hear or see the name of any one of these authors, your mind will call up his picture together with a whole group of facts about his life and works. Moreover, this knowledge will act as a magnet, drawing to it more and more facts as your experience widens through reading, traveling, and listening to interesting people.

Who are the authors with whom you became acquainted in reading the selections in Part III? Can you recall the picture of each, or do you find it necessary to refresh your memory by referring to pages 325, 335, 344, 354, 403, 412? Do you think that most boys and girls in the presence of a real author would feel in the way humorously described on page 322? What is suggested on page 324 as the test of literature? Let us apply this test to "The Planting of the Apple Tree." In this poem Bryant tells us in a beautiful way about something he has himself seen; as he watches the simple process, his imagination pictures the future, and what he sees and feels he has power to make his readers experience. Apply this test similarly to "The Village Blacksmith," "The Barefoot Boy," and to other selections in Part III.

What do you remember most vividly about Benjamin Franklin? Perhaps one of your classmates has read all of the *Autobiography* and can tell other interesting facts about his life. How many reminders of Franklin are there in your town besides the post office and the library? What tells you he was thrifty? What

do you learn from pages 325-6 about Franklin's life? To what habits do you think Franklin's success in life was largely due?

William Cullen Bryant is often called the American poet of Nature, and is compared to the English poet of Nature, Wordsworth; what two Nature poems by Wordsworth have you read? Name poems by Bryant that show his love for Nature. Perhaps your library has a copy of Bryant's translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* you may enjoy reading from them to your classmates such incidents as the death of Hector, the story of the Cyclops, or other stories you particularly liked in Part II.

Make from memory a list of Longfellow's poems that you have read. Longfellow wrote prose, also, but he will always be remembered best as a poet. Tell what you know of Longfellow's life. What great service did Longfellow give to his country? Why is he called the "household poet"? Which of Longfellow's poems in this book are "household treasures"? Why is he called the "poet of childhood"?

Hawthorne wrote only prose; which one of the five Hawthorne stories in this book did you enjoy most? Which story was written to teach a lesson, and which one chiefly to tell a good story? Which stories deal with American history, and which one tells you something about the Greeks? Tell what you can about each of the following books by Hawthorne: *Grandfather's Chair; Twice-Told Tales; Wonder-Book.*

Tell what you can about Whittier's life: (a) his boyhood, (b) his education, (c) his manhood years. Why is he called the Quaker poet? What British poet inspired Whittier? What connection do you see between the facts related in Whittier's biography and the subjects of his poems? Which of Whittier's poems in this book do you like best? Why?

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote both prose and poetry, and much of his writing is in a humorous vein. Whenever an event of importance was to be celebrated in Boston, Dr. Holmes was called upon to write an original poem for the occasion. Many such poems were of a patriotic nature. Which selection in this

book shows that a truth may be expressed humorously and still impress the reader, even while he laughs?

Recite the stanzas of which the following are the first lines, naming the author and title of the poem in each case:

1. "Lives of great men all remind us"
2. "Thus humble let me live and die,"
3. "Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies"
4. "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"
5. "Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,"
6. "Blessings on thee, little man,"
7. "Somewhat back from the village street"
8. "Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,"

Recite from memory the lines from Longfellow found on page 319. Why are these lines appropriate as an introduction to Part III? Look at the two pictures on page 320. What does the picture at the top illustrate? The one at the bottom? A long step forward was taken in the means of communicating thought when printing from type was invented; what feelings do you think the two men in the lower picture had as they read the first page of print from the printing press? Notice that these two pictures are taken from the series of paintings in the Library of Congress, entitled, "The Making of a Book"; why do you think the Library of Congress is a suitable place for pictures showing the steps that mark advance in ways of communicating thought? Why is the picture on page 20 a suitable introduction to Part I? Recite from memory the lines from Tennyson on page 19. Explain the fitness of these lines as an introduction to Part I. Why is the picture on page 210 a suitable introduction to Part II? Quote the lines from Longfellow on page 209. Do you agree with him in the sentiment expressed in the last two lines? Make a list, naming in order the five selections in this book that you like best.

GLOSSARY

ā as in *ate*	ē as in *event*	ō as in *note*	ŭ as in *cut*
ă as in *bat*	ē as in *maker*	ŏ as in *not*	û as in *turn*
â as in *care*	ĕ as in *eve*	ô as in *or*	ū as in *unite*
à as in *ask*	ĕ as in *met*	ô as in *obey*	o͞o as in *food*
ä as in *arm*	ī as in *kind*	o͝o as in *dog*	o͝o as in *foot*
ă as in *senate*	ĭ as in *pin*	ū as in *use*	

a-ban'doned (ȧ-băn'dŭnd), gave up
a beau'te-ous sisterhood (bū'tē-ŭs), a beautiful collection of flowers of different kinds
ab-lu'tion (ăb-lū'shŭn), wetting
A'bou ben Ad'hem (ä'bo͞o bĕn ä'dĕm)
ac-com'mo-dat'ed (ă-kŏm'ō-dāt'ĕd), conveniently put
ac-com'mo-dat'ed to my mind (ă-kŏm' ō-dāt'ĕd), arranged as I wished
ac-cord' (ă-kôrd'), harmony
ac-cost'ing (ă-kŏst'ĭng), stopping to speak to
ac-count'ed (ă-kount'ĕd), explained
a-chieve' this feat (ȧ-chēv'; fēt), do this great act
a-chiev'ing (ȧ-chēv'ĭng), accomplishing something
a'corns (ā'kôrnz), nuts of oak trees
ac-quaint'ed (ȧ-kwānt'ĕd), known; understood
across the Neck, from one side to the other of the narrow strip of land
a-cute' (ȧ-kūt'), sharp
ad-hered' (ăd-hērd'), stuck
ad-min'is-ter-ing (ăd-mĭn'ĭs-tĕr-ĭng), giving
ad'mo-ni'tion (ăd'mō-nĭsh'ŭn), warning
a-dopt'ed (ȧ-dŏp'tĕd), chose to take
ad-van'ces of the sea'son (ăd-vän'sĕz; sē'z'n), oncoming of summer
adz (ădz), a tool for smoothing wood
a-ĕ'ri-al (ā-ē'rĭ-ăl), light and airy
af'fa-ble (ăf'ȧ-b'l), kind
af-fairs' of the pe'ri-od (ȧ-fârz'; pē'rĭ-ŏd), happenings of that time
af-fect'ed to laugh (ă-fĕk'tĕd; läf), pretended I was amused
af-firm' (ă-fûrm'), declare
af'flu-ence (ăf'lo͞o-ĕns), rich gifts
af-fright' (ă-frīt'), fear
aft (äft), back
a-jar' (ȧ-jär'), out of place
a-kim'bo (ȧ-kĭm'bō), with hands on hips, and elbows turned out
Al'bert Nyan'za (ăl'bĕrt nyän'zä)
al'ders (ôl'dĕrz), a kind of small trees that grow in moist ground
A'li Ba'ba (ä'lĭ bä'bä), hero of a story in *The Arabian Nights*
al'ien (āl'yĕn), foreign
Al'lah (ăl'ȧ), the Mohammedan name for God
all Chris'ten-dom (krĭs"n-dŭm), the whole Christian world
al-lies' (ă-līz'), men who fought on the same side
all service ranks the same, different kinds of unselfish deeds are of the same value
all the deer kind, all the kinds of deer
alms (ämz), charity
a-loft' (ȧ-lôft'), on high
al'pine staff (ăl'pĭn stăf), long stick used in climbing
al-ter'nate-ly (ăl-tĕr'nāt-lĭ), in turn
al'ti-tude (ăl'tĭ-tūd), height
a-maze'ment (ȧ-māz'mĕnt), surprise; wonder
am'mu-ni'tion (ăm'û-nĭ'shŭn), what is shot; here, mud to throw
am'ple (ăm'p'l), large; generous
am'ple se-cur'i-ty (ăm'p'l sē-kū'rĭ-tĭ), complete safety
an ag'o-ny of ter'ror (ăg'ō-nĭ; tĕr'ĕr), the greatest fright
an'cient (ān'shĕnt), very old; olden
an'cient forms (ān'shĕnt), old kinds
an'cient mother (ān'shĕnt), land from which your forefathers came
An'dros, Sir Edmund (ăn'drŏs), an earlier governor of the colony

an endless ca-pac'i-ty (ka-păs'ĭ-tĭ), unlimited power
an'gu-lar (ăng'gū-lăr), sharp and stiff without curves
an'i-ma'tion (ăn'ĭ-mā'shŭn), life and enthusiasm
an'nu-al guest in other lands (ăn'ū-ăl), visitor in other countries every year
an-nu'i-ty (ă-nū'ĭ-tĭ), sum of money paid each year
a-non'—a-non' (ă-nŏn'), continually
An-tæ'us (ăn-tē'ŭs)
an-tic'i-pate (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-pāt), get ahead of; see beforehand
an-tique' (ăn-tēk'), old
ant'ler (ănt'lĕr), the entire horn, or any branch of it
a-part' (ă-pärt'), away from others
ape (āp), imitate
ap-par'ent (ă-pär'ĕnt), that can be seen or known
ap-pease' (ă-pēz'), make quiet
ap'pre-hend'ed (ăp'rē-hĕnd'ĕd), understood; captured
ap-pren'tice (ă-prĕn'tĭs), one who learns a trade by helping a skilled worker
ap-pro-ba'tion (ăp-rō-bā'shŭn), being pleased
A'quil-a Rose (ăk'wĭ-lă)
arch'er (är'chĕr), one who uses bow and arrow
arch'er-y (är'chĕr-ĭ), shooting with bow and arrow
arc'hi-tec'tur-al (är'kĭ-tĕk'tûr-ăl), house-building
ar'dent (är'dĕnt), eager
ar'dor (är'dĕr), enthusiasm
armed in virtue, fighting better because he is sure he is right
Ar'mis-tice Day (är'mĭs-tĭs), November 11, because on Nov. 11, 1918, fighting in the World War ceased
ar-ray' (ă-rā'), the order for fighting
ar-rest'ed (ă-rĕst'ĕd), caught; stopped
art'ful (ärt'fo͝ol), meaning more than they seemed to
ar'ti-fi'cial-ly daz'zling (är'tĭ-fĭsh'ă-lĭ dăz'lĭng), unnaturally bright
ar'ti-sans (är'tĭ-zănz), workers
Art is long, beautiful objects long outlast their makers
art shall love true love, real feeling be the cause of your music, painting, literature, etc.
as'cer-tain' (ăs'ĕr-tān'), find out
ash'es (ăsh'ĕz), remains
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), look
as-pir'ing (ăs-pīr'ĭng), struggling upward
as-sail' (ă-sāl'), attack
as-sas'si-nate (ă-săs'ĭ-nāt), kill by unexpected attack
as-sault' (ă-sôlt'), attack
as-sem'bled (ă-sĕm'b'ld), met
as-so'ci-at'ed (ă-sō'shĭ-āt'ĕd), joined
as-sort'ment (ă-sôrt'mĕnt), collection of different kinds
as-sur'ed-ly (ă-shŏo͝r'ĕd-lĭ), surely
a-sy'lum (ă-sī'lŭm), a home for those who have none of their own
at all e-vents' (ē-vĕnts'), no matter what might happen
at in'ter-vals (ĭn'tĕr-vălz), with quiet periods of time between
at ran'dom (răn'dŭm), as it happens
at-tend' (ă-tĕnd'), listen carefully
at-tend'ant (ă-tĕn'dănt), that goes with it
at-ten'tive (ă-tĕn'tĭv), heedful
at the read'y (rĕd'ĭ), held in position to shoot
au'di-tors (ô'dĭ-tĕrz), listeners; hearers
au'gers (ô'gûrz), tools for boring holes
au-gust' (ô-gŭst'), grand
au're-ole (ô'rē-ōl), circle of light, such as saints have
aus-tere' (ôs-tēr'), stern
au-thor'i-ty (ô-thŏr'ĭ-tĭ), one who has power; the right; proof
au'to-graph (ô'tô-grăf), name in his own handwriting
a-venge' (ă-vĕnj'), punish
a-verred' (ă-vûrd'), declared
a-vert'ed (ă-vûrt'ĕd), turned
aw'ful (ô'fo͝ol), that filled others with awe or dread
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), bright blue

baby-white, pure white, like a baby's clothes
bade (băd), ordered
baf'fled (băf''ld), kept from doing what they wish
baf'fles (băf''lz), is wholly beyond

