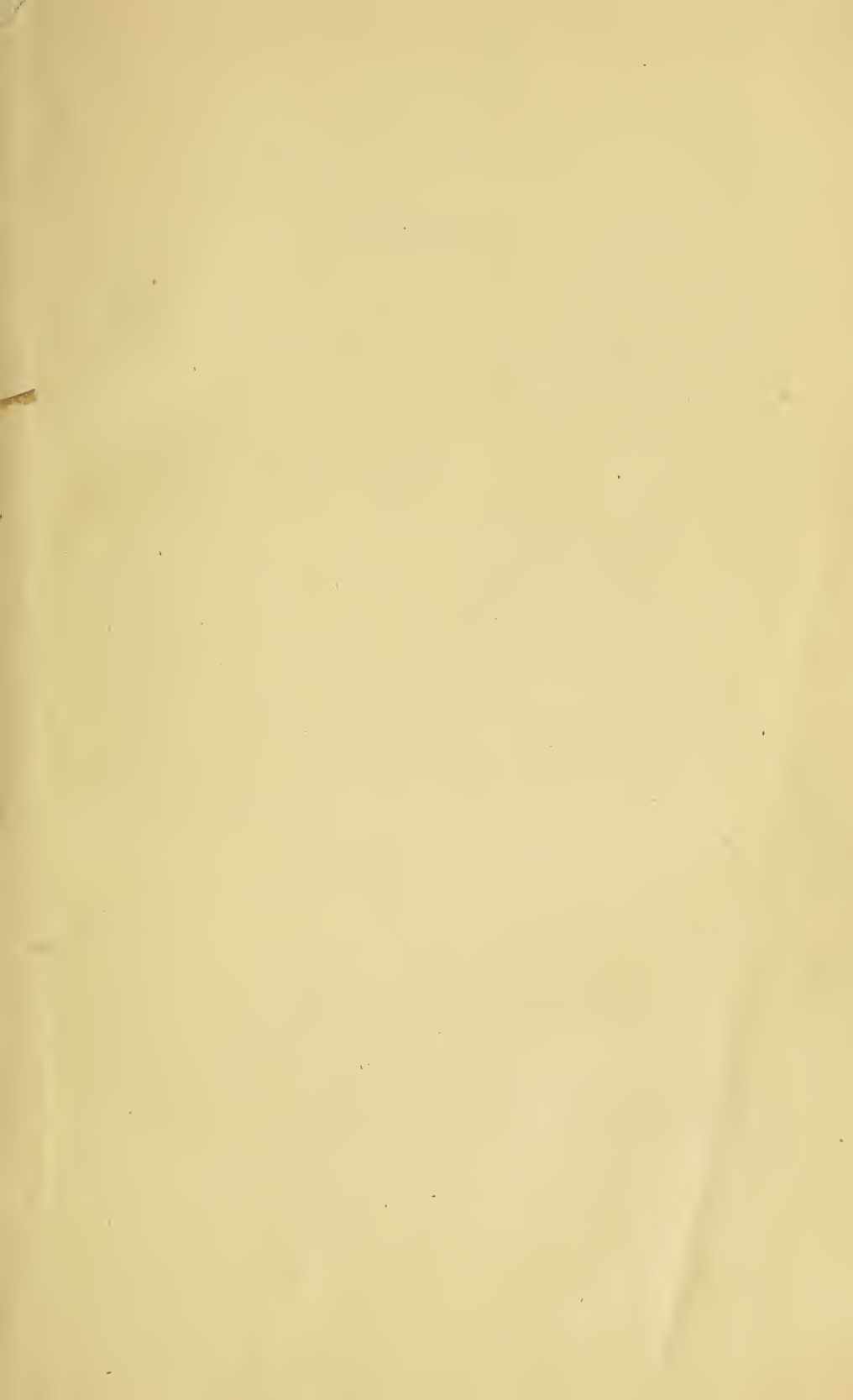




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INTRODUCTION

It has long been recognized that the three important aims in the teaching of English in secondary schools are (1) "to enable the pupil to understand the expressed thoughts of others"; (2) to enable him "to give expression to thoughts of his own"; (3) "to cultivate a taste for reading, to give the pupil some acquaintance with good literature, and to furnish him the means of extending that acquaintance."¹ In order to accomplish these purposes the secondary-school course in English has now generally been arranged to include the careful study in class of a number of pieces of literature, the theory and the practice of composition, and the reading of considerable literature outside of the classroom. Not infrequently these three elements have been considered as separate and distinct subjects, and have been so separated from one another in the course of study that there has been little or no relation between them. Under other conditions their mutual dependence has been recognized, but the difficulties in the way of providing an effective means of correlation between them have seemed so great that no vital relation has been established in actual teaching.

Aims in
Teaching
English

That a close correlation between the study of literature in the classroom, the reading outside of class, and the instruction in the principles of composition with practice in writing, is desirable, cannot be denied. The study of the thoughts

Relation of
Different
Parts

¹ Report of Committee on Secondary School Studies (The Committee of Ten), Washington, 1893.

Harold Kelley 22175 of M.
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of others as expressed in literature, if rightly done, should lead the pupil to see how to express his own thoughts more effectively in his composition work. All study of good literature should result in a keener appreciation of what is best in expression, and all reading of good literature should tend to develop a taste for reading. It therefore remains to develop methods for bringing about a close and effective correlation between the several phases of the English work, in order to accomplish the aims outlined for the high school course.

In preparing this book, the purpose has been to furnish material and suggestions by which the teacher can **Atm of the Book** correlate successfully the reading and the study of literature with the work in composition. The basis of the book, as the title indicates, is the selections from literature for careful reading and study. The material has been chosen with a view to the fact that it is to serve as an introduction to the reading and the study of literature.

In beginning the study of literature it is necessary to interest the pupils in good reading. In order to do **Kind of Reading** this, the subject matter of the selections must be interesting and the material must not be so difficult that it discourages the pupils or makes the reading too great a task. The piece of literature must not be so long that the interest flags or that the pupil cannot grasp it in its entirety and study it as a unit. Prose narrative and descriptive sketches, short stories, and tales seem to combine most of the desired elements both for an introduction to the study of literature and for the close correlation of composition and reading.

The advantages of studying prose literature for the first years of the secondary school course rather than

poetry or the poetical drama are important ones. First, the training in grasping the expressed thoughts of others as they appear in the simplest logical order, which, of course, is that of prose rather than of poetry, is one of the essential elements of the first year's work. Second, poetic inversions and figurative expressions add so much to the pupil's difficulties in understanding what he reads that at the beginning of the course it makes too great a task of what should be a source of interest and pleasure. To pass over these difficulties and emphasize only the story or description in the study of poetry is to encourage the bad habit of careless, inaccurate reading. If the pupil is taught to understand fully the prose that he studies in the first years of the course, he will be able to read poetry with less effort and more interest in the later years of his high school English. Third, short stories and sketches are the most simple and natural material with which to begin the study of literature, because they interest the average pupil and arouse in him a desire to read more. Fourth, simple narrative and descriptive prose makes possible a closer and more effective correlation between the reading and the composition, since these forms of literature are of the same kind as the themes which the pupils are able to write most successfully during their first years of practice in composition.

The first aim in the reading of literature must always be to have the pupil understand the thought expressed in the printed page. In order to accomplish this, the pupil must be taught to get each idea as it is presented; to combine these ideas to get the thought of the sentence; and to follow the thought from sentence to sentence until he grasps the meaning

Why Study
Prose?

First Aim
in Reading

of the paragraph, sketch, or story as a whole. The only way to teach him to grasp the author's thought is to have understood each unit of expression of that thought. The meanings of words, figures of speech, allusions, etc., as expressions of the idea must be clearly understood. Pupils should be taught the intelligent use of the dictionary and of books of reference at the beginning of the course. In order to encourage them to use reference books, the notes on each selection consist of only such information as cannot readily be obtained by the pupils themselves from the books usually found in the average high school library.

The teacher must also make sure that the pupils get a clear conception of the thought expressed in each sentence, and of the topic, with its development, in the paragraph. Various methods may be used to accomplish these ends. In narrative sketches, the retelling of the story paragraph by paragraph will lead the pupils to get the details of the narrative in logical groups. In description, the pupils should be encouraged to visualize the scene, object, or person portrayed, and often to make sketches on the blackboard to show clearly the position of the details presented. Such devices tend to emphasize constantly to the pupils the importance of reading carefully and accurately in order to get the whole thought of the author.

The teacher's methods of testing the extent to which the pupils, in preparing an assignment in reading, have grasped the author's thought, are of great importance. From the beginning, the pupils should be made to realize that they must prepare their lessons in literature with as much care as they do those in other studies. Furthermore,

Pupils'
Grasp of the
Thought

How to
Test Pupils'
Grasp

the methods of the teacher in the classroom must be such as to demand this careful preparation. Pupils should not be permitted to get the answers to the teacher's questions from the books lying open before them. If an assignment in literature has been studied as carefully as it should be, the pupils should be able to answer practically any question on the subject matter or expression of the thought without consulting the book. In fact, recitations on the assignment in literature should frequently be conducted with closed books. It is only in this way that the teacher can really determine how fully and accurately the pupils have grasped and assimilated the author's ideas.

As the study of literature is different from that of the other subjects of the high school course, much attention must be given by the teacher to showing the pupils how to read and study literature. In assigning a lesson in reading, the teacher should indicate clearly to the pupils what is to be done in preparing the lesson, and, to some extent at least, how it is to be done. The failure of the pupils to understand what is desired of them is the cause of many a poorly prepared recitation in English.

In the first years of the course, the teacher, in assigning the lesson, should put on the blackboard a series of questions or suggestions, so that the pupils may have a number of definite points to consider in studying the lesson assigned. The suggestions for study which are given immediately after each selection in this book are designed to indicate to the teacher the character and the scope of such questions. They are not intended to be sufficient in number for every lesson assigned in the study of the selection. They are designed rather to be general in character, and thus to furnish suggestions

Teach
Pupils to
Study

which the teacher can amplify by the more specific questions necessary to bring out all the details to be considered in the recitation.

The other purpose of the reading is to stimulate the pupil's interest in good literature and to lead him to read, on his own initiative, what is worth while. If interest is aroused by the study in class of one work of an author or of one type of writing, it is easy to create a desire to read outside of class other works of the same author or other pieces of literature of the same kind. In order to assist the teacher in directing the outside reading of the pupils, a list of the author's other works and of books of a similar character is given for each selection in this book. Various methods can be used by the teacher to interest the pupils in this outside reading. Every effort should be made to encourage the pupils to read as many books on these lists as their time permits. If the pupils are required to read a certain number of these books, precaution must be taken against making the outside reading a formal task rather than a pleasure. The pupils' interest in the books may be aroused in several ways. By reading aloud to the class a chapter or two of the book, the teacher may lead many of the pupils to read the whole book. By referring in class work to characters, plots, and other details of the books on the reading list or by quoting from them, the teacher will often stimulate the pupils' curiosity, and create a desire to read the books. By considering the tastes and the needs of the individual pupils, the teacher can suggest to each the books most likely to be of interest and value. To create and develop the desire for good literature outside of the classroom is one of the greatest privileges of the teacher of English.

Interest in
Outside
Reading

The principles of composition can be developed inductively from the literature read and studied in class. During the first years of the course, when particular attention is given to the principles of sentence and paragraph construction in the composition work, these principles can be developed and their application illustrated from the selections. In order to get the thought clearly from the printed page it is necessary, as has been pointed out, to study with some degree of care the sentence and paragraph structure. By noting the separate ideas as expressed by words, phrases, and clauses, and by determining their relation in the sentence as the expression of the thought, the pupil learns the principles of sentence unity and sentence coherence. If his attention is properly drawn to these principles as they are exemplified in the literature before him, the application of them may be clearly demonstrated without spoiling the piece of literature.

Literature
and the
Principles
of Composi-
tion

To follow the chain of thought in the paragraph, it is necessary to see clearly the relation of each thought as expressed in the sentence to the preceding and the succeeding thoughts, in order that the development of the topic may be clear, and that the pupil may grasp the subject in its entirety. In teaching the pupil to get the whole thought of the paragraph, it is necessary to consider the topic developed in the paragraph; that is, to study the unity of the paragraph; and also to consider the relation of each thought to the one central topic; that is, the principle of paragraph coherence. Thus, in the effort to teach the pupils how to get the thoughts of others by reading, the essential principles of composition are absolutely necessary. In a similar manner the principles of narration and description may

be developed inductively from the literature. By seeing the application of rhetorical principles in literature, the pupil comes to realize their importance in effective writing, and is impressed by the varied forms of their application as he is not likely to be by examples isolated from their context, in textbooks.

Since it is by constant practice that the average pupil learns to write clearly and accurately, the essential part of the composition work is not the study of the principles of composition, but rather the writing of themes. Close correlation can be developed between the theme-writing and the study of literature. Besides exemplifying the principles of sentence and paragraph as well as the principles of narration and description, the literature can be used to show the pupil how to write themes on similar subjects taken from his own experience. In order to indicate how the selections may serve to guide the pupil in choosing a subject as well as in planning and writing his theme, a number of theme subjects and suggestions for developing them have been given after each selection.

From the lists of subjects given, teachers and pupils can select those best adapted to their needs, or can readily supplement those suggested with others of a similar kind particularly related to local interests. To secure additional good theme subjects, the teacher must familiarize himself with local conditions, especially as they affect the life and interests of the pupils. In general the theme subjects should not be based on the subject matter of the literature, but should be taken from the pupils' own experiences, and especially from experiences that have something in common with those presented in the selec-

Literature
and Theme-
Writing

Finding
Theme
Subjects

tions studied. The possibility of writing interesting themes on every-day incidents in the lives of the pupils is indicated by the list of subjects given. After the pupils come to see the inexhaustible supply of material which their own experiences afford, it will be easy for them to find their own subjects.

How the literature may be made to serve as a model in one respect or another for the pupils' themes, is shown to some extent by the suggestions for **Literature** theme-writing. Only one or two subjects **as a Model** have been developed in these suggestions to indicate the method to be employed by the teacher. In assigning a subject or several subjects for themes, the teacher can be of much assistance to the pupils by discussing with them the subjects upon which they are to write. These discussions should aim to connect the theme subjects with the literary models studied, and thus lead the pupils to consider the best method of treating the subject. Interest in the subject will also be stimulated by this means, and a desire on the part of the pupils to write upon it will be aroused.

That clear, logical thinking is prerequisite for clear expression should be constantly emphasized in teaching composition. Much of the work of getting the pupils to express their thoughts **Clear Thinking and the Outline** clearly and accurately is really concerned with teaching them how to think clearly and logically. For this purpose an outline is frequently of great value. Here again the literature can be used to advantage. An outline of a paragraph or of several paragraphs analyzed in connection with the reading will make clear the method of arranging the details in an orderly form. A similar outline of a theme on a related subject, made in class by the coöperation of teacher and

pupils, will indicate the method of grouping and arranging thoughts in a logical manner. Like all formal devices, the outline, if made mechanically, will tend to curb the spontaneous expression of the pupils; but rightly employed by teachers and pupils, it will readily become a valuable aid to clear thinking and expression.

If the relation of the generally accepted aims in the study of English to the plan and methods suggested in this book have been made clear, it is evident that a close, effective correlation of all the important phases of the secondary school course in English is both possible and desirable. The methods suggested are not based upon theories, but have been successfully carried out in a number of high schools. Although the suggestions for study and outside reading, and the suggestions for subjects for theme-writing are sufficient under ordinary conditions, they were not intended to be comprehensive or final, but rather, as their name implies, suggestive both to teacher and pupils, who, it is hoped, will amplify and develop them to meet their own needs and conditions.

Effective
Correlation
Possible

PROSE LITERATURE FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS

HOW I KILLED A BEAR

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

So many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer, that in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear, that the celebration of the exploit may be excused. *camp*

can The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is, that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance, — the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears, — a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage — there were four of them — to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, run-

ning up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briars, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle: it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound), — an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it — if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off — nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although

I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry-patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels, and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him: at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about, and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight, into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and

picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind-legs, and doing just what I was doing, — picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth, — green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I did n't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you would n't do it: I did n't. The bear dropped down on his fore-feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use,

with so good a climber in the rear.) If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries, — much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries, and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit, “gorming” (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear’s manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy’s head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath, and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in

such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I could n't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet in his head; that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore-leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach; or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear would n't wait for me to examine the thermometer

and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on, and I did not return! What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came! What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear! I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS

OF

EATEN BY A BEAR

Aug. 20, 1877.

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten"; for that is indefinite, and requires explanation: it might

mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German!—

HIER LIEGT

HOCHWOHLGEBOREN

HERR ——— ———,

GEFRESSEN

Aug. 20, 1877.

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear, — an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind-legs, but no other motion. Still he might be shamming; bears often sham. To make sure, I approached, and put a ball into his head. He did n't mind it now: he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:—

“Where are your blackberries?”

“Why were you gone so long?”

“Where’s your pail?”

“I left the pail.”

“Left the pail! What for?”

“A bear wanted it.”

“Oh, nonsense!”

“Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it.”

“Oh, come! You did n’t really see a bear?”

“Yes, but I did really see a real bear.”

“Did he run?”

“Yes; he ran after me.”

“I don’t believe a word of it. What did you do?”

“Oh! nothing particular — except kill the bear.”

Cries of “Gammon!” “Don’t believe it!” “Where’s the bear?”

“If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I could n’t bring him down alone.”

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises, — a crowd made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They did n't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

NOTES

Creedmoor :— A village in Queen's County, New York, on Long Island. The Rifle Range of the National Rifle Association is situated here.

the African Slave :— Androclus, a Roman slave of the first century after Christ, was condemned to be slain by wild beasts; but the lion that was sent into the arena refused to attack him. This lion turned out to be the one from whose foot Androclus had some time before, in the desert, extracted a

large thorn. Thus the gratitude of this wild creature saved the life of the slave.

Elisha : — See the Bible : II Kings, 2 : 23, 24.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

When we begin to read a story, we desire to know who the characters in the story are, when and where the incidents took place, and under what circumstances and why they happened. The author usually explains the situation at the beginning by answering the questions : Who ? When ? Where ? What ? and Why ? Note how this is done in the story "How I Killed a Bear."

Who tells the story ? Is anything gained by telling the story in this way ? Does the story seem real ? Are you interested at the beginning of the story ? Does your interest increase as you read further ? Where is the most exciting part of the story ? How does the author make it interesting ? What is the purpose of repeating the sentence in a separate paragraph, "The bear was coming on" ? Why does not the story end when the bear has been killed ?

THEME SUBJECTS

My First Shot at a Deer	Following the Tracks in the Snow
Alone in the Woods	Blueberrying
A Chance Shot	An Adventure in the Forest
How I Was Frightened	When We Hunted Deer
A Rabbit Hunt	A Caged Bear
When I Thought I Saw a Bear	The Animals in the Zoo
How We Caught the Wolf	An Adventure in Duck Shooting

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

How I Was Frightened : — Can you give the reader the circumstances under which you were frightened, such as the time and the place, and the number and character of your companions, as Warner does in the third, fourth, and sixth paragraphs of "How I Killed a Bear" ? By what means can you arouse the reader's interest in your subject as Warner does in the seventh paragraph ? Try to increase the reader's interest at each step in your story. Note how Warner describes his fright

and his thoughts as the bear approached. Try to make your story equally exciting by telling what you thought and felt when you were frightened. Decide what is the point of greatest excitement in your adventure, and where this should be placed in writing your theme. In a short theme recounting a simple experience such as you are telling, is it necessary to add anything after the point of greatest interest is reached?

My First Shot at a Deer:—Can you apply the same method of story-telling suggested by the above questions, on the subject “How I Was Frightened”?

COLLATERAL READINGS

In the Wilderness	Charles Dudley Warner
Being a Boy	“ “ “
My Summer in a Garden	“ “ “
On Horseback	“ “ “
The Wilderness Hunter	Theodore Roosevelt
Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail .	“ “
The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman .	“ “
Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter (Chapter II, A Colorado Bear Hunt; Chapter V, A Shot at a Mountain Sheep)	“ “
The Biography of a Grizzly	Ernest Thompson Seton
Johnny Bear	“ “ “
The Trail of the Sandhill Stag . . .	“ “ “
Lives of the Hunted	“ “ “
Following the Deer	W. J. Long
True Bear Stories	Joaquin Miller
Adventures of a Siberian Cub	L. Golschmann
The Animal Story Book	Andrew Lang (Ed.)
The Deerslayer	James Fenimore Cooper
Kindred of the Wild	Charles G. D. Roberts
Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw	Edward Breck

CAMPING OUT

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

IT seems to be agreed that civilization is kept up only by a constant effort. Nature claims its own speedily when the effort is relaxed. If you clear a patch of fertile ground in the forest, uproot the stumps and plant it, year after year, in potatoes and maize, you say you have subdued it. But if you leave it for a season or two, a kind of barbarism seems to steal out upon it from the circling woods; coarse grass and brambles cover it; bushes spring up in a wild tangle; the raspberry and the blackberry flower and fruit, and the humorous bear feeds upon them. The last state of the ground is worse than the first.

Perhaps the cleared spot is called Ephesus. There is a splendid city on the plain; there are temples and theatres on the hills; the commerce of the world seeks its port; the luxury of the Orient flows through its marble streets. You are there one day when the sea has receded: the plain is a pestilent marsh; the temples, the theatres, the lofty gates, have sunken and crumbled, and the wild-brier runs over them; and, as you grow pensive in the most desolate place in the world, a bandit lounges out of a tomb, and offers to relieve you of all that which creates artificial distinctions in society. The higher the civilization has risen, the more abject is the desolation of barbarism that ensues. The most melancholy spot in the Adirondacks is not a tamarack-swamp, where the traveller wades in moss and mire, and the atmosphere is composed

of equal active parts of black-flies, mosquitoes, and midges. It is the village of the Adirondack Iron-Works, where the streets of gaunt houses are falling to pieces, tenantless; the factory wheels have stopped; the furnaces are in ruins; the iron and wooden machinery is strewn about in helpless detachment; and heaps of charcoal, ore, and slag proclaim an arrested industry. Beside this deserted village, even Calamity Pond, shallow, sedgy, with its ragged shores of stunted firs, and its melancholy shaft that marks the spot where the proprietor of the iron-works accidentally shot himself, is cheerful.

The instinct of barbarism that leads people periodically to throw away the habits of civilization, and seek the freedom and discomfort of the woods, is explicable enough; but it is not so easy to understand why this passion should be strongest in those who are most refined, and most trained in intellectual and social fastidiousness. Philistinism and shoddy do not like the woods, unless it becomes fashionable to do so; and then, as speedily as possible they introduce their artificial luxuriés, and reduce the life in the wilderness to the vulgarity of a well-fed picnic. It is they who have strewn the Adirondacks with paper collars and tin cans. The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are most highly civilized. It is wonderful to see how easily the restraints of society fall off. Of course it is not true that courtesy depends upon clothes with the best people; but, with others, behavior hangs almost entirely upon dress. Many good habits are

easily got rid of in the woods. Doubt sometimes seems to be felt whether Sunday is a legal holiday there. It becomes a question of casuistry with a clergyman whether he may shoot at a mark on Sunday, if none of his congregation are present. He intends no harm: he only gratifies a curiosity to see if he can hit the mark. Where shall he draw the line? Doubtless he might throw a stone at a chipmunk or shout at a loon. Might he fire at a mark with an air-gun that makes no noise? He will not fish or hunt on Sunday (although he is no more likely to catch anything that day than on any other); but may he eat trout that the guide has caught on Sunday, if the guide swears he caught them Saturday night? Is there such a thing as a vacation in religion? How much of our virtue do we owe to inherited habits?

I am not at all sure whether this desire to camp outside of civilization is creditable to human nature, or otherwise. We hear sometimes that the Turk has been merely camping for four centuries in Europe. I suspect that many of us are, after all, really camping temporarily in civilized conditions; and that going into the wilderness is an escape, longed for, into our natural and preferred state. Consider what this "camping out" is, that is confessedly so agreeable to people most delicately reared. I have no desire to exaggerate its delights.

The Adirondack wilderness is essentially unbroken. A few bad roads that penetrate it, a few jolting wagons that traverse them, a few barn-like boarding-houses on the edge of the forest, where the boarders are soothed by patent coffee, and stimulated to unnatural gayety by Japan tea, and experimented on by unique cookery, do little to destroy the savage fascination of

the region. In half an hour, at any point, one can put himself into solitude and every desirable discomfort. The party that covets the experience of the camp comes down to primitive conditions of dress and equipment. There are guides and porters to carry the blankets for beds, the raw provisions, and the camp equipage; and the motley party of the temporarily de-civilized files into the woods, and begins, perhaps by a road, perhaps on a trail, its exhilarating and weary march. The exhilaration arises partly from the casting aside of restraint, partly from the adventure of exploration; and the weariness, from the interminable toil of bad walking, a heavy pack, and the grim monotony of trees and bushes, that shut out all prospect, except an occasional glimpse of the sky. Mountains are painfully climbed, streams forded, lonesome lakes paddled over, long and muddy "carries" traversed. Fancy this party the victim of political exile, banished by the law, and a more sorrowful march could not be imagined; but the voluntary hardship becomes pleasure, and it is undeniable that the spirits of the party rise as the difficulties increase.

For this straggling and stumbling band the world is young again: it has come to the beginning of things; it has cut loose from tradition, and is free to make a home anywhere: the movement has all the promise of a revolution. All this virginal freshness invites the primitive instincts of play and disorder. The free range of the forests suggests endless possibilities of exploration and possession. Perhaps we are treading where man since the creation never trod before; perhaps the waters of this bubbling spring, which we deepen by scraping out the decayed leaves and the black earth, have never been tasted before, except by the wild deni-

zens of these woods. We cross the trails of lurking animals, — paths that heighten our sense of seclusion from the world. The hammering of the infrequent woodpecker, the call of the lonely bird, the drumming of the solitary partridge, — all these sounds do but emphasize the lonesomeness of nature. The roar of the mountain brook, dashing over its bed of pebbles, rising out of the ravine, and spreading, as it were, a mist of sound through all the forest (continuous beating waves that have the rhythm of eternity in them), and the fitful movement of the air-tides through the balsams and firs and the giant pines, — how these grand symphonies shut out the little exasperations of our vexed life! It seems easy to begin life over again on the simplest terms. Probably it is not so much the desire of the congregation to escape from the preacher, or of the preacher to escape from himself, that drives sophisticated people into the wilderness, as it is the unconquered craving for primitive simplicity, the revolt against the everlasting dress-parade of our civilization. From this monstrous pomposity even the artificial rusticity of a Petit Trianon is a relief. It was only human nature that the jaded Frenchman of the regency should run away to the New World, and live in a forest-hut with an Indian squaw; although he found little satisfaction in his act of heroism, unless it was talked about at Versailles.

When our trampers come, late in the afternoon, to the bank of a lovely lake where they purpose to enter the primitive life, everything is waiting for them in virgin expectation. There is a little promontory jutting into the lake, and sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lapse, and shoals of red-fins and shiners come to greet the stranger; the forest is

untouched by the axe; the tender green sweeps the water's edge; ranks of slender firs are marshalled by the shore; clumps of white-birch stems shine in satin purity among the evergreens; the boles of giant spruces, maples, and oaks, lifting high their crowns of foliage, stretch away in endless galleries and arcades; through the shifting leaves the sunshine falls upon the brown earth; overhead are fragments of blue sky; under the boughs and in chance openings appear the bluer lake and the outline of the gracious mountains. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the brook that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish; they listen to the sweet, metallic song of the evening thrush, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there. But the moment of sentiment passes. This party has come here to eat and to sleep, and not to encourage Nature in her poetic attitudinizing.

The spot for a shanty is selected. This side shall be its opening, towards the lake; and in front of it the fire, so that the smoke shall drift into the hut, and discourage the mosquitoes; yonder shall be the cook's fire and the path to the spring. The whole colony bestir themselves in the foundation of a new home, — an enterprise that has all the fascination, and none of the danger, of a veritable new settlement in the wilderness. The axes of the guides resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; vistas are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shanty is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is

entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose the trunks of great spruces are skinned. The woodman rims the bark near the foot of the tree, and again six feet above, and slashes it perpendicularly; then, with a blunt stick, he crowds off this thick hide exactly as an ox is skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains. Meantime, busy hands have gathered boughs of the spruce and the feathery balsam, and shingled the ground underneath the shanty for a bed. It is an aromatic bed: in theory it is elastic and consoling. Upon it are spread the blankets. The sleepers, of all sexes and ages, are to lie there in a row, their feet to the fire, and their heads under the edge of the sloping roof. Nothing could be better contrived. The fire is in front: it is not a fire, but a conflagration—a vast heap of green logs set on fire—of pitch, and split dead-wood, and crackling balsams, raging and roaring. By the time twilight falls, the cook has prepared supper. Everything has been cooked in a tin pail and a skillet, — potatoes, tea, pork, mutton, slapjacks. You wonder how everything could have been prepared in so few utensils. When you eat, the wonder ceases: everything might have been cooked in one pail. It is a noble meal; and nobly it is disposed of by these amateur savages, sitting about upon logs and roots of trees. Never were there such potatoes, never beans that seemed to have more of the bean in them, never such curly pork, never trout with more Indian-meal on them, never mutton more distinctly sheepy; and the tea, drunk out of a tin cup, with a lump of maple-sugar dissolved in it,—it is the sort of tea that takes hold, lifts the hair, and disposes the drinker to anecdote and hilariousness.

There is no deception about it: it tastes of tannin and spruce and creosote. Everything, in short, has the flavor of the wilderness and a free life. It is idyllic. And yet, with all our sentimentality, there is nothing feeble about the cooking. The slapjacks are a solid job of work, made to last, and not go to pieces in a person's stomach like a trivial bun: we might record on them, in cuneiform characters, our incipient civilization; and future generations would doubtless turn them up as Acadian bricks. Good, robust victuals are what the primitive man wants.

Darkness falls suddenly. Outside the ring of light from our conflagration the woods are black. There is a tremendous impression of isolation and lonesomeness in our situation. We are the prisoners of the night. The woods never seemed so vast and mysterious. The trees are gigantic. There are noises that we do not understand, — mysterious winds passing overhead, and rambling in the great galleries, tree-trunks grinding against each other, undefinable stirs and uneasinesses. The shapes of those who pass into the dimness are outlined in monstrous proportions. The spectres, seated about in the glare of the fire, talk about appearances and presentiments and religion. The guides cheer the night with bear-fights, and catamount encounters, and frozen-to-death experiences, and simple tales of great prolixity and no point, and jokes of primitive lucidity. We hear catamounts, and the stealthy tread of things in the leaves, and the hooting of owls, and, when the moon rises, the laughter of the loon. Everything is strange, spectral, fascinating.

By and by we get our positions in the shanty for the night, and arrange the row of sleepers. The

shanty has become a smoke-house by this time: waves of smoke roll into it from the fire. It is only by lying down, and getting the head well under the eaves, that one can breathe. No one can find her "things"; nobody has a pillow. At length the row is laid out, with the solemn protestation of intention to sleep. The wind, shifting, drives away the smoke. Good-night is said a hundred times; positions are re-adjusted, more last words, new shifting about, final remarks; it is all so comfortable and romantic; and then silence. Silence continues for a minute. The fire flashes up; all the row of heads is lifted up simultaneously to watch it; showers of sparks sail aloft into the blue night; the vast vault of greenery is a fairy spectacle. How the sparks mount and twinkle and disappear like tropical fire-flies, and all the leaves murmur, and clap their hands! Some of the sparks do not go out: we see them flaming in the sky when the flame of the fire has died down. Well, good-night, good-night. More folding of the arms to sleep; more grumbling about the hardness of a hand-bag, or the insufficiency of a pocket-handkerchief, for a pillow. Good-night. Was that a remark? — something about a root, a stub in the ground sticking into the back. "You could n't lie along a hair?" "Well, no: here's another stub." It needs but a moment for the conversation to become general, — about roots under the shoulder, stubs in the back, a ridge on which it is impossible for the sleeper to balance, the non-elasticity of boughs, the hardness of the ground, the heat, the smoke, the chilly air. Subjects of remarks multiply. The whole camp is awake, and chattering like an aviary. The owl is also awake; but the guides who are asleep outside make more noise than the owls. Water

is wanted, and is handed about in a dipper. Everybody is yawning; everybody is now determined to go to sleep in good earnest. A last good-night. There is an appalling silence. It is interrupted in the most natural way in the world. Somebody has got the start, and gone to sleep. He proclaims the fact. He seems to have been brought up on the seashore, and to know how to make all the deep-toned noises of the restless ocean. He is also like a war-horse; or, it is suggested, like a saw-horse. How malignantly he snorts, and breaks off short, and at once begins again in another key! One head is raised after another.

“Who is that?”

“Somebody punch him.”

“Turn him over.”

“Reason with him.”

The sleeper is turned over. The turn was a mistake. He was before, it appears, on his most agreeable side. The camp rises in indignation. The sleeper sits up in bewilderment. Before he can go off again, two or three others have preceded him. They are all alike. You can never judge what a person is when he is awake. There are here half a dozen disturbers of the peace who should be put in solitary confinement. At midnight, when a philosopher crawls out to sit on a log by the fire, and smoke a pipe, a duet in tenor and mezzo-soprano is going on in the shanty, with a chorus always coming in at the wrong time. Those who are not asleep want to know why the smoker does n't go to bed. He is requested to get some water, to throw on another log, to see what time it is, to note whether it looks like rain. A buzz of conversation arises. She is sure she heard something behind the shanty. He says it is all nonsense. “Perhaps, however, it might be a mouse.”