bal'ance of doom (băl'ăns), old-fashioned scales, in which the gods weighed the fortunes of men
bard (bärd), poet
Bar'on Mun-chau'sen's mes'sen-ger (băr'ŭn mŭn-chô'zĕnz mĕs'ĕn-jẽr), the fastest person you can think of. Munchausen is famous for the exaggerations in his stories
Bas'il (băz'ĭl)
bate a stiv'er (stĭv'ẽr), take off a cent
bat'ter-y (băt'ẽr-ĭ), fort with mounted guns
bau'bles (bô'b'lz), trifles
bays (bāz), honors. Famous men were crowned with a wreath of bay leaves, in ancient Greece
be as one, act in the same way at the same time
beau'te-ous (bū'tê-ŭs), beautiful
be-fit'ted (bê-fĭt'ĕd), suited
be given hon'or-a-ble bur'i-al (ŏn'ẽr-à-b'l bẽr'ĭ-ăl), be buried in the grand way suitable for a hero
be-hav'ior (bê-hāv'yẽr), conduct
be in the hu'mor (hū'mẽr), feel like it
bel'fries (bĕl'frĭz), towers for bells
bel'lowed (bĕl'ŏd), made a loud, hollow noise
bel'lows (bĕl'ŏz), tool for blowing fires
belted breast, man wearing a wide belt over his shoulders and crossed on his breast
be my own man again, be free from fears and fancies
be-neath' (bê-nēth'), under
ben'e-fit by the her'o-ism (bĕn'ê-fĭt; hĕr'ô-ĭzm), be better off because of the bravery
Be'o-wulf (bā'ô-wo͝olf)
be-reft' (bê-rĕft'), robbed
be-side' (bê-sīd'), others
be-siege' (bê-sēj'), encamp about, fighting when they have a chance
be-sought' (bê-sôt'), begged
be-spat'tered (bê-spăt'ẽrd), spattered all over
be-trays' (bê-trāz'), shows
be-witched' (bê-wĭtcht'), led your thoughts away
beyond the just measure of their abilities, more than they are able to do
bid'dy (bĭd'ĭ), hen
bier (bẽr), framework for holding a dead body
bil'low-y breast (bĭl'ô-ĭ brĕst), bosom made of waves, sought as a child seeks refuge with its mother
birds of pas'sage (păs'ăj), birds that go south in winter
bis'cuits (bĭs'kĭts), crackers
bit'ters (bĭt'ẽrz), a tonic drink with a bitter flavor
biv'ouac (bĭv'wăk), encampment
blaze, mark, by cutting a piece of bark off a tree every little distance
bleat'ing (blēt'ĭng), complaining
blight (blīt), killing
Blithe-Heart King (blīth), King of happiness; God
blithe'some (blīth'sŭm), merry
blow most dreaded, happening we have been most afraid of
blushed crimson with their shame, turned deep red, as a person does when ashamed
board (bōrd), table
boast (bōst), something to be proud of
bol'ster (bōl'stẽr), long pillow for a bed
bom'ba-zine' (bŏm'bà-zēn'), thin wool goods used for mourning
bore such a sin'gu-lar re-sem'blance to (sĭng'gû-làr rê-zĕm'blăns), looked so curiously like
borne on her northern pine, carried on a mast made from a pine which grew in the north
bos'oms beat (bo͝oz'ŭmz), hearts beat with fear
Bos'ton Mas'sa-cre (bŏs'tŭn măs'à-kẽr), a small fight in 1770, when the British fired on Americans who were using them roughly
bottom, valley
bound, limit
boun'te-ous (boun'tê-ŭs), overflowing with riches
boun'ty (boun'tĭ), small sum of money
bou-quet' (bo͞o-kā'), a bunch of flowers
bow as in the dust, feel very humble
bowed with years (boud), feeble because of old age
bow'ers (bou'ẽrz), homes
bran'dish-ing (brăn'dĭsh-ĭng), shaking threateningly
brawl'ing (brôl'ĭng), making a noise as they ripple over the stones

brawn'y (brôn'ĭ), fat; strong
breaking the peace, being so rough and noisy he was dangerous
break'neck' gal'lop-ing (brāk'nĕk' găl'ŭp-ĭng), hard, fast riding
breast'ing for'ward (brĕst'ĭng fôr'wĕrd), directly facing and coming toward them
breathed on the South (brēthd), blown over the warm countries
breath'ing space (brēth'ĭng), little time to rest from fighting
breath of the night (brĕth), odor carried by the breeze
bred to, trained in
brid'al (brīd'ăl), wedding
brief moon, four short weeks
broken links of affection restored, the meeting again of relatives or friends who have been separated for some time
brooch (brōch), large pin
brook, bear; little stream
brook-glad'dened (glăd''nd), refreshed and beautified by little streams
brownstone, a kind of stone used for fine city houses
buhl (bōōl), wood with fancy metal inlays
burgh'er (bûr'gĕr), citizen
bur'nished (bûr'nĭsht), polished
burst'ing (bûrst'ĭng), about to break
bursting at the light, opening when the sun shines on them
burst'ing tide (bûrst'ĭng), full flood when the ocean is highest
but little to their liking, not at all what they wished
buttes (būts), steep hills
buy your way with tears, pay your dues by suffering
by vir'tue there-of' (vûr'tū thâr-ŏv'), because of which

Caed'mon (kăd'mŭn)
Cal'ais (kăl'ā), a French port
ca'liph (kā'lĭf), a Mohammedan ruler
calm (käm), quietness
cañ'on (kăn'yŭn), a narrow valley with high, steep sides
can'ti-cles (kăn'tĭ-k'lz), songs
canvas overhead, only the cloth cover between him and the sky
ca-pac'i-ty (kȧ-păs'ĭ-tĭ), ability
cap and gown, costume of a student in college
capped the cli'max (klī'măks), did the greatest
car'ols (kăr'ŭlz), Christmas songs
Car'ron (kăr'ŏn)
Ca'sa-bian'ca (kä'zä-byän'kä)
cas-cades' were falling (kăs-kādz'), petals were coming down continually, as water flows over a rock and falls in spray
case, tray for type
Cas-san'dra (kȧ-săn'drȧ), a Trojan prophetess who was never believed
cas'tel-lat'ed (kăs'tĕ-lāt'ĕd), shaped like a castle with towers
Cas-til'ian (kăs-tĭl'yăn), Spanish
cat'a-ract (kăt'ȧ-răkt), a waterfall
ca-tas'tro-phe (kȧ-tăs'trō-fē), sad accident
cau'tion (kô'shŭn), advice to be careful; warning
cease (sēs), stop
cen-ten'ni-al (sĕn-tĕn'ĭ-ăl), one hundred years
cer'e-mo-ny (sĕr'ē-mō-nĭ), formal act
Cey-lon' (sē-lŏn')
chafes (chāfs), washes back and forth against; rubs the skin until it is sore
chaff (chăf), husks of grain
chain, something that binds; here, ice
Cham (chăm)
cham'pi-on (chăm'pĭ-ŭn), rescuer
chan'nel (chăn'ĕl), course
chant sub-lime' (chănt sŭb-līm'), grand, noble religious song
char'ac-ter-is'tics (kăr'ăk-tĕr-ĭs'tĭks), peculiar abilities
char'i-ot (chăr'ĭ-ŏt), two-wheeled car used in racing and in war
charms them into tas'sel-ing (chärmz; tăs'ĕl-ĭng), sings to them until the blossoms come out
chased a gov'ern-ment po-si'tion (gŭv'ĕrn-mĕnt pō-zĭsh'ŭn), tried to get a place in the civil service without being fitted for it
chasms (kăz'mz), very large, deep cracks
checked their madness, kept them from doing such a rash thing
cheer'ly (chēr'lĭ), cheerfully

cher'ished (chĕr'ĭsht), loved and cared for
child of future years, someone in the far-distant time to come
chime (chīm), music made by bells
cho'ral (kō'răl), sung in chorus
ci-ca'da (sĭ-kā'dȧ), insect which looks like a grasshopper, but makes a humming noise
Cin'tra's vine (sĕn'trăz), a famous variety of grapes. Cintra is a town in Portugal
cir-cum'fer-ence (sĕr-kŭm'fĕr-ĕns), the outer edge
cit'a-del (sĭt'ȧ-dĕl), fortress in the midst of the city
civ'ic slan'der (sĭv'ĭk slăn'dĕr), lies told about the government
clam'ber (klăm'bĕr), to climb with difficulty
clap'boards (klăp'bōrdz), boards which form the outer covering of a house
clar'i-on (klăr'ĭ-ŭn), trumpet-like
clear'ing (klēr'ĭng), a small stretch of open land
cleave (klēv), cut
clime (klīm), climate; country
clod, piece of earth; ground
close as a vise (klōs; vīs), very stingy
clown, stupid fellow
coat of mail, hard shell which protects him
Cof'fee-house (kŏf'ĭ), house of refreshment which served as a public meeting place
cold vict'uals (vĭt''lz), left-over food
Colleges, buildings of the different departments of the university
com'bat-ants (kŏm'băt-ănts), fighters
come to thine own again, get back your home and wife
com-mand' its whole cir-cum'fer-ence (kŏ-mănd'; sĕr-kŭm'fĕr-ĕns), look clear around it
com-mem'o-rat-ed (kŏ-mĕm'ô-rāt-ĕd), honored
com-mence'ment (kŏ-mĕns'mĕnt), graduation
com-mend'ing (kŏ-mĕnd'ĭng), praising
com'ment (kŏm'ĕnt), remark
com'men-ta-ry (kŏm'ĕn-tȧ-rĭ), story
[illegible]ings (kŏ-mĭsh'ŭnz), errands
com-mit'tee-man (kŏ-mĭt'ê-măn), one of the school directors
com'mon (kŏm'ŭn), belonging to everyone; ordinary
Com'mon (kŏm'ŭn), public square
com'mon-ly seen at New'mar'ket (kŏm'ŭn-lĭ; nū'măr'kĕt), the usual kind shown for sale. Newmarket is the name of a famous English fair
common property, known to everyone
com-mu'ni-cat-ed (kŏ-mū'nĭ-kāt-ĕd), told
com-pact' (kŏm-păkt'), solid
com'pass-es (kŭm'pȧs-ĕz), tool for measuring
com'pe-ti'tion (kŏm'pê-tĭsh'ŭn), attempt to equal or surpass
com'plex (kŏm'plĕks), made of many parts; not simple
com-ply' with (kŏm-plī'), grant
com-pos'ed-ly (kŏm-pōz'ĕd-lĭ), calmly
com-pos'ing new lyr'ics (kŏm-pōz'ĭng nū lĭr'ĭks), making up new songs
com-pos'ing stick (kŏm-pōz'ĭng), a tray in which the typesetter arranges the letters of type
com-pos'i-tor (kŏm-pŏz'ĭ-tĕr), typesetter
con-cealed' (kŏn-sēld'), hidden
con-ceal'ment (kŏn-sēl'mĕnt), hiding
con-cer'to (kŏn-chĕr'tō), piece of music which is first loud, then soft
con'de-scen'sion (kŏn'dê-sĕn'shŭn), kind manner
con-du'cive (kŏn-dū'sĭv), helpful
con-duct' himself (kŏn-dŭkt'), act
con-firmed' the state'ment (kŏn-fûrmd'; stāt'mĕnt), agreed with what had been said
con'i-cal (kŏn'ĭ-kăl), round and high
con'se-quenc-es. (kŏn'sê-kwĕn-sĕz), what would happen
con'serve (kŏn'sûrv), jam
con-spic'u-ous (kŏn-spĭk'ū-ŭs), striking
con'sta-ble (kŭn'stȧ-b'l), officer who makes arrests
con'stant (kŏn'stănt), unchanging; one after another
con'ster-na'tion (kŏn'stĕr-nā'shŭn), greatest surprise mixed with fright
con'su-lar service (kŏn'sū-lăr), work of those who look after the business of the U. S. in foreign countries

con-sumed' (kŏn-sūmd'), destroyed
con'tem-plat-ing (kŏn'tĕm-plā-tĭng), looking at
con-tend' (kŏn-tĕnd'), struggle
con-tend' with the ad'verse skies (kŏn-tĕnd'; ăd'vĕrs), struggles against the lack of rain
con-tin'ue to trans-act' (kŏn-tĭn'ū; trăns-ăkt'), go on working at
con'tra-ry (kŏn'trā-rĭ), other hand; unfavorable
con'tra-ry to all rime and reason (kŏn'trā-rĭ), not in the least expected
con-trib'ute to (kŏn-trĭb'ūt), pay a share of
con-trib'u-tor (kŏn-trĭb'ū-tĕr), writer
con-trived' (kŏn-trīvd'), managed; formed
con-vened' (kŏn-vēnd'), called
cop'pered gold (kŏp'ĕrd), gold mixed with copper
corn, grain; wheat
cor'o-nal (kŏr'ō-năl), crown
cor'o-ner's ver'dict (kŏr'ō-nĕrz vûr'dĭkt), opinion of officer who examined him to find cause of death
Cor'po-ra'tion (kôr'pō-rā'shŭn), body of city officers
cor-ral' (kŏ-răl'), field for cattle
cor-rob'o-ra-tive (kŏ-rŏb'ō-rā-tĭv), which proved the story
corse'let (kôrs'lĕt), armor for body
cot (kŏt), cottage
coun'cil (koun'sĭl), assembly
coun'sel (koun'sĕl), giving advice
coun'se-lor (koun'sĕ-lĕr), adviser; lawyer
coun'te-nance (koun'tē-năns), face
coun'try-seat (kŭn'trĭ-sēt), large country home
cow-punch'er (pŭn'chĕr), cowboy
cracked in rapid suc-ces'sion (sŭk-sĕsh'ŭn), shot, one right after another
craft (krăft), deceit
craft'y in coun'sel (kraf'tĭ; koun'sĕl), clever in giving advice
crag (krăg), projecting mountain rock
cramped, hindered
cran'ny (krăn'ĭ), corner
crea'ture (krē'tûr), animal
Cre'ole (krē'ōl), a person of Spanish or French descent brought up in a colonial possession; here, Spanish
crev'ic-es (krĕv'ĭs-ĕz), cracks or openings in the rocks
crick'et-bats (krĭk'ĕt-băts), bats used in cricket, an outdoor game played with balls, bats, and wickets
crick'et-field, *see* cricket-bats
crisp (krĭsp), curly
Crook'ed Bil'let (krŏŏk'ĕd bĭl'ĕt), bent stick of wood, name of an inn
crook'neck (krŏŏk'nĕk), squash
crowd of vet'er-ans (vĕt'ĕr-ănz), large number of old soldiers; here, white seed-wings of dandelions
crowned his modest temples, praised him, though he did not admit he deserved it
crowning mis'ad-ven'ture (mĭs'ăd-vĕn'tûr), worst thing that happened
cru'ci-ble (krōō'sĭ-b'l), dish in which metals can be melted
crum'pled (krŭm'p'ld), curled tightly
crying havoc on (hăv'ŏk), destroying wholly
cuck'oo (kŏŏk'ōō), bird noted for its whistle, from which it gets its name
cur'dled (kûr'd'ld), separated into curds and whey
cu'ri-ous flo'rist (kū'rĭ-ŭs flō'rĭst), careful gardener
cur'rent (kŭr'ĕnt), of the present time
curse of the hungry light on him, he know what it is to be hungry
cus'tom-house (kŭs'tŭm), building where taxes on foreign goods brought into this country are paid
cutting the cattle, driving some of the herd apart from others
cyn'ic's ban (sĭn'ĭks băn), entire disapproval of people, felt by one who has no faith in mankind
cy'press (sī'prĕs), tree with dark evergreen leaves

dale (dāl), valley
dan'gling (dăng'glĭng), hanging very loosely
darken the waves of wrath, the patriot's anger grows stronger
dark hunters, patriot soldiers
darkness of the land, ignorance throughout the country
dawn of history, beginning of the world as far back as we know
dead of night, quiet hours of night

dead Past bury its dead (pást; bĕr'ĭ), things that are done be forgotten
dealt death and de-struc'tion among (dĕlt; dē-strŭk'shŭn), killed and wounded many of
dealt largely (dĕlt), done a good deal of business
dear, high-priced
death and fate, death which is decreed by the gods
death-vol'ley (vŏl'ĭ), shot that kills
de-ci'sive (dē-sī'sĭv), that would end the war
decks (dĕks), makes beautiful
de-cree' (dē-krē'), law
de-creed' (dē-krēd'), planned by the gods; commanded
deed (dēd), make out a paper, giving
deemed it ad-vis'a-ble (dēmd; ăd-vīz'-ă-b'l), thought it wise
deep, sea
de-feat'ed (dē-fēt'ĕd), kept from doing what it wanted to do
de-fect' in your con'duct (dē-fĕkt'; kŏn'dŭkt), fault in your actions
de-fi'cien-cy (dē-fĭsh'ĕn-sĭ), lack; shortage
de-fied' (dē-fīd'), been able to resist
de-filed' with corp'ses (dē-fīld'; kôrp'-sĕz), made impure by dead bodies
de-grad'ed (dē-grād'ĕd), put down from his rightful place; disgraced
de-gree' (dē-grē'), part
deign'ing (dān'ĭng), lowering himself to give
de-layed' (dē-lād'), put off
del'e-gates (dĕl'ē-gāts), men sent to represent the different colonies
del'i-ca-cy (dĕl'ĭ-kă-sĭ), dainty
de-light'ing himself with this i-de'a (dē-līt'ĭng; ĭ-dē'ă), enjoying this thought
de-liv'er pos-ses'sion (dē-lĭv'ĕr pŏ-zĕsh'ŭn), give it over to me
deliver them from death, save their lives
de-moc'ra-cy (dē-mŏk'ră-sĭ), country governed by its people
de-pict'ed (dē-pĭk'tĕd), pictured
de-posed' (dē-pōzd'), put down
dep're-cat'ing-ly (dĕp'rē-kāt'ĭng-lĭ), as if trying to excuse himself
des'ert land (dĕz'ĕrt), land which produced no cultivated crops
des'o-late (dĕs'ō-lāt), empty
des'o-la'tion (dĕs'ō-lā'shŭn), state of being like a desert
des'tined (dĕs'tĭnd), intended
des'ti-ny (dĕs'tĭ-nĭ), lot in life
de-ter'mined pace (dē-tûr'mĭnd pās), rate as if he were bound to reach a certain place
de-vel'op-ing a dif'fer-ent pic'ture (dē-vĕl'ŏp-ĭng; dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt pĭk'tûr), showing a picture on each square as it moved
de-vic'es (dē-vīs'ĕz), designs
de-vised' (dē-vīzd'), made up
de-void' of hope (dē-void'), without any chance to save my life
dex'ter-ous (dĕks'tĕr-ŭs), skillful
di'a-lect (dī'ă-lĕkt), form of speech used only in some particular part of the country
di'et-ed (dī'ĕt-ĕd), boarded
dil'i-gent (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnt), quick with their work
di-min'u-tive (dĭ-mĭn'ū-tĭv), very small
di'o-ra'ma (dī'ō-rā'mă), representation, partly by painting, partly by real objects of the battle
dis-cern' (dĭ-zûrn'), make out
dis-charge' of ar-til'ler-y (dĭs-chärj'; är-tĭl'ĕr-ĭ), rain of shot, here mud-balls
dis-charge' their car'goes (dĭs-chärj'; kär'gōz), unload their freight
dis-charg'ing, paying off
dis'ci-pline themselves (dĭs'ĭ-plĭn), train themselves to be soldiers
dis-con'so-late (dĭs-kŏn'sō-lāt), sorrowful; sad
dis-cov'er-ing (dĭs-kŭv'ĕr-ĭng), letting it be known
dis-guise' (dĭs-gīz'), dressed so no one would know them
dis-mayed' (dĭs-mād'), without courage because of his loss
dis-sem'bling (dĭ-sĕm'blĭng), falsely pretending
dis-solved' (dĭ-zŏlvd'), melted
dis-tinc'tion (dĭs-tĭnk'shŭn), position
dis-tressed' (dĭs-trĕst'), troubled
dit'ty (dĭt'ĭ), song
dizzy sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), top so high it made your head swim
dog'ma-tist (dŏg'mă-tĭst), one who asserts things positively

dol'phins (dŏl'fĭnz), porpoises with brilliant and changing color
dolts (dōlts), stupid fellows
Domes'day Book (dōmz'dā), book of records
do-mes'tic (dō-mĕs'tĭk), for the house
Do-min'i-cus (dō-mĭn'ĭ-kŭs)
do-min'ion (dō-mĭn'yŭn), rule
donned (dŏnd), put on
doom (dōōm), destruction
Dor'ches-ter (dôr'chĕs-tẽr)
do the brothers justice, be fair to the two older ones
do their hearts good, make them happy and better
doth fare ill (dŭth), is about all melted
do thy will, act as happy as you please
dou'blet (dŭb'lĕt), close-fitting body-garment formerly worn by men
dou'bling (dŭb'lĭng), running back and forth
dra'ma (drä'mȧ), play; scene
drawing, getting him to go by a trick
dread (drĕd), fearful
driving bargains, selling his goods
drowns the moon, goes so high that it shuts the moon from sight
drumming a welcome, making a sound like a soft drumbeat to greet
dry blows, slaps or hits which do not cause bleeding
dry'ly (drī'lĭ), jokingly
due (dū), fitting
due rites (dū rīts), all the honors he deserves
dusty par'a-dise (păr'ȧ-dīs; here, păr'ȧ-dīz for rime), place of beauty made dusty by continual passing.
du'ty (dū'tĭ), tax on foreign goods; what they ought to do

earnest to make others free, ready to work and give up that others may have the same freedom as we
earth'en (ûr'th'n), made of baked clay
ease and dex-ter'i-ty (dĕks-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), enjoyment and skill
easy gait—two forty-five (gāt), moderate rate of speed—a mile in two minutes and forty-five seconds
ed'dies (ĕd'ĭz), whirlpools
ed'dy-ing gust (ĕd'ĭ-ĭng gŭst), sudden wind that blows back and forth
e-di'tion (ē-dĭ'shŭn), retelling with added details
ed'u-ca'tion (ĕd'û-kā'shŭn), training
Edwards, Jonathan, a famous preacher of colonial days, who emphasized God's punishments more than His forgiveness
ef-fec'tu-al-ly (ē-fĕk'tû-ăl-ĭ), with such good effect
ef'fer-ves'cent (ĕf'ẽr-vĕs'ĕnt), bubbling
e-lec'tric (ē-lĕk'trĭk), like electricity; quietly; swiftly
el'e-ment (ĕl'ē-mĕnt), natural home
elm (ĕlm), tree of a graceful kind
em-barked' (ĕm-bärkt'), went on board their boats
em'blem (ĕm'blĕm), sign
em'er-ald (ĕm'ẽr-ăld), bright green
e-mer'gen-cy (ē-mûr'jĕn-sĭ), sudden turn of events
e-merg'es (ē-mûr'jĕz), comes out
em'i-nent (ĕm'ĭ-nĕnt), famous
em'pire (ĕm'pīr), rule over great lands
en-am'eled with her loviest dyes (ĕn-ăm'ĕld), made bright and shining with the most beautiful colors
en-cir'cling (ĕn-sûr'klĭng), around it
en-coun'tered (ĕn-koun'tẽrd), met
en-dured' on any terms (ĕn-dūrd'), seen without making me fearful
en-rap'tured (ĕn-răp'tūrd), charmed
en-rolled' (ĕn-rōld'), named in lists
en'ter-prise (ĕn'tẽr-prīz), plan of attack
en-thu'si-as'tic ag'i-ta'tions (ĕn-thū'zĭ-ăs'tĭk ăj'ĭ-tā'shŭnz), lively speech-making accompanied by many gestures
en-tranc'ing (ĕn-trȧn'sĭng), most charming
en-treat' (ĕn-trēt'), beg
ep'au-lets (ĕp'ô-lĕts), ornaments on the shoulders of uniforms
equal priv'i-leg-es (prĭv'ĭ-lĕj-ĕz), the same rights
e-quiv'a-lent (ē-kwĭv'ȧ-lĕnt), enough to disprove it
e-rect'ing (ē-rĕk'tĭng), building
ere it passes (ãr; pȧs'ĕz), before it is gone
er'mine (ûr'mĭn), white fur used for garments of men in high office
es-chew'ing (ĕs-chōō'ĭng), getting away from

es'cort (ĕs'kôrt), companions
Es-quire' (ĕs-kwīr'), a former title corresponding to *Mr.*
e-ter'nal (ē-tûr'năl), everlasting; never melting
E'thi-o'pi-an (ē'thĭ-ō'pĭ-ăn), negro
e-vap'o-rate (ē-văp'ō-rāt), pass off; disappear
even though they offer gifts, this has become a proverb, meaning that gifts may conceal bad intentions
everlasting fires, fire was sacred, and altar-fires were never allowed to go out
ever the same, always looking the same
ex-ag'ger-a'tion (ĕg-zăj'ĕr-ā'shŭn), thing much larger than usual
ex-ceed'ing (ĕk-sēd'ĭng), more than usual
ex-ces'sive (ĕk-sĕs'ĭv), very great
ex-cit'ed this up'roar' (ĕk-sīt'ed; ŭp'-rōr'), started this excitement
ex-hort'ed (ĕg-zôrt'ĕd), urged
ex-pand' (ĕks-pănd'), open up
expect anything from arms, hope to do any good by fighting
ex'pe-di'tion (ĕks'pē-dĭsh'ŭn), trip
ex-pend'ed (ĕks-pĕnd'ĕd), used up
ex-pe'ri-enced (ĕks-pē'rĭ-ĕnst), gone through; had
ex'pi-ra'tion of which pe'ri-od (ĕks'pĭ-rā'shŭn; pē'rĭ-ŭd), end of this time
ex-ploit' (ĕks-ploit'), heroic act
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), greatest possible
ex'quis-ite work'man-ship (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt wûrk'măn-shĭp), careful, delicate make
ex-treme'ly doubt'ful of him (ĕks-trēm'lĭ dout'fo͝ol), half afraid of him
ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ĭ-tĭ), point farthest south

fab'u-lous days (făb'û-lŭs), times we know nothing of but stories
fac'ul-ty (făk'ŭl-tĭ), power
fail'ing (fāl'ĭng), dying
fainting voice, weak voice which is about to stop forever
fair, good; beautiful
fair and good of ours, beautiful and gentle of our race, i.e., people
faithless coldness of the times, lack of faith and eagerness we have now
fall'en (fôl''n), those who have not succeeded
fall like par'don (pär'dŭn), come down gently and as welcome as release to a prisoner
falls the plague on men (plāg), sudden disease kills people
fame shall glow, glory be seen and known everywhere
fanes (fānz), churches
Fan'euil Hall (făn''l), a public hall in Boston used for meetings during the Revolutionary War
fangs (făngz), long, sharp teeth
fan-tas'tic (făn-tăs'tĭk), queer
far beyond the might of, much harder than could be done by
fared (fârd), gone
far'ham'lets (hăm'lĕts), distant villages
far'ther (fär'thĕr), more distant
fas'ci-na'tion (făs'ĭ-nā'shŭn), charm; magic
fash'ioned (făsh'ŭnd), made
fa-tigued' (fă-tēgd'), tired
fawn (fôn), a young deer
fawn'ing (fôn'ĭng), showing delight
fearful hour, terrible time
feath'ered glean'ers (fĕth'ĕrd glēn'ĕrz), birds
fel'low-less fir'ma-ment (fĕl'ō-lĕs fûr'-mă-mĕnt), world of their own
fe-ro'cious (fē-rō'shŭs), very fierce
fer-til'i-ty (fĕr-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), richness in producing crops
fer'vor (fûr'vĕr), enthusiasm
fes'tal dain'ties (fĕs'tăl dān'tĭz), refreshments for a party
fet'ters (fĕt'ĕrz), chains
feud of rich and poor (fûd), constant warfare between the rich people and the poor people
fig'ure-head (fĭg'ûr-hĕd), carved figure on the prow
filling up the outline, adding the details himself
find honor in death, die fighting for his country, so that he would be remembered as a hero
find no market for it, get no one to buy it
fine-spun sen'ti-ment (sĕn'tĭ-mĕnt), delicate feelings
fire'i'rons (fīr'ī'ŭrnz), tongs, poker, etc., for fireplace