“Mercy! Are there mice?”

“Plenty.”

“Then that’s what I heard nibbling by my head. I shan’t sleep a wink! Do they bite?”

“No, they nibble; scarcely ever take a full bite out.”

“It’s horrid!”

Towards morning it grows chilly; the guides have let the fire go out; the blankets will slip down. Anxiety begins to be expressed about the dawn.

“What time does the sun rise?”

“Awful early. Did you sleep?”

“Not a wink. And you?”

“In spots. I’m going to dig up this root as soon as it is light enough.”

“See that mist on the lake, and the light just coming on the Gothics! I’d no idea it was so cold: all the first part of the night I was roasted.”

“What were they talking about all night?”

When the party crawls out to the early breakfast, after it has washed its faces in the lake, it is disorganized, but cheerful. Nobody admits much sleep; but everybody is refreshed, and declares it delightful. It is the fresh air all night that invigorates; or maybe it is the tea or the slapjacks. The guides have erected a table of spruce bark, with benches at the sides; so that breakfast is taken in form. It is served on tin plates and oak chips. After breakfast begins the day’s work. It may be a mountain-climbing expedition, or rowing and angling in the lake, or fishing for trout in some stream two or three miles distant. Nobody can stir far from camp without a guide. Hammocks are swung, bowers are built, novel-reading begins, worsted work appears, cards are shuffled and dealt. The day passes in absolute freedom from responsibility to one’s

self. At night, when the expeditions return, the camp resumes its animation. Adventures are recounted, every statement of the narrator being disputed and argued. Everybody has become an adept in wood-craft; but nobody credits his neighbor with like instinct. Society getting resolved into its elements, confidence is gone.

Whilst the hilarious party are at supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The head guide is appealed to. Is it going to rain? He says it does rain. But will it be a rainy night? The guide goes down to the lake, looks at the sky, and concludes that if the wind shifts a p'int more, there is no telling what sort of weather we shall have. Meantime the drops patter thicker on the leaves overhead, and the leaves, in turn, pass the water down to the table; the sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods; and we scud away into the shanty, taking the remains of our supper, and eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand erect. The rain swirls into the open front, and wets the bottom of the blankets. The smoke drives in. We curl up, and enjoy ourselves. The guides at length conclude that it is going to be damp. The dismal situation sets us all into good spirits; and it is later than the night before when we crawl under our blankets, sure this time of a sound sleep, lulled by the storm and the rain resounding on the bark roof. How much better off we are than many a shelterless wretch! We are as snug as dry herrings. At the moment, however, of dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a

drop of water on his face ; this is followed by another drop ; in an instant a stream is established. He moves his head to a dry place. Scarcely has he done so, when he feels a dampness in his back. Reaching his hand outside, he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him ; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbor. In the darkness there is recrimination. One of the guides, who is summoned, suggests that the rubber blankets be passed out, and spread over the roof. The inmates dislike the proposal, saying that a shower-bath is no worse than a tub-bath. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. Heartless observations are made. A few sleep. And the night wears on. The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking, and so is the shanty. The guides bring in a half-cooked breakfast. The roof is patched up. There are reviving signs of breaking away, delusive signs that create momentary exhilaration. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of stirring. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the reader desires. There are those who would like to live in this free fashion forever, taking rain and sun as heaven pleases ; and there are some souls so constituted that they cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage.

Taking the party altogether, from one cause or another it is likely to strike camp sooner than was intended. And the stricken camp is a melancholy sight. The woods have been despoiled ; the stumps are ugly ; the bushes are scorched ; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mire ; the landing looks like a cattle-ford ; the ground is littered with all the unsightly *débris* of a hand-to-hand life ; the dismantled shanty is a shabby object ; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of family life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature, and he can save his self-respect only by moving to virgin forests.

And move to them he will, the next season, if not this. For he who has once experienced the fascination of the woods-life never escapes its enticement : in the memory nothing remains but its charm.

NOTES

Ephesus: — A celebrated city of Asia Minor.

Orient: — The East.

Petit Trianon: — A little palace near the royal palace at Versailles, in France.

the regency: — When Louis XIV, of France, died, in 1715, he left his crown to his great-grandson, Louis, then five years old. Philip of Orleans seized the regency. The eight years during which he ruled were full of wickedness and corruption at the court.

Versailles: — A town somewhat west of Paris, in which the royal palaces of France were built.

Acadian bricks: — (Usually spelled Accadian.) Bricks made by an early race of people, supposed to have lived in Babylonia, before the Assyrian conquest. See *Accad*, Genesis, 10 : 10.

the Gothics: — A range of mountains.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Can you make anything out of the first few paragraphs ? Why does the author refer so many times to the Adirondacks ? Is there

anything gained by the paragraph about the clergymen? Can you show how the piece grows less and less general, and more and more particular? Where does it begin to increase in interest? Where is the place at which a kind of story begins? Note how much, from that place onward, is story, how much is description, and how much is explanation. In which kind of writing are you most interested? Why? Is there anything humorous in this selection? Do you get a good idea of the camp at night? How is an effect of lonesomeness and isolation produced? Are the people who are described more, or less, good-natured than campers in real life? Can you describe (from your imagination) some particular person in the party? Is the idea that the author gives of camping a fair one? Have your camping experiences been agreeable, or not?

THEME SUBJECTS

When Our Tent Blew Down	Building a Camp Stove
An Unexpected Intruder in Camp	Around the Camp Fire
How We Pitched Camp	Camp Cooking
The Night That It Rained	Breaking Camp
How to Build a Camp Fire	Sounds at Night
A Rainy Day in Camp	Some People Who Should
How to Make a Camp Bed	Not Go Camping
The First Night in Camp	An Incident of Camp Life
Is Camping Worth While?	An Ideal Camping Place
The Boy Who Spoiled Our Week	An Accident on the Water
at Camp	An Unsuccessful Sail

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

The Night That It Rained :— How much explanation will be necessary in order to make your reader understand the situation as to time and place? Do you think a long explanation would be interesting? Describe the first suggestion of rain; then the gradual approach of the storm. Tell what you and your companions did, and how you felt. Can you report any of the remarks made by various persons? Can you make the remarks of each person show his character? Does Warner do so? How can you close up your story? Can you give, in a brief way, a suggestion of the passing of the storm (or the coming on of daylight) and

the gradual return to quiet and comfort? Would it be wise to refer again to the feelings of the party, under the changed conditions?

COLLATERAL READINGS

See the list of books by Warner, page 12.

The Mountains	Stewart Edward White
The Forest	“ “ “
Camp and Trail	“ “ “
Trail and Camp Fire	Grinnell and Roosevelt
Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt	John Burroughs
A Woman Tenderfoot	Grace G. Seton
A Moosehead Journal	James Russell Lowell
The Maine Woods	Henry D. Thoreau
Around the Camp Fire	Charles G. D. Roberts
The Heart of the Ancient Wood . . .	“ “ “ “

GOLIATH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

(From *Two Bites at a Cherry*)

It was raining — softly, fluently, persistently — raining as it rains on the afternoon of the morning when you hesitate a minute or two at the hat-stand, and finally decide not to take your umbrella down town with you. It was one of those fine rains — I am not praising it — which wet you to the skin in about four seconds. A sharp twenty-minutes' walk lay between my office in Court Street and my rooms in Huntington Avenue. I was standing meditatively in the doorway of the former establishment on the lookout for a hack or a herdic. An unusual number of these vehicles were hurrying in all directions, but as each approached within the arc of my observation the face of some fortunate occupant was visible through the blurred glass of the closed window.

Presently a coupé leisurely turned the corner, as if in search of a fare. I hailed the driver, and though he apparently took no notice of my gesture, the coupé slowed up and stopped, or nearly stopped, at the curbstone directly in front of me. I dashed across the narrow sidewalk, pulled open the door, and stepped into the vehicle. As I did so, some one else on the opposite side performed the same evolution, and we stood motionless for an instant with the crowns of our hats glued together. Then we seated ourselves simultaneously, each by this token claiming the priority of possession.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is my carriage."

"I beg *your* pardon, sir," was the equally frigid reply; "the carriage is mine."

"I hailed the man from that doorway," I said, with firmness.

"And I hailed him from the crossing."

"But I signalled him first."

My companion disdained to respond to that statement, but settled himself back on the cushions as if he had resolved to spend the rest of his life there.

"We will leave it to the driver," I said.

The subject of this colloquy now twisted his body round on the dripping box, and shouted —

"Where to, gentlemen?"

I lowered the plate glass, and addressed him —

"There's a mistake here. This gentleman and I both claim the coupé. Which of us first called you?" But the driver "could n't tell t' other from which," as he expressed it. Having *two* fares inside, he of course had no wild desire to pronounce a decision that would necessarily cancel one of them.

The situation had reached this awkward phase when the intruder leaned forward and inquired, with a total change in his intonation —

"Are you not Mr. David Willis?"

"That is my name."

"I am Edwin Watson; we used to know each other slightly at college."

All along there had been something familiar to me in the man's face, but I had attributed it to the fact that I hated him enough at first sight to have known him intimately for ten years. Of course, after this, there was no further dispute about the carriage. Mr.

Watson wanted to go to the Providence Station, which lay directly on the route to Huntington Avenue, and I was charmed to have his company. We fell into pleasant chat concerning the old Harvard days, and were surprised when the coupé drew up in front of the red-brick clock-tower of the station.

The acquaintance, thus renewed by chance, continued. Though we had resided six years in the same city, and had not met before, we were now continually meeting — at the club, at the down-town restaurant where we lunched, at various houses where we visited in common. Mr. Watson was in the banking business; he had been married one or two years, and was living out of town, in what he called “a little box,” on the slope of Blue Hill. He had once or twice invited me to run out to dine and spend the night with him, but some engagement or other disability had interfered. One evening, however, as we were playing billiards at the St. Botolph I accepted his invitation for a certain Tuesday. Watson, who was having a vacation at the time, was not to accompany me from town, but was to meet me with his pony-cart at Green Lodge, a small flag-station on the Providence railroad, two or three miles from The Briers, the name of his place.

“I shall be proud to show you my wife,” he said, “and the baby — and Goliath.”

“Goliath?”

“That’s the dog,” answered Watson, with a laugh. “You and Goliath ought to meet — David and Goliath!”

If Watson had mentioned the dog earlier in the conversation I might have shied at his hospitality. I may as well at once confess that I do not like dogs, and am afraid of them. Of some things I am not

afraid; there have been occasions when my courage was not to be doubted—for example, the night I secured the burglar in my dining-room, and held him until the police came; and notably the day I had an interview with a young bull in the middle of a pasture, where there was not so much as a burdock leaf to fly to; with my red silk pocket-handkerchief I deployed him as coolly as if I had been a professional *matador*. I state these unadorned facts in no vainglorious mood. If that burglar had been a collie, or that bull a bull-terrier, I should have collapsed on the spot.

No man can be expected to be a hero in all directions. Doubtless Achilles himself had his secret little cowardice, if truth were known. That acknowledged vulnerable heel of his was perhaps not his only weak point. While I am thus covertly drawing a comparison between myself and Achilles, I will say that that same extreme sensitiveness of heel is also unhappily mine; for nothing so sends a chill into it, and thence along my vertebræ, as to have a strange dog come up sniffing behind me. Some inscrutable instinct has advised all strange dogs of my antipathy and pusillanimity.

“The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.”

They sally forth from picturesque verandas and unsuspected hidings, to show their teeth as I go by. In a spot where there is no dog, one will germinate if he happens to find out that I am to pass that way. Sometimes they follow me for miles. Strange dogs that wag their tails at other persons growl at me from over fences, and across vacant lots, and at street corners.

“So you keep a dog?” I remarked carelessly, as I dropped the spot-ball into a pocket.

“Yes,” returned Watson. “What is a country-place without a dog?”

I said to myself, “I know what a country-place is *with* a dog; it’s a place I should prefer to avoid.”

But as I had accepted the invitation, and as Watson was to pick me up at Green Lodge station, and, presumably, see me safely into the house, I said no more.

Living as he did on a lonely road, and likely at any hour of the night to have a burglar or two drop in on him, it was proper that Watson should have a dog on the grounds. In any event he would have done so, for he had always had a maniacal passion for the canine race. I remember his keeping at Cambridge a bull-pup that was the terror of the neighborhood. He had his rooms outside the college yard in order that he might reside with this fiend. A good mastiff or a good col-lie — if there are any good collies and good mastiffs — is perhaps a necessity to exposed country-houses; but what is the use of allowing him to lie around loose on the landscape, as is generally done? He ought to be chained up until midnight. He should be taught to distinguish between a burglar and an inoffensive person passing along the highway with no intention of taking anything but the air. Men with a taste for dogs owe it to society not to cultivate dogs that have an in-discriminate taste for men. *End of chapter*

The Tuesday on which I was to pass the night with Watson was a day simply packed with evil omens. The feathered cream at breakfast struck the keynote of the day’s irritations. Everything went at cross-purposes in the office, and at the last moment a telegram imperatively demanding an answer nearly caused me to miss that six o’clock train — the only train that

stopped at Green Lodge. There were two or three thousand other trains which did not stop there. I was in no frame of mind for rural pleasures when I finally seated myself in the "six o'clock accommodation" with my gripsack beside me.

The run from town to Green Lodge is about twenty-five minutes, and the last stoppage before reaching that station is at Readville. We were possibly half-way between these two points when the train slackened and came to a dead halt amid some ragged woodland. Heads were instantly thrust out of the windows right and left, and everybody's face was an interrogation. Presently a brakeman, with a small red flag in his hand, stationed himself some two hundred yards in the rear of the train, in order to prevent the evening express from telescoping us. Then our engine sullenly detached itself from the tender, and disappeared. What had happened? An overturned gravel-car lay across the track a quarter of a mile beyond. It was fully an hour before the obstruction was removed, and our engine had backed down again to its coupling. I smiled bitterly, thinking of Watson and his dinner.

The station at Green Lodge consists of a low platform upon which is a shed covered on three sides with unpainted deal boards hacked nearly to pieces by tramps. In autumn and winter the wind here, sweeping across the wide Neponset marshes, must be cruel. That is probably why the tramps have destroyed their only decent shelter between Readville and Canton. On this evening in early June, as I stepped upon the platform, the air was merely a ripple and a murmur among the maples and willows.

I looked around for Watson and the pony-cart. What had occurred was obvious. He had waited an

hour for me, and then driven home with the conviction that the train must have passed before he got there, and that I, for some reason, had failed to come on it. The capsized gravel-car was an episode of which he could have known nothing.

A walk of three miles was not an inspiring prospect, and would not have been even if I had had some slight idea of where The Briers was, or where I was myself. At one side of the shed, and crossing the track at right angles, ran a straight, narrow road that quickly lost itself in an arbor of swamp-willows. Beyond the tree-tops rose the serrated line of the Blue Hills, now touched with the twilight's tenderest amethyst. Over there, in that direction somewhere, lay Watson's domicile.

"What I ought to have done to-day," I reflected, "was to stay in bed. This is one of the days when I am unfitted to move among my fellow-men, and cope with the complexities of existence."

Just then my ear caught the sound of a cart-wheel grating on an unoiled axle. It was a withered farmer in a rickety open wagon slowly approaching the railroad track, and going toward the hills—my own intended destination. I stopped the man and explained my dilemma. He was willing, after a suspicious inventory of my person, to give me a lift to the end of the Green Lodge road. There I could take the old turnpike. He believed that the Watson place was half a mile or so down the turnpike toward Milton way. I climbed up beside him with alacrity.

Beyond giving vent to a sneeze or two left over from the previous winter, the old man made no sign of life as we drove along. He seemed to be in a state of suspended animation. I was as little disposed to talk.

It was a balmy evening, the air was charged with sweet wood-scents, and here and there a star half opened an eyelid on the peaceful dusk. After the frets of the day, it was soothing thus to be drawn at a snail's pace through the fragrance and stillness of that fern-fringed road, with the night weaving and unweaving its mysteries of light and shade on either side. Now and then the twitter of an oriole in some pendent nest overhead added, as it were, to the silence. I was yielding myself up wholly to the glamour of the time and place, when suddenly I thought of Goliath. At that moment Goliath was probably prowling about Watson's front yard seeking whom he might devour; and I was that predestined nourishment.

I knew what sort of watch-dog Watson would be likely to keep. There was a tough streak in Watson himself, a kind of thoroughbred obstinacy — the way he had held on to that coupé months before illustrated it. An animal with a tenacious grip, and on the verge of hydrophobia, was what would naturally commend itself to his liking. He had specified Goliath, but may be he had half a dozen other dragons to guard his hill-side Hesperides. I had depended on Watson meeting me at the station, and now, when I was no longer expected, I was forced to invade his premises in the darkness of the night, and run the risk of being torn limb from limb before I could make myself known to the family. I recalled Watson's inane remark, "You and Goliath ought to meet — David and Goliath!" It now struck me as a most unseemly and heartless pleasantry.

These reflections were not calculated to heighten my enjoyment of the beauties of nature. The gathering darkness, with its few large, liquid stars, which a moment before had seemed so poetical, began to fill

me with apprehension. In the daylight one has resources, but what on earth was I going to do in the dark with Goliath, and, likely enough, a couple of bloodhounds at my throat? I wished myself safely back among the crowded streets and electric lights of the city. In a few minutes more I was to be left alone and defenceless on a dismal highway.

When we reached the junction of the Green Lodge road and the turnpike, I felt that I was parting from the only friend I had in the world. The man had not spoken two words during the drive, and now rather gruffly refused my proffered half-dollar; but I would have gone home with him if he had asked me. I hinted that it would be much to his pecuniary advantage if he were willing to go so far out of his course as the door-step of Mr. Watson's house; but either because wealth had no charms for him, or because he had failed to understand my proposition, he made no answer, and, giving his mare a slap with the ends of the reins, rattled off into space.

On turning into the main road I left behind me a cluster of twinkling lights emitted from some dozen or twenty little cottages, which, as I have since been told, constitute the village of Ponkapog. It was apparently alive with dogs. I heard them going off, one after another, like a string of Chinese crackers, as the ancient farmer with his creaking axle passed on through the village. I was not reluctant to leave so alert a neighborhood, whatever destiny awaited me beyond.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later I stood in front of what I knew at a glance to be The Briers, for Watson had described it to me. The three sharp gables of his description had not quite melted into the blackness

which was rapidly absorbing every object; and there too, but indistinct, were the twin stone gateposts with the cheerful Grecian vases on top, like the entrance to a cemetery.

I cautiously approached the paling and looked over into the enclosure. It was gloomy with shrubbery, dwarf spruces, and Norway pines, and needed nothing but a few obelisks and lachrymal urns to complete the illusion. In the centre of the space rose a circular mound of several yards in diameter, piled with rocks, on which probably were mosses and nasturtiums. It was too dark to distinguish anything clearly; even the white gravel walk encircling the mound left one in doubt. The house stood well back on a slight elevation, with two or three steps leading down from the piazza to the walk. Here and there a strong light illumined a lattice-window. I particularly noticed one on the ground floor in an ell of the building, a wide window with diamond-shaped panes — the dining-room. The curtains were looped back, and I could see the pretty housemaid in her cap coming and going. She was removing the dinner things: she must have long ago taken away *my* unused plate.

The contrast between a brilliantly lighted, luxurious interior and the bleak night outside is a contrast that never appeals to me in vain. I seldom have any sympathy for the outcast in sentimental fiction until the inevitable moment when the author plants her against the area-railing under the windows of the paternal mansion. I like to have this happen on an inclement Christmas or Thanksgiving eve — and it always does.

But even on a pleasant evening in early June it is not agreeable to find one's self excluded from the

family circle, especially when one has travelled fifteen miles to get there. I regarded the inviting façade of Watson's villa, and then I contemplated the sombre and unexplored tract of land which I must needs traverse in order to reach the door-step. How still it was! The very stillness had a sort of menace in it. My imagination peopled those black interstices under the trees with "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire." There certainly was an air of latent dog about the place, though as yet no dog had developed. However, unless I desired to rouse the inmates from their beds, I saw that I ought to announce myself without much further delay. I softly opened the gate, which, having a heavy ball-and-chain attachment, immediately slipped from my hand and slammed to with a bang as I stepped within.

I was not surprised, but I was paralyzed all the same, at instantly hearing the familiar sound of a watch-dog suddenly rushing from his kennel. The kennel in this instance was on a piazza: a convenient arrangement — for the dog — in case of visitors.

The next sound I heard was the scrabble of the animal's four paws as he landed on the gravelled pathway. There he hesitated, irresolute, as if he were making up his diabolical mind which side of the mound he would take. He neither growled nor barked in the interim, being evidently one of those wide-mouthed, reticent brutes that mean business and indulge in no vain flourish.

I held my breath, and waited. Presently I heard him stealthily approaching me on the left. I at once hastened up the right-hand path, having tossed my gripsack in his direction, with the hope that while he was engaged in tearing it to pieces, I might pos-

sibly be able to reach the piazza and ring the doorbell.

My ruse failed, however, and the gripsack, which might have served as a weapon of defence, had been sacrificed. The dog continued his systematic approach, and I was obliged to hurry past the piazza-steps. A few seconds brought me back to the point of my departure. Superficially considered, the garden-gate, which now lay at my hand, offered a facile mode of escape; but I was ignorant of the fastenings; I had forgotten which way it swung; besides, it was unfortunately necessary that I should continue on my circular journey.

So far as I could judge, the dog was now about three yards in my rear; I was unable to see him, but I could plainly detect his quick respiration, and his deliberate footfalls on the gravel. I wondered why he did not spring upon me at once; but he knew he had his prey, he knew I was afraid of him, and he was playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. In certain animals there is a refinement of cruelty which sometimes makes them seem almost human. If I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should say that the spirit of Caligula had passed into dogs, and that of Cleopatra into cats.

It is easily conceivable that I made no such reflection at the moment, for by this time my brisk trot had turned into a run, and I was spinning around the circle at the rate of ten miles an hour, with the dog at my heels. Now I shot by the piazza, and now past the gate, until presently I ceased to know which was the gate and which the piazza. I believe that I shouted "Watson!" once or twice, no doubt at the wrong place, but I do not remember. At all events, I failed

to make myself heard. My brain was in such confusion that at intervals I could not for the soul of me tell whether I was chasing the dog, or the dog was chasing me. Now I almost felt his nose at my heel, and now I seemed upon the point of trampling him underfoot.

My swift rotatory movement, combined with the dinner which I had not had, soon induced a sort of vertigo. It was a purely unreasoning instinct that prevented me from flying off at a tangent and plunging into the shrubbery. Strange lights began to come into my eyes, and in one of those phosphorescent gleams I saw a shapeless black object lying, or crouching, in my path. I automatically kicked it into the outer darkness. It was only my derby hat, which had fallen off on one of the previous trips.

I have spoken of the confused state of my mind. The right lobe of my brain had suspended all natural action, but with the other lobe I was enabled to speculate on the probable duration of my present career. In spite of my terror, an ironical smile crept to my lips as I reflected that I might perhaps keep this thing up until sunrise, unless a midnight meal was one of the dog's regular habits. A prolonged angry snarl now and then admonished me that his patience was about exhausted.

I had accomplished the circuit of the mound for the tenth — possibly the twentieth — time (I cannot be positive), when the front door of the villa was opened with a jerk, and Watson, closely followed by the pretty housemaid, stepped out upon the piazza. He held in his hand a German student-lamp, which he came within an ace of dropping as the light fell upon my countenance.

“Good heavens! Willis; is this you? Where did

you tumble from? What's become of your hat? How did you get *here*?"

"Six o'clock train — Green Lodge — white horse — old man — I —"

Suddenly the pretty housemaid descended the steps and picked up from the gravelled path a little panting, tremulous wad of something — not more than two handfuls at most — which she folded tenderly to her bosom.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's Goliath," said Watson.

NOTES

herdic :— A kind of low-hung cab, named after Peter Herdic, the inventor.

coupé :— A four-wheeled close carriage for two persons.

St. Botolph :— A Boston club-house.

David and Goliath :— The story of the youthful David's fight with the giant Goliath is told in the Bible, (I Samuel, 17.)

matador :— This is a Spanish word, meaning a killer; the matador is the man appointed to kill the bull, in a bull-fight.

Achilles :— One of the heroes of the Trojan war. It is related that Thetis, the mother of Achilles, dipped her child into the River Styx, in order to make him immortal. She held him by the heel, however, and that one spot was not touched by the water; hence Achilles was invulnerable (not to be wounded) in all parts of his body except the heel.

The little dogs and all :— The quotation is from Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Act III, Scene 6.

Cambridge :— This city in Massachusetts is the seat of Harvard University.

Neponset :— Marshes around the Neponset River, near Boston.

Hesperides :— The garden of the Hesperides (the daughters of Hesperus, or Night) was, according to Greek mythology, a place where beautiful golden apples grew, guarded by a hideous dragon. To secure some of these apples was one of the labors of Hercules.

Gorgons and Hydras :— The line quoted is from the de-

scription of Hades, in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, line 628.

Caligula :— A wicked and cruel emperor of Rome (12–41 A. D.).

Cleopatra :— A queen of Egypt (B. C. 69–30).

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Notice how the author introduces the story. What has the weather to do with it? How does the author bring in the reference to the dog? Why does he say so much about dogs, and his fear of them? What kind of dog does the name Goliath suggest to you? What does Watson mean by speaking of David and Goliath (see notes)? What are the complications that make it necessary for Mr. Willis to approach "The Briers" on foot? Do they all seem natural and possible? Why are the beauties of the evening described so specifically? How does the author make the reader feel the excitement of the adventure with the dog? Show how he has used suspense. Why does the story end so abruptly? In what ways do you consider the conclusion a good one? Could you write a short, humorous incident of this type?

THEME SUBJECTS

A Chance Meeting of Old Friends	A Country Railroad Station
A Walk along a Country Road	Finding My Friend's Home
A House in the Country	Delayed by a Wreck
The Dog and his Master	The Watch Dog
A Stranger in the Village	"No Trespassing Allowed"
My Dog	Frightened
Locked Out	A Lonely Road at Night
The Interloper	Some Dogs I Have Known
	A Series of Mishaps

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

Some Dogs I Have Known :— Think of two or three of the most interesting dogs that you have known. Tell about one of them — his appearance, his peculiarities, his temper. To whom did he belong? Was he well treated? Did he behave well? Tell some of the amusing or interesting things that he

did. What became of him? Compare another dog with the first one of which you have written. Relate some anecdotes concerning this second dog. Try to show by these stories how he differed from the first. Finish your theme by telling about one or two more interesting dogs and the things they did.

A Lonely Road at Night: — Explain the reason for taking a trip through this lonely road. Tell what kind of night it was. Describe the feelings of the person on the road. Did he have any reason to be frightened? What noises did he hear? Did anything really happen? Tell how the person felt, and what he did. Try to make use of suspense to keep up the reader's interest. Tell how the adventure came out, and what resulted from it.

COLLATERAL READINGS

The Story of a Bad Boy	Thomas Bailey Aldrich
Marjorie Daw	“ “ “
The Stillwater Tragedy	“ “ “
My Cousin the Colonel	“ “ “
A Christmas Fantasy	“ “ “
The Little Violinist	“ “ “
Quite So	“ “ “
For Bravery on the Field of Battle	“ “ “
From Ponkapog to Pesth	“ “ “
Thomas Bailey Aldrich	Ferris Greenslet
A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs	Laurence Hutton
A Boy I Knew and Some More Dogs	“ “
A Dog of Flanders	Louise de la Ramée
Moufflou	“ “ “ “
Bob Son of Battle	Alfred Ollivant
Rab and his Friends	John Brown
The Call of the Wild	Jack London
White Fang	“ “
My Dogs in the Northland	E. R. Young
Dogs of all Nations	C. J. Miller
Wild Animals I Have Known (page 145; page 273)	Ernest Thompson Seton
Lives of the Hunted (page 211)	“ “ “
Krag and Johnny Bear (page 127)	“ “ “
Dogtown	Mabel Osgood Wright
Dan Beard's Animal Book	Dan Beard

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A YOUNG fellow, a tobacco peddler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, 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 panel, 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, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the peddler was inquisitive and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious 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 after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow

of the hill, at the foot of which the peddler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and 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 freshness of the morning, but 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 eyes, and answered, rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker’s Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day’s journey, the peddler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

“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.”

Being thus importuned, the traveler — who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods — appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. 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 nigger. 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 Spanish 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 many a bunch of long-nines and a great deal of pig-tail, lady's twist, and fig 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 fellow ought to be hired to go express with the president's message."

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, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably 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 corroborative 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, what the peddler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vise. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, 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, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the barroom, 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, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the peddler had ever smelled.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "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, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "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 treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. 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 Pike.

"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 quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The peddler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water and went to bed, where, all night long, he dreamt of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards 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, light wagon, chaise, 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 fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

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 appeared 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 in the orchard 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 the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham’s corpse were not discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above 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? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger’s surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

“But let the poor devil go,” thought the peddler. “I don’t want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger would n’t unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It’s a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!”

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 and a slitting-mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop-doors 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 direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of [Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town, like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal 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 slitting-mill, and a considerable stockholder of the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement that the Parker's Falls *Gazette* anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica, emphasized with capitals, and headed HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM! Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of 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 with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory-girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton-machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town-pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic 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, with a voice like a field-preacher, 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 piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, 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, all propounded at once, 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? Is Mr. Higginbotham’s niece come out of her fainting-fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!”

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the hostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside 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, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer’s, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, 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 to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory-girls, “I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably a willful falsehood maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham’s credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o’clock 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 relating to a suit of his in the

Connecticut courts, 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 irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or — as some deemed the more probable case of two doubtful ones — 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, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest 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. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"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 and fifty cents 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 biscuit 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."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the state. But 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 millmen 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. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus either from mob law or a court of justice but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, 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 neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty-pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect.

His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, 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 have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the state; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls *Gazette* would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The peddler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

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 Morrystown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveler, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact, and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When

to this singular combination of incidents 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 circumstantial 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 cautious 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 unchanged till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister, or some other responsible man, for an indorser."

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. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer, and kept on towards 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 whiplash 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. He's been

to Woodfield this afternoon, attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night he nodded, — as if to say, 'Charge my toll,' — and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

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 and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were 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, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. 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, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the

background by the Kimballton turnpike. 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. “I shall never be my own man again 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 round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lob as if Old Nick were chasing behind. 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 contorted 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 on 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—the old, identical Mr. Higginbotham!

“Mr. Higginbotham,” said Dominicus tremulously, “you’re an honest man, and I’ll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?”

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this “coming event” was made to “cast its shadow before.” Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr.

Higginbotham ; two of them successively lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance ; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate like the heroes of old romance, 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, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

NOTES

Shaker settlement :— The Shakers are members of a religious society which emigrated to the United States, from England, in 1774, under the leadership of Mother Ann Lee.

sun-glass : A convex lens for producing heat by bringing the rays of the sun to a focus ; a burning-glass.

long-nines :— Cigars of a cheap quality.

pig-tail :— Twisted chewing tobacco.

lady's twist :— A kind of chewing tobacco.

fig tobacco :— Tobacco in small pieces.

Spanish wrappers :— Imported cigars.

the Ethiopian :— See the Bible, Jeremiah, 13 : 23.

slitting-mill :— A mill in which iron bars or plates are slit into narrow strips.

double pica :— Very large type.

shaver :— A sharper.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Do you like the way the story begins ? Notice the way in which the story part (narrative) is mixed with description. Is

this a good way of carrying events along? Show the little touches that make the character of Pike clear to us, even in the first pages of the story. What effect on the reader is produced by the tale of the murder, when it is first whispered by the traveler? Do you think that Pike ought to have spread the news? What contradictory stories are brought in to confuse the reader? Nearly all good stories have in them an entanglement or a mystery of some sort: Notice how the author of this story manages to keep the reader puzzled. Do you get a clear image of the different persons that appear in the story? Does the author describe each one completely? Which one stands out most distinctly? Of what use is the conversation with the toll-gatherer? What is the most exciting point (climax) of the story? Does the story end abruptly at this exciting point, or does it gradually come to a stop? Of what use is the last paragraph? Do you think that Dominicus Pike deserved his good fortune?

THEME SUBJECTS

The Peddler	A False Alarm
Solving a Mystery	A Mysterious Disappearance
How the Story Grew	Was He the Thief?
A Bit of Gossip	Finding the Lost Ring
Spreading the Alarm	A Harmless Hoax
How the False Report Started	Hunting the Imaginary Monster
Catching the Culprit.	How Gossip Hurts
Who Hid the Book?	The Newspaper Report of My
How They Learned Our Foot- ball Signals	Accident
	The Unjust Suspicion
How We Unraveled the Mystery	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

The Peddler:—Did you ever see a peddler? When and where? Under what circumstances? Can you write a vivid description of him (or her)? Try to make your reader see the exact appearance of the peddler—as to features (eyes, mouth, hair, etc.), form (height, size, etc.), and clothing. How did he walk? Was he carrying something? Did you see him try to sell his wares? To whom did he try to sell? What did he say? Can you give some of his exact words? How did his voice sound? What did he do while he was talking? Did he show his goods?

What were they like? Did his listeners give good attention? What conversation did they have with him? Did they buy? What did the peddler say when he went away?

The Mysterious Disappearance:— Can you write a little story on this subject, drawing either upon what you have heard, or what you have imagined? Try to make the story very simple and straightforward. Tell who the person was that disappeared, and describe him sufficiently so that we can judge of his looks, his habits, and his character. Tell what this person was doing when he was last seen. When did his friends first realize that he had disappeared? In order to gain suspense, tell how his friends felt, what they said, and what they did. Give some varying opinions that his friends expressed, as to his whereabouts. Will it be better in these passages to use direct or indirect quotations? Was the person ever found? Tell under what circumstances. Can you make the finding of the person the climax of your story? Do you think it well to add anything after the climax is reached?

COLLATERAL READINGS

The House of the Seven Gables	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
The Blithedale Romance	“ “
The Marble Faun	“ “
Grandfather's Chair	“ “
Biographical Stories	“ “
Tanglewood Tales	“ “
A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys	“ “
The Great Stone Face	“ “
The Great Carbuncle	“ “
The Ambitious Guest	“ “
Roger Malvin's Burial	“ “
Drowne's Wooden Image	“ “
Ethan Brand	“ “
A Bell's Biography	“ “
Old Ticonderoga	“ “
Little Daffydowndilly	“ “
The Antique Ring	“ “
My Kinsman Major Molineux	“ “
The Ghost of Doctor Harris	“ “
The Snow-Image	“ “
The Bald Eagle	“ “

The Duston Family	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
My Visit to Niagara	“ “
The Prophetic Pictures	“ “
The Gray Champion	“ “
The Gentle Boy	“ “
David Swan	“ “
Sights from a Steeple	“ “
Dr. Heidegger's Experiment.	“ “
A Rill from the Town Pump	“ “
Nathaniel Hawthorne	G. E. Woodberry.
Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Circle	Julian Hawthorne.

THE WHISTLE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(To Madame Brillon)

PASSY, November 10, 1779.

WHEN I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle*; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle*.

When I saw one too ambitious of court favour, sac-

impression

rificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

.....
 If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

.....
 In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

B. FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(From Chapter I of the *Autobiography*)

MY elder brothers were all put to apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age; my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read, and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me his short-hand volumes of sermons, to set up with, if I would learn his short-hand. I continued, however, at the grammar school rather less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence I was to be placed in the third at the end of the year.

But my father, burdened with a numerous family, was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends, in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell. He was a skilful master, and successful in his profession, employing the mildest and

most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon; but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination to go to sea; but my father declared against it. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats; and, when embarked with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh, which bounded part of the millpond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen

were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

I suppose you may like to know what kind of a man my father was. He had an excellent constitution, was of a middle stature, well set and very strong. He could draw prettily, and was skilled a little in music. His voice was sonorous and agreeable, so that when he played on his violin and sung withal, as he was accustomed to do after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear. He had some knowledge of mechanics, and on occasion was very handy with other tradesmen's tools. But his great excellence was his sound understanding, and his solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and public affairs. It is true he was never employed in the latter, the numerous family he had to educate, and the straitness of his circumstances, keeping him close to his trade, but I remember well his being frequently visited by leading men, who consulted him for his opinion in public affairs, and those of the church he belonged to; and who showed a great respect for his judgment and advice.

He was also much consulted by private persons about their affairs, when any difficulty occurred, and frequently chosen an arbitrator between contending parties. At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned

our attention to what was good, just, and prudent, in the conduct of life, and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table; whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me. Indeed, I am so unobservant of it, that to this day I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner of what dishes it consisted. This has been of great convenience to me in traveling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites.

.
To return: I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was every appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father had apprehensions that, if he did not put me to one more agreeable, I should break loose and go to sea, as my brother Josiah had done, to his great vexation. In consequence, he took me to walk with him and see joiners, brick-layers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or profession that would keep me on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools. And it has been often useful to me, to have learned so much by it, as to be able to

do some trifling jobs in the house, when a workman was not at hand, and to construct little machines for my experiments, at the moment when the intention of making these was warm in my mind. My father determined at last for the cutler's trade, and placed me for some days on trial with Samuel, son to my uncle Benjamin, who was bred to that trade in London, and had just established himself in Boston. But the sum he exacted as a fee for my apprenticeship displeased my father, and I was taken home again.

From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books. I was very fond of voyages. My first acquisition was Bunyan's work in separate little volumes; I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's "Historical Collections." They were small chapmen's books, and cheap; forty volumes in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read. I have often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was resolved I should not be bred to divinity. There was among them Plutarch's "Lives," which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's, called "An Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "An Essay to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking, that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters,

to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indenture, when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great progress in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of book-sellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon, and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening, and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

After some time a merchant, an ingenious, sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library, and very kindly proposed to lend me such books as I chose to read. I now took a strong inclination for poetry, and wrote some little pieces. My brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me, and induced me to compose two occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the shipwreck of Captain Worthilake with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of the famous "Teach," or "Blackbeard," the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in street-ballad style; and when they were printed, my brother sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold prodigiously.

giously, the event being recent, and having made a great noise. The success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by criticising my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of very great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how in such a situation I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument; and very desirous of confuting one another; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company, by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh. ✓

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, on the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, having a greater plenty of words, and sometimes, as I thought, I was van-

quished more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered and I replied. Three or four letters on a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers, and read them. Without entering into the subject in dispute, he took occasion to talk to me about my manner of writing; observed that though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which he attributed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to my manner of writing, and determined to endeavor to improve my style.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time, if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the

same import, but of different length to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore, I took some of the tales in the *Spectator*, and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered my faults, and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that, in certain particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises, and for reading, was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford time to practise it.

When about sixteen years of age, I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an incon-

venience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit, or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins, or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time, till their return, for study; in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking. Now it was that (being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school) I took Cocker's book on "Arithmetic," and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease. I also read Seller's and Sturny's book on "Navigation," which made me acquainted with the little geometry it contains; but I never proceeded far in that science. I read about this time Locke "On Human Understanding," and "The Art of Thinking," by Messrs. de Port Royal.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *The New England Courant*. The only one before it was the *Boston News Letter*.

I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being in their judgment enough for America. At this time, 1771, there are not less than five and twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking. I was employed to carry the papers to the customers, after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them. But, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper, if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be. Encouraged, however, by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces, that were equally approved; and I kept my secret till all my fund of sense for such performances was exhausted, and then discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintances.

However, that did not quite please him, as he thought it tended to make me vain. This might be one occasion of the differences we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and accordingly expected the same services of me as he would from another, while I thought he degraded me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss ; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected. Perhaps this harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with the aversion to arbitrary power, that has stuck to me through my whole life.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offence to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured and imprisoned for a month by the Speaker's warrant, I suppose because he would not discover the author. I, too, was taken up and examined before the Council ; but, though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me perhaps as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets. During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper ; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly,

while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a youth that had a turn for libeling and satire.

My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order, and a very odd one, that "*James Franklin* should no longer print the newspaper called *The New England Courant*." On a consultation held in our printing-office amongst his friends, what he should do in this conjuncture, it was proposed to elude the order by changing the name of the paper. But my brother, seeing inconvenience in this, came to a conclusion, as a better way, to let the paper in future be printed in the name of *Benjamin Franklin*; and in order to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him, as still printing it by his apprentice, he contrived and consented that my old indenture should be returned to me with a discharge on the back of it to show in case of necessity; and, in order to secure to him the benefit of my service, I should sign new indentures for the remainder of my time, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper was printed accordingly, under my name for several months.

NOTES

Bunyan:— A famous English writer (1628-1688), author of many sermons and tracts, and other religious articles. His best known work is the allegory, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Plutarch's Lives:— Plutarch (40-120) was a Greek philosopher and historian. His *Lives of Celebrated Greeks and Romans* is a well-known and interesting book.

Defoe:— An English writer and journalist (1661-1731), the author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Dr. Mather:— Cotton Mather, a famous Puritan preacher of Boston (1663-1728). He took a leading part in the attack on witchcraft.

the indenture:—The agreement between a master-workman and his apprentice.

the *Spectator*:—A journal published in London, 1711–1712; it was written chiefly by Addison and Steele, who are justly noted for the excellence of their work.

Locke:—An English philosopher (1632–1704).

Messrs. de Port Royal:—The expression *Messieurs de Port Royal* means *the gentlemen of Port Royal*. Port Royal was an abbey founded in 1626. The writings here referred to were by the Jansenists of Port Royal—followers of Cornelis Jansen, a Dutch Roman Catholic.

the Assembly:—The Colonial legislative body.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is an autobiography? Can you name any one besides Franklin who has written one? Do you think it is an easy thing to write? Why? Why are autobiographies not more common? What kind of man was Franklin's father? What qualities does Benjamin Franklin seem to have got from his father, either by inheritance or by training? Was Benjamin like the usual boy? Were the books that he read as a boy very suitable and attractive? Do you think that his father did right in discouraging his son to write poetry? How did Franklin's father help him in learning to write prose? Explain carefully Benjamin Franklin's way of teaching himself to write. Do you believe it a good one? If it is, why is it not more commonly used in teaching and studying composition? Would Franklin have been so successful in his writing if he had not been in a printing-office? What are the differences between his time and ours, as far as books, papers, and magazines are concerned? Try to give an account of yourself and some of your early experiences. Keep your work simple, as Franklin's is.

THEME SUBJECTS

My Early Ambitions	Doing the Chores
How I Helped My Father	The First Books That I Read
An Incident of My Childhood	Saving Money
My First Day at School	Getting a Start in Life
Working in Vacation Time	Why I Left School

How I Learned to Make Bread	A Tragedy of Childhood
When I Tried to Help Mother	An Autobiography of a Bad Boy
How I Earned My First Money	My First Evening at the Theatre
Why I Wanted to Be a Soldier	Learning How to Work
Learning to Sew	My First Dollar
My First Penny	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

My Early Ambitions:—What was the first ambition that you can remember? What suggested it? Did you look up to some one as a person to be imitated? Did some story that was told you give you an idea of what you would like to be? How did you feel about the matter? Did you think about it much? Did you tell any one of what you hoped to be when you grew up? Did you do anything to make your wishes come true? If so, did your attempts get you into trouble? When did your ambition begin to change? Why? How many times have your ideas on the subject changed since then? Have you any real ambition at the present time that you would care to tell?

The First Books That I Read:—Can you remember the first books that you were interested in? Could you read them through, or did you have help? What were they about? Which one did you like best? Did any of them have any influence upon you? Tell about them in somewhat the same way as that in which Franklin tells of the books that he read.

COLLATERAL READINGS

Autobiography	Benjamin Franklin
Home Life in Colonial Days . . .	Alice Morse Earle
Customs and Fashions in Old New England	“ “ “
Costumes of Colonial Times . . .	“ “ “
The Diary of Anna Green Winslow	“ “ “ (Ed.)
Colonial Days and Ways	H. E. Smith
Colonial Days and Dames	A. H. Wharton
Beneath Old Roof Trees	A. E. Brown
How Our Grandfathers Lived . . .	A. B. Hart (Ed.)
Grandfather's Chair	Nathaniel Hawthorne
Letters from Colonial Children . .	E. M. Tappan

The New England Primer . . .	Paul Leicester Ford (Ed.)
Where American Independence Be- gan	M. D. Wilson
Hugh Wynne	S. Weir Mitchell
In the Valley	Harold Frederic
In Colonial Times	Mary Wilkins
Men Who Have Risen	Hamilton W. Mabie
Poor Boys Who Became Famous .	Sarah K. Bolton
Girls Who Became Famous . . .	“ “ “
Famous American Statesmen . . .	“ “ “
The Making of an American . . .	Jacob Riis
Up from Slavery	Booker T. Washington
The Story of My Life	Helen Keller
The Story of a Child	Pierre Loti
An Indian Boyhood	Charles Eastman
The One I Knew Best of All . . .	Frances Hodgson Burnett
Autobiography	Joseph Jefferson
Autobiography (in Life of Scott, by Lockhart)	Walter Scott
A New England Girlhood	Lucy Larcom
The Autobiography of a Tomboy .	Jeannette Gilder
The Many-sided Franklin	Paul Leicester Ford
The True Benjamin Franklin . . .	S. G. Fisher
The True Story of Benjamin Frank- lin	E. S. Brooks
Captains of Industry	James Parton

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

WASHINGTON IRVING

(From *The Sketch Book*)

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast !
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning ;
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
And all their spits are turning
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'l bury it in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

WITHERS, *Juvenilia*.

I HAD finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when he heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The 'Squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our train band,
Presented, and away.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the 'Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chim-

ney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the bye, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered time out of mind; and that, as to the armor, it had been found in a lumber-room, and elevated to its present situation by the 'Squire, who at once determined it to be the armor of the family hero; and as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptation. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple; "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers"; the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy; the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome, were, at least, happy; and happiness is

a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits, or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired; much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits, with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is, that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl, in particular, of staid demeanor, with a high Roman nose, and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favorite of the 'Squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the Court of Henry VIII.

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this

pageant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a nod from the 'Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merily
Qui estis in convivio.

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprised of the peculiar hobby of mine host, yet, I confess, the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the 'Squire and the parson, that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head—a dish formerly served up with ceremony, and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables on Christmas day. "I like the old custom," said the 'Squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford, at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome—and the noble old college hall—and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!"

The parson, however, whose mind was not haunted by such associations, and who was always more taken up with the text than the sentiment, objected to the Oxonian's version of the carol; which he affirmed was different from that sung at college. He went on, with the dry perseverance of a commentator, to give

the college reading, accompanied by sundry annotations; addressing himself at first to the company at large; but finding their attention gradually diverted to other talk, and other objects, he lowered his tone as his number of auditors diminished, until he concluded his remarks in an under voice, to a fat-headed old gentleman next him, who was silently engaged in the discussion of a huge plateful of turkey.

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and of full expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacocks' feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the 'Squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentic; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

It would be tedious, perhaps, to my wiser readers, who may not have that foolish fondness for odd and obsolete things to which I am a little given, were I to mention the other makeshifts of this worthy old humorist, by which he was endeavoring to follow up, though at humble distance, the quaint customs of antiquity. I was pleased, however, to see the respect

shown to his whims by his children and relatives ; who, indeed, entered readily into the full spirit of them, and seemed all well versed in their parts ; having doubtless been present at many a rehearsal. I was amused, too, at the air of profound gravity with which the butler and other servants executed the duties assigned them, however eccentric. They had an old-fashioned look ; having, for the most part, been brought up in the household, and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion, and the humors of its lord ; and most probably looked upon all his whimsical regulations as the established laws of honorable housekeeping.

When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a huge silver vessel, of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the 'Squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation ; being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the 'Squire himself ; for it was a beverage, in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself ; alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him ; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight, as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example according to the primitive style ; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."

There was much laughing and rallying, as the hon-

est emblem of Christmas joviality circulated, and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. But when it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion, struck up an old Wassail Chanson :

The brown bowle,
 The merry brown bowle,
 As it goes round aboute-a,
 Fill
 Still,
 Let the world say what it will,
 And drink your fill all out-a.

The deep canne,
 The merry deep canne,
 As thou dost freely quaff-a,
 Sing
 Fling,
 Be as merry as a king,
 And sound a lusty laugh-a.

Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow, with whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies ; but it was continued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson, with the persevering assiduity of a slow hound ; being one of these long-winded jokers, who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivaled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation, he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms ; winking hard at me with both eyes, whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be ; and he took occa-

sion to inform me, in an undertone, that the lady in question was a prodigiously fine woman and drove her own curriole.

The dinner-time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! The joyous disposition of the worthy 'Squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his humor did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated.

The 'Squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer; though in looking at the latter, it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark anatomy of a man, into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life: the 'Squire had left the university to live lustily on his paternal domains, in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age; whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away, among dusty tomes, in the silence and shadows of his study. Still there seemed to be a spark of almost extinguished fire, feebly glimmering in the bottom of his soul; and, as the 'Squire hinted at a sly story of the

parson and a pretty milkmaid whom they once met on the banks of the Isis, the old gentleman made an "alphabet of faces," which, as far as I could decipher his physiognomy, I verily believe was indicative of laughter, — indeed, I have rarely met with an old gentleman that took absolute offence at the imputed gallantries of his youth.

After the dinner-table was removed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kinds of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blind-man's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfill the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule, was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock fairies about Falstaff; pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. One fine blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, a complete picture of a romp, was the chief tormentor; and from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game, and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found the company seated round the fire, listening to the parson, who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair,

the work of some cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this venerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazen face so admirably accorded, he was dealing forth strange accounts of the popular superstitions and legends of the surrounding country, with which he had become acquainted in the course of his antiquarian researches. I am inclined to think that the old gentleman was himself somewhat tinctured with superstition, as men are very apt to be, who live a recluse and studious life in a sequestered part of the country, and pore over black-letter tracts, so often filled with the marvellous and supernatural. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighboring peasantry, concerning the effigy of the crusader, which lay on the tomb by the church altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of the country, it had always been regarded with feelings of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in stormy nights, particularly when it thundered ; and one old woman whose cottage bordered on the churchyard, had seen it through the windows of the church, when the moon shone, slowly pacing up and down the aisles. It was the belief that some wrong had been left unredressed by the deceased, or some treasure hidden, which kept the spirit in a state of trouble and restlessness. Some talked of gold and jewels buried in the tomb, over which the spectre kept watch ; and there was a story current of a sexton, in old times, who endeavored to break his way to the coffin at night ; but just as he reached it received a violent blow from the marble hand of the effigy, which stretched him senseless on the pavement. These tales

were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics ; yet, when night came on, there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the church-yard.

From these and other anecdotes that followed, the crusader appeared to be the favorite hero of ghost stories throughout the vicinity. His picture, which hung up in the hall, was thought by the servants to have something supernatural about it: for they remarked that, in whatever part of the hall you went, the eyes of the warrior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife, too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the family, and was a great gossip among the maid-servants, affirmed, that in her young days she had often heard say, that on Midsummer eve, when it was well known all kinds of ghosts, goblins, and fairies, become visible and walk abroad, the crusader used to mount his horse, come down from his picture, ride about the house, down the avenue, and so to the church to visit the tomb ; on which occasion the church door most civilly swung open of itself ; not that he needed it—for he rode through closed gates and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the dairy-maids to pass between two bars of the great park gate, making himself as thin as a sheet of paper.

All these superstitions I found had been very much countenanced by the 'Squire, who though not superstitious himself, was very fond of seeing others so. He listened to every goblin tale of the neighboring gossips with infinite gravity, and held the porter's wife in high favor on account of her talent for the marvellous. He was himself a great reader of old legends and ro-

mances, and often lamented that he could not believe in them; for a superstitious person, he thought, must live in a kind of fairy-land.

Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy, with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room, that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as Lord of Misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummerly, or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations: the younger part of the company had been privately convened from parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out, into a burlesque imitation of an antique masque.

Master Simon led the van as "Ancient Christmas," quaintly apparelled in a ruff, short cloak, which had very much the aspect of one of the old housekeeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple and must indubitably have figured in the days of the Covenanters. From under this, his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a frost-bitten bloom that seemed the very trophy of a December blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as

“Dame Mince Pie,” in the venerable magnificence of faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat and high-heeled shoes.

The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel.

The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque natural to a young gallant in presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as “Maid Marian.” The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the characters of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of this motley crew, with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance from all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross-hands and right and left; the Dark Ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of

Queen Bess, jiggling merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy 'Squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resurrection of his old wardrobe, with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discoursing most authentically on the ancient and stately dance of the Pavon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived. For my part, I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whim and innocent gayety passing before me. It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy, and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. I felt also an interest in the scene, from the consideration that these fleeting customs were posting fast into oblivion, and that this was, perhaps, the only family in England in which the whole of them were still punctiliously observed. There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry, that gave it a peculiar zest: it was suited to the time and place; and as the old Manor-house almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long-departed years.

NOTES

Frank Bracebridge :— See *Bracebridge Hall*, by Irving.

'Squire :— Esquire ; a title of office and courtesy.

the Crusader :— See *Christmas Eve* in the *Sketch Book*.

Belshazzar :— Daniel, 5 : 1, 2, 3.

Holbein :— A German painter (1497–1543).

Albert Durer :— Usually spelled Dürer. A German painter and engraver (1471–1528).

Conquest :— The conquering of England by William of Normandy, in 1066, generally known as the Norman Conquest.

Gothic :— Pertaining to the art of Western Europe in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Oxonian :— A student or graduate of Oxford University, in England.

Caput apri deferō :— “ I bring in the head of the boar.”

The old ceremony of serving up the boar’s head on Christmas Day is here referred to.

A peacock pie :— A peacock pie was in ancient times considered a most fitting dish for stately entertainments. The crust was adorned with the plumage of the bird.

wassail :— A spiced drink used on festive occasions in England, for the drinking of healths. *Wassail* means, Health to you ! It is formed from the two Old English words, *wæs hæł*, — Be thou healthy. *Hæł* is an earlier form of the modern English *hale* ; cf. *hale and hearty*.

chanson :— The French word for *song*.

the brown bowl :— From Poor Robin’s Almanack.

Master Simon :— See *Christmas Eve* in the *Sketch Book*.

the banks of the Isis :— The Isis River in England.

the Lord of Misrule :— The master of the revels at Christmas, in a nobleman’s house.

Falstaff :— A fat and jolly, but greedy and selfish knight, appearing in several of Shakespeare’s plays. The incident here referred to is found in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V, Scene 5.

black letter tracts :— Tracts or pamphlets printed in Old English or Gothic lettering of very ancient style.

mummary :— Masking ; frolic in disguise.

Covenanters :— Those who agreed to preserve the reformed religion in Scotland, in 1638.

Robin Hood :— A famous English outlaw, whose exploits have been the subject of many tales and ballads.

Kendal green :— A cloth colored green by dye used by the Flemish weavers at Kendal, England. Robin Hood’s men are usually represented as wearing kendal green.

Maid Marian :— The wife of Robin Hood.

Dark Ages :— A period of ignorance and lack of progress, lasting from (about) 500 A. D. to (about) 1500 A. D.

pirouettes and rigadoons :— A pirouette is a turning or

twisting of the toes in dancing. A rigadoun is a gay, lively dance for one couple.

Queen Bess :— Queen Elizabeth, who ruled England from 1558 to 1603.

pavon :— *Pavo* (gen. *pavonis*) is the Latin word for peacock.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Do you get a good idea of the banquet hall? Is the picture made clearer by the remarks concerning the crusader and his portrait? Of what value are these lines? Does the author give a straightforward account of the situation, or does he digress (wander away) occasionally? Is his method good or bad? What kind of man is the 'Squire? The parson? What is the meaning of "ancient" as applied to the sirloin? What is the connection with the word "standard" in the next line? Do you get any idea of the character of Master Simon? What parts of the Christmas celebration particularly suggest the olden time? Do you think it a good thing to copy the customs of the past? Why, and why not? Does there seem to be any plan about the selection? What are its good qualities? Is it clear? lively? vivid? humorous? interesting? Can you describe some Christmas festivities that you have seen?

THEME SUBJECTS

Hiding the Christmas Tree	Preparing the Christmas Dinner
Our Family Reunion at Christmas	A Christmas Party
How We Trimmed the Tree	Getting the Presents Ready
My First Recollections of Santa Claus	The Christmas Tree at Our Sunday School
How I Spent the Holidays	In the Kitchen at Christmas Time
A Christmas Visit	Christmas at Home
When the Tree Caught Fire	An Old-Fashioned Christmas
Seeing the Old Year Out	How We Celebrated New Year's Day
The Night before Christmas	
How We Decorated the Church	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

In the Kitchen at Christmas Time :— What are the first preparations made for the Christmas dinner? How does the

kitchen look when the supplies all come in? What part of the cooking is done first? Who does it? How does this person look and talk while at work? What persons help, and what do they do? Give an idea of the confusion in the kitchen. Describe, in their order, the process of getting the things ready. How do they look, and smell and taste? When the dinner is all ready, how does the kitchen look? How do the cooks feel about it?

The Christmas Tree at Our Sunday School:—Tell about some particular Christmas tree at your Sunday School. What persons prepared it? Where was the tree placed? Did you see it while it was being decorated, or after all the decorations were on? How did it look? Tell us as much about it as you can, trying by means of picture-words to give a complete idea of the tree. What did the children say about it? Mention one or two children in particular. Did the little ones wait patiently while the songs were being sung, and the pieces spoken? Give an idea of the services and the people who took part. Did anything funny happen? Give as clear a picture as you can of the distributing of the presents. Tell what the children received, and what they said and did. Close your description with the departure of the people from the church.

COLLATERAL READINGS

See the list of books by Washington Irving, page 120	
Christmas Books	William M. Thackeray
The Cricket on the Hearth	Charles Dickens
A Christmas Carol	“ “
The First Christmas Tree	Henry van Dyke
The Other Wise Man	“ “ “
Christmas Eve on Lonesome	John Fox
Betty Leicester's Christmas	Sarah Orne Jewett
Santa Claus's Partner	Thomas Nelson Page
A Little Book of Profitable Tales	Eugene Field
Colonel Carter's Christmas	F. Hopkinson Smith
A Christmas Wreck and Other Stories	Frank R. Stockton
Christmas Jenny (in A New England Nun)	Mary E. Wilkins
The Birds' Christmas Carol	Kate Douglas Wiggin
A Suitable Child	Norman Duncan
Christmas Sermon	Robert Louis Stevenson

THE BELATED TRAVELLERS

WASHINGTON IRVING

(From *Tales of a Traveller*)

It was late one evening that a carriage, drawn by mules, slowly toiled its way up one of the passes of the Apennines. It was through one of the wildest defiles, where a hamlet occurred only at distant intervals, perched on the summit of some rocky height, or the white towers of a convent peeped out from among the thick mountain foliage. The carriage was of ancient and ponderous construction. Its faded embellishments spoke of former splendor, but its crazy springs and axletrees creaked out the tale of present decline. Within was seated a tall, thin old gentleman in a kind of military travelling dress, and a foraging cap trimmed with fur, though the gray locks which stole from under it hinted that his fighting days were over. Beside him was a pale, beautiful girl of eighteen, dressed in something of a northern or Polish costume. One servant was seated in front, a rusty, crusty looking fellow, with a scar across his face, an orange-tawny *schnurrbart* or pair of mustaches, bristling from under his nose, and altogether the air of an old soldier.

It was, in fact, the equipage of a Polish nobleman; a wreck of one of those princely families which had lived with almost oriental magnificence, but had been broken down and impoverished by the disasters of Poland. The Count, like many other generous spirits, had been found guilty of the crime of patriotism, and was, in a manner, an exile from his country. He had

resided for some time in the first cities of Italy, for the education of his daughter, in whom all his cares and pleasures were now centred. He had taken her into society, where her beauty and her accomplishments had gained her many admirers; and had she not been the daughter of a poor broken-down Polish nobleman, it is more than probable many would have contended for her hand. Suddenly, however, her health had become delicate and drooping; her gayety fled with the roses of her cheek, and she sank into silence and debility. The old Count saw the change with the solicitude of a parent. "We must try a change of air and scene," said he; and in a few days the old family carriage was rumbling among the Apennines.

Their only attendant was the veteran Caspar, who had been born in the family, and grown rusty in its service. He had followed his master in all his fortunes; had fought by his side; had stood over him when fallen in battle; and had received, in his defence, the sabre-cut which added such grimness to his countenance. He was now his valet, his steward, his butler, his factotum. The only being that rivalled his master in his affections was his youthful mistress. She had grown up under his eye, he had led her by the hand when she was a child, and he now looked upon her with the fondness of a parent. Nay, he even took the freedom of a parent in giving his blunt opinion on all matters which he thought were for her good; and felt a parent's vanity at seeing her gazed at and admired.

The evening was thickening; they had been for some time passing through narrow gorges of the mountains, along the edge of a tumbling stream. The scenery was lonely and savage. The rocks often

beetled over the road, with flocks of white goats browsing on their brinks, and gazing down upon the travellers. They had between two or three leagues yet to go before they could reach any village; yet the muleteer, Pietro, a tippling old fellow, who had refreshed himself at the last halting-place with a more than ordinary quantity of wine, sat singing and talking alternately to his mules, and suffering them to lag on at a snail's pace, in spite of the frequent entreaties of the Count and the maledictions of Caspar.

The clouds began to roll in heavy masses along the mountains, shrouding their summits from the view. The air of these heights, too, was damp and chilly. The Count's solicitude on his daughter's account overcame his usual patience. He leaned from the carriage, and called to old Pietro in an angry tone:

"Forward!" said he. "It will be midnight before we arrive at our inn."

"Yonder it is, Signor," said the muleteer.

"Where," demanded the Count.

"Yonder," said Pietro, pointing to a desolate pile of buildings about a quarter of a league distant.

"That the place? — why, it looks more like a ruin than an inn. I thought we were to put up for the night at a comfortable village."

Here Pietro uttered a string of piteous explanations and ejaculations, such as are ever at the tip of the tongue of a delinquent muleteer. "Such roads! and such mountains! and then his poor animals were way-worn, and leg-weary; they would fall lame; they would never be able to reach the village. And then what could his Eccellenza wish for better than the inn; a perfect castello — a palazzo — and such people! — and such a larder! — and such beds! — His Eccel-

lenza might fare as sumptuously and sleep as soundly there as a prince ! ”

The Count was easily persuaded, for he was anxious to get his daughter out of the night air ; so in a little while the old carriage rattled and jingled into the great gateway of the inn.

The building did certainly in some measure answer to the muleteer's description. It was large enough for either castle or palace ; built in a strong, but simple and almost rude style ; with a great quantity of waste room. It had in fact been, in former times, a hunting-seat for one of the Italian princes. There was space enough within its walls and its out-buildings to have accommodated a little army.

A scanty household seemed now to people this dreary mansion. The faces that presented themselves on the arrival of the travellers were begrimed with dirt, and scowling in their expression. They all knew old Pietro, however, and gave him a welcome as he entered, singing and talking, and almost whooping, into the gateway.

The hostess of the inn waited, herself, on the Count and his daughter, to show them the apartments. They were conducted through a long gloomy corridor, and then through a suite of chambers opening into each other, with lofty ceilings, and great beams extending across them. Everything, however, had a wretched, squalid look. The walls were damp and bare, excepting that here and there hung some great painting, large enough for a chapel, and blackened out of all distinction.

They chose two bedrooms, one within another ; the inner one for the daughter. The bedsteads were massive and misshapen ; but on examining the beds

so vaunted by old Pietro they found them stuffed with fibres of hemp knotted in great lumps. The Count shrugged his shoulders, but there was no choice left.

The chilliness of the apartment crept to their bones ; and they were glad to return to a common chamber or kind of hall, where was a fire burning in a huge cavern, miscalled a chimney. A quantity of green wood had just been thrown on, which puffed out volumes of smoke. The room corresponded to the rest of the mansion. The floor was paved and dirty. A great oaken table stood in the centre, immovable from its size and weight.

The only thing that contradicted this prevalent air of indigence was the dress of the hostess. She was a slattern, of course ; yet her garments, though dirty and negligent, were of costly materials. She wore several rings of great value on her fingers, and jewels in her ears, and round her neck was a string of large pearls, to which was attached a sparkling crucifix. She had the remains of beauty, yet there was something in the expression of her countenance that inspired the young lady with singular aversion. She was officious and obsequious in her attentions, and both the Count and his daughter felt relieved when she consigned them to the care of a dark, sullen-looking servant-maid, and went off to superintend the supper.

Caspar was indignant at the muleteer for having, either through negligence or design, subjected his master and mistress to such quarters ; and vowed by his mustaches to have revenge on the old varlet the moment they were safe out from among the mountains. He kept up a continual quarrel with the sulky servant-maid, which only served to increase the sinister expres-

sion with which she regarded the travellers from under her strong dark eyebrows.

As to the Count, he was a good-humored, passive traveller. Perhaps real misfortunes had subdued his spirit, and rendered him tolerant of many of those petty evils which make prosperous men miserable. He drew a large broken arm-chair to the fireside for his daughter, and another for himself, and seizing an enormous pair of tongs, endeavored to rearrange the wood so as to produce a blaze. His efforts, however, were only repaid by thicker puffs of smoke, which almost overcame the good gentleman's patience. He would draw back, cast a look upon his delicate daughter, then upon the cheerless, squalid apartment, and, shrugging his shoulders, would give a fresh stir to the fire.

Of all the miseries of a comfortless inn, however, there is none greater than sulky attendance: the good Count for some time bore the smoke in silence, rather than address himself to the scowling servant-maid. At length he was compelled to beg for drier firewood. The woman retired muttering. On re-entering the room hastily, with an armful of fagots, her foot slipped; she fell, and striking her head against the corner of a chair, cut her temple severely.

The blow stunned her for a time, and the wound bled profusely. When she recovered, she found the Count's daughter administering to her wound, and binding it up with her own handkerchief. It was such an attention as any woman of ordinary feeling would have yielded; but perhaps there was something in the appearance of the lovely being who bent over her, or in the tones of her voice, that touched the heart of the woman, unused to be ministered to by such hands.