fir'ma-ment (fûr'mȧ-mĕnt), sky
first-born of glory, first heroes who died
fis'sure (fĭsh'ûr), opening
fix, make firm
flaw (flô), fault
fleet, number of boats; here, birds in a flock
fleet'ing (flēt'ĭng), swiftly passing
flick'ered (flĭk'ĕrd), waved, brighter, then fainter
flint'y (flĭn'tĭ), rocky
fli'st thy vo'cal vale (flīst; vō'kăl), art flying away from the valley where thou hast sung
floods the trees, flows through every branch and twig
floun'der-ing (floun'dĕr-ĭng), falling heavily and awkwardly
flour'ish-ing (flŭr'ĭsh-ĭng), waving
flus'ter-a-ted (flŭs'tĕr-ā-tĕd), confused
flut'ed col'umns (flōōt'ĕd kŏl'ŭmz), grooved pillars
foaming brine, ocean
fold (fōld), inclosure for sheep
font (fŏnt), set of type
footprints on the sands of time, some impression on the age we lived in
for a spell, during some little time
for-bade' (fŏr-băd'), did not allow them to
for-bear'ance (fŏr-bâr'ăns), refraining, by the exercise of self-control, from doing a thing
fore'head (fŏr'ĕd)
for'eign (fŏr'ĭn), other than our own
fore'most in the race (fōr'mōst), first to reach it
fore-saw' (fōr-sô'), thought of beforehand
fore-tells' (fōr-tĕlz'), tells us beforehand
for'mer-ly (fôr'mĕr-lĭ), before this time
forth'com'ing (fōrth'kŭm'ĭng), about to appear
fort'night (fôrt'nĭt), two weeks
for'tu-nate (fôr'tû-nāt), lucky
forty feeding like one, whole flock of sheep, each cropping the new grass
fought in Freedom's cause, served in the Revolutionary War, which made the United States free
foun'tain (foun'tĭn), water thrown up into the air to fall again; any spring, brook, or river
fount of har'mo-ny (hăr'mō-nĭ), source of music, i.e., nature
Fran'çois' (frăn'swȧ')
fraud (frôd), dishonesty
frayed (frād), raveled out; worn
freight'ed with life (frā'tĕd), loaded with living people
French proph'ets (prŏf'ĕts), a sect which had fought in France for religious liberty
fresh leaf is springing, new grass is beginning to grow
friskers, ones that went playfully
frol'ics (frŏl'ĭks), amusements
frost'ed nightcap (frŏs'tĕd), dark covering which protected the bud from the cold
frost'pow'dered wing (frŏst'pou'dĕrd) wing with tiny white specks of snow on its feathers
fru-gal'i-ty (frōō-găl'ĭ-tĭ), economy
fuller min'strel (mĭn'strĕl), better poet
funny rogue (rōg), jolly fellow
fur'row (fŭr'ō), shallow ditch dug by a plow
fur'ry civ'ic robe (fûr'ĭ sĭv'ĭk), long ermine gown, worn because he was mayor; hence, his office
fu'sil-lade' of terror (fū'sĭ-lād'), shooting that frightened

gap'ing (găp'ĭng), wide open
gar'nished (gär'nĭsht), decorated
gar'ri-soned (găr'ĭ-s'nd), guarded by troops
gath'ered (găth'ĕrd), drawn together
gave their merry youth away, gave up, while young, their prospects of happy life
general court, state legislature, which in those times decided cases as well as making laws
gen'er-a'tion (jĕn'ĕr-ā'shŭn), people who were born about the same time you were
ge'ni-al (jē'nĭ-ăl), warm
ge'nie (jē'nĭ), powerful spirit in *The Arabian Knights*
gen'tians (jĕn'shănz), plants with handsome blue flowers
Ge'ry-on (jē'rĭ-ŏn)

ges'tures (jĕs'tûrs), movements of the body which express ideas
ghast'ly (gást'lĭ), horrible
gib'ber-ish (gĭb'ĕr-ĭsh), nonsense
gi-gan'tic (jī-găn'tĭk), great
gird'ed (gûrd'ĕd), made ready
gir'dle (gûr'd'l), loose sash; belt
gir'dled (gûr'd'ld), killed by cutting away a ring of bark, which makes them dry up
give him the butt, turn the rod so that the big end is toward the fish, in order to take the strain when the fish is struggling to get away
give thee joy, wish happiness for thee
give thee lordship over, make thee ruler of
gla'cier (glā'shĕr), slowly moving body of ice
glad'den (glăd''n), put forth their leaves
glade (glād), open space among trees
glean'ers (glēn'ĕrs), those who pick up grain left by the reapers
glen (glĕn), little valley
glittering up'start fool (ŭp'stărt), man who brags of his new wealth
glory is departed from, great days are over for
glow'ing (glō'ĭng), hot
gnashed (năsht), was biting together
goal (gōl), final purpose
go a pretty good jog, walk right along steadily
gob'let (gŏb'lĕt), tall drinking glass with a stem
go down to the grave, die
Golden Town, Heaven
good knave's trade (nāvz), suitable business for a dishonest man
good'ly mar'riage por'tion (gŏŏd'lĭ măr'ĭj pōr'shŭn), large amount of money and valuable things given by her father when she is married
good speed, may you succeed
gorge (gôrj), a narrow passage between hills or mountains
gor'geous (gôr'jŭs), beautifully colored
gos'pel (gŏs'pĕl), truth
gos'sip-y breezes (gŏs'ĭp-ĭ), gentle winds that seem to talk together
gourd (gōrd), a hard-shelled fruit, not good to eat, but dried and used for drinking-cups
gra'cious (grā'shŭs), pleasing
gra-da'tim (grā-dā'tĭm), gradually; step by step
graft (grăft), branch made to grow on a tree of another sort
gran'deur (grăn'dûr), magnificence
grand'ly (grănd'lĭ), to the highest degree
grand supreme endeavor (sū-prēm' ĕn-dĕv'ẽr), last noble effort
granted in the char'ter (chär'tẽr), given in the original deed of land from the King
grasp'ing pomp (grăsp'ĭng pŏmp), those who want to take more than their rights in order to make a show
graz'ing (grāz'ĭng), eating the grass
green'ing (grēn'ĭng), becoming green
green'ly (grēn'lĭ), green
green'sward' (grēn'swôrd'), grassy sod
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), grief-bringing
grim (grĭm), fierce; stern
gripe (grīp), part that holds
ground'nut, a plant with roots that are good to eat
guil'der (gĭl'dẽr), old coin worth about forty-eight cents
guise (gīz), appearance
Gui'ter-man (gē'tẽr-măn)
gush (gŭsh), outpouring; sudden downpour; flow freely
gut'ted (gŭt'ĕd), removed the contents of

habits of life, ways of living
hab'i-tude (hăb'ĭ-tūd), habits
had a good deal of the knave in his com'po-si'tion (nāv; kŏm'pō-zĭsh' ŭn), was something of a rogue; was tricky
hail (hāl), greet with joy
hal'lowed (hăl'ōd), holy
hal'lowed shade (hăl'ōd), highly respected spirit
ha'lo (hā'lō), circle of light
Ham'el-in (hā'mĕl-ĭn)
hand, workman
hand'maid'ens (hănd'mād''nz), girls who serve her
Han'o-ver (hăn'ō-vẽr)
hap (hăp), happen
hard by, close to

hardly less sparing upon themselves, just about as stingy in their own case
hardtack, large, thick, square crackers
hard vis'age (vĭz'ăj), stern face
haunt'ing (hänt'ĭng), frequenting; going often to
hav'en (hā'v'ĕn), harbor
hav'oc (hăv'ŏk), destruction
Havre (hävr'), French port
hawks' bells, tiny round bells fastened to the birds' legs when the hawks were used in hunting
haz'ard-ous (hăz'ár-dŭs), dangerous
healthy de-moc'ra-cy (dē-mŏk'rà-sĭ), feeling that all were equal, which was good for them
heart, courage
hearth (härth; here, hĕrth for rime), fireplace
heart of the Bad Lands prop'er (prŏp'-ĕr), very center of the wild, barren country
heav'ing surg'es (hĕv'ĭng sûr'jĕz), tossing waves
Hem'ans, Fe-lic'ia (hĕm'ănz, fē-lĭsh'à)
her'ald (hĕr'ăld), one who made announcements
herb (ûrb), medicinal plant
her brow is to the morning, she is always looking toward the new and better day which is coming
Her'cu-les (hûr'kû-lēz)
herd (hûrd), British soldiers
her'i-tage (hĕr'ĭ-tâj), something handed down from the past
her'mit (hûr'mĭt), living apart from others
Her'od (hĕr'ŭd), see *Matthew* II, 16
he-ro'ic (hē-rō'ĭk), very large
Hes-pe'ri-an (hĕs-pē'rĭ-ăn), Italian
Hes-per'i-des (hĕs-pĕr'ĭ-dēz)
he who killed the wolf, General Putnam was noted for killing a fierce wolf, single-handed, when he was a young man
high, noble
high fa'vor (fā'vēr), great liking
high'way (hĭ'wā), road
hilt (hĭlt), handle
Hip-pol'y-ta (hĭ-pŏl'ĭ-tà)
hired a furnace, rented the tools of a goldsmith
his hand was against all men, he felt that people were his enemies
his heart melted within him, he began to feel very sorry
his steps ad-dressed' (ă-drĕst'), went
hith'er (hĭth'ĕr), to this place
hith'er-to (hĭth'ĕr-tōō), up to this time
hith'er-ward (hĭth'ĕr-wĕrd), in this direction
hoar'y (hōr'ĭ), white
hoax (hōks), joke
hob (hŏb), projection on a fireplace where things may be kept warm
hoist'ed (hoist'ĕd), raised
hold a morning gossip, exchange the news with someone
hold rev'el (rĕv'ĕl), have feasting and games
holy im'ag-es (ĭm'ăj-ĕz), small statues of the gods
Holy Writ (rĭt), the Bible
home'ly (hōm'lĭ), everyday
ho-ri'zon (hō-rĭ'zŭn), the line where the earth and sky seem to meet
hor'o-loge of E-ter'ni-ty (hŏr'ō-lōj; ē-tûr'nĭ-tĭ), timepiece that measures endless time
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tà-b'l), kind
hos'pi-tal'i-ty (hŏs'pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), welcome into a home
host (hōst), whole army
hos'tile (hŏs'tĭl), fighting against him
hos'tler (hŏs'lẽr), one who takes care of horses
household gods, gods of the home and family; here, the images of the gods
hov'er-ing in the sky (hŭv'ẽr-ĭng), flying low, ready to swoop
hue and cry (hū), shouting that calls citizens to pursue and capture a criminal
hu-mil'i-ty (hū-mĭl'ĭ-tĭ), meekness
Hunt, Leigh (lē)
hus'tling (hŭs'lĭng), crowding
hy'dra (hĭ'drà), mythological creature

i'dler (ĭ'dlẽr), one who does not work
Il'i-ad (ĭl'ĭ-ăd)
ill, bad; poor
il-lit'er-ate (ĭ-lĭt'ẽr-ât), ignorant of books
il-lu'mi-nat-ing (ĭ-lū'mĭ-nāt-ĭng), lighting up
il-lum'ined (ĭ-lū'mĭnd), having gilt or colored letters
il-lus'tri-ous (ĭ-lŭs'trĭ-ŭs), famous

im-meas'ur-a-bly (ĭ-mĕzh'ûr-ȧ-blĭ), so large that it could hardly be measured
im-me'di-ate con'se-quence (ĭ-mē'dĭ-ȧt kŏn'sē-kwĕns), result which followed at once
im-mersed' (ĭ-mûrst'), under water
im-mor'tal (ĭ-môr'tăl), that can never die
im'mor-tal'i-ty (ĭm'ôr-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), everlasting life
im-pen'e-tra-ble (ĭm-pĕn'ē-trȧ-b'l), so dark one could not see through it
im-pe'ri-al (ĭm-pē'rĭ-ăl), having great power
im-pe'ri-ous (ĭm-pē'rĭ-ŭs), which demands obedience
im-per'ti-nent (ĭm-pûr'tĭ-nĕnt), rude
im'pi-ous (ĭm'pĭ-ŭs), disrespectful
im-port' (ĭm-pōrt'), bring in from another country
im'por-tuned' (ĭm'pŏr-tūnd'), begged
im-posed' (ĭm-pōzd'), laid
im-pos'ing (ĭm-pōz'ĭng), stately
im-pres'sive (ĭm-prĕs'ĭv), important
in'ad-vert'ent-ly (ĭn'ăd-vûr'tĕnt-lĭ), accidentally
in a highly mag'ni-fied state (măg'nĭ-fīd), very much larger looking than he really was
in a trice (trīs), instantly
in-cal'cu-la-ble (ĭn-kăl'kū-lȧ-b'l), so large it cannot be measured
in-car'nate (ĭn-kär'nāt), in living form
in-censed' (ĭn-sĕnst'), angered
in-ces'sant-ly (ĭn-sĕs'ănt-lĭ), without ever stopping
in-clined' (ĭn-klīnd'), tipped
in'com-mode' (ĭn'kŏ-mōd'), to cause trouble
in'cu-ba'tor (ĭn'kū-bā'tĕr), artificial apparatus for hatching eggs
in-debt'ed-ness (ĭn-dĕt'ĕd-nĕs), sum of money that is owed
in'de-fat'i-ga-ble (ĭn'dē-făt'ĭ-gȧ-b'l), tireless
in'di-cat'ed (ĭn'dĭ-kāt'ĕd), pointed out
in-dic'a-tive of (ĭn-dĭk'ȧ-tĭv), showing
in-dif'fer-ent (ĭn-dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt), unsteady
in-dig'nant (ĭn-dĭg'nănt), angry
in-dom'i-ta-ble spirit of av'a-rice (ĭn-dŏm'ĭ-tȧ-b'l; ăv'ȧ-rĭs), greedy determination
in-dul'gent (ĭn-dŭl'jĕnt), much in the habit of letting him do as he liked
in'fant (ĭn'fănt), child
in'fi-nite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt), boundless and everlasting
in'fi-nite-ly (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt-lĭ), very much
in-fir'mi-ty (ĭn-fûr'mĭ-tĭ), weakness
in-flict'ed on (ĭn-flĭk'tĕd), given
in his rec'ord still (rĕk'ôrd), continually for what he has done
in lieu of (lū), instead of
in'mate (ĭn'māt), person or thing in the asylum
in-nu'mer-a-ble (ĭ-nū'mĕr-ȧ-b'l), many; countless
in-sid'i-ous (ĭn-sĭd'ĭ-ŭs), sneaking
in'so-lent (ĭn'sō-lĕnt), impudent
in some de-gree' (dē-grē'), partly; to some extent
in-spec'tion (ĭn-spĕk'shŭn), looking
in state, in an honorable manner
in'stinct (ĭn'stĭnkt), her own wish
in-teg'ri-ty (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ), honesty
in-tel'li-gi-bly (ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĭ-blĭ), clearly
in-tense' (ĭn-tĕns'), the greatest
in'ter-est he re-lied' on (ĭn'tĕr-ĕst; rē-līd'), influence in getting business he expected to have
in'ter-mis'sion (ĭn'tĕr-mĭsh'ŭn), stopping
in'ter-posed' (ĭn'tĕr-pōzd'), put between the two
in-ter'pret ed (ĭn-tûr'prĕt-ĕd), explained; shown
in-ter'pret-ers (ĭn-tûr'prĕt-ĕrz), those who make the meaning clear
in'ter-spersed' (ĭn'tĕr-spûrst'), mixed
in'ter-vals (ĭn'tĕr-vălz), spaces of time between
in the flower of your days, still young and vigorous
in the sod she breathes, even the dead answer her
in-tol'er-a-bly (ĭn-tŏl'ĕr-ȧ-blĭ), terribly
in-trench'ment (ĭn-trĕnch'mĕnt), a trench and a wall made of earth
in'un-da'tion (ĭn'ŭn-dā'shŭn), overflow
in-vad'ed (ĭn-vād'ĕd), entered by force
iron-bound, held with iron hoops
i-ron'i-cal-ly (ī-rŏn'ĭ-kăl-ĭ), mockingly
ir-rev'er-ent (ĭ-rĕv'ĕr-ĕnt), disrespectful

Ish'ma-el (ĭsh'mā-ĕl), the son of Abraham and Hagar. It was said of him, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him" (*Genesis* XVI, 12)
is'sue (ĭsh'ū), come out
is'sued from the deep (ĭsh'ūd), come up out of the sea
I-tal'ian (ĭ-tăl'yăn)
it is not for me to, I should not

jagged (jăgd), notched
jag'ged (jăg'ĕd), rough
jammed, crowded
jar'gon-ing (jär'gŏn-ĭng), talking nonsense
jaun'ty grace (jän'tĭ), gay becomingness
jave'lins (jăv'lĭnz), spears
joc'und (jŏk'ŭnd), merry
jun'gle (jŭng'g'l), thick and tangled forest growth
ju'ni-per (jōō'nĭ-pĕr), a prickly evergreen bush

keep away the sky, shut out the sight of the starry heavens
kins'folk (kĭnz'fōk), relatives
kith or kin, family or country
knell (nĕl), death-bell
knew no bounds, was so great she could not express it
knight'ed (nīt'ĕd), made a knight; given the title *Sir*
knob (nŏb), part in the center which stands out
knock'er (nŏk'ĕr), something fastened to a door for knocking
knuck'le (nŭk''l), small end of leg of mutton; joint
Kop'pel-berg (kŏp'ĕl-bĕrg)

lag'gards and i'dlers (lăg'ärdz; ī'dlĕrz), slow and unwilling workers
La-nier', **Sid'ney** (lă-nēr', sĭd'nĭ)
larger heart, wider sympathies
last re-treat' (rē-trēt'), place where they were last seen
late he bore, he carried recently
laugh'ter of the year (läf'tĕr), gayest time of the whole year
launched (länchd), set afloat
lau're-ate (lô'rē-āt), honored; in England the poet appointed by the king to compose poems for national occasions is called "poet laureate"
lau'rels (lô'rĕlz), bay trees
law by law shall grow, laws be made in a just way
lay, song
laying their hands to, taking hold of
leaf'lat'ticed (lēf'lăt'ĭst), partly shaded by leaves instead of by strips of wood in a crossed pattern
learned, gained from books
leg'a-cy (lĕg'ā-sĭ), gift left in a will
lei'sure (lē'zhûr), ease; spare time
length of years, old age
let the piping drop, stop playing his flute
lev'ied black'mail' (lĕv'ĭd blăk'māl'), took what they wanted, though it did not belong to them
Lib'er-ty Tree (lĭb'ĕr-tĭ), an elm tree formerly standing in Boston
lief (lēf), soon; gladly
Li-ége (lē-ăzh'), a Belgian province
liege'men to God (lēj'mĕn), those who owe their best service to the right
life is a high'way' (hī'wā'), we go on living in the same way that we march along a main road
lift her drooping lid, open her eyes which are closing in death
like a cra'dled crea'ture lies (krā'd'ld krē'tûr), is as smooth and peaceful as a child in its cradle
lit'ter (lĭt'ĕr), stretcher for carrying a helpless person
liv'er-y (lĭv'ĕr-ĭ), garments
living oak shall crash, tree shall grow old, die, and fall
loathes (lōthz), shrinks from
loath to grant (lōth; grănt), unwilling to agree to
lo'custs (lō'kŭsts), kind of grasshoppers
loft'y (lôf'tĭ), placed on high
loom (lōōm), shadowy form; weaving-frame
loosed (lōōst), unlocked; unhitched; untied
lopped (lŏpt), cut off
lord it over all, act as if he were better than anyone else
Lord of the Garden, God

lost en-deav'or (ĕn-dĕv'ĕr), useless attempt
Lou'vain' (lōō'văn'), Belgian city
loy'al-ty (loi'ăl-tĭ), faithfulness
Lu'cien (lū'shĕn)
lu'rid (lū'rĭd), pale; ghostly
lurk (lûrk), hide
lust of gold, strong desire for money
lus'trous (lŭs'trŭs), bright
lux-u'ri-ance (lŭks-ū'rĭ-ăns), richness
lux-u'ri-ant (lŭks-ū'rĭ-ănt), very great
lyre (līr), stringed musical instrument, similar to the harp
lyr'ics (lĭr'ĭks), melodies; poems made to be sung

Ma-dei'ra (mȧ-dē'rȧ), wine from the Madeira Islands, near Spain
made of all sweet ac-cord' (ă-kôrd'), like beautiful, soft music
made the ex-traor'di-na-ry ex'it (ĕks-trôr'dĭ-nā-rĭ ĕk'sĭt), gone out in the strange way
mad'ri-gals (măd'rĭ-gălz), songs
mag'i-cal trans'for-ma'tions (măj'ĭ-kăl trăns'fŏr-mā'shŭnz), most wonderful changes
magic slept, power to charm was hidden
main (mān), sea
main-tain' (mān-tān'), uphold and defend
ma-jes'tic (mȧ-jĕs'tĭk), noble
make af'fi-da'vit (ăf'ĭ-dā'vĭt), swear before a justice
make a-mends' (ȧ-mĕndz'), make up for their wrongdoing
make the crop, take care of what you plant, until it is ripe
make this o'men sure (ō'mĕn), promise us that things shall happen in the way this sign shows
making merry, having a gay time
mal'e-dic'tions (măl'ĕ-dĭk'shŭnz), curses
mal'ice (măl'ĭs), hatred
ma-li'cious (mȧ-lĭsh'ŭs), evil
Ma'lines' (mȧ'lēn'), a Belgian city
Mal'loch, Doug'las (măl'ŏk, dŭg'lȧs)
mam'moth (măm'ŏth), very large
man'age mat'ters (măn'ăj măt'ĕrz), act so as to succeed
man-at-arms, soldier
man'gled frame (măng'g'ld), torn body
man'i-fest (măn'ĭ-fĕst), visible; show
man'i-fest symp'toms (măn'ĭ-fĕst sĭmp'tŭms), plain signs
man'kind' (măn'kīnd'), all people
man'sion (măn'shŭn), large house
man'tle (măn't'l), long, loose garment
man'tled in a vol'ume (măn't'ld; vŏl'-ûm), wrapped in a mass
many a good'ly pros'pect (gŏŏd'lĭ prŏs'pĕkt), large number of fine views
ma-raud'ers (mȧ-rôd'ĕrz), thieves
mar'gin (mär'jĭn), edge
mark (märk), limit; scar
mark the rolling year, keep track of the changing seasons
mar'tin (mär'tĭn), a purple bird belonging to the swallow family
mar'tyr (mär'tĕr), one who dies for his faith
mar'vel (mär'vĕl), a wonder; wonderful happening
mar'vel-ous (mär'vĕl-ŭs), wonderful
ma'son (mā's'n), builder
mas'sa-cre (măs'ȧ-kĕr), killing of a large number without any reason
mas'sive (măs'ĭv), large; heavy
mass'y (măs'ĭ), great
mas'tered (măs'tĕrd), made our own
ma'tron (mā'trŭn), the woman who manages a household; mother
ma-tur'er (mȧ-tūr'ĕr), of older growth
ma'vis (mā'vĭs), song thrush
may his tribe in-crease' (ĭn-krēs'), we wish for many more such people
may not stay, am not allowed to stop
mean (mēn), common
med'i-tat'ing (mĕd'ĭ-tāt'ĭng), thinking
med'i-ta'tions (mĕd'ĭ-tā'shŭnz), serious thoughts
med'i-ta-tive-ly (mĕd'ĭ-tȧ-tĭv-lĭ), very thoughtfully
meet'ing-house' (mēt'ĭng-hous'), church
mel'an-chol-y (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), very sad
me-lo'di-ous (mē-lō'dĭ-ŭs), musical
mel'o-dy sin-cere' (mĕl'ō-dĭ sĭn-sēr'), song really expressing the feelings of the singer
men of the same blood, relatives
men'tioned (mĕn'shŭnd), spoken of
Mer'cier', Cardinal (mĕr'syā')
merle (mûrl), blackbird

me-trop'o-lis (mē-trŏp'ō-lĭs), chief city
Mi'das' golden touch (mī'dăs), according to the Greek legend, King Midas was able for a few hours to turn to gold everything he touched
might and main, whole strength
mile'stone (mīl'stōn), stone which marks distance—boundary mark
mil'i-ta-ry sci'ence (mĭl'ĭ-tā-rĭ sī'ĕns), knowledge of war
mil'i-ta-ry stores (mĭl'ĭ-tā-rĭ), guns and ammunition
mills of toil, life of work
Mil-ti'a-des (mĭl-tī'ā-dēz), Athenian general; here, the turkey
mind, take care of
mind's dumb whisper, silence of the mind
mingle in the conversation, talk to the other people
min'i-a-ture (mĭn'ĭ-ā-tûr), tiny
Min'is-try (mĭn'ĭs-trĭ), heads of departments of State in England
min'strels (mĭn'strĕlz), singers
mi-nute'ly (mī-nūt'lĭ), much in detail
min'ute-men (mĭn'ĭt-mĕn), men ready to go and fight whenever called
mir'y (mīr'ĭ), muddy
mists of splen'dor (splĕn'dēr), beautiful veil-like effect of the maple flowers
mock (mŏk), make fun of
mocks the doctor's rules, needs to pay no attention to laws of health
mod'er-ate stat'ure (mŏd'ēr-āt stăt'ûr), medium height
modes (mōdz), customs
moil, hard work
mold (mōld), earth; dirt
mo-lest' (mō-lĕst'), harm
mo'ly (mō'lĭ), magic plant
mo'men-ta-ri-ly (mō'mĕn-tā-rĭ-lĭ), every moment
mo-men'tous (mō-mĕn'tŭs), very important
mon'arch (mŏn'ärk), ruler
Mon-sieur' le Plais-ir' (mĕ-syû' lē plā-zēr'), Mr. Pleasure
mon'ster (mŏn'stēr), huge animal
moored (mōōrd), fastened
mo-roc'co's gilded gleam (mō-rŏk'ōz), shine of fine leather binding with gilt letters
mor'tal (môr'tăl), deadly
mor'tal looms (môr'tăl), weaving-frames invented by men
mort'gage (môr'gāj), promise to give up some property if a debt is not paid at a time promised
Mo-selle' (mō-zĕl'), a kind of wine
mother-of-pearl, hard inside layer of a shell, which has beautiful colors
mo'tion thy rest (mō'shŭn), never stopping
moun'tain born (moun'tĭn), rising among mountains
mournful numbers, sad, gloomy verses
mournful rimes, sad poetry
mourn'ing (mōrn'ĭng), weeping
multiplied, made greater
mused (mūzd), thought
mu'si-cal a-dept' (mū'zĭ-kăl ā-dĕpt'), skilled musician
Mus-ke'gon (mŭs-kē'gŏn)
mus'ket-ry (mŭs'kĕt-rĭ), sound of guns firing
mus'ter-ing (mŭs'tĕr-ĭng), that is calling the men together
mut'tered (mŭt'ĕrd), spoke in a low, indistinct tone
my heart leaps up, I feel a sudden joy
my ho-ri'zon grew (hō-rī'zŭn), I came to have a broader outlook
myr'i-ads (mĭr'ĭ-ădz), a countless number
mys'tic (mĭs'tĭk), mysterious

naked woods, leafless trees
name shall shine, reputation be the best
nar'ra-tive (năr'ā-tĭv), story
nar-ra'tor (nă-rā'tēr), teller
narrowing lust, strong desire which crowds out nobler wishes
nar'y (nâr'ĭ), not one
na'tive (nā'tĭv), where I was born; natural; one born in
naught (nôt), not at all
nearing, almost here
nec'tar (nĕk'tär), drink of the gods; hence, most delicious drink
needle of my nature dips, I turn, as the compass needle is drawn north
neg'a-tive (nĕg'ā-tĭv), denying it
nerve'less the i'ron hand (nûrv'lĕs; ī'ŭrn), the strong arm is helpless in death
newt (nūt), lizard