Certain it is, she was strongly affected. She caught the delicate hand of the Polonaise, and pressed it fervently to her lips :

“May San Francesco watch over you, Signora!” exclaimed she.

A new arrival broke the stillness of the inn. It was a Spanish princess with a numerous retinue. The courtyard was in an uproar; the house in a bustle. The landlady hurried to attend such distinguished guests: and the poor Count and his daughter, and their supper, were for the moment forgotten. The veteran Caspar muttered Polish maledictions enough to agonize an Italian ear; but it was impossible to convince the hostess of the superiority of his old master and young mistress to the whole nobility of Spain.

The noise of the arrival had attracted the daughter to the window just as the newcomers had alighted. A young cavalier sprang out of the carriage and handed out the Princess. The latter was a little shrivelled old lady, with a face of parchment and a sparkling black eye; she was richly and gayly dressed, and walked with the assistance of a gold-headed cane as high as herself. The young man was tall and elegantly formed. The Count's daughter shrank back at sight of him, though the deep frame of the window screened her from observation. She gave a heavy sigh as she closed the casement. What that sigh meant I cannot say. Perhaps it was at the contrast between the splendid equipage of the Princess, and the crazy rheumatic-looking old vehicle of her father, which stood hard by. Whatever might be the reason, the young lady closed the casement with a sigh. She returned to her chair — a slight shivering passed over her delicate frame: she leaned her elbow on the arm of the chair, rested her pale

cheek in the palm of her hand, and looked mournfully into the fire.

The Count thought she appeared paler than usual.

“Does anything ail thee, my child?” said he.

“Nothing, dear father!” replied she, laying her hand within his, and looking up smiling in his face; but as she said so, a treacherous tear rose suddenly to her eye, and she turned away her head.

“The air of the window has chilled thee,” said the Count, fondly, “but a good night’s rest will make all well again.”

The supper table was at length laid, and the supper about to be served, when the hostess appeared, with her usual obsequiousness, apologizing for showing in the newcomers; but the night air was cold, and there was no other chamber in the inn with a fire in it. She had scarcely made the apology when the Princess entered, leaning on the arm of the elegant young man.

The Count immediately recognized her for a lady whom he had met frequently in society, both at Rome and Naples; and at whose *conversazioni*, in fact, he had been constantly invited. The cavalier, too, was her nephew and heir, who had been greatly admired in the gay circles both for his merits and prospects, and who had once been on a visit at the same time with his daughter and himself at the villa of a nobleman near Naples. Report had recently affianced him to a rich Spanish heiress.

The meeting was agreeable to both the Count and the Princess. The former was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in the extreme; the Princess had been a belle in her youth, and a woman of fashion all her life, and liked to be attended to.

The young man approached the daughter, and be-

gan something of a complimentary observation ; but his manner was embarrassed, and his compliment ended in an indistinct murmur ; while the daughter bowed without looking up, moved her lips without articulating a word, and sank again into her chair, where she sat gazing into the fire, with a thousand varying expressions passing over her countenance.

This singular greeting of the young people was not perceived by the old ones, who were occupied at the time with their own courteous salutations. It was arranged that they should sup together ; and as the Princess travelled with her own cook, a very tolerable supper soon smoked upon the board. This, too, was assisted by choice wines, and liquors, and delicate confitures brought from one of her carriages ; for she was a veteran epicure, and curious in her relish for the good things of this world. She was, in fact, a vivacious little old lady, who mingled the woman of dissipation with the devotee. She was actually on her way to Loretto to expiate a long life of gallantries and peccadilloes by a rich offering at the holy shrine. . . .

The Princess and the Count chatted much during supper about the scenes and society in which they had mingled, and did not notice that they had all the conversation to themselves ; the young people were silent and constrained. The daughter ate nothing, in spite of the politeness of the Princess, who continually pressed her to taste of one or other of the delicacies. The Count shook his head.

“She is not well this evening,” said he. “I thought she would have fainted just now as she was looking out of the window at your carriage on its arrival.”

A crimson glow flushed to the very temples of the

daughter; but she leaned over her plate, and her tresses cast a shade over her countenance.

When supper was over, they drew their chairs about the great fireplace. The flame and smoke had subsided, and a heap of glowing embers diffused a grateful warmth. A guitar, which had been brought from the Count's carriage, leaned against the wall; the Princess perceived it: "Can we not have a little music before parting for the night?" demanded she.

The Count was proud of his daughter's accomplishment, and joined in the request. The young man made an effort of politeness, and taking up the guitar, presented it, though in an embarrassed manner, to the fair musician. She would have declined it, but was too much confused to do so; indeed, she was so nervous and agitated, that she dared not trust her voice to make an excuse. She touched the instrument with a faltering hand, and after preluding a little, accompanied herself in several Polish airs. Her father's eyes glistened as he sat gazing on her. Even the crusty Caspar lingered in the room, partly through a fondness for the music of his native country, but chiefly through his pride in the musician. Indeed, the melody of the voice and the delicacy of the touch were enough to have charmed more fastidious ears. The little Princess nodded her head and tapped her hand to the music, though exceedingly out of time; while the nephew sat buried in profound contemplation of a black picture on the opposite wall.

"And now," said the Count, patting her cheek fondly, "one more favor. Let the Princess hear that little Spanish air you were so fond of. You can't think," added he, "what a proficiency she has made in

your language ; though she has been a sad girl and neglected it of late."

The color flushed the pale cheek of the daughter. She hesitated, murmured something ; but with sudden effort, collected herself, struck the guitar boldly, and began. It was a Spanish romance, with something of love and melancholy in it. She gave the first stanza with great expression, for the tremulous melting tones of her voice went to the heart ; but her articulation failed, her lip quivered, the song died away, and she burst into tears.

The Count folded her tenderly in his arms. "Thou art not well, my child," said he, "and I am tasking thee cruelly. Retire to thy chamber, and God bless thee!" She bowed to the company without raising her eyes, and glided out of the room.

The Count shook his head as the door closed. "Something is the matter with that child," said he, "which I cannot divine. She has lost all health and spirits lately. She was always a tender flower, and I had much pains to rear her. Excuse a father's foolishness," continued he, "but I have seen much trouble in my family ; and this poor girl is all that is now left to me ; and she used to be so lively —"

"Maybe she's in love!" said the little Princess, with a shrewd nod of the head.

"Impossible!" replied the good Count, artlessly. "She has never mentioned a word of such a thing to me."

How little did the worthy gentleman dream of the thousand cares, and griefs, and mighty love concerns which agitate a virgin heart, and which a timid girl scarcely breathes unto herself.

The nephew of the Princess rose abruptly and walked about the room.

When she found herself alone in her chamber, the feelings of the young lady, so long restrained, broke forth with violence. She opened the casement that the cool air might blow upon her throbbing temples. Perhaps there was some little pride or pique mingled with her emotions; though her gentle nature did not seem calculated to harbor any such angry inmate.

“He saw me weep!” said she, with a sudden mantling of the cheek and a swelling of the throat — “but no matter! — no matter!”

And so saying, she threw her white arms across the window frame, buried her face in them, and abandoned herself to an agony of tears. She remained lost in a reverie, until the sound of her father’s and Caspar’s voices in the adjoining room gave token that the party had retired for the night. The lights gleaming from window to window, showed that they were conducting the Princess to her apartments, which were in the opposite wing of the inn; and she distinctly saw the figure of the nephew as he passed one of the casements.

She heaved a deep, heart-drawn sigh, and was about to close the lattice, when her attention was caught by words spoken below her window by two persons who had just turned an angle of the building.

“But what will become of the poor young lady?” said a voice, which she recognized for that of the servant-woman.

“Pooh, she must take her chance,” was the reply from old Piètro.

“But cannot she be spared?” asked the other entreatingly; “she’s so kind-hearted!”

“Cospetto! what has got into thee?” replied the other petulantly: “Would you mar the whole business for the sake of a silly girl?” By this time they had

got so far from the window that the Polonaise could hear nothing further.

There was something in this fragment of conversation calculated to alarm. Did it relate to herself? — and if so, what was this impending danger from which it was entreated that she might be spared? She was several times on the point of tapping at her father's door, to tell him what she had heard, but she might have been mistaken; she might have heard indistinctly; the conversation might have alluded to someone else; at any rate, it was too indefinite to lead to any conclusion. While in this state of irresolution, she was startled by a low knocking against the wainscot in a remote part of her gloomy chamber. On holding up the light, she beheld a small door there, which she had not before remarked. It was bolted on the inside. She advanced, and demanded who knocked, and was answered in the voice of the female domestic. On opening the door, the woman stood before it pale and agitated. She entered softly, laying her finger upon her lips in sign of caution and secrecy.

“Fly!” said she: “leave this house instantly, or you are lost!”

The young lady, trembling with alarm, demanded an explanation.

“I have no time,” replied the woman, “I dare not — I shall be missed if I linger here — but fly instantly, or you are lost.”

“And leave my father?”

“Where is he?”

“In the adjoining chamber.”

“Call him, then, but lose no time.”

The young lady knocked at her father's door. He was not yet retired to bed. She hurried into his room,

and told him of the fearful warning she had received. The Count returned with her into her chamber, followed by Caspar. His questions soon drew the truth out of the embarrassed answers of the woman. The inn was beset by robbers. They were to be introduced after midnight, when the attendants of the Princess and the rest of the travellers were sleeping, and would be an easy prey.

"But we can barricade the inn — we can defend ourselves," said the Count.

"What! when the people of the inn were in league with the banditti?"

"How then are we to escape? Can we not order out the carriage and depart?"

"San Francesco! for what? to give the alarm that the plot is discovered? That would make the robbers desperate, and bring them on you at once. They have had notice of the rich booty in the inn, and will not easily let it escape them."

"But how else are we to get off?"

"There is a horse behind the inn," said the woman, "from which the man has just dismounted who has been to summon the aid of a part of the band who were at a distance."

"One horse; and there are three of us!" said the Count.

"And the Spanish Princess!" cried the daughter anxiously — "How can she be extricated from the danger?"

"Diavolo! what is she to me?" said the woman in sudden passion. "It is *you* I come to save, and you will betray me, and we shall all be lost! Hark!" continued she, "I am called — I shall be discovered — one word more. This door leads by a staircase to the

courtyard. Under the shed, in the rear of the yard, is a small door leading out to the fields. You will find a horse there; mount it; make a circuit under the shadow of a ridge of rocks that you will see; proceed cautiously and quietly until you cross a brook, and find yourself on the road just where there are three white crosses nailed against a tree; then put your horse to his speed, and make the best of your way to the village — but recollect, my life is in your hands — say nothing of what you have heard or seen, whatever may happen at this inn.”

The woman hurried away. A short and agitated consultation took place between the Count, his daughter, and the veteran Caspar. The young lady seemed to have lost all apprehension for herself in her solicitude for the safety of the Princess. “To fly in selfish silence, and leave her to be massacred!” — A shuddering seized her at the very thought. The gallantry of the Count, too, revolted at the idea. He could not consent to turn his back upon a party of helpless travellers, and leave them in ignorance of the danger which hung over them.

“But what is to become of the young lady,” said Caspar, “if the alarm is given, and the inn thrown in tumult? What may happen to her in a chance-medley affray?”

Here the feelings of the father were roused; he looked upon his lovely, helpless child, and trembled at the chance of her falling into the hands of ruffians.

The daughter, however, thought nothing of herself.

“The Princess! the Princess! — only let the Princess know her danger.” She was willing to share it with her.

At length Caspar interfered with the zeal of a faith-

ful old servant. No time was to be lost — the first thing was to get the young lady out of danger. “Mount the horse,” said he to the Count, “take her behind you, and fly! Make for the village, rouse the inhabitants, and send assistance. Leave me here to give the alarm to the Princess and her people. I am an old soldier, and I think we shall be able to stand siege until you send us aid.”

The daughter would again have insisted on staying with the Princess —

“For what?” said old Caspar bluntly. “You could do no good — you would be in the way; — we should have to take care of you instead of ourselves.”

There was no answering these objections; the Count seized his pistols, and taking his daughter under his arm, moved towards the staircase. The young lady paused, stepped back, and said, faltering with agitation — “There is a young cavalier with the Princess — her nephew — perhaps he may — ”

“I understand you, Mademoiselle,” replied old Caspar with a significant nod; “not a hair of his head shall suffer harm if I can help it.”

The young lady blushed deeper than ever; she had not anticipated being so thoroughly understood by the blunt old servant.

“That is not what I mean,” said she, hesitating. She would have added something, or made some explanation, but the moments were precious, and her father hurried her away.

They found their way through the courtyard to the small postern gate where the horse stood, fastened to a ring in the wall. The Count mounted, took his daughter behind him, and they proceeded as quietly as possible in the direction which the woman had

pointed out. Many a fearful and an anxious look did the daughter cast back upon the gloomy pile of buildings; the lights which had feebly twinkled through the dusky casements were one by one disappearing, a sign that the house was gradually sinking to repose; and she trembled with impatience, lest succor should not arrive until that repose had been fatally interrupted.

They passed silently and safely along the skirts of the rocks, protected from observation by their overhanging shadows. They crossed the brook, and reached the place where three white crosses nailed against a tree told of some murder that had been committed there. Just as they had reached this ill-omened spot they beheld several men in the gloom coming down a craggy defile among the rocks.

“Who goes there?” exclaimed a voice. The Count put spurs to his horse, but one of the men sprang forward and seized the bridle. The horse became restive, started back, and reared, and had not the young lady clung to her father, she would have been thrown off. The Count leaned forward, put a pistol to the very head of the ruffian, and fired. The latter fell dead. The horse sprang forward. Two or three shots were fired which whistled by the fugitives, but only served to augment their speed. They reached the village in safety.

The whole place was soon aroused; but such was the awe in which the banditti were held, that the inhabitants shrank at the idea of encountering them. A desperate band had for some time infested that pass through the mountains, and the inn had long been suspected of being one of those horrible places where the unsuspecting wayfarer is entrapped and silently dis-

posed of. The rich ornaments worn by the slatternly hostess of the inn had excited heavy suspicions. Several instances had occurred of small parties of travellers disappearing mysteriously on that road, who, it was supposed at first, had been carried off by the robbers for the sake of ransom, but who had never been heard of more. Such were the tales buzzed in the ears of the Count by the villagers, as he endeavored to rouse them to the rescue of the Princess and her train from their perilous situation. The daughter seconded the exertions of her father with all the eloquence of prayers, and tears, and beauty. Every moment that elapsed increased her anxiety until it became agonizing. Fortunately there was a body of *gensdarmes* resting at the village. A number of the young villagers volunteered to accompany them, and the little army was put in motion. The Count, having desposited his daughter in a place of safety, was too much of the old soldier not to hasten to the scene of danger. It would be difficult to paint the anxious agitation of the young lady while awaiting the result.

The party arrived at the inn just in time. The robbers, finding their plans discovered, and the travellers prepared for their reception, had become open and furious in their attack. The Princess's party had barricaded themselves in one suite of apartments, and repulsed the robbers from the doors and windows. Caspar had shown the generalship of a veteran, and the nephew of the Princess the dashing valor of a young soldier. Their ammunition, however, was nearly exhausted, and they would have found it difficult to hold out much longer, when a discharge from the musketry of the *gensdarmes* gave them the joyful tidings of success.

A fierce fight ensued, for part of the robbers were surprised in the inn, and had to stand siege in their turn; while their comrades made desperate attempts to relieve them from under cover of the neighboring rocks and thickets.

I cannot pretend to give a minute account of the fight, as I have heard it related in a variety of ways. Suffice it to say, the robbers were defeated; several of them killed, and several taken prisoners; which last, together with the people of the inn, were either executed or sent to the galleys.

I picked up these particulars in the course of a journey which I made some time after the event had taken place. I passed by the very inn. It was then dismantled, excepting one wing, in which a body of *gensdarmes* was stationed. They pointed out to me the shot-holes in the window-frames, the walls, and the panels of the doors. There were a number of withered limbs dangling from the branches of a neighboring tree, and blackening in the air, which I was told were the limbs of the robbers who had been slain, and the culprits who had been executed. The whole place had a dismal, wild, forlorn look.

“Were any of the Princess’s party killed?” inquired the Englishman.

“As far as I can recollect, there were two or three.”

“Not the nephew, I trust?” said the fair Venetian.

“Oh no; he hastened with the Count to relieve the anxiety of the daughter by the assurances of victory. The young lady had been sustained through the interval of suspense by the very intensity of her feelings. The moment she saw her father returning in safety, accompanied by the nephew of the Princess, she uttered a cry of rapture, and fainted. Happily, however, she

soon recovered, and what is more, was married shortly afterwards to the young cavalier, and the whole party accompanied the old Princess in her pilgrimage to Loretto, where her votive offerings may still be seen in the treasury of the Santa Casa."

NOTES

the Apennines: — The great mountain range of Italy.

schnurrbart: — The German word for mustache.

the disasters of Poland: — There were three divisions of Poland (called the partitions of Poland) during the latter part of the 18th century. Large tracts of country were parceled out to different nations.

Pietro: — Peter.

Eccellenza: — Excellency.

Castello: — Castle.

palazzo: — Palace.

Polonaise: — The French name for a Polish woman.

San Francesco: — Saint Francis.

conversaciones: — Literary gatherings.

Loretto: — A famous shrine in Ancona.

peccadilloes: — Small sins.

Cospetto: — An exclamation of impatience, "Plague on it!"

gensdarmes: — Armed policemen.

the Englishman: — One of the party at the inn, where the story of *The Belated Travellers* was told.

Santa Casa: — The Holy House; i. e., the house of the Virgin Mary, reputed to have been miraculously brought from Nazareth to Loretto.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

How much of the first four paragraphs is description? How much is narration? Are the two kinds of writing well combined? What reason is given for the journey that is being taken by the nobleman and his daughter? What effect is produced by the description of the inn and the persons who lived in it? What does one expect, from the description? What does the awkward fall of the servant have to do with the story? What does the arrival

of another party of travelers have to do with it? Do you think that the author would bring in these incidents if they were not important? Why does the daughter of the nobleman appear disturbed? What is the meaning of the incident relating to the guitar? Have the young girl and the Princess's nephew known each other before? Who are the people who talk under the young lady's window? When plans are being made for escape, about whom is the young lady concerned? Why? What is the most exciting point in the story? Does the story close abruptly, or gradually? What is the purpose of the last conversation?

THEME SUBJECTS

An Adventure on the Road	The Highwayman
When I Thought I Heard a Burglar	The Secret Passage
Night among the Hills	Chasing the Thieves
The Country Hotel	When the Store Was Robbed
A Gloomy Room	The Gypsy Camp
Supper at the Inn	Searching the Haunted House
An Exciting Adventure	Frightened by a Ghost
	How We Routed the Tramps
A Country Road at Night	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

An Adventure on the Road:— Try to write in a few hundred words, a little story based either on reality or on what you have imagined. Decide, before you begin, just what the story is to contain. It must be simple, or you will find it getting so long that you will become confused. In a short story, such as you are writing, do you think you ought to have so long a descriptive introduction as Irving has in his? Try to let the reader know, very early in the story, the time and place in which the incident occurs; also, who the travelers are, how they look, how they are traveling, and where they are going. Give some of their conversation, if you can. If you think it wise, you might tell one or two minor incidents that happen to the travelers: this will gain suspense. Go on, and tell, in as lively a way as possible, the adventure that takes place. Remember that directly quoted conversation makes a story lively. Tell what each person does and says. Decide what is the climax of your story, and try to make that the strongest point. Do you think

that there should be much material added, after the climax is reached?

A Gloomy Room:—Tell where the room is, that you are describing. Can you give a general idea of how it looks as you enter the door? Describe the details that help to make it look dark and uninviting. Can you explain how one feels when he is in this particular room?

COLLATERAL READINGS

Tales of a Traveller	Washington Irving
The Sketch Book	“ “
Knickerbocker's History of New York	“ “
The Alhambra	“ “
Astoria	“ “
Bracebridge Hall	“ “
Adventures of Captain Bonneville .	“ “
Wolfert's Roost	“ “
Monsieur Beaucaire	Booth Tarkington
The King of the Mountains	E. About (<i>Trans.</i> Mrs. Kingsbury)
Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast	Frank R. Stockton
The Express Messenger	Cy Warman
Held for Orders	F. H. Spearman
Washington Irving	C. D. Warner

THE HOUSE AT WALDEN

HENRY D. THOREAU

(From Chapter I of *Walden*)

NEAR the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day, when my axe had come off and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge,

driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I staid there, or more than a quarter of an hour; perhaps because he had not fairly come out of the torpid state. It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the 1st of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself, —

Men say they know many things,
 But lo! they have taken wings —
 The arts and sciences,
 And a thousand appliances;
 The wind that blows
 Is all that any body knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by

this time. My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

By the middle of April, for I made no haste in my work, but rather made the most of it, my house was framed and ready for the raising. I had already bought the shanty of James Collins, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg Railroad, for boards. James Collins' shanty was considered an uncommonly fine one. When I called to see it he was not at home. I walked about the outside, at first unobserved from within, the window was so deep and high. It was of small dimensions, with a peaked cottage roof, and not much else to be seen, the dirt being raised five feet all around as if it were a compost heap. The roof was the soundest part, though a good deal warped and made brittle by the sun. Door-sill there was none, but a perennial passage for the hens under the door board. Mrs. C. came to the door and asked me to view it from the inside. The hens were driven in by my approach. It was dark, and had a dirt floor for the most part, dank, clammy, and aguish, only here a board and there a board which would not bear removal. She lighted a lamp to show me the inside of the roof and the walls, and also that the board floor extended under the bed, warning me not to step into the cellar,

a sort of dust hole two feet deep. In her own words, they were "good boards overhead, good boards all around, and a good window," — of two whole squares originally, only the cat had passed out that way lately. There was a stove, a bed, and a place to sit, an infant in the house where it was born, a silk parasol, gilt-framed looking-glass, and a patent new coffee mill nailed to an oak sapling, all told. The bargain was soon concluded, for James had in the meanwhile returned. I to pay four dollars and twenty-five cents to-night, he to vacate at five to-morrow morning, selling to nobody else meanwhile: I to take possession at six. It were well, he said, to be there early, and anticipate certain indistinct but wholly unjust claims on the score of ground rent and fuel. This he assured me was the only encumbrance. At six I passed him and his family on the road. One large bundle held their all, — bed, coffee-mill, looking-glass, hens, — all but the cat, she took to the woods and became a wild cat, and, as I learned afterward, trod in a trap set for woodchucks, and so became a dead cat at last.

I took down this dwelling the same morning, drawing the nails, and removed it to the pond side by small cart-loads, spreading the boards on the grass there to bleach and warp back again in the sun. One early thrush gave me a note or two as I drove along the woodland path. I was informed treacherously by a young Patrick that neighbor Seeley, an Irishman, in the intervals of the carting, transferred the still tolerable, straight, and drivable nails, staples, and spikes to his pocket, and then stood when I came back to pass the time of day, and look freshly up, unconcerned, with spring thoughts, at the devastation; there being a dearth of work, as he said. He was there to represent spectator-

dom, and help make this seemingly insignificant event one with the removal of the gods of Troy.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours' work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the superstructure has disappeared posterity remark its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day. I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding, I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which

mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days, when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or tablecloth, afforded me as much entertainment, in fact, answered the same purpose as the Iliad.

Before winter, I built a chimney, and shingled the sides of my house, which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slice of the log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten with a plane.

I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows; and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their houses cost, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of the various materials which compose them:—

Boards	\$8.03½, mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides	4.00
Laths	1.25
Two second-hand windows with glass	2.43
One thousand old brick	4.00
Two casks of lime	2.40 That was high.
Hair	0.31 More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron	0.15
Nails	3.90

Hinges and screws	0.14	} I carried a good part on my back.
Latch	0.10	
Chalk	0.01	
Transportation	1.40	
<hr/>		
In all	\$28.12½	

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

I intend to build me a house which will surpass any on the main street in Concord in grandeur and luxury, as soon as it pleases me as much and will cost me no more than my present one.

NOTES

I borrowed an axe:—The axe was borrowed from Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott.

Walden Pond:—A small lake near Concord, Massachusetts. The land in which Thoreau "squatted" belonged to Emerson.

the gods of Troy:—Troy, an ancient city in Asia Minor, figures in the Greek story of the Iliad.

some of my acquaintances:—A. B. Alcott, Edmund Hosmer, G. W. Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, W. E. Channing, and others.

the Iliad:—The famous Greek poem dealing with the ten years' siege of Ilium (Troy) by the confederated states of Greece.

Concord:—A town seventeen miles from Boston; the home of a number of noted literary persons,—Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and others.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

What do you think of Thoreau for borrowing an axe with which to begin his house? Why did he not buy one? Do you consider it "generous" to borrow, as the author suggests? What

do you learn from the fact that he returned the axe sharper than he found it? Why does the author stop to describe the weather and the scenery? Explain what he means by comparing people to the snake that he saw in the pond. Why did Thoreau "make the most" of his work instead of hurrying with it? Do you think, judging from the dates given, that he got along rapidly, or slowly? What kind of house do you think could be made from James Collins's shanty? When Thoreau's house is finished, does it seem to you an attractive one? How do the prices of materials compare with present prices? What is the meaning of the last paragraph in the selection? What should you judge to be the character of Thoreau, from reading what he says of building this cottage at Walden? Can you find out what his neighbors thought of him?

THEME SUBJECTS

Building a Shack	The Hermit
When the Ice Breaks Up	Some of Thoreau's Friends
How One May Live Simply	Our Play House
A Visit to a Squatter's Cabin	The Barn-Raising
Putting Up a Tent	Watching the Carpenters
The Old Trapper's Shack	How Our House Was Built
How I Built a Dog Kennel	Putting Up a Sky Scraper
Thoreau's Life at Walden	How Concrete Is Used for
Building a Chicken Coop	Buildings.
How I Made a Piece of Furniture.	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

How I Made a Piece of Furniture:— What piece of furniture did you make? Why did you make it? Was there any conversation over it, before you began? What persons did the talking, and what did they say? What wood did you choose for your work? Why did you choose that particular kind? Where did you get your tools? How did you begin? Go on and describe the making of the article. How did you finish it up? Was there any conversation about it when it was finished? Were you satisfied with it? What was its cost to you in materials? in time? in labor? What did you do with it, after it was done?

Thoreau's Life at Walden :¹ — Have you read any more of Thoreau's *Walden* than the selection in this book? Can you find out how Thoreau lived, while he was in his little shack on the edge of the pond? How many rooms had this house? What furniture did he have? What food did he eat? How did he prepare it? How did he occupy his time? Did he have any guests? Who were they, and what did they come for? How long did Thoreau live at Walden? Was he happy there? What do you think that his life there shows of the man himself?

COLLATERAL READINGS

See List of Books by Thoreau, page 142.

Wilderness Homes	Oliver Kemp
Rudder Grange	Frank R. Stockton.
Roof-Tree (in Signs and Seasons, Chapter XIII)	John Burroughs

¹ The teacher might read to the class some of the more interesting and appropriate passages from the *Walden*; also some brief selections from the various biographies of Thoreau.

NEIGHBORS OF THE WILDERNESS

HENRY D. THOREAU

¹/₂ (From Chapter XII of *Walden*)

THE mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before ; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it ; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phœbe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior

proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveller does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or

reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither too the woodcock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and

nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There too the turtle doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so reso-

lutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "Conquer or die." In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar, — for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red, — he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent

chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick, — "Fire! for God's sake fire!" — and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from

their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

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In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) came, as usual, to moult and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their dis-

charges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuvre, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed loud and long, and with more reason than before. He manœuvred so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from

it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unwearable, that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout,—though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoitre, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the splash of the

water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsman; tricks which they will have less need to practice in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from

which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky ; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free ; but what beside safety they got by sailing in the middle of Walden I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do.

NOTES

duellum : — A duel.

bellum : — A war.

Myrmidons : — The men whom Achilles led in the Trojan War.

with his shield or upon it : — Without disgrace whether dead or alive.

Achilles : — A Greek warrior ; the hero of the Iliad, and the slayer of Hector.

Patroclus : — The intimate friend of Achilles. Patroclus, fighting in the armor of Achilles, is slain by Hector.

Austerlitz : — A town in Moravia, Austria-Hungary, where in 1805 the French under Napoleon overturned the Russo-Austrian army. The French had 60,000 men; the Austrians 80,000.

Dresden : — The capital of the kingdom of Saxony. In 1813 the French under Napoleon defeated the Allies at Dresden. The French army numbered 120,000; that of the allies, 200,000.

Concord fight : — The fight between the British and the colonial minute-men, which took place at Concord, Massachusetts, April 19, 1775.

Buttrick : — Commander (with Colonel Barrett) of three hundred Provincial troops that met the British at Concord, April 19, 1775.

Hôtel des Invalides (o tel' da zan val ēd') : — A great establishment founded in 1670 at Paris, for disabled and infirm soldiers.

plectrum : — A small piece of wood or ivory, used in playing upon a stringed instrument.

lingua vernacula : — Native language.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Does it seem strange to you that any one should take the trouble to watch mice, and write about them? Have you ever heard anything similar to what is told here about the partridge? Is the language here easy to follow? Do you think that the author approved of hunting game? Did you ever hear of ants fighting in the manner described? What do you think of comparing the battle of the ants to certain battles fought by men? How does the author make you feel the excitement of the battle? What good points has the account of the chase after the loon? Could you write a brief account of a chase after some bird or animal? What does the whole selection show as to the interests and the character of the author?

THEME SUBJECTS

A Robin's Nest	How the Ants Work
How a Gull Catches Fish	Catching the Gopher in the Garden
Trying to Shoot a Loon	A Shy Animal
Life in an Ant-Hill	How We Caught the 'Coon
A Muskrat	An Ant's View of the World
My Pet Crow	Catching the Rat
Marsh Hens and Snipes	How My Dog Defends Himself
A Fight between Animals	Tracking a Rabbit
Making Friends with the Birds	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

Making Friends with the Birds:—Did you ever try to make friends with the birds? What kind of birds were they? Where did they have their nests? Were they shy, or bold? Did they come to your home, or did you go to them? What method did you first use for attracting them? Why? How did they receive your advances? Tell how they acted, and what they did. Did you try any other methods? Were you successful? Show just how friendly the birds became. Did you enjoy your acquaintance with them? Should you advise any one else to try to make friends with the birds? Why?

A Shy Animal:—Give an account of some experience which you have had in watching a shy animal. See how Thoreau explains the habits and peculiar tricks of animals. Can you do some-

thing of the kind in your theme? Notice how Thoreau enlivens his narrative, and at the same time makes his descriptions more vivid, by comparisons with human traits and situations. See if you can do this. Use, in your analogies, familiar traits of people, or a well-known incident or two drawn from history or fiction; but be sure that your analogies or allusions really enforce your writing.

COLLATERAL READINGS

The Maine Woods	Henry D. Thoreau
A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers	“ “ “
Walden	“ “ “
Excursions	“ “ “
Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals . .	Ellen Velvin
The Training of Wild Animals	Frank Bostock
Wild Animals I Have Known	Ernest Thompson Seton
The House in the Water	C. G. D. Roberts
The Kindred of the Wild	“ “ “
The Watchers of the Trails	“ “ “
The Heart of the Ancient Wood	“ “ “
Red Fox	“ “ “
Little People of the Sycamore	“ “ “
The Haunters of the Silences	“ “ “
Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers	John Burroughs
Wild Neighbors	Ernest Ingersoll
Beasts of the Field	W. J. Long
Wilderness Ways	“ “ “
Ways of Wood Folk	“ “ “
Wood Folk at School	“ “ “
A Watcher in the Woods	Dallas Lore Sharp
Wild Life near Home	“ “ “
My Woodland Intimates	E. Bignell
Mooswa	W. A. Fraser
The Outcasts	“ “ “
Flash-Lights on Nature	Grant Allen
Wild Animals at Work and Play	C. J. Cornish
Eye Spy	W. H. Gibson
Sharp Eyes	“ “ “

The Call of the Wild	Jack London
Before Adam	“ “
White Fang	“ “
Ants, Bees, and Wasps	Sir John Lubbock
Up and Down the Brooks	M. E. Bamford
Wasps, Social and Solitary	G. W. and E. Peckham
Spiders	“ “ “ “
Dan Beard's Animal Book.	Dan Beard
Thoreau	Frank B. Sanborn
Thoreau	Annie R. Marble

ROSY BALM

ALICE BROWN

(In *The County Road*)

MISS ARLETTA was seeing the minister out through the kitchen, because he had tied his horse at the barn, and it was easier to go that way. He was a tall, stooping man with thin gray hair and a long, benevolent face. Miss Arletta, behind him, looked very small; yet she was a woman of good height, though of exceptional thinness. Her little face showed all its bones pathetically, and a perpetual smile dwelt upon it and behind the glitter of her gold-bowed spectacles. People said she wore off her flesh by being spry.

Midway in the large kitchen, comfortably lighted by pale winter sunlight, the minister paused. He sniffed a little, and his mild face took on a look of pleasure.

“Why, Miss Arletta, I smell flowers.”

Miss Arletta laughed.

“No,” she said, “it’s rose water. I’ve be’n fixin’ it up with glycerine an’ some other trade I know, to put on my hands. They git terrible chapped, this winter weather.”

“Yes,” the minister agreed, “so my wife says.”

“Why, look here!” called Miss Arletta, her hand upon the door. “You wait a minute, an’ I’ll fill a vial for her; I got some right here.”

“Well,” said the minister hesitatingly; but he threw back his coat again, and loosed his comforter, while Arletta ran to the cellar way for her bottle, and, after much rinsing and peering through it at the sun, proceeded to fill it from her larger store.

“You tell Mis’ Hardy to put it on nights, an’ after she’s washed her hands,” she counseled. “Tell her I’ll drop in an’ see how’t works. Tell her I’ve enjoyed your call; but she mustn’t leave off comin’ now it’s cold.”

“She would have come,” the minister explained again, “I have no doubt; but this question of the missionary fund keeps her much occupied.”

“Poor little creatur’s!” said Miss Arletta. Her mind had flown to the heathen on foreign shores. “Don’t seem’s if there could be anybody these times without gospel privileges. Makes me terrible ashamed to think I ain’t got more’n that poor miserable dollar to give.”

“The widow’s mite,” said the minister kindly. Miss Arletta was wrapping the bottle in a piece of newspaper. “It is not the size of the offering that renders it blessed, Miss Arletta. Remember the parable.”

“There!” said she. “Don’t ye tip it over in your pocket. That cork ain’t none too good. You tell Mis’ Hardy, if she likes it there’ll be more where that come from.”

The minister spoke his gentle thanks, and now Miss Arletta opened the door. The December wind blew up an outer fringe of her thin hair, and the minister also bent his head to its inclemency.

“I am obliged, Miss Arletta,” he called back. “You ought not to be so generous with your recipe. You might sell it.”

Arletta, nodding and smiling, watched him out of the yard, and then shut the door and turned back to the warmth of her still house. She liked people. Visitors were like the wind itself: they brought vigor and tidings. But she was always glad when the wind was over

and the visitors had gone. After she had tucked a stick of wood into the kitchen stove, and warmed her hands there, she went into the sitting-room and took her low rocker by the window. She was turning sheets that day. They were scarcely worn at all; but it was pretty work, and she did it more times a year than she would have liked to tell. Presently she dropped her sewing in her lap and began musing over unhappy India as the minister had described it. Miss Arletta would not have been altogether willing to tell the minister how hard it was to keep from dwelling, in keen delight, on his picture of foreign lands, nor how easy to forget the pity of it that suffering should invade that paradise of bloom. She remembered the heathen's godless state, and said, "Poor creatur's!" But even at the utterance, she knew this was the guilty protest of a mind secretly in love with heathendom itself. She prized her gospel privileges, but she liked also to be warm, and her irrepressible fancy cast up before her the picture of wintry Sundays in church when hot soapstones cooled with the feet that sought them, and heaven itself was nothing but a sizzling coral strand. Yet that way stretched a dangerous latitude. She caught herself back to the old dutiful regret that she could give so little, and took up her sewing. But suddenly she dropped the work again into her lap, and spoke aloud:

"My land! mebbe that's the way."

Immediately she saw herself making a lotion for the hands and selling it broadcast. Arletta's mind always moved by leaps, straight for the brightest goal. In that moment of conception, she saw her scheme full grown. She was making the lotion by quarts, by gallons, in vats and reservoirs. Her house,

her clothes, were redolent of rose-water and sweet essences. Bottles with printed labels were on druggists' shelves all over the country, and ladies with chapped hands were crowding counters in throngs, all asking, "Have you Rosy Balm?" That was to be its name. And all the profits that came flowing in would be put scrupulously into the bank, and, at the end of every month, sent off to India for the breaking of error's chain.

That night Miss Arletta slept intermittently; but she dreamed of rose-gardens and dusky maidens on sea-beaches where the pebbles were pink beads, and she awoke to action. When her breakfast dishes were done, she ran across the field and asked Tommy Beale to harness up and take her to town; and there she drew five dollars out of the savings-bank, and at the wondering druggist's stocked up with glycerine and rosewater and the rest.

For two days Miss Arletta's kitchen smelled divinely to her, as she mixed and measured. She seemed to be living in an enchanted spot, and doing something that was going to turn out very precious and wonderful. She had always made her lotion with a zealous care, but now she wrought with a nicety proportionate to the greatness of her task. She began to think of precious ointment, and got out the big picture Bible to read the story, as if her own little every-day Testament were not enough. And one morning, when the sun fell on the winter crust and turned it into a dazzle, she started forth, carrying a bag filled with small bottles, all alike and neatly labeled in her fine old-fashioned hand. Arletta took the Lower Road because the houses there were nearer together, and she was impatient to begin to sell. She could not remember having

felt so happy for years, nor so full of youth. She was on a track, she felt, that might lead anywhere.

The first place on the Lower Road was Lawrence Gilson's, a little one-story house, unpainted, but in summer a picture of beauty in the midst of vines and tangles. Now it was a part of the cold rigor of the time, and when Mrs. Gilson came to the door, Miss Arletta was ready to say, with a shiver:

"My! ain't this winter weather?"

"I guess 't is," said Mrs. Gilson, "an we've all been down sick with colds. Come right in. I'm terrible glad to see ye."

There was no one in the kitchen but little Anna May, and she sat in a high chair at the table, packing six raisins into a small round box and then taking them out and packing them over again. There was a clove apple before her, and an Infant Samuel in plaster.

"I let her have 'em out o' the best room," Mrs. Gilson explained, as Miss Arletta paused to admire these trophies. "She's jest gettin' over her cold, an' much as she can do to find anything to take up her mind." She was tucking a stick of wood into the stove, and now she turned to Miss Arletta with a newly welcoming smile. "Take your things right off," she bade her. "Now, don't you say you ain't come to pass the day."

"I'll unpin my shawl," said Arletta. "No, I can't stop more'n a minute. I was only goin' by, an' I thought I'd drop in. She's be'n real sick, ain't she?"

They exchanged a sympathetic glance over Anna May. She was a pathetic little picture, with her wan face, her flaxen pigtailed, and her painstaking intentness over the raisins. Mrs. Gilson nodded.

“ Her cough ’s be’n the worst of any of us,” she said proudly. “ ’Most tore her to pieces. I thought one time ’t was whoopin’-cough, but the doctor says it ’s spasmodic.”

They talked on for a time, while the wood blazed and the stove reddened, and finally Miss Arletta pinned her shawl and rose to go. Then she opened her bag. Anna May was looking at her for the first time. Her blue eyes glistened with something like expectation. In spite of herself, Miss Arletta spoke and said the word she had not premeditated.

“ What do you s’pose I got in this bag ? ” she asked softly. Her own eyes gleamed as brightly as the child’s.

Anna May shook her head.

“ Well,” said Miss Arletta, “ I got a little bottle o’ suthin’ I fixed up to rub on folks’ hands. I ’m goin’ to give it to you. Mebbe you ’ll let mother have a mite ’fore she goes to bed, an’ when you git out slidin’, it ’ll be nice for you, too. It smells real good.” She set the bottle on the table beside the Infant Samuel, and hurried out.

“ Now, ain’t you kind ! ” Mrs. Gilson was calling after her, down the path ; but Miss Arletta only waved her mittened hand and hurried on. She was muttering to herself :

“ If I ain’t a fool ! Poor little creatur’, though ! Well, it ’s only one bottle, anyways. I ’ve got plenty left.” She put up her head again and quickened her steps.

Old Rhody came next. She lived alone in another little house, one that was adorned neither by summer nor winter. There was no answer to Miss Arletta’s knock, and she went in. Old Rhody sat by the fire, gaunt and gray.

She began at once, in her high voice full of wailing circumflexes :

“I says to myself, there won’t be a soul come into the house this day. I dunno’ what possessed you to start out this weather, but now you’re here, Arletta Black, you jest set down there in that chair an’ tell me what’s goin’ on in the world. I dunno’ no more’n if this was the tomb an’ I was walled up in it.”

Miss Arletta threw off her shawl at once and put down her bag.

“You pretty lame, Rhody?” she inquired warmly.

“Pretty lame? I guess I be. I’m so lame I can’t git from kitchen to pantry without hollerin’ right out, as if somebody’s jabbin’ a knife into me. Took me two hours by the clock this mornin’ to get my work done up, an’ you can guess how much I have, livin’ alone so.”

Miss Arletta was beaming through her glasses.

“Ain’t there suthin’ I can do, now I’m here?” she inquired. “Stir up some biscuits or a batch o’ pies?”

“No! no! makes me nervous as a witch to have anybody messin’ round amongst my things. No, you se’ down an’ tell me what’s goin’ on in the world. I might as well be dead, for all I hear.”

Miss Arletta began with the upper end of the town, and took the houses in turn. She told about Jabez Lane’s steer, and Mary Dwight’s new melodeon. She had plenty of news, for her own house was a centre of social intercourse. Rhody listened greedily. No one came to see her, as she said, and she was too poor to take the county paper. At the end of an hour Miss Arletta rose and threw on her shawl.

“Mebbe I’ll be in again next week,” she said. “You heard from Lucy lately?”

“She writes pretty reg’lar,” said Rhody gloomily. “But I dunno’ when ’t’ll stop. She ’s nothin’ but a niece by marriage, an’ you can’t expect folks to act as if they were your own. Last Christmas she sent me a half a dozen handkerchers, as nice as ever you see, with a letter worked in the corner. I don’t look for nothin’ this year. Don’t expect nothin’, I say, an’ ye won’t be disappointed.”

Miss Arletta opened her bag with a snap. Her mouth curled scornfully, but that was for her own infirmity of purpose.

“’T ain’t quite Christmas,” she said rapidly, as if she were ashamed, “but mebbe I should n’t git round jest then. So I brought you this little vial, Rhody. Mebbe ’t’ll keep your hands kinder nice an’ smooth, doin’ your housework an’ all.”

Rhody took the neat bottle and looked at it with a softened gaze.

“Well, if that ain’t complete!” she said. “You’re real good, Arletta. What made you think on ’t?”

Miss Arletta was getting out at the door as fast as possible.

“I’ll be over next week,” she called. “I’ll bring my knittin’ an’ we’ll have a dish o’ discourse.”

+ This section of the Lower Road was familiarly known as Lonesome Hill, because each of the four houses had but one inmate. The next was Uncle Blake’s, and there Miss Arletta was sure of a response. Uncle Blake came at once to the door, and she hesitated, seeing his white shirtfront and scrupulous silk stock.

“You got company?” she asked.

Uncle Blake laughed, a little dry note. He was a tall old man with a noble profile.

"No, no," he answered. "Walk right in. You see I was dressed up, did n't ye? Well, so I be. Se' down, an' I'll tell ye what put it into my head."

She took the Boston rocker by the hearth, and Uncle Blake sank into his own armchair. The room was beautiful in its cleanliness and order.

"Ye see," he continued, "passon asked me to come over to dinner to-day; but that wa'n't why I dressed up. I done it the minute I got my chores done up. I kinder wanted to. Arletta Black," — he rose, and looked down upon her in a proud dignity, — "Arletta Black, I'm eighty-five year old to-day."

Miss Arletta also rose. She put out her hand, and he shook it solemnly. Then, having pledged the day, they sat gravely down again.

"Eighty-five!" repeated the old man. His face took on the musing look, reflected from his meditations of the hour before. "I've seen a good deal, Arletta."

"I guess you have." Miss Arletta's eyes were wet. She thought of the dead days she had loved, and knew that he also had been a neighborly witness of them. "Well, I hope you'll have a good spell yet."

"I dunno' why I shouldn't," said the old man. "I'm as lively as a cricket. I fried me some cakes this mornin', for my breakfast, an' I eat 'em, too. Mebbe I shall see a good many more winters. Mebbe I shan't. I'm livin' on borrered time. But I'm thankful for 't, Arletta. I'm thankful."

"You remember grandsir, don't you?" asked Miss Arletta. "He was older 'n you be, by a good ten year, as I remember him. He'd kep' everything but his hearin'."

Uncle Blake's face creased into a reminiscent smile.

"'T was he that used to set up 'most all night to see

what time I went home from Adelaide True's," he rejoined. "I used to do 'most every which way to outwit him. Well, he need n't ha' troubled himself. I never got her."

"She married Elder Hale, did n't she?" asked Miss Arletta, swaying back and forth, in a pleasant muse of recollection. "'T was her grandson that preached down to Sudleigh, t' other Sunday."

"Yes," agreed the old man, — "yes. There ain't nobody to carry on my name. But I'll carry it myself," he added presently, looking up with his warm smile. "I ain't hurt it much yet, an' I don't believe I shall now. It'll last as long as my headstone does, an' mebbe somebody'll be glad to hear it in the next world."

They went hand in hand over the backward track of the town life. Miss Arletta had heard so many stories of the olden time that it seemed to her as if she were of an equal age with him, and that they were walking along a pleasant road among shadowy scenes, unchanging now forever, and so incapable of hurting them any more. For they could reject the ill of those ultimate times and revive only the good. The clock struck, and Miss Arletta rose.

"If you 're goin' to passon's," she said, "you 'll have to be gittin' along. So must I, too. See here, Uncle Blake, I dunno 's you care anything about birthday presents. I never had but one in my life. That 's when I was seventeen, an' I set the world by it. Here, you take this. It 's a kind of a lotion for your hands. I gi'n Mis' Hardy some jest like it, t' other day. You tell her you 've got some, too."

"Well," said Uncle Blake, "I never!" He stood there in the middle of the room, the bottle in his hand.

Miss Arletta, who had meant only to be kind, was amazed at finding that she had been something more to a degree she could not understand. "I don't know," continued Uncle Blake slowly, "as I've had such a present sence I was twenty-one. I had one then. Adelaide True was out by the wall that day, when I went by, an' she reached over an' gi'n me a Provence rose. This — I believe to my soul, Arletta, you've put rose into this, too."

The tears were in Arletta's eyes.

"It's Rosy Balm," she said, with a brisk cheerfulness. "That's what I call it — Rosy Balm. You use it, Uncle Blake. Good-by. Le's shake hands once more, for sake of old times. Good-by."

Hurrying along the road, with her head down, she took up a corner of her shawl and wiped her eyes.

"Law!" she said, smiling and crying at once. "I should think I wa'n't more'n two year old. — Why, Jane Dunham, that you?"

Jane lived in the next house, but she was speeding along in her best bonnet and shawl, a small neat woman with a round face and young, pathetic eyes. Jane caught Arletta's hand, as it lay under her shawl, and held it. She was all sensibility, and quick tears came into her eyes. Why she did not know, nor did Arletta: but every one was used to Jane Dunham's kindly tears.

"You comin' to pass the day, 'Letta?" she asked. "I was goin' on down to the Corners to git me some samples, but I'd ruther by half turn back home an' set with you."

"No, no, I'm full o' business. I've talked away most o' the mornin' a'ready. Look-a-here, Jane. I got suthin' here in my bag." She made her way out into

the snow by the side of the road, and set her bag on a stump, to open it. Jane was instantly by her side, her bright eyes questioning.

“Rosy Balm!” she read, taking the bottle and holding it at a comfortable distance. “Land sakes, ’Letta! what’s that?”

Arletta’s eyes were shining. Now at last she seemed to have entered on the fruitage of her plan.

“It’s some trade I mixed up for chapped hands,” she explained. “It’s got glycerine in it an’ rose-water —”

“’Tain’t that old receipt Aunt Silvy used to be so private about!”

“Yes, ’t is. I found it in her desk, arter she died. Did n’t I tell you that? Well, I found it, an’ I used it, an’ mine’s jest as good as her’n.”

They looked at each other in a knowing triumph. They had both had long experience of Aunt Silvy. It had not seemed that the cleverest could outwit her, even after death.

“You remember how we used to go there to tea?” asked Jane. “Little mites we were, an’ scared eenamost to death, she was so toppin’ with us. There was one arternoon we made poppy dolls an’ tea sets in the gardin an’ she ketched us —”

“An’ said them were the very poppies she was savin’ for seed!”

Their faces creased into a wrinkled mirth. They were two staid elderly women lingering by a snow-bank, with the mind’s eye fixed upon a sunny past.

“You remember the time when she told you to git me a cooky out o’ the parlor eluset —”

“An’ I went in an’ sliced us both off a junk o’ fruit cake an’ hid it under my tier! I guess I do.”

“If ever there was two tykes, 'Letta,” said Jane, with relish, “'t was you an' me. To think you've got that receipt, too, arter all these years.”

Arletta spoke immediately, and it seemed to her that her voice came forth without her will:

“You take it, Jane. You take this vial. 'T will kinder bring back old times, an' it'll keep your hands good, too.” She shut her bag, and strode out in the road again.

Jane followed. Her eyes were wet with tears.

“You didn't come 'way up here to give this to me, 'Letta?” she asked meltingly.

“You keep it,” Arletta counseled, moving on her way. “It's got a real good smell. I guess 't will bring back some o' them old times.”

“Come down next week,” Jane was calling, and Arletta nodded and waved her hand.

At this point Arletta omitted to scorn herself. She tried to act as if she had meant to do nothing in the world but come out and give away bottles that were made to sell. Arrived at the Veaseys' house, she passed it with a fleeting glance. They were old-maid sisters who would skin a flint or split a shilling. Then there was Miss Susannah Means, who lived alone with her brother and did good works. She was sitting by the window, a faded little woman with an eager glance, and all one sandy color from hair to skin. Arletta opened the side door and walked in upon her, and Susannah glanced up warmly without moving otherwise.

“Set right down,” she said, in her high treble. “Lay off your things. I ain't got a minute to give, or I'd take 'em for ye.”

“For the land sake, Susannah,” said Arletta, advancing upon her, “what you doin'?”

Scraps of coarse lace lay in Susannah's lap, with knots of bright-red worsted.

"I'm runnin' up some candy-bags for the tree," she explained, stabbing her needle in and out. "Do lay off your things. I'm worried to death, too. They say there's two families—them miserable Hendersons landed at the poor-farm this week, an' six child'en between 'em, an' if they go to the tree like's not there won't be a present for 'em, less'n we can scrape up suthin'."

Miss Arletta's mittened hand was at her bag. Her eyes gleamed defiantly behind their glasses.

"Law, Susannah, don't you be concerned," she said. "Here's suthin'. You look-a-here." One after another she took out six bottles, and pushing back the worsted on the table, ranged them there in a soldierly row. Susannah looked up over her glasses, and then took one of them in her hand.

"Rosy Balm," she read. "What kind o' trade is that, Arletta?"

"It's a nice scented wash to put on your hands," returned Arletta proudly. "You can tie some slips o' paper on 'em an' mark 'em for them poor little creatur's that ain't got nothin' else. Mebbe they'd like a jumpin'-jack or a doll; but ye have to give what ye can, an' I made this, an' I can't make nothin' else. Good-day, Susannah."

But Susannah was sitting in a pleasant dream, holding the bottle in her hand and saying to herself, —

"Rosy Balm! Forever! Rosy Balm!"

Arletta saw that there were visions before her of little paupers in winter quarters, soothing rough hands and smelling at the bottles. She had done well. Yet again she tried not to jeer at herself, though her bag was very light. Arletta stopped at the fence on the

way out, and rested the bag there while she sought within it.

“One bottle!” she ejaculated. “Well, if I’d ha’ known” — but if she had known, would it have been different? Her mouth widened in a whimsical smile, and again she spoke: “I might as well give this away, quick’s ever I can, so’s not to break my record. No, I won’t, either. I’ll be whipped if I will. I’ll sell it, or I’ll die for ’t.”

“Ride?” called Cap’n Tom.

He pulled up at the gate, in his shabby old wagon, and waited for her. The cap’n was a thin man with a lean face, a satirical mouth, and about his eyes certain lines that nobody liked. Yet they liked the cap’n. He had a great fund of dry humor; but he was a stingy man. He owned it frankly.

“I set the world by money,” he often said. “I like to see it roll up same’s a boy loves to roll a snowball. ’T ain’t much importance, snow nor money neither, but it’s terrible excitin’ to see ’em grow.” His title came from that, and clung to him. He was a captain of swift enterprise.

“I’m goin’ along home,” said Arletta, pausing with her foot on the step.

“So ’m I. Git in. How are ye, ’Letta?” he asked, when they were jogging along.

“I dunno’,” returned Arletta recklessly. “I’m pretty well in health, but I’ve got reason to think my mind’s affected. I guess I’m a born fool.”

The cap’n flicked his horse and chuckled.

“Common complaint,” said he.

“Cap’n,” began Arletta, out of the fullness of experience, “I’m goin’ to tell you suthin’, an’ if you ever pass it on to anybody else, I’ll set your barn afire.

My brother Tom used to say you was the closest-mouthed feller in the county."

"I guess that's right," said the cap'n, with pride. "Close-fisted an' close-mouthed. That's right."

Then Miss Arletta began and told him the story of her day. He did not speak, and she turned and looked at him. The cap'n was shaking silently.

"I s'pose you think it's funny," said Arletta, smiling herself unwillingly. "Well, mebbe 't is; but if you was the one to do it, you 'd laugh out o' t' other side o' your mouth."

"Took 'em out to sell, did ye?" asked the cap'n.

"Yes, I took 'em out to sell."

"An' gi'n 'em all away?"

"All but one bottle. You needn't ask for 't, cap'n. I wouldn't give it away for love nor money."

The cap'n was silent for a moment. Then he said: "You take the reins, Arletta." He unbuttoned his coat, thrust a hand deep into his pocket, and brought out a roll of bills. "Arletta," said the cap'n slowly, "last week I sold a yoke of oxen. To-day I driv' over to git my pay. You pass me out that trade."

He took the reins, and Arletta sought within her bag and gave him her last vial. The cap'n took it gravely, held it far off and read the title, "Rosy Balm." Then he put it in his pocket, pulled a bank-note from his roll, and passed it to her. After that he tucked the money into his pocket and buttoned it up again. "I dunno, Arletta," said he, "as I ever give any money to foreign missions; but if you want to turn that in, you can. I dunno 's ever I heerd anything that pleased me more 'n your goin' out peddlin'; I'm a close man, but it's wuth that amount o' money to me."

Arletta sat looking at the bill, in bright amaze.

“My land, cap’n,” she said at length, “you know what you’ve gi’n me? It’s a five-dollar bill.”

Instinctively he turned to look at it, and Arletta laid her hand upon the reins.

“Here,” she called, in high excitement, “you le’ me git right out an’ go in an’ hand it over to passon.” She was out over the wheel before the horse had stopped. There she faced the cap’n, flushed and smiling. “I dunno ’s I could ha’ trusted ye through that strip o’ woods, cap’n,” she called. “You might ha’ repented an’ ketched it away from me. Much obleeged to ye. Good-by.”

She sped up the path to the minister’s door, and the cap’n drove on chuckling. He was the poorer by five dollars, and there was a small sore spot in his heart. But he reflected on the story, and laughed again.

“Rosy Balm!” he wheezed, and pondered. “Rosy Balm!”

NOTES

trade :— A colloquial New England expression meaning stuff, or material.

the widow’s mite :— See Mark, 12 : 41–44.

the breaking of error’s chain :— This is a partial quotation from a line in a well-known missionary hymn, *From Greenland’s Icy Mountains*. The stanza that Miss Arletta was thinking of runs thus :

From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand ;
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.

precious ointment :— See Matthew, 26 : 6–13.

an Infant Samuel in plaster :— A plaster of paris statuette of Samuel ; see I Samuel, 3 : 1–12.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What has the minister to do with the story? What idea of Miss Arletta do you get from the first two pages? What do you think of her plan for making money for the heathen? How does the author make you see little Anna May clearly? Why are the characters in the story made to talk so ungrammatically? Do you think that the author ought to use such language? Did Miss Arletta intend to give the "Rosy Balm" to Anna May? Who are the other people to whom she gives the bottles? Can you picture them clearly to yourself? How does the author make you understand what sort of people they are? Which one of them do you like best? Do you think the gifts appropriate? Why does "Cap'n Tom" give Miss Arletta the five dollars? What is meant by the "small sore spot in his heart"? How do you like the way the story ends? Try to think out the best words with which to describe Miss Arletta's character. One of the best things about the story is the vividness with which each person's character is brought out by what he says and does. Can you, in a smaller way, do something of the same kind? Try to make each person's conversation lively and suitable.

THEME SUBJECTS

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|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| A Winter Walk | The Parade of the Veterans |
| Making Calls in the Country | How We Raised Money for the Church |
| A Call from the Minister | Church |
| Selling Tickets for Our Entertainment | Making Candy for the Church Fair |
| An Old Man That I Know | Coloring the Easter Eggs |
| Aunt Susan | Children in the "Heathen" Lands |
| A Queer Present | Lands |
| Getting Ready for the Christmas Tree | A Woman Peddler |
| | Talking Over Old Times |
| What I Think about Miss Arletta | |

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

Making Calls in the Country :— Did you ever have any occasion to go from house to house in a country district? Can you write something about the different homes that you saw?

Tell who came to the door, and how these persons looked and acted. What did they say? Did they speak carefully and grammatically? Describe several of the rooms that you were in. Tell about some of the people. Were there children? What did they say and do? Did anything funny happen? Were you successful in your errand? Tell how you finished your round of calls, and how you felt when you were through.

Coloring the Easter Eggs:— Who helped you to color the Easter eggs? Were you doing it for some little children, or for the Sunday School? Was there any secret about it? Did you hunt for the eggs yourself, or did you buy them? Where did you get the coloring matter? Tell how you put the ingredients together, and how you colored the eggs. Was there any conversation while you were doing the work? How did the kitchen look? Was anybody cross about it? How did the eggs “turn out”? What did you do with them?

COLLATERAL READINGS

Meadow Grass	Alice Brown
Tiverton Tales	“ “
Country Neighbors	“ “
The County Road	“ “
By Oak and Thorn	“ “
A New England Nun	Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman
A Humble Romance and Other Stories	“ “ “ “
Jerome: A Poor Man	“ “ “ “
Six Trees	“ “ “ “
The Debtor	“ “ “ “
The Wind in the Rosebush	“ “ “ “
Historic Towns of New England .	Lyman P. Powell
The Romance of Old New England Roof Trees	Mary C. Crawford
Quaint Nantucket	W. R. Bliss
Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border (for illustra- tions)	Katharine M. Abbott
Glimpses of Old New England Life: Legends of Old Bedford .	A. E. Brown

The Story of Concord, Told by
 Concord Writers Josephine L. Swayne (Ed.)
 Sketches from Concord and Apple-
 dore Frank P. Stearns
 Old Concord ; Her Highways and
 Byways Margaret Sidney
 The Country School in New Eng-
 land Clifton Johnson
 Aunt Jane of Kentucky Eliza C. Hall

See also the list of New England stories by Sarah Orne Jew-
 ett, page 202.

THE OGILLALLAH VILLAGE

FRANCIS PARKMAN

(From Chapter XIV of *The Oregon Trail*)

THIS is hardly the place for portraying the mental features of the Indians. The same picture, slightly changed in shade and coloring, would serve with very few exceptions for all the tribes north of the Mexican territories. But with this similarity in their modes of thought, the tribes of the lake and ocean shores, of the forests and of the plains, differ greatly in their manner of life. Having been domesticated for several weeks among one of the wildest of the hordes that roam over the remote prairies, I had unusual opportunities of observing them, and flatter myself that a sketch of the scenes that passed daily before my eyes may not be devoid of interest. They were thorough savages. Neither their manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. They knew nothing of the power and real character of the white men, and their children would scream in terror when they saw me. Their religion, superstitions, and prejudices were the same handed down to them from immemorial time. They fought with the weapons that their fathers fought with, and wore the same garments of skins. They were living representatives of the "stone age"; for though their lances and arrows were tipped with iron procured from the traders, they still used the rude stone mallet of the primeval world.

Great changes are at hand in that region. With the stream of emigration to Oregon and California, the

buffalo will dwindle away, and the large wandering communities who depend on them for support must be broken and scattered. The Indians will soon be abased by whiskey and overawed by military posts ; so that within a few years the traveler may pass in tolerable security through their country. Its danger and its charm will have disappeared together.

As soon as Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills, we were seen in our turn ; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain, the side of the village nearest us was darkened with a crowd of naked figures. Several men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman Reynal. When we came up the ceremony of shaking hands had to be gone through in due form, and then all were eager to know what had become of the rest of my party. I satisfied them on this point, and we all moved together towards the village.

“ You ’ve missed it,” said Reynal ; “ if you ’d been here day before yesterday, you ’d have found the whole prairie over yonder black with buffalo as far as you could see. There were no cows, though ; nothing but bulls. We made a ‘ surround ’ every day till yesterday. See the village there ; don’t that look like good living ? ”

In fact I could see, even at that distance, long cords stretched from lodge to lodge, over which the meat, cut by the squaws into thin sheets, was hanging to dry in the sun. I noticed too that the village was somewhat smaller than when I had last seen it, and I asked Reynal the cause. He said that old Le Borgne had felt too weak to pass over the mountains, and so had remained behind with all his relations, including Mahto-Tatonka

and his brothers. The Whirlwind too had been unwilling to come so far, because, as Reynal said, he was afraid. Only half a dozen lodges had adhered to him, the main body of the village setting their chief's authority at naught, and taking the course most agreeable to their inclinations.

"What chiefs are there in the village now?" asked I.

"Well," said Reynal, "there's old Red-Water, and the Eagle-Feather, and the Big Crow, and the Mad Wolf, and The Panther, and the White Shield, and — what's his name? — the half-breed Shienne."

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So, still followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode up to the entrance of the Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening, and stooping, entered the Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the chief in the dim light, seated at one side, on a pile of buffalo-ropes. He greeted me with a guttural "How, colà!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation. The announcement may seem intrusive, but, in fact, every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

The squaw spread a buffalo-robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians, crowding in to see us. The Big Crow produced his pipe and filled it with the mixture of tobacco and *shongsasha*, or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, and a lively

conversation went forward. Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo-meat; but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us. One after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour or more we were actively engaged in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each of the bowl of meat set before us, and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe. A thunder-storm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved the name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo-ropes, supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down, and the Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"

"It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it's a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted my question, which produced some debate. There was a difference of opinion. At last old Mene-Seela, or Red-Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face, and said he had always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo-robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation;

but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would not look up. Some time after, I learned how the accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder-fighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle, made out of the wing-bone of the war-eagle, and, thus equipped, run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to frighten it down again. One afternoon, a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refusing to be terrified, darted out a bright flash, which struck one of the party dead as he was in the very act of shaking his long iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran yelling in an ecstasy of superstitious terror back to their lodges.

The lodge of my host Kongra-Tonga, or the Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around it in a circle, their dark naked forms just visible by the dull light of the smouldering fire in the middle. The pipe glowed brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand. Then a squaw would drop a piece of buffalo-fat on the dull embers. Instantly a bright flame would leap up, darting its light to the very apex of the tall conical structure, where the tops of the slender poles that supported the covering of hide were gathered together. It gilded the features of the Indians, as with animated gestures they sat around it, telling their endless stories of war and hunting, and displayed rude garments of

skins that hung around the lodge; the bow, quiver, and lance, suspended over the resting-place of the chief, and the rifles and powder-horns of the two white guests. For a moment all would be bright as day; then the flames would die out; fitful flashes from the embers would illumine the lodge, and then leave it in darkness. Then the light would wholly fade, and the lodge and all within it be involved again in obscurity.

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When feasting is in question, one hour of the day serves an Indian as well as another. My entertainment came off at about eleven o'clock. At that hour, Reynal and Raymond walked across the area of the village, to the admiration of the inhabitants, carrying the two kettles of dog meat slung on a pole between them. These they placed in the centre of the lodge, and then went back for the bread and the tea. Meanwhile I had put on a pair of brilliant moccasins, and substituted for my old buck-skin frock a coat which I had brought with me in view of such public occasions. I also made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will neglect who desires to gain the good opinion, of Indians. Thus attired, I seated myself between Reynal and Raymond at the head of the lodge. Only a few minutes elapsed before all the guests had come in and were seated on the ground, wedged together in a close circle. Each brought with him a wooden bowl to hold his share of the repast. When all were assembled, two of the officials, called "soldiers" by the white men, came forward with ladles made of the horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and began to distribute the feast, assigning a double share to the old men and chiefs. The dog vanished with astonishing celerity, and each guest turned his dish bottom upward to show that

all was gone. Then the bread was distributed in its turn, and finally the tea. As the "soldiers" poured it out into the same wooden bowls that had served for the substantial part of the meal, I thought it had a particularly curious and uninviting color.

"Oh," said Reynal, "there was not tea enough, so I stirred some soot in the kettle, to make it look strong."

Fortunately an Indian's palate is not very discriminating. The tea was well sweetened, and that was all they cared for.

Now, the feast being over, the time for speech-making was come. The Big Crow produced a flat piece of wood on which he cut up tobacco and *shongsasha*, and mixed them in due proportions. The pipes were filled and passed from hand to hand around the company. Then I began my speech, each sentence being interpreted by Reynal as I went on, and echoed by the whole audience with the usual exclamations of assent and approval. As nearly as I can recollect, it was as follows: —

"I had come," I told them, "from a country so far distant, that at the rate they travel, they could not reach it in a year."

"How! how!"

"There the Meneaska were more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. The squaws were far more beautiful than any they had ever seen, and all the men were brave warriors."

"How! how! how!"

I was assailed by twinges of conscience as I uttered these last words. But I recovered myself and began again.