new voice of Spring, first song of the cuckoo heard that year
nigh (nī), near
night-bird, nightingale
Ni-zam' (nē-zäm'), native ruler
nod'dy (nŏd'ĭ), fool
nook (nōōk), corner
noon'ing (nōōn'ĭng), noon recess
note'less (nōt'lĕs), not worth talking about
note of hand, promises to pay money when called for
nov'ice (nŏv'ĭs), one with a simple, unsuspecting mind
nursed a faith, believed more and more
nur'tured (nûr'tûrd), taken care of
nymphs (nĭmfs), beautiful maidens, related to the gods and having some divine power

oak'en sub'stance (ōk'ĕn sŭb'stăns), oak wood of which it was made
oath, solemn promise
o-bese' (ō-bēs'), extremely fat
ob'ject of ab-hor'rence (ŏb'jĕkt; ăb-hŏr'ĕns), person hated and feared
ob-scured' (ŏb-skûrd'), hidden; covered
ob-scured' Co-lum'bi-a's day (ŏb-skûrd' kō-lŭm'bĭ-äz), made it look dark for the nation
ob-scu'ri-ty (ŏb-skū'rĭ-tĭ), gloom; darkness
oc-cur'rence (ō-kûr'ĕns), happening
Od'ys-sey (ŏd'ĭ-sĭ)
of after time, in the future
of doubt'ful char'ac-ter (dout'fo͝ol kăr'ăk-tĕr), whom nobody knew anything about
of many tongues, speaking several different languages
of pe-cul'iar del'i-ca-cy (pē-kūl'yär dĕl'ĭ-kä-sĭ), hard to ask because it might offend
of prom'is-ing parts (prŏm'ĭs-ĭng pärts), who seemed to be going to make his mark in life
of set pur'pose (pûr'pŭs), by a plan
of'ten (ŏf''n)
of their own ac-cord', became (ă-kôrd'), changed themselves into
of the line, grown near the equator
of untamed nature, just as they grew
of whom he re-quires' (rē-kwīrz'), to whom he insists
oint'ment (oint'mĕnt), thick, perfumed oil
Old French War, war between the French and the English (1754-1763)
old-time fire, enthusiasm he had felt when a young fisherman
om-nip'o-tence (ŏm-nĭp'ō-tĕns), almighty power
on closer in-spec'tion (ĭn-spĕk'shŭn), when looked at more carefully
on'slaught (ŏn'slôt), attack
on soil and sea, on land and water the same; everywhere
on the rack, in torment
on the road, at a place on my way
on the score of e-con'o-my (skōr; ē-kŏn'ō-mĭ), for the sake of making money
op-pres'sive (ŏ-prĕs'ĭv), very heavy
or'a-cle (ŏr'ä-k'l), wish of the gods, as told by some priest
o'ral tes'ti-mo-ny (ō'răl tĕs'tĭ-mō-nĭ), proof by saying so
or'ches-tra (ôr'kĕs-trà), company of various musical instruments
or'chis (ôr'kĭs), orchid; a rare wild-flower
or'dered bounds (ôr'dĕrd), limits set for us
o-rig'i-nate' (ō-rĭj'ĭ-nāt'), start
our dreams in-vad'ed (ĭn-vād'ĕd), disturbed our sleep
out'cry (out'krī), loud cry
out-land'ish (out-lăn'dĭsh), strange; foreign
out of his el'e-ment (ĕl'ē-mĕnt), not in his natural surroundings
o'ver-arched' with (ō'vĕr-ärcht'), having a round-topped cover of
overgrown with bar'na-cles (bär'nă-k'lz), covered with small shellfish
o'ver-lord' (ō'vĕr-lôrd'), ruler
o'ver-se'er (ō'vĕr-sē'ĕr), man in charge of the poor
o'ver-whelm' (ō'vĕr-hwĕlm'), bury in its waters
owe man'kind' a debt (ō măn'kīnd'; dĕt), ought to do everything possible to help others

painless play, amusement that leaves no weariness afterward

pale is the lip of scorn, those who talked in a proud and insulting way are now dead

pam'phlets (păm'flĕts), small, paper-covered books

pan'niers (păn'yĕrz), baskets carried on either side

pan'o-ra'ma (păn'ō-rä'mȧ), rapidly changing display of expressions

par'a-ble (păr'ȧ-b'l), little story which teaches a lesson

pa-rad'ed (pȧ-rād'ĕd), were assembled, as if ready for marching

par'a-lyzed (păr'ȧ-līzd), affected so that he could not move

Par'lia-ment (pär'lĭ-mĕnt), the British legislative body

part and parcel of, belonging to

par'tridge (pär'trĭj), the bobwhite

party strife, struggles between political parties

pas'sage (păs'ăj), fare

pass'ing few (pȧs'ĭng fū), a very small number indeed

pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), temper

pas'sion-ate-ly (păsh'ŭn-ăt-lĭ), very angrily

pas'time (pȧs'tīm), amusement

pate (pāt), head

pa'thos (pā'thŏs), sad writing

pa'tri-ots (pā'trĭ-ŏts), those who love and give service to their country

paying court, showing attention

peep-show, having an object or pictures inside, to be looked at through a hole which contains a magnifying glass

per'i-lous en-cum'brance (pĕr'ĭ-lŭs ĕn-kŭm'brăns), dangerous burden

per'pe-trat'ed (pûr'pē-trāt'ĕd), done

per-pet'u-al (pĕr-pĕt'ū-ăl), continual

per-pet'u-ate (pĕr-pĕt'ū-āt), keep alive

per-plex'i-ty (pĕr-plĕk'sĭ-tĭ), failure to understand

per'se-cu'tion (pûr'sē-kū'shŭn), pursuing with intent to kill

per-sist'ed in (pĕr-sĭs'tĕd), kept on

per'ti-na'cious and in-trac'ta-ble dis'po-si'tion (pûr'tĭ-nā'shŭs; ĭn-trăk'tȧ-b'l dĭs'pō-zĭsh'ŭn), stubborn, headstrong nature

pes'tered (pĕs'tĕrd), bothered

pes'ti-lence (pĕs'tĭ-lĕns), a contagious disease causing many and sudden deaths

pet'u-lant (pĕt'ū-lănt), cross; sullen

pew'ter (pū'tĕr), a white metal formerly much used instead of silver

pick'er-el (pĭk'ĕr-ĕl), a common fish

pick'et-ed (pĭk'ĕt-ĕd), tied

pie'bald' (pī'bôld'), spotted

pied (pīd), of different colors

Pied Piper, flute-player dressed in many gay colors

pierced (pērst), went through

pi'e-ty (pī'ĕ-tĭ), love for God and man

pil'grim-ag-es (pĭl'grĭ-măj-ĕz), journeys

pin'ions (pĭn'yŭns), wings

pin'na-cles (pĭn'ȧ-k'lz), high, slender points

pi'o-neer' (pī'ō-nēr'), going before and preparing the way for others

pipes his story, sings what he has to tell, in flutelike notes

pi'rates (pī'rȧts), sea-robbers

pit'e-ous (pĭt'ē-ŭs), sad

place of their self'-con-tent' (sĕlf'-kŏn-tĕnt'), state of being satisfied with themselves as they are

place that en'ter-tains' strangers (ĕn'-tĕr-tānz'), inn

plate, dishes

pla-teau' (plȧ-tō'), a broad, level, elevated stretch of land

Pla'to (plā'tō), a Greek who wrote *The Republic,* in which he described an ideal country. In it he permitted no poets; and the men who write book-reviews seem also to want to drive away the poets.

play of his proud flanks, movement of the muscles in his great sides

play the master, rule

please your honors, gentlemen, please listen

plied (plīd), used busily

plodders, ones that moved slowly

plume (plōōm), feather

ply the loom, weave cloth—one of the duties of a servant

poised (poizd), balanced

pome-gran'ate (pŏm-grăn'ăt), a fruit looking like an orange, but having red pulp with many seeds

pon'der-ing (pŏn'dĕr-ĭng), thinking deeply
pon'der-ous (pŏn'dĕr-ŭs), very heavy
pop'u-la'tion (pŏp'ū-lā'shŭn), people who lived there
pop'u-lous (pŏp'ū-lŭs), inhabited; occupied by many people
por'poise (pôr'pŭs), a deep-water fish
por'rin-ger (pŏr'ĭn-jĕr), bowl
por'ti-co (pōr'tĭ-kō), porch made with large pillars
pos-ter'i-ty (pŏs-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), people who come after you
poth'er (pŏth'ĕr), noise and confusion
pot'tage (pŏt'ăj), good dishes; a soup
pounce, jump down suddenly
poured out wine, made an offering before prayer
pranc'ing (prăns'ĭng), gayly springing
pre-cau'tion (prē-kô'shŭn), care; plan to be careful
Pre-cep'tor (prē-sĕp'tĕr), master of the school
pre'cincts (prē'sĭnkts), space of land
prec'i-pice (prĕs'ĭ-pĭs), cliff
pre-cise'ly (prē-sīs'lĭ), just
prel'ate (prĕl'ăt), minister
prem'is-es (prĕm'ĭs-ĕz), grounds
pre-scribed' (prē-skrībd'), ordered
press, go forward
pressed, attacked
pre-vail' (prē-vāl'), get and keep the mastery; win the victory in battle
pre-vail'ing (prē-vāl'ĭng), nearly everywhere
pride in place and blood, glorying in position and family
prime (prīm), best; best time
pris-mat'ic colors (prĭz-măt'ĭk), colors into which light can be separated: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red
priv'i-leg-es (prĭv'ĭ-lĕj-ĕz), things people were allowed to do
pro-ceed'ing (prō-sēd'ĭng), way of doing
pro-dig'ious (prō-dĭj'ŭs), huge
pro-dig'ious spec'ta-cle (prō-dĭj'ŭs spĕk'tȧ-k'l), huge thing to look at
pro'file (prō'fīl), side view
prog-nos'ti-ca'ting (prŏg-nŏs'tĭ-kā'-tĭng), foretelling
pro-ject'ed (prō-jĕkt'ĕd), with points reaching forward
prom'ised glory (prŏm'ĭst), fruit that is to come
prong'buck (prŏng'bŭk), one of the antelope family; the horns have a long, sharp end, or prong
pro-nounced' it to be (prō-nounst'), said positively that it was
proof against all wounds, so that it could not be wounded in any way
prop'er-ties (prŏp'ĕr-tĭz), qualities
proph'e-cy (prŏf'ē-sĭ), act of telling what is going to happen
proph'e-sy (prŏf'ē-sī), tell beforehand
pro-phet'ic veil (prō-fĕt'ĭk), hanging blossoms which promise leaves later
pro-posed' such meas'ures as (prō-pōzd'; mĕzh'ŭrz), set forth the necessary things to be done which
pro-pri'e-tor (prō-prī'ē-tĕr), owner
pros'pect (prŏs'pĕkt), view; chance
pros'pered (prŏs'pĕrd), got along
pros'trate (prŏs'trāt), fallen
pros'trat-ed (prŏs'trāt-ĕd), knocked down
proved a cool'er to (prōōvd; kōōl'ĕr), taken away the fierceness from
pro-vin'cial (prō-vĭn'shăl), of the colony
prov'o-ca'tion (prŏv'ō-kā'shŭn), cause; reason
psal'ter-y (sôl'tĕr-ĭ), an old kind of stringed musical instrument
pulse (pŭls), peas, beans, etc., that is, plain food
pump'kin (pŭmp'kĭn)
punch'eon (pŭn'chŭn), large cask
purer laws, better rules of conduct
pur'ple (pûr'p'l), ripen
pur-suit' (pŭr-sūt'), chase
put it into the heart of, gave the thought to

quad (kwŏd), college buildings
quaint (kwānt), old-fashioned; curious
quaint at-tire' (kwānt ă-tīr'), strange, old-fashioned clothes
qnaked (kwākt), shook in fright
quar'ry (kwŏr'ĭ), game
quar'tered (kwôr'tĕrd), lodged; housed
quar'ter-ing (kwôr'tĕr-ĭng), moving sidewise

quick and treach'er-ous sands of sin (trĕch'ĕr-ŭs), wrongdoing that is like quicksand, which drags you down
quite, entirely
quite a re-spect'a-ble nar'ra-tive (rē-spĕk'tà-'bl năr'à-tĭv), a complete story
quiv'er (kwĭv'ĕr), case; tremble
quoit (kwoit), iron ring
quoth (kwōth), said