"While I was living in the Meneaska lodges, I had

heard of the Ogillallah, how great and brave a nation they were, how they loved the whites, and how well they could hunt the buffalo and strike their enemies. I resolved to come and see if all that I heard was true."

"How! how! how! how!"

"As I had come on horseback through the mountains, I had been able to bring them only a very few presents."

"How!"

"But I had enough tobacco to give them all a small piece. They might smoke it and see how much better it was than the tobacco which they got from the traders."

"How! how! how!"

"I had plenty of powder, lead, knives, and tobacco at Fort Laramie. These I was anxious to give them, and if any of them should come to the fort before I went away, I would make them handsome presents."

"How! how! how! how!"

Raymond then cut up and distributed among them two or three pounds of tobacco, and old Mene-Seela began to make a reply. It was long, but the following was the pith of it.

"He had always loved the whites. They were the wisest people on earth. He believed they could do anything, and he was always glad when any of them came to live in the Ogillallah lodges. It was true I had not made them many presents, but the reason of it was plain. It was clear that I liked them, or I never should have come so far to find their village."

Several other speeches of similar import followed, and then this more serious matter being disposed of, there was an interval of smoking, laughing, and con-

versation. Old Mene-Seela suddenly interrupted it with a loud voice: —

“Now is a good time,” he said, “when all the old men and chiefs are here together, to decide what the people shall do. We came over the mountains to make our lodges for next year. Our old ones are good for nothing, they are rotten and worn out. But we have been disappointed. We have killed buffalo-bulls enough, but we have found no herds of cows, and the skins of bulls are too thick and heavy for our squaws to make lodges of. There must be plenty of cows about the Medicine Bow Mountain. We ought to go there. To be sure it is farther westward than we have ever been before, and perhaps the Snakes will attack us, for those hunting-grounds belong to them. But we must have new lodges at any rate; our old ones will not serve for another year. We ought not to be afraid of the Snakes. Our warriors are brave, and they are all ready for war. Besides, we have three white men with their rifles to help us.”

This speech produced a good deal of debate. As Reynal did not interpret what was said, I could only judge of the meaning by the features and gestures of the speakers. At the end of it however the greater number seemed to have fallen in with Mene-Seela's opinion. A short silence followed, and then the old man struck up a discordant chant, which I was told was a song of thanks for the entertainment I had given them.

“Now,” said he, “let us go and give the white men a chance to breathe.”

So the company all dispersed into the open air, and for some time the old chief was walking round the village, singing his song in praise of the feast, after the custom of the nation.

At last the day drew to a close, and as the sun went down the horses came trooping from the surrounding plains to be picketed before the dwellings of their respective masters. Soon within the great circle of lodges appeared another concentric circle of restless horses; and here and there fires glowed and flickered amid the gloom, on the dusky figures around them. I went over and sat by the lodge of Reynal. The Eagle-Feather, who was a son of Mene-Seela, and brother of my host the Big Crow, was seated there already, and I asked him if the village would move in the morning. He shook his head, and said that nobody could tell, for since old Mahto-Tatonka had died, the people had been like children that did not know their own minds. They were no better than a body without a head. So I, as well as the Indians themselves, fell asleep that night without knowing whether we should set out in the morning towards the country of the Snakes.

At daybreak however, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's ablutions, I saw that a movement was contemplated. Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles; the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws pulled it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and so having set their squaws at work, the example was followed by the rest of the village. One by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a few moments before, nothing now remained but a ring of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread over the ground, together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn, buffalo-ropes, and cases of painted hide, filled with dried meat.

Squaws bustled about in busy preparation, the old hags screaming to one another at the stretch of their leathern lungs. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge-poles were lashed to their sides, and the baggage piled upon their backs. The dogs, with tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting, and waiting for the time of departure. Each warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers of his fire, unmoved amid the confusion, holding in his hand the long trail-rope of his horse.

As their preparations were completed, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river, and passing in quick succession along the profile of the hill on the farther side. When all were gone, I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and, as we gained the summit, the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile or more over the barren plains before us. Everywhere glittered the iron points of lances. The sun never shone upon a more strange array. Here were the heavy-laden pack-horses, some wretched old woman leading them, and two or three children clinging to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaska looked at her. Boys with miniature bows and arrows wandered over the plains, little naked children ran along on foot, and numberless dogs scampered among the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy with paint and feathers, rode in groups among the crowd, often galloping two or three at once along the line, to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their white

buffalo-robcs. These were the dignitaries of the village, the old men and warriors, to whose age and experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent deference. With the rough prairie and the broken hills for its background, the restless scene was striking and picturesque beyond description. Days and weeks made me familiar with it, but never impaired its effect upon my fancy.

As we moved on, the broken column grew yet more scattered and disorderly, until, as we approached the foot of a hill, I saw the old men before mentioned seating themselves in a line upon the ground, in advance of the whole. They lighted a pipe and sat smoking, laughing, and telling stories, while the people, stopping as they successively came up, were soon gathered in a crowd behind them. Then the old men rose, drew their buffalo-robcs over their shoulders, and strode on as before. Gaining the top of the hill, we found a steep declivity before us. There was not a minute's pause. The whole descended in a mass, amid dust and confusion. The horses braced their feet as they slid down, women and children screamed, dogs yelped as they were trodden upon, while stones and earth went rolling to the bottom. In a few moments I could see the village from the summit, spreading again far and wide over the plain below.

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Our encampment that afternoon was not far from a spur of the Black Hills, whose ridges, bristling with fir-trees, rose from the plains a mile or two on our right. That they might move more rapidly towards their proposed hunting-grounds, the Indians determined to leave at this place their stock of dried meat and other superfluous articles. Some left even their

lodges, and contented themselves with carrying a few hides to make a shelter from the sun and rain. Half the inhabitants set out in the afternoon, with loaded pack-horses, towards the mountains. Here they suspended the dried meat upon trees, where the wolves and grizzly bears could not get at it. All returned at evening. Some of the young men declared that they had heard the reports of guns among the mountains to the eastward, and many surmises were thrown out as to the origin of these sounds. For my part, I was in hopes that Shaw and Henry Chatillon were coming to join us. I little suspected that at that very moment my unlucky comrade was lying on a buffalo-robe at Fort Laramie, fevered with ivy poison, and solacing his woes with tobacco and Shakespeare.

As we moved over the plains on the next morning, several young men rode about the country as scouts; and at length we began to see them occasionally on the tops of the hills, shaking their robes as a signal that they saw buffalo. Soon after, some bulls came in sight. Horsemen darted away in pursuit, and we could see from the distance that one or two of the buffalo were killed. Raymond suddenly became inspired.

“This is the country for me!” he said; “if I could only carry the buffalo that are killed here every month down to St. Louis, I’d make my fortune in one winter. I’d grow as rich as old Papin, or Mackenzie either. I call this the poor man’s market. When I’m hungry, I’ve only got to take my rifle and go out and get better meat than the rich folks down below can get, with all their money. You won’t catch me living in St. Louis another winter.”

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Here he interrupted himself with an oath, and exclaimed: "Look! look! The 'Panther' is running an antelope!"

The Panther, on his black and white horse, one of the best in the village, came at full speed over the hill in hot pursuit of an antelope, that darted away like lightning before him. The attempt was made in mere sport and bravado, for very few are the horses that can for a moment compete in swiftness with this little animal. The antelope ran down the hill towards the main body of the Indians, who were moving over the plain below. Sharp yells were given, and horsemen galloped out to intercept his flight. At this he turned sharply to the left, and scoured away with such speed that he distanced all his pursuers, even the vaunted horse of The Panther himself. A few moments after, we witnessed a more serious sport. A shaggy buffalo-bull bounded out from a neighboring hollow, and close behind him came a slender Indian boy, riding without stirrups or saddle, and lashing his eager little horse to full speed. Yard after yard he drew closer to his gigantic victim, though the bull, with his short tail erect and his tongue lolling out a foot from his foaming jaws, was straining his unwieldy strength to the utmost. A moment more, and the boy was close alongside. It was our friend the Hail-Storm. He dropped the rein on his horse's neck, and jerked an arrow like lightning from the quiver at his shoulder.

"I'll tell you," said Reynal, "that in a year's time that boy will match the best hunter in the village. There, he has given it to him! — and there goes another! You feel well, now, old bull, don't you, with two arrows stuck in your lights! There, he has given him another! Hear how the Hail-Storm yells when he

shoots! Yes, jump at him; try it again, old fellow! You may jump all day before you get your horns into that pony!"

The bull sprang again and again at his assailant, but the horse kept dodging with wonderful celerity. At length the bull followed up his attack with a furious rush, and the Hail-Storm was put to flight, the shaggy monster following close behind. The boy clung in his seat like a leech, and secure in the speed of his little pony, looked round towards us and laughed. In a moment he was again alongside the bull, who was now driven to desperation. His eyeballs glared through his tangled mane, and the blood flew from his mouth and nostrils. Thus, still battling with each other, the two enemies disappeared over the hill.

Many of the Indians rode at full gallop towards the spot. We followed at a more moderate pace, and soon saw the bull lying dead on the side of the hill. The Indians were gathered around him, and several knives were already at work. These little instruments were plied with such wonderful address, that the twisted sinews were cut apart, the ponderous bones fell asunder as if by magic, and in a moment the vast carcass was reduced to a heap of bloody ruins.

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We encamped that night, and marched westward through the greater part of the following day. On the next morning we again resumed our journey. It was the seventeenth of July, unless my note-book misleads me. At noon we stopped by some pools of rain-water, and in the afternoon again set forward. This double movement was contrary to the usual practice of the Indians, but all were very anxious to reach the hunting-ground, kill the necessary number of buffalo,

and retreat as soon as possible from the dangerous neighborhood. I pass by for the present some curious incidents that occurred during these marches and encampments. Late in the afternoon of the last-mentioned day we came upon the banks of a little sandy stream, of which the Indians could not tell the name; for they were very ill acquainted with that part of the country. So parched and arid were the prairies around, that they could not supply grass enough for the horses to feed upon, and we were compelled to move farther and farther up the stream in search of ground for encampment. The country was much wilder than before. The plains were gashed with ravines and broken into hollows and steep declivities, which flanked our course, as, in long scattered array, the Indians advanced up the side of the stream. Mene-Seela consulted an extraordinary oracle to instruct him where the buffalo were to be found. When he with the other chiefs sat down on the grass to smoke and converse, as they often did during the march, the old man picked up one of those enormous black and green crickets, which the Dahcota called by a name that signifies "They who point out the buffalo." The "Root-Diggers," a wretched tribe beyond the mountains, turn them to good account by making them into a sort of soup, pronounced by certain unscrupulous trappers to be extremely rich. Holding the bloated insect respectfully between his fingers and thumb, the old Indian looked attentively at him and inquired, "Tell me, my father, where must we go to-morrow to find the buffalo?" The cricket twisted about his long horns in evident embarrassment. At last he pointed, or seemed to point, them westward. Mene-Seela, dropping him gently on the grass, laughed with great glee, and said that if we

went that way in the morning we should be sure to kill plenty of game.

Towards evening we came upon a fresh green meadow, traversed by the stream, and deep-set among tall sterile bluffs. The Indians descended its steep bank; and as I was at the rear, I was one of the last to reach this point. Lances were glittering, feathers fluttering, and the water below me was crowded with men and horses passing through, while the meadow beyond swarmed with the restless crowd of Indians. The sun was just setting, and poured its softened light upon them through an opening in the hills.

I remarked to Reynal, that at last we had found a good 'camping-ground.

"Oh, it's very good," replied he, ironically, "especially if there is a Snake war-party about, and they take it into their heads to shoot down at us from the top of these hills. It's no plan of mine, 'camping in such a hole as this."

The Indians also seemed anxious. High up on the top of the tallest bluff, conspicuous in the bright evening sunlight, sat a naked warrior on horseback, looking around over the neighboring country; and Raymond told me that many of the young men had gone out in different directions as scouts.

The shadows had reached to the very summit of the bluffs before the lodges were erected, and the village reduced again to quiet and order. A cry was suddenly raised, and men, women, and children came running out with animated faces, and looked eagerly through the opening in the hills by which the stream entered from the westward. I could discern afar off some dark, heavy masses, passing over the sides of a low hill. They disappeared, and then others followed. These were

bands of buffalo-cows. The hunting-ground was reached at last, and everything promised well for the morrow's chase. Being fatigued and exhausted, I lay down in Kongra-Tonga's lodge, when Raymond thrust in his head, and called upon me to come and see some sport. A number of Indians were gathered, laughing, along the line of lodges on the western side of the village, and at some distance, I could plainly see in the twilight two huge black monsters stalking, heavily and solemnly, directly towards us. They were buffalo-bulls. The wind blew from them to the village, and such was their blindness and stupidity, that they were advancing upon the enemy without the least consciousness of his presence. Raymond told me that two young men had hidden themselves with guns in a ravine about twenty yards in front of us. The two bulls walked slowly on, heavily swinging from side to side in their peculiar gait of stupid dignity. They approached within four or five rods of the ravine where the Indians lay in ambush. Here at last they seemed conscious that something was wrong, for they both stopped and stood perfectly still, without looking either to the right or to the left. Nothing of them was to be seen but two black masses of shaggy mane, with horns, eyes, and nose in the centre, and a part of hoofs visible at the bottom. At last the more intelligent of them seemed to have concluded that it was time to retire. Very slowly, and with an air of the gravest and most majestic deliberation, he began to turn round, as if he were revolving on a pivot. Little by little his ugly brown side was exposed to view. A white smoke sprang out, as it were from the ground; a sharp report came with it. The old bull gave a very undignified jump, and galloped off. At this his comrade wheeled about with consider-

able expedition. The other Indian shot at him from the ravine, and then both the bulls ran away at full speed, while half the juvenile population of the village raised a yell and ran after them. The first bull soon stopped, and while the crowd stood looking at him at a respectful distance, he reeled and rolled over on his side. The other, wounded in a less vital part, galloped away to the hills and escaped.

In half an hour it was totally dark. I lay down to sleep, and ill as I was, there was something very animating in the prospect of the general hunt that was to take place on the morrow.

NOTES

Ogillallah :— A tribe of Western Indians.

the "stone age" :— A state of savagery in which men use stone weapons, not having learned the use of metals.

Raymond :— A Western hunter who was in Parkman's party in the journey here described. See page 116 (Chapter X) of *The Oregon Trail*.

Reynal :— "A vagrant Indian trader," as Parkman says on page 116 of *The Oregon Trail*.

Le Borgne :— An old Indian described in Chapter XI of *The Oregon Trail*.

Mahto Tatonka :— A young nephew of Le Borgne. The Mahto Tatonka mentioned further on is the old chief of the same name as the young warrior, his son. At the time of which Parkman writes, old Mahto Tatonka was dead. See Chapter XI of *The Oregon Trail*.

Shienne :— Cheyenne, the name of a tribe of Indians.

Meneaska :— An Indian word for *white men*.

Medicine Bow Mountain :— A range of the Rocky Mountains, in Wyoming and Colorado. It forms the southwestern boundary of the Laramie Plain.

Snakes :— A tribe of war-like Western Indians.

Shaw and Henry Chatillon :— Quincy Adams Shaw, a relative of Parkman, took the trip with the author. See page 1

of *The Oregon Trail*. Henry Chatillon was Parkman's guide. He is described at length in Chapter II.

Fort Laramie :— A fort in the territory which is now the State of Wyoming. See Chapter IX of *The Oregon Trail*.

Papin :— Parkman says on page 69 of *The Oregon Trail* that Papin was "the boss of Fort Laramie."

Mackenzie :— Possibly this is Roderick Mackenzie, a fur-trader, connected with the Northwest Fur Company. He lived during the latter part of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century, but the exact dates of his birth and death are unknown.

Hail-Storm :— A young Indian spoken of on page 116 of *The Oregon Trail*.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is Parkman's purpose in giving the general sketch of Indian character, at first? Have the changes that he prophesies in the second paragraph already taken place? What is the value of the conversation that occurs as the travelers approach the village? What do you think of Parkman's method of sprinkling conversation all through the piece? Why does the author stop to give the Indians' ideas about the thunder? In what ways is the description of the feast made clear and lively? Pick out what you think are the most striking details. How does Parkman give an effect of confusion in the departure of the Indians from camp? In the account of the antelope-hunt, and the bison-hunt, what method is used in order to make the reader feel the liveliness of the events? Pick out the words and expressions that help to give an effect of rapidity and excitement in the action. Go through the whole selection, and see, by looking at the beginnings of the paragraphs, how Parkman leads the reader on from one scene to another; that is, take note of his use of transition. What is your general idea of the state of civilization in which the Ogillallahs were at the time that Parkman visited them?

THEME SUBJECTS

My Visit to an Indian Camp	A Visit to the Indian Reserva-
The Indian in the City	tion
The Gypsies' Camp	The Pioneer and the Indians

When the Indians Came to Town	When the Indians Lived on
The Adventures of an Indian Boy	the Site of Our Town
An Indian Peddler	Smoking the Pipe of Peace
An Adventure with the Indians	Playing Indian
The Indians at the Amusement	How the White Men Have
Park	Treated the Indians
The Wild West Show	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

When the Indians Came to Town:—Can you give an idea of the point of view from which you caught your first glimpse of the Indians at the time of which you are writing? Would it be better to speak first of the particular Indians, or of the whole group? Were you frightened, or amused? In either case, explain why. What sort of clothes and decorations did the Indians wear? Can you use some color-words that would make your picture of them clear? In speaking of individual Indians can you show in what way they differed from others? Did they wear peculiar garments, act strangely, or say anything particularly interesting? See if you can use one of the following ideas for closing up your theme: The way the townspeople regarded the Indians; the last you saw of them; the length of their stay; their departure.

An Adventure with the Indians:—Tell in your own words an incident that you have heard, read, or imagined, about some white person's adventure with Indians. Try to make clear to your reader, at the very first, the time and the place of the occurrence, and the circumstances that led up to it. Tell what each person said, in the first part of the adventure. Explain how the Indians looked, and what they said and did. See if you can make your picture of the Indians as striking and vivid as Parkman makes his; and try to make the actions of the Indians show their characters. Keep before the reader, as much as possible, the person who is having the adventure. Do not let him be forgotten while you are describing the Indians. Tell what he thought, felt, said, and did. Show clearly his state of mind, especially as to whether he was frightened or not. Go on and tell what happened, and how the adventure came out. Finish by telling how the hero felt when it was over.

COLLATERAL READINGS

The Oregon Trail	Francis Parkman
The Conspiracy of Pontiac . . .	“ “
The Jesuits in North America . .	“ “
La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West	“ “
Pioneers of France in the New World	“ “
The Old Régime in Canada . . .	“ “
A Half-Century of Conflict . . .	“ “
Heroes of the Middle West . . .	Mary Hartwell Catherwood
Rocky Mountain Exploration . .	Reuben G. Thwaites
Wisconsin	“ “
The Discovery of the Old North- west	James Baldwin
French Pathfinders in North Amer- ica	W. H. Johnson
The Romance of Discovery . . .	W. E. Griffis
American Indians	Frederick Starr
The Master of the Stronghearts .	E. S. Brooks
The Magic Forest	Stewart Edward White
The Wampum Belt	Hezekiah Butterworth
An Indian Boyhood	Charles Eastman
Indian Story and Song	A. C. Fletcher
Indians of To-day	G. B. Grinnell
Blackfoot Lodge Tales	“ “ “
The Story of the Indian	“ “ “
The Great Salt Lake Trail . . .	Inman and Cody
The Old Santa Fé Trail	H. Inman
The Expedition of Lewis and Clark	J. K. Hosmer
The Trail of Lewis and Clark . .	O. D. Wheeler
Boots and Saddles	E. Custer
Tenting on the Plains	“ “
Following the Guidon	“ “
Far West Sketches	Jessie B. Frémont
Pony Tracks	Frederic Remington
Across the Plains	R. L. Stevenson
The Land of Little Rain	Mary Austin
Old Indian Legends	Zitkala-Ša

The Book of Legends	Horace E. Scudder
Indian History for Young Folks	F. S. Drake
The Last of the Mohicans	James Fenimore Cooper
The Prairie	“ “ “
Francis Parkman	H. D. Sedgwick
Francis Parkman	E. H. Farnham

A WHITE HERON

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

(From *A White Heron and Other Stories*)

I

THE woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, just before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees. A little girl was driving home her cow, a plodding, dilatory, provoking creature in her behavior, but a valued companion for all that. They were going away from whatever light there was, and striking deep into the woods, but their feet were familiar with the path, and it was no matter whether their eyes could see it or not.

There was hardly a night the summer through when the old cow could be found waiting at the pasture bars; on the contrary, it was her greatest pleasure to hide herself away among the huckleberry bushes, and though she wore a loud bell she had made the discovery that if one stood perfectly still it would not ring. So Sylvia had to hunt for her until she found her, and call Co'! Co'! with never an answering Moo, until her childish patience was quite spent. If the creature had not given good milk and plenty of it, the case would have seemed very different to her owners. Besides, Sylvia had all the time there was, and very little use to make of it. Sometimes in pleasant weather it was a consolation to look upon the cow's pranks as an intelligent attempt to play hide and seek, and as the child had no playmates she lent herself to this amusement with a

good deal of zest. Though this chase had been so long that the wary animal herself had given an unusual signal of her whereabouts, Sylvia had only laughed when she came upon Mistress Moolly at the swampside, and urged her affectionately homeward with a twig of birch leaves. The old cow was not inclined to wander farther; she even turned in the right direction for once as they left the pasture, and stepped along the road at a good pace. She was quite ready to be milked now, and seldom stopped to browse. Sylvia wondered what her grandmother would say because they were so late. It was a great while since she had left home at half-past five o'clock, but everybody knew the difficulty of making this errand a short one. Mrs. Tilley had chased the hornéd torment too many summer evenings herself to blame anyone else for lingering, and was only thankful as she waited that she had Sylvia, nowadays, to give such valuable assistance. The good woman suspected that Sylvia loitered occasionally on her own account; there never was such a child for straying about out-of-doors since the world was made! Everybody said that it was a good change for a little maid who had tried to grow for eight years, in a crowded manufacturing town, but, as for Sylvia herself, it seemed as if she never had been alive at all before she came to live at the farm. She thought often with wistful compassion of a wretched geranium that belonged to a town neighbor.

“‘Afraid of folks,’” old Mrs. Tilley said to herself, with a smile, after she had made the unlikely choice of Sylvia from her daughter’s houseful of children, and was returning to the farm. “‘Afraid of folks,’ they said! I guess she won’t be troubled no great with ’em up to the old place!” When they reached the

door of the lonely house and stopped to unlock it, and the cat came to purr loudly, and rub against them, a deserted pussy, indeed, but fat with young robins, Sylvia whispered that this was a beautiful place to live in, and she never should wish to go home.

The companions followed the shady wood-road, the cow taking slow steps and the child very fast ones. The cow stopped long at the brook to drink, as if the pasture were not half a swamp, and Sylvia stood still and waited, letting her bare feet cool themselves in the shoal water, while the great twilight moths struck softly against her. She waded on through the brook as the cow moved away, and listened to the thrushes with a heart that beat fast with pleasure. There was a stirring in the great boughs overhead. They were full of little birds and beasts that seemed to be wide awake, and going about their world, or else saying good-night to each other in sleepy twitters. Sylvia herself felt sleepy as she walked along. However, it was not much farther to the house, and the air was soft and sweet. She was not often in the woods so late as this, and it made her feel as if she were a part of the gray shadows and the moving leaves. She was just thinking how long it seemed since she first came to the farm a year ago, and wondering if everything went on in the noisy town just the same as when she was there; the thought of the great red-faced boy who used to chase and frighten her made her hurry along the path to escape from the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly this little woods-girl was horror-stricken to hear a clear whistle not very far away. Not a bird's-whistle, which would have a sort of friendliness, but a boy's whistle, determined, and somewhat aggressive.

Sylvia left the cow to whatever sad fate might await her, and stepped discreetly aside into the bushes, but she was just too late. The enemy had discovered her, and called out in a very cheerful and persuasive tone, "Halloa, little girl, how far is it to the road?" and trembling Sylvia answered almost inaudibly, "A good ways."

She did not dare to look boldly at the tall young man, who carried a gun on his shoulder, but she came out of her bush and again followed the cow, while he walked alongside.

"I have been hunting for some birds," the stranger said kindly, "and I have lost my way, and need a friend very much. Don't be afraid," he added gallantly. "Speak up and tell me what your name is, and whether you think I can spend the night at your house, and go out gunning early in the morning."

Sylvia was more alarmed than before. Would not her grandmother consider her much to blame? But who could have foreseen such an accident as this? It did not seem to be her fault, and she hung her head as if the stem of it were broken, but managed to answer "Sylvy," with much effort when her companion again asked her name.

Mrs. Tilley was standing in the doorway when the trio came into view. The cow gave a loud moo by way of explanation.

"Yes, you'd better speak up for yourself, you old trial! Where'd she tucked herself away this time, Sylvy?" But Sylvia kept an awed silence; she knew by instinct that her grandmother did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. She must be mistaking the stranger for one of the farmer-lads of the region.

The young man stood his gun beside the door, and

dropped a lumpy game-bag beside it; then he bade Mrs. Tilley good-evening, and repeated his wayfarer's story, and asked if he could have a night's lodging.

"Put me anywhere you like," he said. "I must be off early in the morning, before day; but I am very hungry, indeed. You can give me some milk at any rate, that's plain."

"Dear sakes, yes," responded the hostess, whose long slumbering hospitality seemed to be easily awakened. "You might fare better if you went out to the main road a mile or so, but you're welcome to what we've got. I'll milk right off, and you make yourself at home. You can sleep on husks or feathers," she proffered graciously. "I raised them all myself. There's good pasturing for geese just below here towards the ma'sh. Now step round and set a plate for the gentleman, Sylvy!" And Sylvia promptly stepped. She was glad to have something to do, and she was hungry herself.

It was a surprise to find so clean and comfortable a little dwelling in this New England wilderness. The young man had known the horrors of its most primitive housekeeping, and the dreary squalor of that level of society which does not rebel at the companionship of hens. This was the best thrift of an old-fashioned farmstead, though on such a small scale that it seemed like a hermitage. He listened eagerly to the old woman's quaint talk, he watched Sylvia's pale face and shining gray eyes with ever growing enthusiasm, and insisted that this was the best supper he had eaten for a month, and afterward the new-made friends sat down in the door-way together while the moon came up.

Soon it would be berry-time, and Sylvia was a great

help at picking. The cow was a good milker, though a plaguy thing to keep track of, the hostess gossiped frankly, adding presently that she had buried four children, so Sylvia's mother, and a son (who might be dead) in California were all the children she had left. "Dan, my boy, was a great hand to go gunning," she explained sadly. "I never wanted for pa'tridges or gray squer'ls while he was to home. He's been a great wand'rer, I expect, and he's no hand to write letters. There, I don't blame him, I'd ha' seen the world myself if it had been so I could."

"Sylvy takes after him," the grandmother continued affectionately, after a minute's pause. "There ain't a foot o' ground she don't know her way over, and the wild creaturs counts her one o' themselves. Squer'ls she'll tame to come an' feed right out o' her hands, and all sorts o' birds. Last winter she got the jaybirds to bargeing here, and I believe she'd 'a' scanted herself of her own meals to have plenty to throw out amongst 'em, if I had n't kep' watch. Anything but crows, I tell her, I'm willin' to help support — though Dan he had a tamed one o' them that did seem to have reason same as folks. It was round here a good spell after he went away. Dan an' his father they did n't hitch, — but he never held up his head ag'in after Dan had dared him an' gone off."

The guest did not notice this hint of family sorrows in his eager interest in something else.

"So Sylvy knows all about birds, does she?" he exclaimed, as he looked round at the little girl who sat, very demure but increasingly sleepy, in the moonlight. "I am making a collection of birds myself. I have been at it ever since I was a boy." (Mrs. Tilley smiled.) "There are two or three very rare ones I

have been hunting for these five years. I mean to get them on my own ground if they can be found."

"Do you cage 'em up?" asked Mrs. Tilley doubtfully, in response to this enthusiastic announcement.

"Oh no, they 're stuffed and preserved, dozens and dozens of them," said the ornithologist, "and I have shot or snared every one myself. I caught a glimpse of a white heron a few miles from here on Saturday, and I have followed it in this direction. They have never been found in this district at all. The little white heron, it is," and he turned again to look at Sylvia with the hope of discovering that the rare bird was one of her acquaintances.

But Sylvia was watching a hop-toad in the narrow footpath.

"You would know the heron if you saw it," the stranger continued eagerly. "A queer, tall white bird with soft feathers and long thin legs. And it would have a nest perhaps in the top of a high tree, made of sticks, something like a hawk's nest."

Sylvia's heart gave a wild beat; she knew that strange white bird, and had once stolen softly near where it stood in some bright green swamp grass, away over at the other side of the woods. There was an open place where the sunshine always seemed strangely yellow and hot, where tall, nodding rushes grew, and her grandmother had warned her that she might sink in the soft black mud underneath and never be heard of more. Not far beyond were the salt marshes just this side the sea itself, which Sylvia wondered and dreamed much about, but never had seen, whose great voice could sometimes be heard above the noise of the woods on stormy nights.

"I can't think of anything I should like so much as

to find that heron's nest," the handsome stranger was saying. "I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me," he added desperately, "and I mean to spend my whole vacation hunting for it if need be. Perhaps it was only migrating, or had been chased out of its own region by some bird of prey."

Mrs. Tilley gave amazed attention to all this, but Sylvia still watched the toad, not divining, as she might have done at some calmer time, that the creature wished to get to its hole under the door-step, and was much hindered by the unusual spectators at that hour of the evening. No amount of thought, that night, could decide how many wished-for treasures the ten dollars, so lightly spoken of, would buy.

The next day the young sportsman hovered about the woods, and Sylvia kept him company, having lost her first fear of the friendly lad, who proved to be most kind and sympathetic. He told her many things about the birds and what they knew and where they lived and what they did with themselves. And he gave her a jack-knife, which she thought as great a treasure as if she were a desert-islander. All day long he did not once make her troubled or afraid except when he brought down some unsuspecting singing creature from its bough. Sylvia would have liked him vastly better without his gun; she could not understand why he killed the very birds he seemed to like so much. But as the day waned, Sylvia still watched the young man with loving admiration. She had never seen anybody so charming and delightful; the woman's heart, asleep in the child, was vaguely thrilled by a dream of love. Some premonition of that great power stirred and swayed these young creatures who traversed the solemn

woodlands with soft-footed silent care. They stopped to listen to a bird's song; they pressed forward again eagerly, parting the branches — speaking to each other rarely and in whispers; the young man going first and Sylvia following, fascinated, a few steps behind, with her gray eyes dark with excitement.

She grieved because the longed-for white heron was elusive, but she did not lead the guest, — she only followed, and there was no such thing as speaking first. The sound of her own unquestioned voice would have terrified her, — it was hard enough to answer yes or no when there was need of that. At last evening began to fall, and they drove the cow home together, and Sylvia smiled with pleasure when they came to the place where she heard the whistle and was afraid only the night before.

II

Half a mile from home, at the farther edge of the woods, where the land was highest, a great pine-tree stood, the last of its generation. Whether it was left for a boundary mark, or for what reason, no one could say; the woodchoppers who had felled its mates were dead and gone long ago, and a whole forest of sturdy trees, pines and oaks and maples, had grown again. But the stately head of this old pine towered above them all and made a landmark for sea and shore miles and miles away. Sylvia knew it well. She had always believed that whoever climbed to the top of it could see the ocean; and the little girl had often laid her hand on the great rough trunk and looked up wistfully at those dark boughs that the wind always stirred, no matter how hot and still the air might be below. Now she thought of the tree with a new excite-

ment, for why, if one climbed it at break of day, could not one see all the world, and easily discover from whence the white heron flew, and mark the place, and find the hidden nest?

What a spirit of adventure, what wild ambition! What fancied triumph and delight and glory for the later morning when she could make known the secret! It was almost too real and too great for the childish heart to bear.

All night the door of the little house stood open and the whippoorwills came and sang upon the very step. The young sportsman and his old hostess were sound asleep, but Sylvia's great design kept her broad awake and watching. She forgot to think of sleep. The short summer night seemed as long as the winter darkness, and at last when the whippoorwills ceased, and she was afraid the morning would after all come too soon, she stole out of the house and followed the pasture path through the woods, hastening toward the open ground beyond, listening with a sense of comfort and companionship to the drowsy twitter of a half-awakened bird, whose perch she had jarred in passing. Alas, if the great wave of human interest which flooded for the first time this dull little life should sweep away the satisfactions of an existence heart to heart with nature and the dumb life of the forest!

There was the huge tree asleep yet in the paling moonlight, and small and silly Sylvia began with utmost bravery to mount to the top of it, with tingling, eager blood coursing the channels of her whole frame, and with her bare feet and fingers, that pinched and held like bird's claws to the monstrous ladder reaching up, up, almost to the sky itself. First she must mount the white oak tree that grew alongside, where she was

almost lost among the dark branches and the green leaves heavy and wet with dew; a bird fluttered off its nest, and a red squirrel ran to and fro and scolded pettishly at the harmless house-breaker. Sylvia felt her way easily. She had often climbed there, and knew that higher still one of the oak's upper branches chafed against the pine trunk, just where its lower boughs were set close together. There, when she made the dangerous pass from one tree to the other, the great enterprise would really begin.