rac'y sweetness (rās'ĭ), fresh sap
rai'ment (rā'mĕnt), clothing
random, *see* at random
range (rānj), wild; slant; movement; go where I like
ran'som (răn'sŭm), price paid to get something back
rapt in (răpt), wholly taken up by
re-al'i-ty (rē-ăl'ĭ-tĭ), truth; fact
realm (rĕlm), region
realms of death (rĕlmz), places where the dead remain—showing that he must die
re'ap-pear'ance (rē'ă-pēr'ăns), coming into view again
reared (rērd), brought up
re-buked' (rē-būkt'), spoke, blaming
re-cess'es (rē-sĕs'ĕz), hidden corners
rec'on-noi'ter (rĕk'ŏ-noi'tĕr), inspect
re-cruit'ed (rē-krōōt'ĕd), refreshed
re-cruits' (rē-krōōts'), soldiers who had just enlisted
re-cum'bent (rē-kŭm'bĕnt), easy; reclining
re-dress' (rē-drĕs'), chance for justice
reek'ing (rēk'ĭng), steaming
re-frac'to-ry (rē-frăk'tô-rĭ), stubborn
re-fus'al of hos'pi-tal'i-ty (rē-fūz'ăl; hŏs'pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), rude way you would not have me as a guest
re'gal tent (rē'găl), tent fit for a king
re'gions (rē'jŭnz), spaces
re'gions now un-trod' (rē'jŭnz; ŭn-trŏd'), countries not yet settled
reg'u-late itself (rĕg'ū-lāt), go on in an orderly manner
Reid, Mayne (rēd, mān)
rein'ing in (rān'ĭng), stopping
re-joined' (rē-joind'), responded
re-late' all the par-tic'u-lars (pär-tĭk'-ū-lärz), tell the whole story
re-laxed' his grasp (rē-lăkst'), loosened his hold
re-mon'stran-ces (rē-mŏn'străn-sĕz), urgings against doing something
rend (rĕnd), tear apart
ren'der (rĕn'dĕr), give
ren'dered (rĕn'dĕrd), made
re-nown' (rē-noun'), fame
re-paired' (rē-pârd'), made up for
re-pairs' thy ru'ral seat (rē-pârz'; rōō'răl), furnishes newly your home in the country
re-past' (rē-pâst'), meal
re-plen'ish (rē-plĕn'ĭsh), fill again
re-pub'lic-an (rē-pŭb'lĭ-kăn), a believer in all men being equal
rep'u-ta-ble (rĕp'ū-tà-b'l), with a good name
re-quest' (rē-kwĕst'), asking
re-sem'bled (rē-zĕm'b'ld), was like
re-solve' (rē-zŏlv'), plan decided on
resolved on death or liberty, was determined to be free or die fighting for freedom
re-solve' themselves into, become
re-spec'tive (rē-spĕk'tĭv), own
re-splend'ent (rē-splĕn'dĕnt), brilliant
re-sumed' (rē-zūmd'), started again
res'ur-rec'tion (rĕz'ŭ-rĕk'shŭn), coming to life again
re-treat'ed (rē-trēt'ĕd), gone back; given way; melted
re-turn'ing (rē-tûrn'ĭng), rising
re-ver'ber-ate' (rē-vûr'bĕr-āt'), echo
rev'er-ence (rĕv'ĕr-ĕns), respect
rev'er-enced (rĕv'ĕr-ĕnst), respected
rev'er-ies pro-found' (rĕv'ĕr-ĭz prō-found'), deep thought
re-vived' his spirits (rē-vīvd'), cheered him up
re-volved' from night to day (rē-vŏlvd'), turned on its axis so darkness changed to light
re-volve the cir'cum-stanc'es (sûr'-kŭm-stăns'ĕs), go over the story
Rhen'ish (rĕn'ĭsh), a kind of wine
rib'ald (rĭb'ăld; here, rī'bôld for rime), coarse fellow
rich, gloriously bright
rich ful-fill'ment dawn (fŏŏl-fĭl'mĕnt), beginning of the luxuriant growth promised by the buds in spring
rig'or (rĭg'ĕr), coldness
riv'en (rĭv''n), split
rod of op-pres'sion (ŏ-prĕsh'ŭn), unjust rule

rogue el'e-phant (rōg ĕl'ē-fănt), vicious beast which roams about alone, doing harm
roll afar, stretch for long distances
rolled, passed
Roo'se-velt, The'o-dore (rō'zē-vĕlt, thē'ō-dōr)
rosy-fingered Dawn, sunrise with its red beams, like a goddess's fingers
roun'de-lay (roun'dē-lā), song with a repeated chorus
round-up, collecting cattle by riding around them and driving them
route (rōōt), path; way
royal standard, flag of the king
ru'bi-cund (rōō'bĭ-kŭnd), red
rud'dy (rŭd'ĭ), red
rude (rōōd), home-made
rum'bled (rŭm'b'ld), rolled heavily
ruth'less-ly (rōōth'lĕs-lĭ), most cruelly

sa'ble (sā'b'l), black
sac'ri-fice (săk'rĭ-fīs), offerings
Saint Gau'dens (gô'dĕnz), American sculptor (1848-1907)
Salm'on (săm'ŭn)
sanc'tioned his ad-dres'es (săngk'shŭnd; ă-drĕs'ĕz), favored his attentions
sank to their rest, died
saps (săps), weakens
sat in coun'cil (koun'sĭl), talked things over
saun'tered (sän'tẽrd), walked idly
save my house, preserve my descendants
sa'vor-y (sā'vẽr-ĭ), inviting; appetizing
Sax'on (săk'sŭn), belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race, which had settled in England before 700 A.D.
scab'bard (skăb'ărd), sheath
scap'net (skăp'nĕt), catching large numbers of insects in the air for food, as a scoopnet dips up many minnows at one time
scep'ter (sĕp'tẽr), rod of a ruler
scheme (skēm), plan
scheme of bond'age (skēm; bŏn'dâj), plan to keep us from being free
Sci'ence (sī'ĕns), learning
sci'ence truth shall know (sī'ĕns), learning be kept true
scim'i-tar (sĭm'ĭ-tẽr), curved sword
Scit'u-ate (sĭt'ū-āt)
scoffed (skŏft), laughed; made fun
scoff'ing (skŏf'ĭng), making fun
scorn'er's seat (skôr'nẽrz), place where I would look down on others
scorn of long fa-mil'i-ar'i-ty (fă-mĭl'ĭ-ăr'ĭ-tĭ), contempt because he had seen them so often
scor'pi-on (skôr'pĭ-ŭn), stinging bug.
sea'far'ing (sē'fâr'ĭng), pertaining to those who spend much time on the sea; living in or on the sea
sea-pur'ple (sē-pûr'p'l), bright purple, so-called because the dye came from an ocean shell-fish
sear (sēr), dry
sea'wor'thy (sē'wûr'thĭ), able to float
se-clud'ed (sē-klōōd'ĕd), lonely
se-date' ap-pear'ance (sē-dāt' ă-pēr'ăns), serious look
se'er (sē'ẽr), prophet
seize upon my feet (sēz), make me go forth
self'same' (sĕlf'sām'), exact
sen'iors (sēn'yẽrz), the ones older than he
sen-sa'tion-al (sĕn-sā'shŭn-ăl), excitingly interesting
sen'su-al (sĕn'shōō-ăl), bodily; selfish
se-ren'i-ty (sē-rĕn'ĭ-tĭ), calmness
sets men to strive, makes men fight
set their faces, determined to stand
sex'ton (sĕks'tŭn), man who takes care of a church
shad'ow-y grass (shăd'ō-ĭ), tall grass casting shadows on tiny flowers
shadowy lens of even, gathering darkness of evening, as through a magnifying glass
shapes of foul dis-ease' (dĭ-zēz'), kinds of sickness caused by dirt
shap'ing out (shāp'ĭng), cutting and fitting boards to make
sharps and flats, keys
shav'en (shāv'ĕn), closely mowed
sheathed (shēthd), in its case, or sheath
sheer (shēr), straight up and down; perpendicular
shift (shĭft), change
shift'ing and furl'ing (shĭft'ĭng; fûr'lĭng), changing and rolling up
shil'ling (shĭl'lĭng), an English coin, worth about twenty-four cents

shiv'ered (shĭv'ĕrd), much broken
shoal (shōl), place where the water is very shallow
shrank (shrănk), bent
shrine (shrīn), holy place
shroud'less (shroud'lĕs), without being dressed for burial
shroud of snow, pure white garment in which a person is buried
shun (shŭn), keep away from
shut'tle (shŭt''l), tool for weaving
sig'nals (sĭg'nălz), warning signs or lights
sig'na-ture (sĭg'nà-tûr), name signed at the bottom of
Si'gnor Far Ni-en'te (sē'nyōr fär nē-ĕn'tā), Mr. Do Nothing
sil'ver-y main (sĭl'vĕr-ĭ mān), shining ocean
sim'i-lar line of con'duct (sĭm'ĭ-lär; kŏn'dŭkt), same way of acting
simply, merely; just
sin'ew-y (sĭn'û-ĭ), strong; powerful
sin'gu-lar ap-pear'ance (sĭng'gû-lär ă-pēr'ăns), strange look
sin'gu-lar prop'er-ty (sĭng'gû-lär prŏp'ēr-tĭ), unusual quality
sin'is-ter (sĭn'ĭs-tĕr), evil
sires (sīrz), forefathers
sit'u-a'tion (sĭt'û-ā'shŭn), place
skel'e-ton at their feast (skĕl'ē-tŭn), something sad in the midst of pleasure. The Egyptians used to set up a death's head at their feasts
slake our thirsty souls (slāk), bring encouragement to our discouraged minds as rain brings refreshment to plants
slashed (slăsht), made with slits, to show cloth of a different color
sledge (slĕj), heavy hammer
sloped (slōpt), tipped
slopes (slōps), hillsides
slowly dying cause, movement which is needed no longer
sly (slī), meant to catch me
smith'y (smĭth'ĭ), place where horses are shod
smit'ten (smĭt''n), struck; wounded
smote (smōt), slapped
snout'ed (snout'ĕd), long-nosed
snuffboxes, boxes for holding snuff, or powdered tobacco, which people used to carry around for smelling
so a-ban'doned a char'ac-ter (à-băn'dŭnd; kăr'ăk-tĕr), such a wicked man
so as you never saw, in such a way as you have never seen
so'cia-bly (sō'shà-blĭ), pleasantly talking together
so'cial con-di'tions (sō'shăl kŏn-dĭsh'ŭnz), state in which they live
so cruel and grinding a temper, such a cross and stingy disposition
soft'ness in the air (sŏft'nĕs), moist warmth about me
so'journ-ers (sō'jûrn-ĕrz), travelers who remain
sol'i-ta-ry (sŏl'ĭ-tā-rĭ), lonesome
some de-gree' of cre'dence (dē-grē'; krē'dĕns), belief in part of what he said
something of all on oc-ca'sions (ŏ-kā'zhŭnz), agreed in belief with the man he happened to be talking with
son'net (sŏn'ĕt), fourteen-line poem
son of E'rin (ē'rĭn; ĕr'ĭn), Irishman
soph'ist-er (sŏf'ĭs-tĕr), man pretending to have reasons which he really knew were false
sore, very sad; very much
Sound, Long Island Sound
spare guns, guns shot by the servants
spar'ry (spär'ĭ), bright because of the shining minerals in the walls
speak for me, tell about me
speak within bounds, to make a thing, in the telling, smaller than it is
spell-bound, wholly charmed
spheres of gold (sfērz), the pumpkin
spice of life, seasoning; what makes it interesting
spin'ster (spĭn'stĕr), an unmarried woman, no longer young
spire (spīr), slender tower
spite (spīt), hate; meanness
spits (spĭts), long, pointed rods to hold meat roasting over an open fire
splen'dor (splĕn'dĕr), beauty
spoil, booty; plunder
sprang (sprăng), grew up quickly
sprats (sprăts), small fish
spread her broad banner, may the flag fly unfurled
sprigs (sprĭgz), tiny branches
stalk (stôk), stem

starry time, time when the stars shine; night
starting little doubts, beginning sentences with "perhaps" or "I suppose"
starts, is surprised and delighted
sta'tion (stā'shŭn), place
stat'ure (stăt'ûr), height
St. Bar-thol'o-mew (băr-thŏl'ô-mū), a terrible killing of human beings in Paris (1572)
stead (stĕd), place
steed, racehorse
stepped into the breach, did the thing which needed to be done
still seeming best, liking whatever weather comes
stin'gy (stĭn'jĭ), scanty; small
stood for ages still, has been growing in the same place for a long, long time
storm of the Revolution, war that affected the country as a storm does the ocean
strand (strănd), shore
strewn (strōōn), scattered
strip'ling (strĭp'lĭng), youth
stumps (stŭmps), wooden rods which form the wickets used in cricket
Styr'i-a (stĭr'ĭ-ȧ)
sub-ject'ed to an in-tense' gaze (sŭb-jĕk'tĕd; ĭn-tĕns'), compelled to meet a searching look
sub-lime' (sŭb-līm'), noble
sub-sist' (sŭb-sĭst'), live
sub'stance (sŭb'stăns), wealth; possessions
sub'ter-ra'ne-ous (sŭb'tĕr-ā'nē-ŭs), underground
sub'tle (sŭt''l), delicate
suc-ces'sive gen-er-a'tions (sŭk-sĕs'-ĭv jĕn-ĕr-ā'shŭnz), classes that went through the school
sugarplums, round candies
suit'ors (sūt'ĕrz), men who are seeking to marry
sul'len (sŭl'ĕn), gloomy
sul'len and gro-tesque' (sŭl'ĕn; grō-tĕsk'), hard, gloomy, and fantastic looking
sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), top
sun'dry (sŭn'drĭ), several
sunlit oceans, great stretches of water gleaming in the sunshine
sup'ple (sŭp''l), possessing the power to move easily; nimble
sup'pli-cate (sŭp'lĭ-kāt), beg
Su-preme' Re-pub'lic (sū-prēm' rē-pŭb'lĭk), greatest government of the people, the United States
surf (sûrf), foam where the waves break on the shore
surprised the hill, took the hill by surprise, as in a battle
sus-tain' (sŭs-tān'), bear
swal'low-tail' (swŏl'ô-tāl'), an evening coat
swarm (swôrm), crowd thickly
swarth'y (swôr'thĭ), dark
sway (swā), rule
sweeter manners, kinder ways of acting
sweetmeats, candied fruit; candy
swerved (swĕrvd), turned
swift doom, sudden death
sym'bols (sĭm'bŏlz), signs
sys'tem-at'ic (sĭs'tĕm-ăt'ĭk), thoroughly planned