She crept out along the swaying oak limb at last, and took the daring step across into the old pine tree. The way was harder than she thought; she must reach far and hold fast, the sharp dry twigs caught and held her and scratched her like angry talons, the pitch made her thin little fingers clumsy and stiff as she went round and round the tree's great stem, higher and higher upward. The sparrows and robins in the woods below were beginning to wake and twitter to the dawn, yet it seemed much lighter there aloft in the pine tree, and the child knew she must hurry if her project were to be of any use.

The tree seemed to lengthen itself out as she went up, and to reach farther and farther upward. It was like a great main-mast to the voyaging earth; it must truly have been amazed that morning through all its ponderous frame as it felt this determined spark of human spirit wending its way from higher branch to branch. Who knows how steadily the least twigs held themselves to advantage this light, weak creature on her way! The old pine must have loved his new dependent. More than all the hawks, and bats, and moths, and even the sweet-voiced thrushes, was the brave, beating heart of the solitary gray-eyed child.

And the tree stood still and frowned away the winds that June morning while the dawn grew bright in the east.

Sylvia's face was like a pale star, if one had seen it from the ground, when the last thorny bough was past, and she stood trembling and tired but wholly triumphant, high in the treetop. Yes, there was the sea with the dawning sun making a golden dazzle over it, and toward that glorious east flew two hawks with slow-moving pinions. How low they looked in the air from that height when one had only seen them before far up, and dark against the blue sky. Their gray feathers were as soft as moths; they seemed only a little way from the tree, and Sylvia felt as if she too could go flying away among the clouds. Westward, the woodlands and farms reached miles and miles into the distance; here and there were church steeples, white villages; truly it was a vast and awesome world!

The birds sang louder and louder. At last the sun came up bewilderingly bright. Sylvia could see the white sails of ships out at sea, and the clouds that were purple and rose-colored and yellow at first began to fade away. Where was the white heron's nest in the sea of green branches, and was this wonderful sight and pageant of the world the only reward for having climbed to such a giddy height? Now look down again, Sylvia, where the green marsh is set among the shining birches and dark hemlocks; there where you saw the white heron once you will see him again; look, look! a white spot of him like a single floating feather comes up from the dead hemlock and grows larger, and rises, and comes close at last, and goes by the landmark pine with steady sweep of wing and outstretched slender neck and crested head. And wait! wait! do not move

a foot or a finger, little girl, do not send an arrow of light and consciousness from your two eager eyes, for the heron has perched on a pine bough not far beyond yours, and cries back to his mate on the nest and plumes his feathers for the new day!

The child gives a long sigh a minute later when a company of shouting cat-birds come also to the tree, and vexed by their fluttering and lawlessness the solemn heron goes away. She knows his secret now, the wild, light, slender bird that floats and wavers, and goes back like an arrow presently to his home in the green world beneath. Then Sylvia, well satisfied, makes her perilous way down again, not daring to look far below the branch she stands on, ready to cry sometimes because her fingers ache and her lamed feet slip; wondering over and over again what the stranger would say to her, and what he would think when she told him how to find his way straight to the heron's nest.

"Sylvy, Sylvy!" called the busy old grandmother again and again, but nobody answered, and the small husk bed was empty and Sylvia had disappeared.

The guest waked from a dream, and remembering his day's pleasure hurried to dress himself that it might sooner begin. He was sure from the way the shy little girl looked once or twice yesterday that she had at least seen the white heron, and now she must really be made to tell. Here she comes now, paler than ever, and her worn old frock is torn and tattered, and smeared with pine pitch. The grandmother and the sportsman stand in the door together and question her, and the splendid moment has come to speak of the dead hemlock-tree by the green marsh.

But Sylvia does not speak after all, though the old grandmother fretfully rebukes her, and the young man's kind, appealing eyes are looking straight in her own. He can make them rich with money; he has promised it, and they are poor now. He is so well worth making happy, and he waits to hear the story she can tell.

No, she must keep silence! What is it that suddenly forbids her and makes her dumb? Has she been nine years growing and now, when the great world for the first time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird's sake? The murmur of the pine's green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and Sylvia cannot speak; she cannot tell the heron's secret and give its life away.

Dear loyalty, that suffered a sharp pang as the guest went away disappointed later in the day, that could have served and followed him and loved him as a dog loves! Many a night Sylvia heard the echo of his whistle haunting the pasture path as she came home with the loitering cow. She forgot even her sorrow at the sharp report of his gun and the sight of thrushes and sparrows dropping silent to the ground, their songs hushed and their pretty feathers stained and wet with blood. Were the birds better friends than their hunter might have been, — who can tell? Whatever treasures were lost to her, woodlands and summer-time, remember! Bring your gifts and graces and tell your secrets to this lonely country child!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

In the first three paragraphs what do you learn about Sylvia and her grandmother? Do you know what the name *Sylvia* means? Why should the author choose it for the little girl in the story? How old was the stranger? How did he look? What is your first idea of him? What does the old woman's talk tell you about herself? About Sylvia? Why does Mrs. Tilley smile when the stranger says, "ever since I was a boy"? Do you think that the author tells enough of what happened the next day? Why does Sylvia not tell the young man what she knows about the heron? Why does she go so secretly to the old pine tree? Is this an important part of the story? Does Sylvia find out what she wishes to? What is meant by "The splendid moment is come"? Why does Sylvia not tell the young man what she has discovered? Do you think she wanted the money? Do you think she cared about pleasing the stranger? What difference would it have made in her life if she had told where the heron's nest was? Do you think that she did right not to tell?

THEME SUBJECTS

Early Morning in the Woods	The Autobiography of a Heron
When I Was Lost in the Woods	Meeting a Stranger in the Woods
The Sights from the Top of the Hill	A Morning with a Bird Class
Going for the Cows	Sylvia's Trip to Town
Evening in the Woods	A Girl's Life on the Farm
A Visit to a Lonely Farm House	When I Got Up Early
Early Morning in the City	Another of Sylvia's Adventures
Did Sylvia Choose Rightly?	What I Saw from the Tree Top
	Sylvia's New Friend

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

Another of Sylvia's Adventures:— Can you imagine something very pleasant that might have happened to Sylvia? Try to tell it in the form of a little story. Imagine Sylvia at work about the house, doing some task for her grandmother. A stranger arrives, or a neighbor, bringing a message or a letter for Sylvia. What is the appearance of the person who has just come? What does he (or she) say? What does Mrs. Tilley say?

What does Sylvia say, and how does she feel? Tell what happens next. If Sylvia is going somewhere, tell what preparations she makes. Try to make the conversation tell as much as possible; try, too, to make each person speak as he would in real life. Go on and tell the rest of the story, making it as lively and interesting as possible. Do not forget that Sylvia is the chief character, and that her actions and feelings are more important than any one's else. How does the story "come out"? Does this event that you are writing about make any difference in Sylvia's life? Can you show this, without telling too much about it, and making your story move slowly? What is a good way to end the story? Read your story through, after you have finished it, or read it to some one, and see if you have made it clear. Is Sylvia before the reader all the time? Could you improve the story by any more conversation? By any little touches of description? Have you given the impression that something really pleasant has happened to Sylvia, and that she is happy about it?

COLLATERAL READINGS

A White Heron and Other Stories	Sarah Orne Jewett
The Country of the Pointed Firs	" " "
Tales of New England	" " "
A Country Doctor	" " "
The Queen's Twin and Other Stories	" " "
The King of Folly Island and Other People	" " "
Deephaven	" " "
A Marsh Island	" " "
Betty Leicester's Christmas	" " "
Betty Leicester	" " "
A Native of Winby and Other Tales	" " "
Country By-Ways	" " "
The Story of the Sand Hill Stag	Ernest Thompson Seton
How to Attract the Birds	Neltje Blanchan
Little Brothers of the Air	Olive Thorne Miller
A Bird-Lover in the West	" " "
In Nesting Time	" " "
The Story of a Bird-Lover	W. E. D. Scott
Fowls of the Air	W. J. Long
The Woodpeckers	F. H. Eckstorm

Everyday Birds	Bradford Torrey
Birds in the Bush	“ “
Birds and Bees	John Burroughs
Citizen Bird	Mabel Osgood Wright
The Lord of the Air	Charles G. D. Roberts
Sarah Orne Jewett. Critic, 39 : 292, Oct. 1901 (Portrait); New England Magazine, 22 : 737, Aug. 1900 ; Outlook, 69 : 423.	

An article helpful to the teacher may be found in the Atlantic Monthly, 94 : 485.

A brief sketch of Miss Jewett's life is given in Little Pilgrimages among the Women Who Have Written Famous Books, by E. F. Harkins and C. H. L. Johnston.

CANOEING¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(From *An Inland Voyage*)

BEFORE nine next morning the two canoes were installed on a light country cart at Etreux; and we were soon following them along the side of a pleasant valley full of hop-gardens and poplars. Agreeable villages lay here and there on the slope of the hill: notably, Tupigny, with the hop poles hanging their garlands in the very street, and the houses clustered with grapes. There was a faint enthusiasm on our passage; weavers put their heads to the windows; children cried out in ecstasy at sight of the two "boaties" — barquettes; and bloused pedestrians, who were acquainted with our charioteer, jested with him on the nature of his freight.

We had a shower or two, but light and flying. The air was clean and sweet among all these green fields and green things growing. There was not a touch of autumn in the weather. And when, at Vadencourt, we launched from a little lawn opposite a mill, the sun broke forth and set all the leaves shining in the valley of the Oise.

The river was swollen with the long rains. From Vadencourt all the way to Origny it ran with everquickening speed, taking fresh heart at each mile, and racing as though it already smelt the sea. The water was yellow and turbulent, swung with an angry eddy among half-submerged willows, and made a noisy

¹ By courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

clatter along stony shores. The course kept turning and turning in a narrow and well-timbered valley. Now the river would approach the side, and run gliding along the chalky base of the hill, and show us a few open colza fields among the trees. Now it would skirt the garden-walls of houses, where we might catch a glimpse through a doorway and see a priest pacing in the checkered sunlight. Again, the foliage closed so thickly in front that there seemed to be no issue ; only a thicket of willows overtopped by elms and poplars, under which the river ran flush and fleet, and where a king-fisher flew past like a piece of the blue sky. On these different manifestations the sun poured its clear and catholic looks. The shadows lay as solid on the swift surface of the stream as on the stable meadows. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves, and brought the hills into communion with our eyes. And all the while the river never stopped running or took breath ; and the reeds along the whole valley stood shivering from top to toe.

There should be some myth (but if there is, I know it not) founded on the shiverings of the reeds. There are not many things in nature more striking to man's eye. It is such an eloquent pantomime of terror ; and to see such a number of terrified creatures taking sanctuary in every nook along the shore is enough to infect a silly human with alarm. Perhaps they are only acold, and no wonder, standing waist deep in the stream. Or, perhaps, they have never got accustomed to the speed and fury of the river's flux, or the miracle of its continuous body. Pan once played upon their forefathers ; and so by the hands of his river, he still plays upon these later generations down all the valleys of the Oise ; and plays the same air, both

sweet and shrill, to tell us of the beauty and the terror of the world.

The canoe was like a leaf in the current. It took it up and shook it, and carried it masterfully away, like a Centaur carrying off a nymph. To keep some command on our direction required hard and diligent plying of the paddle. The river was in such a hurry for the sea! Every drop of water ran in a panic, like so many people in a frightened crowd. But what crowd was ever so numerous or so single-minded? All the objects of sight went by at a dance measure; the eyesight raced with the racing river; the exigencies of every moment kept the pegs screwed so tight that our beings quivered like a well-tuned instrument, and the blood shook off its lethargy, and trotted through all the highways and byways of the veins and arteries, and in and out of the heart, as if circulation were but a holiday journey and not the daily moil of three-score years and ten. The reeds might not nod their heads in warning, and with tremendous gestures tell how the river was as cruel as it was strong and cold, and how death lurked in the eddy underneath the willows. But the reeds had to stand where they were; and those who stand still are always timid advisers. As for us, we could have shouted aloud. If this lively and beautiful river were, indeed, a thing of death's contrivance, the old ashen rogue had famously outwitted himself with us. I was living three to the minute. I was scoring points against him every stroke of my paddle, every turn of the stream. I have rarely had better profit of my life.

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Towards the afternoon we got fairly drunken with the sunshine and the exhilaration of the pace. We could no longer contain ourselves in our content. The

canoes were too small for us; we must be out and stretch ourselves on shore. And so in a green meadow we bestowed our limbs on the grass, and smoked deifying tobacco, and proclaimed the world excellent. It was the last good hour of the day, and I dwelt upon it with extreme complacency.

On one side of the valley, high upon the chalky summit of the hill, a ploughman with his team appeared and disappeared at regular intervals. At each revelation he stood still for a few seconds against the sky, for all the world (as the Cigarette declared) like a toy Burns who had just ploughed up the Mountain Daisy. He was the only living thing within view, unless we are to count the river.

On the other side of the valley a group of red roofs and a belfry showed among the foliage. Thence some inspired bell-ringer made the afternoon musical on a chime of bells. There was something very sweet and taking in the air he played, and we thought we had never heard bells speak so intelligibly or sing so melodiously as these. It must have been in some such measure that the spinners and young maids sang, "Come away, Death," in the Shakespearian *Illyria*. There is so often a threatening note, something blatant and metallic in the voice of bells, that I believe we have fully more pain than pleasure from hearing them; but these as they sounded abroad, now high, now low, now with a plaintive cadence that caught the ear like the burden of a popular song, were always moderate and tunable, and seemed to fall in with the spirit of still, rustic places, like the noise of a waterfall or the babble of a rookery in spring. I could have asked the bell-ringer for his blessing, good, sedate old man, who swung the rope so gently to the time of his meditations. I could

have blessed the priest or the heritors, or whoever may be concerned with such affairs in France, who had left these sweet old bells to gladden the afternoon, and not held meetings, and made collections, and had their names repeatedly in the local paper, to rig up a peal of brand-new, brazen, Birmingham-hearted substitutes, who should bombard their sides to the provocation of a brand-new bell-ringer, and fill the echoes of the valley with terror and riot.

At last the bells ceased, and with their note the sun withdrew. The piece was at an end; shadow and silence possessed the valley of the Oise. We took to the paddle with glad hearts, like people who have sat out a noble performance and return to work. The river was more dangerous here; it ran swifter, the eddies were more sudden and violent. All the way down we had had our fill of difficulties. Sometimes it was a weir which could be shot, sometimes one so shallow and full of stakes that we must withdraw the boats from the water and carry them round. But the chief sort of obstacle was a consequence of the late high winds. Every two or three hundred yards a tree had fallen across the river, and usually involved more than another in its fall. Often there was free water at the end, and we could steer round a leafy promontory and hear the water sucking and bubbling among the twigs. Often, again, when the tree reached from bank to bank, there was room, by lying close, to shoot through underneath, canoe and all. Sometimes it was necessary to get out upon the trunk itself and pull the boats across; and sometimes, where the stream was too impetuous for this, there was nothing for it but to land and "carry over." This made a fine series of accidents in the day's career, and kept us aware of ourselves.

Shortly after our re-embarkation, while I was leading by a long way, and still full of a noble, exulting spirit in honor of the sun, the swift pace, and the church bells, the river made one of its leonine pounces round a corner, and I was aware of another fallen tree within a stone's-cast. I had my back-board down in a trice, and aimed for a place where the trunk seemed high enough above the water, and the branches not too thick to let me slip below. When a man has just vowed eternal brotherhood with the universe he is not in a temper to take great determinations coolly, and this, which might have been a very important determination for me, had not been taken under a happy star. The tree caught me about the chest, and while I was yet struggling to make less of myself and get through, the river took the matter out of my hands and bereaved me of my boat. The Arethusa swung around broadside on, leaned over, ejected so much of me as still remained on board, and, thus disencumbered, whipped under the tree, righted, and went merrily away down stream.

I do not know how long it was before I scrambled on to the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and almost sombre character, but I still clung to my paddle. The stream ran away with my heels as fast as I could pull up my shoulders, and I seemed, by the weight, to have all the water of the Oise in my trousers pocket. You can never know, till you try it, what a dead pull a river makes against a man. Death himself had me by the heels, for this was his last ambuscade, and he must now join personally in the fray. And still I held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop, with a mingled sense of humor and

injustice. A poor figure I must have presented to Burns upon the hill-top with his team. But there was the paddle in my hand. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed : " He clung to his paddle."

The Cigarette had gone past a while before ; for, as I might have observed, if I had been a little less pleased with the universe at the moment, there was a clear way around the tree-top at the farther side. He had offered his services to haul me out, but, as I was then already on my elbows, I had declined, and sent him downstream after the truant Arethusa. The stream was too rapid for a man to mount with one canoe, let alone two, upon his hands. So I crawled along the trunk to shore and proceeded down the meadow by the riverside. I was so cold that my heart was sore. I had now an idea of my own why the reeds so bitterly shivered. I could have given any of them a lesson. The Cigarette remarked, facetiously, that he thought I was " taking exercises " as I drew near, until he made out for certain that I was only twittering with cold. I had a rub-down with a towel, and donned a dry suit from the india-rubber bag. But I was not my own man again for the rest of the voyage. I had a queasy sense that I wore my last dry clothes upon my body. The struggle had tired me ; and, perhaps, whether I knew it or not, I was a little dashed in spirit. The devouring elements of the universe had leaped out against me, in this green valley quickened by a running stream. The bells were all very pretty in their way, but I had heard some of the hollow notes of Pan's music. Would the wicked river drag me down by the heels, indeed ? and look so beautiful all the time ? Nature's good humor was only skin deep, after all.

There was still a long way to go by the winding course of the stream, and darkness had fallen, and a late bell was ringing in Origny Sainte-Benoîte when we arrived.

NOTES

In 1876, Stevenson in company with his friend Sir Walter Simpson, took a canoeing trip from Antwerp to Pontoise. The events of the journey are told in Stevenson's book, *An Inland Voyage*.

Etreux :— Etreux, Tupigny, and Vadencourt are small places on the Oise River in France.

Oise :— (Pronounced *waz*). A river in France flowing into the Seine.

Origny, later, page 211, **Origny Sainte-Benoîte** (o reen yee' sant beh nwät') :— A town in France on the Oise River.

catholic :— The word here (note that it begins with a small letter) means *free*, or *liberal*.

Pan :— Pan, in the Greek mythology, was the god of pastures, forests, and flocks. Sudden terror without apparent cause was supposed to be due to his influence. He was said to have invented the shepherd's pipe (a kind of flute) by cutting and blowing through reeds.

the Cigarette :— This was the name of the boat that was paddled by Stevenson's companion, Sir Walter Simpson. Here the name is used as if it were that of Simpson himself.

the Mountain Daisy :— The Scottish poet, Robert Burns, wrote a poem, *To a Mountain Daisy*, in which he speaks of the daisy as having been ploughed up by a farmer, in the field.

Come away, Death :— See the Song in Act II, Scene 4, of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. The setting of *Twelfth Night* is, nominally, the country called Illyria, a part of Austria.

Birmingham-hearted :— Birmingham, in England, is one of the chief centres of the world for brass, iron, and other metallic wares. It is frequently taken as the type of the modern large manufacturing centre.

Arethusa :— The canoe in which Stevenson rode was called the Arethusa.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Notice how simply and easily Stevenson gives you the whole situation, — the time and the place, together with the persons, the scene, and the action. What phrases does he use to suggest the pleasantness of the day, and the first scenes? Notice carefully how he makes you feel the rapid flowing of the river. What words like *racing*, *swung*, etc., does he use to carry out this effect of the swiftness of the water? Do you understand what he says about Pan and the reeds? Does Stevenson make the action clear when he tells of the landing, and the resting on the bank? What is the use of the passage about the bells? Notice how he introduces the story of his accident by explaining about the fallen trees. Read carefully the story of the accident. What are the clearest sentences, and those that tell the most? How much does the author tell of his own feelings? How does he make you understand how cold he was? Does the reading of the incident leave you distressed, or amused? Which effect do you think that the author intended? Go through the selection and pick out the clear little pictures that Stevenson has scattered through it.

THEME SUBJECTS

When the Canoe Upset	When I Learned to Swim
Paddling around the Snags	Adrift without Oars
How We Crossed the Portage	My First Dip in the Ocean
A Narrow Escape	Going Sixty Miles an Hour
On the Lake in a Storm	When We Broke through the
Along the Banks of the River	Ice
Carried Away by the Current	Glimpses of the Country from
When the Gasoline Engine	the Train
Stopped	Floating down the Stream
	At the Mercy of the Waves

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

A Narrow Escape:—Think of some accident that has happened to you, or to some one you know, and that you can write about for this theme. Tell clearly just when and where the accident took place. Notice how Stevenson gets an effect of contrast by describing the peacefulness of the country. See if

you can do the same thing. Notice, also, how unsuspecting the victim is before the accident ; he is thinking of very pleasant things. Can you represent the victim in your story as feeling pleasant and happy, and then being overtaken by his accident? Tell in a lively way just what occurred. Explain clearly what was said and done, and how the person concerned in the accident felt. Show how the escape was brought about. Express, in a clear, brief way, the feeling of the persons involved, after the affair was all over.

Floating down the Stream :— Notice what vivid interesting little pictures Stevenson has given of the country through which he passed in his canoe. Can you do something of the same kind, describing scenes that you know, along some river or small stream ?

COLLATERAL READINGS

An Inland Voyage	Robert Louis Stevenson
The Ebb Tide	“ “ “
Treasure Island	“ “ “
Kidnapped	“ “ “
David Balfour	“ “ “
The Black Arrow	“ “ “
St. Ives	“ “ “
New Arabian Nights	“ “ “
The Merry Men	“ “ “
The Master of Ballantrae	“ “ “
Across the Plains	“ “ “
Travels with a Donkey	“ “ “
The Silverado Squatters	“ “ “
In the South Seas	“ “ “
The Wrong Box	“ “ “
The Wrecker	“ “ “
Little Rivers	Henry van Dyke
The Conjuror's House	Stewart Edward White
Pepacton	John Burroughs

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

WALTER SCOTT

(From *Ivanhoe*, Chapter XIII)

THE sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silver baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal

seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder.”

“Under favour, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.”

“And what is thy other reason?” said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

“Because,” replied the woodsman, “I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure.”

Prince John coloured as he put the question, “What is thy name, yeoman?”

“Locksley,” answered the yeoman.

“Then, Locksley,” said Prince John, “thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart.”

“And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?” said the yeoman. — “Your Grace’s power, supported,

as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refuseth my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. — And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the

distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

“Now, Locksley,” said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, “wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?”

“Sith it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.”

“That is but fair,” answered Prince John, “and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this brag-gart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver-pennies for thee.”

“A man can do but his best,” answered Hubert; “but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory.”

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

“You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,” said

his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

"An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow" —

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John, "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! — in the clout! — a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precau-

tion than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-

score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. — "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley, "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a

yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger, and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

NOTES

Prince John : — Son of Henry II and brother of King Richard; was ruling during Richard's absence on the Crusades and was hostile to him and his followers. See *Ivanhoe*, Chapter VII.

St. Hubert : — A bishop of Liege, who died in 727. He was the traditional patron of hunters.

Newmarket : — A town fifty-five miles northeast of London, where horse races have been held annually for three hundred years.

the object of his resentment : — See Chapter VII of *Ivanhoe*, in which the following description occurs: "The complaints of the old man, however, excited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout, well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round; . . . his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered as brown as a hazel nut, grew darker with anger."

Locksley : — A name for Robin Hood, who is said to have been born at Locksley, Nottinghamshire, about the year 1160.

twenty nobles : — A noble was an old English coin, worth about \$1.60.

Lincoln green:— A woolen cloth of a green color, made in Lincoln, England, and worn by foresters.

a good long bow at Hastings:— At the battle of Senlac, or Hastings, Oct. 14, 1066, William the Norman defeated the English under Harold. Much of the best fighting was done by archers with "long bows."

King Arthur's round table:— A table made by the magician Merlin, for Uther Pendragon, who gave it to the father of Guinevere, from whom Arthur received it with 100 knights, as a wedding gift. It would seat 150 knights. *Century Dictionary.*

King Richard:— Richard I, of England, called Richard Cœur de Lion, or Lion Heart, was born about 1157 and died in 1199. He was king for ten years, from 1189 to the time of his death.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

What details are given for the purpose of explaining the situation? What is your first idea of Prince John? Why should he feel "a painful curiosity" concerning the yeoman? Why does he say *thou* to Locksley? How does Locksley answer? Why? What effect is produced by Hubert's repeated reference to his grandfather? What is gained by mixing conversation and description in the manner here shown? Show how each man's talk is made to give us an idea of the man himself. What do you notice about the length of the sentences, in the paragraph beginning, "So saying"? Why does Locksley refuse the money? Do you think that Prince John would be pleased by the mention of King Richard? What is your opinion of Locksley's character? What have you learned from this selection as to the way in which the story of a contest might be told?

THEME SUBJECTS

The Touch-down That Won the Game	How He Kicked the Goal from the Field
The Last Five Minutes of the Basket Ball Game	Lost in the Tenth Inning
How the Winning Run was Made	On the Rifle Range
Losing the Hockey Contest	The Bowling Match
The Skating Race	Winning the Pennant
	The Hundred Yard Dash
	The Finish of the Race

Winning the Golf Match	Shooting at the Target
A Wrestling Match	The Declamatory Contest
Why Our Team Lost	In the Days of Robin Hood
When Skill Beat Strength	The High-School Debate

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

The Hundred Yard Dash: — Tell what event in the track meet has just been finished, explaining as simply and briefly as possible what schools are competing. Why is the hundred-yard dash especially important? What boys are to take part in it? Notice how the conversation in Scott's account of the contest makes the piece lively and interesting. Can you bring in some conversation, in writing your theme, telling what certain people say? Can you bring in a person who scoffs, and predicts that your side will lose — as John does in the selection? Describe the "getting set" — the appearance of the racers, and the silence of the crowd. Tell the story of the race, making clear just who is ahead, at different times, who drops out, etc. Tell what the crowd is doing in the meantime. Describe quickly and briefly the winning of the race. Tell how the spectators feel, and what they say and do.

The Declamatory Contest: — Try to tell of a declamatory contest, making your reader feel the rivalry between the schools, or among the particular persons taking part. Give a clear picture of the crowd and the speakers. Can you make use of class or school yells in telling of the excitement? Give briefly the progress of the contest, until the most important speakers are reached. Then explain more in detail how they looked and acted. Tell how the listeners felt. Make the announcement of the judges' decision as lively and true to life as possible.

COLLATERAL READINGS

See list of books by Scott, pages 242 and 243.

The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood . .	Howard Pyle
Tom Brown's School Days	Thomas Hughes
Tom Brown at Oxford	" "
For the Honor of the School	R. H. Barbour
The Half Back	" " "

The Captain of the Crew	R. H. Barbour
The Prize Cup	J. T. Trowbridge
Princeton Stories	Jesse L. Williams
Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest (in Crayon Miscellany)	Washington Irving
The New Boy	Arthur Stanwood Pier
Harding of St. Timothy's	“ “ “
The Contest on the Green (in The Camp-Fire of Mad Anthony) . . .	Everett T. Tomlinson
The Lobsters and Ropemakers (in Daughters of the Revolution) . . .	Charles Carleton Coffin
The Snow Fort on Slatter's Hill (in The Story of a Bad Boy)	Thomas Bailey Aldrich
The Charming Sally, Privateer Schooner of New York	James Otis

THE TOURNAMENT

WALTER SCOTT

(From *Ivanhoe*, Chapter XII)

MORNING arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights,

who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon Lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course, than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his

union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

“It is thus,” said Prince John, “that we set the beautiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. — Ladies,” he said, “attend

your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours.”

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated, than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-axe at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any com-

batant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press ; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon ; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stript of his arms, and, having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his un-knightly conduct. Having announced these precautions the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favour from the Queen of Beauty and Love.

The proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words — *Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke — the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests — the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, — some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man, — some lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise, — some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament, — and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate themselves from the

tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honour and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted, — “*Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!* — For the Temple — For the Temple!” The opposite party shouted in answer — “*Desdichado! Desdichado!*” — which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader’s shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and the battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conquest with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw

their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! — Fight on — death is better than defeat! — Fight on, brave knights! — for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of

their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seemed to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

“Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!” was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he

reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

“Not I, by the light of Heaven!” answered Prince John; “this same springal, who conceals his name,

and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators, the name of *Le Noir Faineant*, or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested ; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue !" It was high time ; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword ; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the *chamfron* of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh ; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched

from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring

pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age ; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life ; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records, as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant*. It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him

the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet, and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honours which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood, and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty, the Chaplet of Honour which your valour has justly deserved." The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory to the victor — while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed his whole action since the fight had ended, seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dig-

nified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus — his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque might not be removed.

Whether from love of form, or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget. When the helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek ; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced, in a clear and distinct tone, these words : "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed of valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head, and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded ; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his

banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

NOTES

the lists :— The enclosed field used for the tournament. For a description of the lists on this particular occasion, see Chapter VII of *Ivanhoe*.

the Disinherited Knight:— Previously described in Chapters VIII, IX, and X of *Ivanhoe*.

Prince John :— Son of Henry II of England ; he was born about 1167, and died in 1216. At the time of which the story tells, John was acting in place of his brother, King Richard, who was away on a crusade. See the opening paragraphs of Chapter VII of *Ivanhoe*.

Cedric ; Rowena ; Athelstane :— Saxons of high rank who figure in the preceding parts of the story.

The Lord of Coningsburgh :— Athelstane.

the tale:— The number.

Laissez aller :— Let go ! Start !

Beau-seant :— *Beau-seant* was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half black, half white, to show that the Templars were fair and kindly toward Christians, but black and terrible toward infidels.

Desdichado (*des de tehah' do*) :— The Spanish word for *unfortunate*, or *miserable*; applied here to the Disinherited Knight. In Chapter VIII, the following description occurs : " His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device of his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited."

chamfron :— The armor in front of a war horse's head.

casque :— A piece of armor covering the head.

gorget :— A piece of armor protecting the neck.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Of what use are the opening paragraphs? What information do they give? What do you learn about Athelstane in the paragraph beginning, "His best"? Who is the "destined Queen of the day," mentioned in the paragraph beginning, "As soon as Prince John"? What kind of person does Prince John seem to be? Of what value is the long paragraph beginning, "The champions were therefore prohibited"? Why was this material not put with the other explanations at the first of the piece? What paragraphs include a general account of the struggle? Where does the story begin to tell about particular men? What is the effect on the reader's interest? Where in this selection is the Disinherited Knight first mentioned? Show how the author keeps up our interest in him. Why is the Black Sluggard not mentioned earlier? What good qualities has the account of his part in the fight? Does the account of the tournament come to an end abruptly, or gradually? Do you think that the method used is a good one? Do you think that the author shows any skill in the way he ends his chapter? Go through the piece and see how much of it gives a picture, and how much tells a story. When conversation occurs, does it help the picture, or story? Have you learned anything from the selection as to how narration, description, and conversation can be mixed to produce a good effect?

THEME SUBJECTS

Our Track Meet	The Black Knight at a Football Game
Scoring the Only Run	
How He Made the Winning Touch-down	The Horse Race
An Automobile Race	How the Little Jockey Won
Why We Lost the Cup	Sailing on the Winning Yacht
A Polo Game	A Motor Boat Contest
How the Hurdle Race Was Lost	Finishing Last
When the Lighter Team Won	The Race is Not Always to the Swift
The End of the Basket Ball Game	How We Entertained the Team
A Twentieth Century Tournament	The Wild West Show
	The Circus in Our Town
	The Regatta

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

The End of the Basket Ball Game : — Do you think that, in this account of a game, you should try to write a long descriptive passage, as an introduction? Can you begin in a livelier way, — by telling what somebody said, or by giving a quick account of the early part of the game? Tell briefly what teams were playing, and why the rivalry was great. Who were the best players? How did the on-lookers regard these players? Tell what was said about them. Relate, in a lively way, the succession of plays made, being careful to keep clear the advantage or loss to each side. What kind of sentences would be best for this purpose? Explain what the spectators said and did. Tell how the important players looked. Go on with your account of the plays, up to the end, taking care not to tell so much that you weary your reader. Bring out clearly the play that decided the game. Tell what remarks were made as the game was ended, — or what the players and the spectators did.

If you have been in an exciting basket ball game, you might tell the story from the standpoint, not of a spectator, but of one who took part in the game.

The Circus in Our Town : Describe the circus procession, being careful to pick out the details that give interest and vividness to the scene. See how color words and sound words can help you in your attempt to make a clear description.