ta'bor (tā'bĕr), small drum
take my glory from me, gain the name of being as great a hero as I
take no account of, pay no attention to
take thought for, have the care of
taking the points of the compass, looking about to see which way was north, etc.
talent of gold, worth about $1446
tal'is-mans (tăl'ĭs-mănz), magic objects worn to bring good luck
tam'bou-rine' (tăm'bo͝o-rēn'), small drum with one head
tame shore, land, which is not so exciting as the sea
tan (tăn), brown caused by sun
ta'per (tā'pĕr), candle; grow smaller
tasks of mercy (tăsks), kind deeds
taw'ny (tô'nĭ), yellowish-brown
tem'pest tune (tĕm'pĕst tūn), loud, fierce song of the storm
ten'ant-ed (tĕn'ăn-tĕd), lived in
ten'ants (tĕn'ănts), dwellers
tense (tĕns), tightly stretched
ten to one but, almost surely
ter'raced (tĕr'ăst), having a series of raised level platforms of earth
tes'ti-fied (tĕs'tĭ-fīd), told as a fact
tes'ty (tĕs'tĭ), quick-tempered

thanks'giv'ing had been pro-claimed' (thănks'gĭv'ĭng; prō-klāmd'), everyone ordered to give thanks
the earth shall tread (trĕd), be remembered as if he were still living
the ev'er-mur'mur-ing race (ĕv'ĕr-mûr'mŭr-ĭng), that family of insects which is always making low, indistinct sounds
their names are breathed, they are spoken of with the low tone of respect and awe
there-by' (thâr-bī'), by doing so
there-in' (thâr-ĭn'), in it
the thoughtful and the free, the thinking men who loved liberty
the way may lead, we may go
thrashing, tossing about violently; where grain is beaten to separate the kernel from the husk
Three Mar'i-ners (măr'ĭ-nĕrz), three sailors, name of an inn
thresh'old (thrĕsh'ōld), piece of wood or stone under a door
thrice (thrīs), three times
thrift, economy
thrills (thrĭlz), makes joyous
thrive (thrīv), succeed; get along well
thronged (thrŏngd), went in crowds
thrush with crim'son breast (krĭm'z'n), robin
thy cer'tain voice (sûr'tĭn), note we are sure of
thy God is God above, you worship the true God
tiles (tīlz), flat pieces, square or oblong, used for decoration
tilled (tĭld), plowed; worked
Time is fleeting, time seems always to be passing rapidly
tithes (tīthz), taxes
tobacco stopper, a wooden peg with round top, to put in a pipe
to deal with, fight
to his heart's con-tent' (kŏn-tĕnt'), as much as he could want
toil and blood, hard work of war, and even wounds
to'ken (tō'k'n), sign
toll'gate (tōl'gāt), place where a tax is collected for using the road
tomb'less (tōōm'lĕs), without a prepared grave
took no delight in, did not like
To'ries (tō'rĭz), colonists who sympathized with the English during the Revolutionary war
tor'pid (tôr'pĭd), slow; sluggish
tor'rents (tŏr'ĕnts), swift mountain streams
to the trump of Fame, in the list of heroes
to'ward (tō'ĕrd)
tow'ered (tou'ĕrd), reached up
tow'er-ing (tou'ĕr-ĭng), high
to your hurt, and do you some harm
trail (trāl), let touch the ground
train (trān), crowd who wait upon
train-oil, whale oil
trans-act' (trăns-ăkt'), do
trans-formed' (trăns-fôrmd'), completely changed
Tran'syl-va'ni-a (trăn'sĭl-vā'nĭ-ȧ)
trav'erse (trăv'ĕrs), cover; cross
treach'er-ous-ly (trĕch'ĕr-ŭs-lĭ), disloyally
tread to it, march after it
tre-panned' (trē-pănd'), trapped
tri'dent (trī'dĕnt), a three-pronged spear
trill (trĭl), high, shaking note
trin'kets (trĭn'kĕts), little ornaments, such as chains or rings
tripe (trīp), part of a cow's stomach, used as food
trod (trŏd), walked upon
troop'er band (trōōp'ĕr), company of soldiers
trop'ic isle re-mote' (trŏp'ĭk īl rē-mōt'), distant island in the hot regions
trou'ba-dours (trōō'bȧ-dōōrz), poets who composed songs in France in the 12th and 13th centuries
troubled sea, state of confusion and uncertainty
truce (trōōs), time in which there is no fighting
trudg'ing (trŭj'ĭng), walking
trump (trŭmp), trumpet; call
trump of doom's tone, sound of a trumpet on the resurrection day
tuft, small bunch
tumbler, acrobat
tu'mult (tū'mŭlt), noise and confusion
tu-mul'tu-ous (tū-mŭl'tū-ŭs), stormy
tu'nic (tū'nĭk), short, loose undergarment

tur'ban (tûr'băn), loose cap with a scarf wound around it, worn by men in Eastern countries
turn'spit' (tûrn'spĭt'), one who turns an arrangement for holding meat while it is roasting before an open fire
turn the heart of, persuade

ugly-vis'aged (ŭg'lĭ-vĭz'ĭjd), homely
un'am-bi'tious sim-plic'i-ty (ŭn'ăm-bĭsh'ŭs sĭm-plĭs'ĭ-tĭ), in a simple way without any attempt to make it impressive
u-nan'i-mous (ū-năn'ĭ-mŭs), agreed to by everyone
unbounded sea, ocean that seems endless
un-bro'ken (ŭn-brō'k'n), endless
un-civ'il (ŭn-sĭv'ĭl), rude
un'con-ven'tion-al (ŭn'kŏn-vĕn'shŭn-ăl), careless; natural
un'du-lat'ing (ŭn'dū-lāt'ĭng), wavy
un-fruit'ful (ŭn-frōōt'fo͝ol), useless; only for show
un-in'ter-rupt'ed peal (ŭn-ĭn'tĕ-rŭp'-tĕd pēl), continuous roaring
un-sheathes' its blades (ŭn-shēthz'), puts forth narrow leaves again
un-speak'a-ble (ŭn-spēk'ă-b'l), great
un'sub-stan'tial (ŭn'sŭb-stăn'shăl), formless
un-sul'lied (ŭn-sŭl'ĭd), spotless
un-wor'thy (ŭn-wûr'thĭ), worthless
up'land (ŭp'lănd), high land
up'ward like thee (ŭp'wĕrd), looking up, or aspiring, as you are
up wind, toward the direction from which the wind was blowing
ush'ered (ŭsh'ĕrd), taken in a polite way
ut'most (ŭt'mōst), farthest; highest; greatest
ut'ter-most reaches (ŭt'ĕr-mōst), farthest parts

vag'a-bond (văg'ă-bŏnd), an idle wanderer; idle fellow
vales (vālz), valleys
val'iant (văl'yănt), brave and heroic
valley and crag, plain and mountain, i.e., the whole country
val'or (văl'ĕr), courage
val'ue-less pat'ri-mo-ny (văl'ū-lĕs păt'rĭ-mō-nĭ), land now become worthless which they had received from their father
vam'pire-bats' (văm'pīr-băts'), small flying animals that suck blood
van'guard' (văn'gärd'), first comers
van'quished (văn'kwĭsht), conquered
van'tage point (văn'tăj), high lookout
va-ri'e-ty (vă-rī'ĕ-tĭ), change
vault'ed (vôl'tĕd), arched; rounding
veer'ing (vēr'ĭng), turning
veiled with wreaths (vāld), covered with flowers and vines
vel'lum (vĕl'ŭm), heavy, cream-colored paper
ve-loc'i-ty (vĕ-lŏs'ĭ-tĭ), speed
ven'er-a-ble (vĕn'ĕr-ă-b'l), old and worthy of deep respect
ven'er-a'tion (vĕn'ĕr-ā'shŭn), great respect
venge'ance (vĕn'jăns), punishment
ven'ture (vĕn'tûr), dare
ven'ture on (vĕn'tûr), dare to do
ver'dant (vûr'dănt), green
ver'dure (vûr'dûr), greenness
ver'min (vûr'mĭn), small, disgusting insects or animals which usually thrive in dirt; here, rats
ver'sa-til'i-ty (vûr'să-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), ability to do different things
very sum'mit of the mor'al scale (sŭm'ĭt; mŏr'ăl skāl), highest point of goodness that can be reached
ves'pers (vĕs'pĕrz), evening service
ves'sel of'fered for (vĕs'ĕl ŏf'ĕrd), ship was ready to sail to
vessel of mercy, dish put to kind uses
ves'ture (vĕs'tûr), clothing
vi-cis'si-tude (vĭ-sĭs'ĭ-tūd), change
vict'uals (vĭt''lz), food
Vin'de-Grave' (vĕn'dĕ-grāv'), a kind of wine
vi'o-lence (vī'ō-lĕns), fierce, determined natures
vi'o-lent (vī'ō-lĕnt), very great
vi'o-let (vī'ō-lĕt), early spring flower
vis'age (vĭz'ĭj), face
vis'i-ble (vĭz'ĭ-b'l), within sight
vis'it-ant (vĭz'ĭ-tănt), guest; visitor
vo-ca'tion (vō-kā'shŭn), occupation
vo-lu'mi-nous (vō-lū'mĭ-nŭs), large, flowing
voy'a'geurs (vwä'yä'shûrz), travelers

waited for, just existed for my pleasure
wake, track
wak'en-ing (wāk'ĕn-ĭng), which awoke him
wak'en-ing earth (wāk'ĕn-ĭng), world coming out of winter as one comes out of a deep sleep
wan'der-ers from afar (wŏn'dĕr-ĕrz), immigrants from distant countries
wan'der-ing breed (wŏn'dĕr-ĭng), kind that roams about
wan'der-lust' (vän'dĕr-lo͝ost'), longing to travel
wan'ton-ly (wŏn'tŭn-lĭ), recklessly
wap'i-ti (wŏp'ĭ-tĭ), the American elk
war'bler (wôr'blĕr), songster
ward'ens (wôrd'dĕnz), guards
ward'robe' (wôrd'rōbe'), a movable closet for clothes
warn'ing (wôrn'ĭng), sign of danger
war'rant (wŏr'ănt), am sure
war'rant-ed a sup'po-si'tion (wŏr'ăn-tĕd; sŭp'ô-zĭsh'ŭn), made it seem true
war'riors (wôr'yĕrz), fighters
wa'ry (wā'rĭ), very cautious
was given to me, was granted me as a privilege
wasted his sub'stance (sŭb'stăns), spent his money foolishly
wast'ing (wāst'ĭng), making die
watering places, places one goes for boating, bathing, etc.
waxed (wăkst), grew; grown
way'far'ers (wā'fâr'ĕrz), travelers
wealth of promised glory, richness of fruit foretold by full blossoming
wee'vil (wē'v'l), beetle
weigh'ing the ex-pe'di-en-cy (wā'ĭng; ĕks-pē'dĭ-ĕn-sĭ), thinking over the fitness
well'nigh' (wĕl'nī'), almost
were divided, had different opinions
We'ser (vā'zĕr)
wharf (hwôrf), landing-place for boats
what justice have I done to, how much I have enjoyed
what time, when
whence (hwĕns), from where
whip'thong (hwĭp'thŏng), whip made of a strip of leather
whirl (hwûrl), drag very swiftly
whit (hwĭt), bit
whith'er (hwĭth'ĕr), to where
whith'er-so-ev'er (hwĭth'ĕr-sō-ĕv'ĕr), to whatever place
whop'ping-est (hwŏp'ĭng-ĕst), very largest
wide bloom, blossoming flowers'everywhere
wil'der-ness of doubt (wĭl'dĕr-nĕs), uncertainty which seems to have no landmarks
wilds (wīldz), wildernesses
wind'rows (wīnd'rōs), rows of hay raked up to dry
wipers of scores out, people who act fairly and honestly
wist'ful-ly (wĭst'fo͝ol-ĭ), longingly
with des'per-ate ef'forts at ex-act'i-tude (dĕs'pĕr-ât ĕf'ôrts; ĕg-zăk'tĭ-tūd), trying as hard as he could to place it just right, so the cut would not show
without bound or end, so great that it cannot be measured
without the slightest re-gard' (rē-gärd'), while they did not care
with the na'ked eye (nā'kĕd), without a spyglass
wit'nessed (wĭt'nĕst), seen; lived through
wol'ver-ene' (wo͝ol'vĕr-ēn'), an animal about two and one-half feet long, of heavy build and with long, shaggy hair; it is very cunning and difficult to trap
won'der at the view (wŭn'dĕr; vū), be astonished at the sight
wood'land crests (wo͝od'lănd krĕsts), tree-covered hill-tops
won'drous por'tal (wŭn'drŭs pōr'tăl), magic gate
wood-rose, wild rose
worked the herd (wûrkt; hûrd), divided the cattle into groups and branded them
work "tooth and nail," work just as hard as you can
wor'thy char'ac-ter (wûr'thĭ kăr'ăk-tĕr), good, able man
wound'ed (wo͞ond'ĕd), injured
wrangl'ing (răng'glĭng), quarreling
wreath of ragged cloud, long, uneven, straggling cloud
wreck (rĕk), injured body
writhed (rīthd), turned and twisted
wroth (rôth), angry

wrought (rôt), carved; made; worked

Xan-tip'pe (zăn-tĭp'ē), a Greek woman of olden times, famous for her scolding

Xen'il (zĕ'nĭl), river in Spain

Xer'xes (zûrk'sēz), King of Persia (486–465 B.C.)

yard, long pole to attach a sail to

yearning to meet her May (yûrn'ĭng) eager for May to come

yeo'man-ry (yō'măn-rĭ), farmers

yield (yēld), give

your brain be-wil'ders (bē-wĭl'dērz), puzzles your mind; troubles you

za'ny (zā'nĭ), foolish person

ze'nith (zē'nĭth), point of sky directly overhead

zest (zĕst), eagerness

May (yēr:
ome
1), farmer

s (bē-wī'z
troubles n

rson
of sky (ēn

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