COLLATERAL READINGS

Ivanhoe	Sir Walter Scott
The Talisman	“ “ “
Quentin Durward	“ “ “
Kenilworth	“ “ “
The Pirate	“ “ “
The Fortunes of Nigel	“ “ “
Rob Roy	“ “ “
Guy Mannering	“ “ “
Peveril of the Peak	“ “ “
Anne of Geierstein	“ “ “
Men of Iron	Howard Pyle
Otto of the Silver Hand	“ “
The Story of King Arthur	“ “

Champions of the Round Table . . .	Howard Pyle
Chivalric Days	E. S. Brooks
Heroes of Chivalry and Romance . . .	A. J. Church
The Story of Roland	James Baldwin
The Boy's King Arthur	Sidney Lanier
The Boy's Mabinogion	" "
Froissart: Chronicles	" "
The Chronicles of Sir John Froissart .	A. Singleton
Stories from Froissart	Henry Newbolt
With Spurs of Gold	Greene and Kirk
The Queen's Story Book	G. L. Gomme (Ed.)
The King's Story Book	" " "
The Prince's Story Book	" " "
The Princess's Story Book	" " "
Stories of Early England	E. M. Wilmot-Buxton
The Story of Don Quixote	Judge Parry
Don Quixote	M. Cervantes
Sir Walter Scott	R. H. Hutton
Life of Walter Scott	J. G. Lockhart
The Scott Country	W. S. Crockett

A YOUNG MARSH HAWK

JOHN BURROUGHS

(From *Riverby*)

MOST country boys, I fancy, know the marsh hawk. It is he you see flying low over the fields, beating about bushes and marshes and dipping over the fences, with his attention directed to the ground beneath him. He is a cat on wings. He keeps so low that the birds and mice do not see him till he is fairly upon them. The hen-hawk swoops down upon the meadow-mouse from his position high in air, or from the top of a dead tree; but the marsh hawk stalks him and comes suddenly upon him from over the fence, or from behind a low bush or tuft of grass. He is nearly as large as the hen-hawk, but has a much larger tail. When I was a boy I used to call him the long-tailed hawk. The male is a bluish slate color; the female a reddish brown, like the hen-hawk, with a white rump.

Unlike the other hawks, they nest on the ground in low, thick marshy places. For several seasons a pair have nested in a bushy marsh a few miles back of me, near the house of a farmer friend of mine, who has a keen eye for the wild life about him. Two years ago he found the nest, but when I got over to see it the next week, it had been robbed, probably by some boys in the neighborhood. The past season, in April or May, by watching the mother bird, he found the nest again. It was in a marshy place, several acres in extent, in the bottom of a valley, and thickly grown

with hardhack, prickly ash, smilax, and other low thorny bushes. My friend brought me to the brink of a low hill, and pointed out to me in the marsh below us, as nearly as he could, just where the nest was located. Then we crossed the pasture, entered upon the marsh, and made our way cautiously toward it. The wild thorny growths, waist high, had to be carefully dealt with. As we neared the spot I used my eyes the best I could, but I did not see the hawk till she sprang into the air not ten yards away from us. She went screaming upward, and was soon sailing in a circle far above us. There, on a coarse matting of twigs and weeds, lay five snow-white eggs, a little more than half as large as hens' eggs. My companion said the male hawk would probably soon appear and join the female, but he did not. She kept drifting away to the east, and was soon gone from our sight.

We soon withdrew and secreted ourselves behind the stone wall, in hopes of seeing the mother hawk return. She appeared in the distance, but seemed to know she was being watched, and kept away. About ten days later we made another visit to the nest. An adventurous young Chicago lady also wanted to see a hawk's nest, and so accompanied us. This time three of the eggs were hatched, and as the mother hawk sprang up, either by accident or intentionally, she threw two of the young hawks some feet from the nest. She rose up and screamed angrily. Then, turning toward us, she came like an arrow straight at the young lady, a bright plume in whose hat probably drew her fire. The damsel gathered up her skirts about her and beat a hasty retreat. Hawks were not so pretty as she thought they were. A large hawk launched at one's face from high in the air is calculated to make

one a little nervous. It is such a fearful incline down which the bird comes, and she is aiming exactly toward your eye. When within about thirty feet of you, she turns upward with a rushing sound, and, mounting higher, falls toward you again. She is only firing blank cartridges, as it were; but it usually has the desired effect, and beats the enemy off.

After we had inspected the young hawks, a neighbor of my friend offered to conduct us to a quail's nest. Anything in the shape of a nest is always welcome, — it is such a mystery, such a centre of interest and affection, and, if upon the ground, is usually something so dainty and exquisite amid the natural wreckage and confusion. A ground-nest seems so exposed, too, that it always gives a little thrill of pleasurable surprise to see the group of frail eggs resting there behind so slight a barrier. I will walk a long distance any day just to see a song sparrow's nest amid the stubble or under a tuft of grass. It is a jewel in a rosette of jewels, with a frill of weeds or turf. A quail's nest I had never seen, and to be shown one within the hunting-ground of this murderous hawk would be a double pleasure. Such a quiet, secluded, grass-grown highway as we moved along was itself a rare treat. Sequestered was the word that the little valley suggested, and peace the feeling the road evoked. The farmer, whose fields lay about us, half grown with weeds and bushes, evidently did not make stir or noise enough to disturb anything. Beside this rustic highway, bounded by old mossy stone walls, and within a stone's throw of the farmer's barn, the quail had made her nest. It was just under the edge of a prostrate thorn-bush.

“The nest is right there,” said the farmer, pausing

within ten feet of it, and pointing to the spot with his stick.

In a moment or two we could make out the mottled brown plumage of the sitting bird. Then we approached her cautiously till we bent above her.

She never moved a feather.

Then I put my cane down in the brush behind her. We wanted to see the eggs, yet did not want rudely to disturb the sitting hen.

She would not move.

Then I put down my hand within a few inches of her; still she kept her place. Should we have to lift her off bodily?

Then the young lady put down her hand, probably the prettiest and the whitest hand the quail had ever seen. At least it started her, and off she sprang, uncovering such a crowded nest of eggs as I had never before beheld. Twenty-one of them! a ring or disk of white like a china tea-saucer. You could not help saying how pretty, how cunning, like baby hens' eggs, as if the bird was playing at sitting as children play at housekeeping.

If I had known how crowded her nest was, I should not have dared disturb her, for fear she would break some of them. But not an egg suffered harm by her sudden flight; and no harm came to the nest afterward. Every egg hatched, I was told, and the little chicks, hardly bigger than bumblebees, were led away by the mother into the fields.

In about a week I paid another visit to the hawk's nest. The eggs were all hatched, and the mother bird was hovering near. I shall never forget the curious expression of those young hawks sitting there on the ground. The expression was not one of youth, but of

extreme age. Such an ancient, infirm look as they had, — the sharp, dark, and shrunken look about the face and eyes, and their feeble, tottering motions! They sat upon their elbows and the hind part of their bodies, and their pale, withered legs and feet extended before them in the most helpless fashion. Their angular bodies were covered with a pale yellowish down, like that of a chicken; their heads had a plucked, seedy appearance; and their long, strong, naked wings hung down by their sides till they touched the ground: power and ferocity in the first rude draught, shorn of everything but its sinister ugliness. Another curious thing was the gradation of the young in size; they tapered down regularly from the first to the fifth, as if there had been, as probably there was, an interval of a day or two between the hatching of each.

The two older ones showed some signs of fear on our approach, and one of them threw himself upon his back, and put up his impotent legs, and glared at us with open beak. The two smaller ones regarded us not at all. Neither of the parent birds appeared during our stay.

When I visited the nest again, eight or ten days later, the birds were much grown, but of as marked a difference in size as before, and with the same look of extreme old age, — old age in men of the aquiline type, nose and chin coming together, and eyes large and sunken. They now glared upon us with a wild, savage look, and opened their beaks threateningly.

The next week, when my friend visited the nest, the larger of the hawks fought him savagely. But one of the brood, probably the last to hatch, had made but little growth. It appeared to be on the point of starvation. The mother hawk (for the male seemed to have

disappeared) had doubtless found her family too large for her, and was deliberately allowing one of the number to perish; or did the larger and stronger young devour all the food before the weaker member could obtain any? Probably this was the case.

Arthur brought the feeble nestling away, and the same day my little boy got it and brought it home, wrapped in a woolen rag. It was clearly a starved bantling. It cried feebly, but would not lift up its head.

We first poured some warm milk down its throat, which soon revived it, so that it would swallow small bits of flesh. In a day or two we had it eating ravenously, and its growth became noticeable. Its voice had the sharp whistling character of that of its parents, and was stilled only when the bird was asleep. We made a pen for it, about a yard square, in one end of the study, covering the floor with several thicknesses of newspapers; and here, upon a bit of brown woolen blanket for a nest, the hawk waxed strong day by day. An uglier-looking pet, tested by all the rules we usually apply to such things, would have been hard to find. There he would sit upon his elbows, his helpless feet out in front of him, his great featherless wings touching the floor, and shrilly cry for more food. For a time we gave him water daily from a stylograph-pen filler, but the water he evidently did not need or relish. Fresh meat, and plenty of it, was his demand. And we discovered that he liked game, such as mice, squirrels, birds, much better than butcher's meat.

Then began a lively campaign on the part of my little boy against all the vermin and small game in the neighborhood to keep the hawk supplied. He trapped and hunted, he enlisted his mates in his service, he even robbed the cats to feed the hawk. His usefulness

as a boy of all work was seriously impaired. "Where is J——?" "Gone after a squirrel for his hawk." And often the day would be half gone before his hunt was successful. The premises were very soon cleared of mice, and the vicinity of chipmunks and squirrels. Farther and farther he was compelled to hunt the surrounding farms and woods to keep up with the demands of the hawk. By the time the hawk was ready to fly he had consumed twenty-one chipmunks, fourteen red squirrels, sixteen mice, and twelve English sparrows, besides a lot of butcher's meat.

His plumage very soon began to show itself, crowding off the tufts of the down. The quills on his great wings sprouted and grew apace. What a ragged, uncanny appearance he presented! but his look of extreme age gradually became modified. What a lover of the sunlight he was! We would put him out upon the grass in the full blaze of the morning sun, and he would spread his wings and bask in it with the most intense enjoyment. In the nest the young must be exposed to the full power of the midday sun during our first heated terms in June and July, the thermometer often going up to ninety-three or ninety-five degrees, so that sunshine seemed to be a need of his nature. He liked the rain equally well, and when put out in a shower would sit down and take it as if every drop did him good.

His legs developed nearly as slowly as his wings. He could not stand steadily upon them till about ten days before he was ready to fly. The talons were limp and feeble. When we came with food he would hobble along toward us like the worst kind of a cripple, dropping and moving his wings, and treading upon his legs from the foot back to the elbow, the foot remaining

closed and useless. Like a baby learning to stand, he made many trials before he succeeded. He would rise up on his trembling legs only to fall back again.

One day, in the summer-house, I saw him for the first time stand for a moment squarely upon his legs with the feet fully spread beneath them. He looked about him as if the world suddenly wore a new aspect.

His plumage now grew quite rapidly. One red squirrel per day, chopped fine with an axe, was his ration. He began to hold his game with his foot while he tore it. The study was full of his shed down. His dark brown mottled plumage began to grow beautiful. The wings drooped a little, but gradually he got control of them, and held them in place.

It was now the 20th of July, and the hawk was about five weeks old. In a day or two he was walking or jumping about the ground. He chose a position under the edge of a Norway spruce, where he would sit for hours dozing, or looking out upon the landscape. When we brought him game he would advance to meet us with wings slightly lifted, and uttering a shrill cry. Toss him a mouse or sparrow, and he would seize it with one foot and hop off to his cover, where he would bend above it, spread his plumage, look this way and that, uttering all the time the most exultant and satisfied chuckle.

About this time he began to practice striking with his talons, as an Indian boy might begin practicing with his bow and arrow. He would strike at a dry leaf in the grass, or at a fallen apple, or at some imaginary object. He was learning the use of his weapons. His wings also,—he seemed to feel them sprouting from his shoulder. He would lift them straight up and hold them expanded, and they would seem to quiver with excite-

ment. Every hour in the day he would do this. The pressure was beginning to centre there. Then he would strike playfully at a leaf or a bit of wood, and keep his wings lifted.

The next step was to spring into the air and beat his wings. He seemed now to be thinking entirely of his wings. They itched to be put to use.

A day or two later he would leap and fly several feet. A pile of brush ten or twelve feet below the bank was easily reached. Here he would perch in true hawk fashion, to the bewilderment and scandal of all the robins and catbirds in the vicinity. Here he would dart his eye in all directions, turning his head over and glancing it up into the sky.

He was now a lovely creature, fully fledged, and as tame as a kitten. But he was not a bit like a kitten in one respect, — he could not bear to have you stroke or even touch his plumage. He had a horror of your hand, as if it would hopelessly defile him. But he would perch upon it, and allow you to carry him about. If a dog or cat appeared, he was ready to give battle instantly. He rushed up to a little dog one day, and struck him with his foot savagely. He was afraid of strangers, and of any unusual object.

The last week in July he began to fly quite freely, and it was necessary to clip one of his wings. As the clipping embraced only the ends of his primaries, he soon overcame the difficulty, and by carrying his broad long tail more on that side, flew with considerable ease. He made longer and longer excursions into the surrounding fields and vineyards, and did not always return. On such occasions we would go find him and fetch him back.

Late one rainy afternoon he flew away into the vine-

yard, and when, an hour later, I went after him, he could not be found, and we never saw him again. We hoped hunger would soon drive him back, but we have had no clew to him from that day to this.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Does the quail's nest have anything to do with the hawks? Why is it put in? Do you think that the author's method here is a good one? Is the description of the young hawks clear and truthful? What details with regard to the pet hawk are mentioned from time to time? Are they important? Do you think that the conclusion of the selection is good? Why? Look through the piece: Are there any long, hard words, or any long, tangled sentences? What should you say of the way in which the author writes?

THEME SUBJECTS

My Pet Bird	When Our Canary Flew Away
A Ground Sparrow's Nest	Taking Care of the Young Turkeys
How a Bird Learns to Fly	When the Chicks Were Hatched
An Owl in Captivity	An Odd Nest
The Tame Crow	Feeding Sparrows in Winter
How I Trained Our Canary	The Home of the Martins
Just Out of the Nest	How Swallows Build Their Nests
The Young Pigeon	Some Winter Birds
Watching the Little Robins	The Birds at the Zoo
An Ugly Duckling	
Caring for Incubator Chickens	

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

Watching the Little Robins: — Did you ever see a family of newly hatched robins in the nest? How did they look when you first saw them? Were they pleasing to look at? Were they quiet and well-behaved? Did you try to feed them? Can you describe the change in their appearance as you looked at them from time to time? Did you see them when they were learning to fly? Tell how they looked and acted. Did they all succeed in learning to fly? What became of them at last?

My Pet Bird : — Tell where you got the bird, and how it looked when it first came into your possession. Where did you put it, and how did it like its new home? What did you feed it? Did it change any in appearance while it belonged to you? Why? Did you ever forget to care for it? What was the result of your carelessness? Did your bird ever escape? Tell some of its adventures. Did you try to train it, or teach it any tricks? What became of your bird?

COLLATERAL READINGS

Riverby	John Burroughs
Pepacton	“ “
Locusts and Wild Honey	“ “
Signs and Seasons	“ “
Wake-Robin	“ “
Winter Sunshine	“ “
Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers	“ “
Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt	“ “

The Credible and Incredible in Natural History. Independent, 62 : 1344 (June, 1907).

Fake Natural History. Outing, 49 : 665 (Feb., 1907). Outing, 50 : 124 (April, 1907).

See also Outing, 44 : 112 and 45 : 115; Harper's, 109 : 360; Century, 45 : 509.

See the Reference List for Neighbors of the Wilderness, page 142.

See also the books about birds in the reference list for A White Heron, pages 202 and 203.

An interesting portrait of Mr. Burroughs is given in the Outlook, 78 : 878 (Dec. 3, 1904).

An article by Washington Gladden, A Day at Slabsides (Burroughs's home), appears in the Outlook, 66 : 351.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio.

SENECA.

AT Paris, just after dark one gusty evening in the autumn of 18—, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, in company with my friend C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library, or book closet, *au troisième*, No. 33 Rue Dunôt, Faubourg St. Germain. For one hour at least we had maintained a profound silence; while each, to any casual observer, might have seemed intently and exclusively occupied with the curling eddies of smoke that oppressed the atmosphere of the chamber. For myself, however, I was mentally discussing certain topics which had formed matter for conversation between us at an earlier period of the evening; I mean the affair of the Rue Morgue, and the mystery attending the murder of Marie Rogêt. I looked upon it, therefore, as something of a coincidence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome; for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible about the man, and we had not seen him for several years. We had been sitting in the dark, and Dupin now arose for the purpose of lighting a lamp, but sat down again, without doing so, upon G——'s saying that he had called to consult us, or rather to ask the opinion

of my friend, about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"If it is any point requiring reflection," observed Dupin, as he forbore to enkindle the wick, "we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark."

"That is another of your odd notions," said the Prefect, who had a fashion of calling everything "odd" that was beyond his comprehension, and thus lived amid an absolute legion of "oddities."

"Very true," said Dupin, as he supplied his visitor with a pipe, and rolled towards him a comfortable chair.

"And what is the difficulty now," I asked. "Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so excessively *odd*."

"Simple and odd," said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you *do* talk!" replied the Prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain," said Dupin.

"Oh, good Heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little *too* self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "O Dupin, you will be the death of me yet!"

“And what after all *is* the matter on hand?” I asked.

“Why, I will tell you,” replied the Prefect, as he gave a long, steady, and contemplative puff, and settled himself in his chair. “I will tell you in a few words; but, before I begin, let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy, and that I should most probably lose the position I now hold were it known that I confided it to any one.”

“Proceed,” said I.

“Or not,” said Dupin.

“Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession.”

“How is this known?” asked Dupin.

“It is clearly inferred,” replied the Prefect, “from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber’s possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it.”

“Be a little more explicit,” I said.

“Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable.” The Prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

“Still I do not quite understand,” said Dupin.

“No? well; the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted sta-

tion; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare —"

"The thief," said G——, "is the Minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question — a letter, to be frank — had been received by the personage robbed while alone in the royal *boudoir*. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavor to thrust it in a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and, the contents thus exposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length in taking leave he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter — one of no importance — upon the table."

“Here, then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete, — the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” replied the Prefect; “and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this, of course, cannot be done openly. In fine, driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.”

“Than whom,” said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, “no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined.”

“You flatter me,” replied the Prefect; “but it is possible that some such opinion may have been entertained.”

“It is clear,” said I, “as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister; since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

“True,” said G——; “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design.”

“But,” said I, “you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before.”

“Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great ad-

vantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartment, and, being chiefly Neapolitans, are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hôtel. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it unquestionably is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than upon his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document — its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice — a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"Its susceptibility of being produced?" said I.

"That is to say, of being *destroyed*," said Dupin.

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the minister, we may consider that as out of the question."

"Entirely," said the Prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection."

“You might have spared yourself the trouble,” said Dupin. “D——, I presume, is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course.”

“Not *altogether* a fool,” said G——; “but then he’s a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool.”

“True,” said Dupin, after a long and thoughtful whiff from his meerschaum, “although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself.”

“Suppose you detail,” said I, “the particulars of your search.”

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a ‘secret’ drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so* plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.”

“Why so?”

“Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.”

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?” I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed — you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed in a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs!”

“Certainly not; but we did better — we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing — any unusual gaping in the joints — would have sufficed to insure detection.”

“I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?”

“That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every article of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before.”

“The two houses adjoining!” I exclaimed; “you must have had a great deal of trouble.”

“We had; but the reward offered is prodigious.”

“You include the *grounds* about the houses?”

“All the grounds are paved with bricks. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed.”

“You looked among D——’s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?”

“Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover*, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles.”

“You explored the floors beneath the carpets?”

“Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope.”

“And the paper on the walls?”

“Yes.”

“You looked into the cellars?”

“We did.”

“Then,” I said, “you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* on the premises, as you suppose.”

“I fear you are right there,” said the Prefect. “And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?”

“To make a thorough re-search of the premises.”

“That is absolutely needless,” replied G——. “I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hôtel.”

“I have no better advice to give you,” said Dupin. “You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?”

“Oh, yes.” And here the Prefect, producing a memorandum-book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description, he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterward he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said:—

“Well, but G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?”

“Confound him, say I—yes; I made the reëxamination, however, as Dupin suggested—but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be.”

“How much was the reward offered, did you say?” asked Dupin.

“Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don’t like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I would n’t mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done.”

“Why, yes,” said Dupin drawlingly, between the

whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really — think, G——, you have not exerted yourself — to the utmost in this matter. You might — do a little more, I think, eh?"

"How? in what way?"

"Why (puff, puff), you might (puff, puff) employ counsel in the matter, eh (puff, puff, puff)? Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?"

"No; hang Abernethy!"

"To be sure! hang him and welcome. But once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician, as that of an imaginary individual.

"'We will suppose,' said the miser, 'that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?'

"'Take!' said Abernethy, 'why, take *advice*, to be sure.'"

"But," said the Prefect, a little discomposed, "I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The Prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and

signed a check for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook; then, unlocking an *escritoire*, took thence a letter and gave it to the Prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone, my friend entered into some explanations.

“The Parisian police,” he said, “are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hôtel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation — so far as his labors extended.”

“So far as his labors extended?” said I.

“Yes,” said Dupin. “The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it.”

I merely laughed — but he seemed quite serious in all that he said.

“The measures, then,” he continued, “were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man. A certain set of highly ingenious resources are, with the Prefect, a sort of Procrustean bed to which he forcibly

adapts his designs. But he perpetually errs by being too deep or too shallow, for the matter in hand ; and many a schoolboy is a better reasoner than he. I knew one about eight years of age, whose success at guessing in the game of 'even and odd' attracted universal admiration. This game is simple, and is played with marbles. One player holds in his hand a number of these toys, and demands of another whether that number is even or odd. If the guess is right, the guesser wins one ; if wrong, he loses one. The boy to whom I allude won all the marbles of the school. Of course he had some principle of guessing ; and this lay in mere observation and admeasurement of the astuteness of his opponents. For example an arrant simpleton is his opponent, and, holding up his closed hand asks, 'Are they even or odd?' Our schoolboy replies, 'Odd,' and loses ; but upon the second trial he wins, for he then says to himself, 'The simpleton had them even upon the first trial, and his amount of cunning is just sufficient to make him have them odd upon the second ; I will therefore guess odd' ; he guesses odd, and wins. Now, with a simpleton a degree above the first he would have reasoned thus : 'This fellow finds that in the first instance I guessed odd, and in the second he will propose to himself, upon the first impulse, a simple variation from even to odd, as did the first simpleton ; but then a second thought will suggest that this is too simple a variation, and finally he will decide upon putting it even as before. I will therefore guess even' ; he guesses even, and wins. Now this mode of reasoning in the schoolboy, whom his fellows term lucky' — what, in its last analysis, is it?"

"It is merely," I said, "an identification of the reasoner's intellect with that of his opponent."

“It is,” said Dupin; “and, upon inquiring of the boy by what means he effected the *thorough* identification in which his success consisted, I received answer as follows: ‘When I wish to find out how wise, or how stupid, or how good, or how wicked is any one, or what are his thoughts at the moment, I fashion the expression of my face, as accurately as possible, in accordance with the expression of his, and then wait to see what thoughts or sentiments arise in my mind or heart, as if to match or correspond with the expression.’ This response of the schoolboy lies at the bottom of all the spurious profundity which has been attributed to Rochefoucauld, to La Bruyère, to Machiavelli, and to Campanella.”

“And the identification,” I said, “of the reasoner’s intellect with that of his opponents, depends, if I understand you aright, upon the accuracy with which the opponent’s intellect is admeasured.”

“For its practical value it depends upon this,” replied Dupin, “and the Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently, first, by default of this identification, and secondly, by ill-admeasurement, or rather through non-admeasurement, of the intellect with which they are engaged. They consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity; and, in searching for anything hidden, advert only to the modes in which *they* would have hidden it. They are right in this much, — that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass*; but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. This always happens when it is above their own, and very usually when it is below. They have no variation of principle in their investigations; at best, when urged by some unusual emergency, by some extraordinary

reward, they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice*, without touching their principles. What, for example, in this case of D——, has been done to vary the principle of action? What is all this boring, and probing, and sounding, and scrutinizing with the microscope, and dividing the surface of the building into registered square inches — what is it all but an exaggeration of *the application* of the one principle or set of principles of search, which are based upon the one set of notions regarding human ingenuity, to which the Prefect, in the long routine of his duty, has been accustomed? Do you not see he has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter — not exactly in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg — but, at least, in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner suggested by the same tenor of thought which would urge a man to secrete a letter in a gimlet-hole bored in a chair leg? And do you not see, also, that such *recherchés* nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? for, in all cases of concealment, a disposal of the article concealed — a disposal of it in this *recherché* manner — is, in the very first instance, presumable and presumed; and thus its discovery depends, not at all upon the acumen, but altogether upon the mere care, patience, and determination of the seekers; and where the case is of importance — or, what amounts to the same thing in policial eyes, when the reward is of magnitude — the qualities in question have *never* been known to fail. You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that, had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the Prefect's examination — in other words, had the principle of its concealment been comprehended within the principles of the Prefect, its

discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question. This functionary, however, has been thoroughly mystified; and the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*; and he is merely guilty of a *non distributio medii* in thence inferring that all poets are fools."

"But is this really the poet?" I asked. "There are two brothers, I know; and both have attained reputation in letters. The minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the Differential Calculus. He is a mathematician and no poet."

"You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect."

"You surprise me," I said, "by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. You do not mean to set at naught the well-digested idea of centuries. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the reason par excellence*."

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, while I merely laughed at his last observations, "that if the minister had been no more than a mathematician the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. I knew him, however, as both mathematician and poet, and my measures were adapted to his capacity with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. I knew him as a courtier, too, and as a bold *intrigant*. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of

action. He could not have failed to anticipate — and events have proved that he did not fail to anticipate — the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen, I reflected, the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the Prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as ruses, to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction to which G——, in fact, did finally arrive, — the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the whole train of thought, which I was at some pains in detailing to you just now, concerning the invariable principle of policial action in searches for articles concealed — I felt that this whole train of thought must necessarily pass through the mind of the minister. It would imperatively lead him to despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes, to the gimlets, and to the microscopes, of the Prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident.”

“Yes,” said I, “I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions.”

“The material world,” continued Dupin, “abounds with very strict analogies to the immaterial; and thus

some color of truth has been given to the rhetorical dogma, that metaphor, or simile, may be made to strengthen an argument, as well as to embellish a description. The principle of the *vis inertiae*, for example, seems to be identical in physics and metaphysics. It is not more true in the former, that a large body is with more difficulty set in motion than a smaller one, and that its subsequent momentum is commensurate with this difficulty, than it is, in the latter, that intellects of the vaster capacity, while more forcible, more constant, and more eventful in their movements than those of inferior grade, are yet the less readily moved, and more embarrassed and full of hesitation in the first few steps of their progress. Again: have you ever noticed which of the street signs over the shop doors are the most attractive of attention?"

"I have never given the matter a thought," I said.

"There is a game of puzzles," he resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another to find a given word, — the name of town, river, state, or empire, — any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names; but the adept selects such words as stretch in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the over-largely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by dint of being excessively obvious; and here the physical oversight is precisely analogous with the moral inapprehension by which the intellect suffers to pass unnoticed those considerations which are too obtrusively and too palpably self-evident. But this is a point, it appears,

somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the Prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world, by way of best preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

“But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand*, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the Prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search — the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive — but that is only when nobody sees him.

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host.

“I paid especial attention to a large writing-table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

“At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of paste-board, that hung dangling, by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle — as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered, or stayed, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the Prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the minister, was diminutive and feminine; there, the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly

in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived ; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

“I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack ; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and resealed. I bade the minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime, I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a *facsimile* (so far as regards externals) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings — imitating the

D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without a ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter by a *facsimile*? Would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized it openly and departed?”

“D——,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interest. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You know my political prepossessions. In this matter I act as a partisan of the lady concerned. For eighteen months the minister has had her in his power. She has now him in hers — since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awkward. It is all very well to talk about the *facilis descensus Averni*; but in all kinds of climbing, as Catalani said of singing, it is far more easy to get up than to come down. In the present instance I have

no sympathy — at least no pity — for him who descends. He is that *monstrum horrendum*, an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms ‘a certain personage,’ he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.”

“How? Did you put anything particular in it?”

“Why, it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. D——, at Vienna once, did me an evil turn, which I told him quite good-humoredly, I should remember. So, as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He is well acquainted with my MS., and I just copied into the middle of the blank sheet the words:—

‘— Un dessein si funeste,
S’il n’est digne d’Atrée, est digne de Thyeste.’

They are to be found in Crébillon’s ‘Atrée.’”

NOTES

Nil sapientiae odiosius acumine nimio :— Nothing is so odious to wisdom as too great shrewdness.

Seneca :— A Roman philosopher. He died in 65 A. D.

au troisième :— Up three flights; that is, on the fourth floor.

Rue Morgue :— See the story by Poe, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. The detective Dupin appears in this story.

Marie Rogêt :— See Poe’s story, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, in which Monsieur G—— is one of the characters.

Prefect :— In France, a superintendent of a department.

the personage robbed :— The queen?

boudoir :— A private room.

the other exalted personage :— The king?

au fait :— Fully informed; expert.

Neapolitans :— People from Naples, Italy.

hôtel :— Note that this word has the French meaning of *palace* or *mansion*.

fifty thousand francs :— A *franc* is worth about twenty cents of American money.

Abernethy :— John Abernethy, a celebrated English surgeon (1764–1831).

escritoire :— A writing desk.

Procrustean bed :— Procrustes was a notorious robber of Attica who would tie his victims to a bed, and cut them to fit it if they were too long, or stretch them if they were too short.

Rochefoucauld :— François, Duc de la Rochefoucauld (1613–1680), and Jean de la Bruyère (1645–1696) were great French moralists. Machiavelli (1469–1527) was a Florentine statesman ; Campanella (1568–1639) was an Italian philosopher.

recherchés :— Carefully sought out.

non distributio medii :— The fallacy which, in logic, is known as “the undistributed middle.”

par excellence :— chief, or most excellent.

intrigant :— A scheming person.

vis inertiae :— The force of inertia.

turned, as a glove :— At the time of which the author writes, letters were not enclosed in envelopes, but were folded, and sealed with wax or a wafer.

facsimile :— An exact copy.

facilis descensus Avernus :— The descent to Avernus (hell) is easy.

Catalani :— A celebrated Italian singer.

monstrum horrendum :— A monster to be shuddered at.

Un dessein si funeste :— “So sinister a design, if it is not worthy of Atreus, is worthy of Thyestes.”

Crébillon :— A French writer (1674–1762).

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Why is *purloined* a better word than *stolen*, for the title of the story? How many facts necessary for the reader to know are told in the first sentence? What does the second sentence show, concerning the two men in Dupin's room? Why does Dupin not light the lamp when G—— enters? Why does the author choose to reveal the situation by means of a conversation when he could

do it in so much less time by means of an explanation? Does the author wish us to admire the Prefect? Who was the person robbed? Who was "the other exalted personage," from whom she wished to conceal the theft? Why does D—— (the thief) not destroy the letter? Do you think that a house could be so thoroughly searched, in the manner described, that the letter in question could not be overlooked? What is the reason for having a month elapse before the letter is found? What is the effect on the reader of the paragraph beginning, "In that case"? Do you think that the reader ought to have been told before that Dupin had the letter? Why does G—— not stay to hear how it was discovered? What is the most interesting point in the story? Why does the author not stop when the mystery is solved? Why does he use so many words in explaining how the letter was found? Could he have made his explanation briefer? How did Dupin reason, in working out the problem as to where the stolen paper was concealed? What is the object of this story? What do you think of Dupin? Of the author of the tale?

THEME SUBJECTS

Finding a Lost Article	The Real Culprit
A Bit of Detective Work	Tracing a Lost Trunk
The Mysterious Disappearance	The Evidence against Him
How They Caught the Thief	How the Ring Was Recovered
Finding the Owner of the Pocketbook	Where to Hide a Christmas Present
Convicted on Circumstantial Evidence	When Father Played Detective
The Telltale Footprints	The Wrong Clew
	How a Detective Works

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME-WRITING

The Evidence against Him :— Try to write a story about a boy who is unjustly suspected of some wrong-doing. Suppose that he is thought to have taken some money, or a valuable book, or an important letter, from an office, or from some one's desk. Think of a good way to begin your story. Can you begin it with a conversation? If you use conversation, try to make it tell the important things that the reader must know. Try also to let it tell something of the characters of the persons speaking. Tell

why it is that the boy is suspected. Spend some time and thought on the ways in which the evidence seemed to show that he was the one who did the stealing. Did he have some reason for taking the article? Did any one see him near the place where the stealing occurred? Was something belonging to him found near the place? Was he seen to have more money than usual, or a book or a letter like the one in question? Was there any hard feeling between him and the person whose property was taken? Bring out some of these ideas by means of a conversation, if you can. Tell how the boy feels, and what he does. Try to make the reader understand something of the boy's character. Tell how the mystery is solved, and how the boy is proved innocent.

COLLATERAL READINGS

The Cask of Amontillado	Edgar Allan Poe
The Gold-Bug	“ “ “
The Pit and the Pendulum	“ “ “
MS. Found in a Bottle	“ “ “
The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfaall	“ “ “
A Descent into the Maelström	“ “ “
The Fall of the House of Usher	“ “ “
William Wilson	“ “ “
The Man of the Crowd	“ “ “
The Oval Portrait	“ “ “
The Masque of the Red Death	“ “ “
The Balloon Hoax	“ “ “
The Oblong Box	“ “ “
The Black Cat	“ “ “
The Murders in the Rue Morgue	“ “ “
The Tell-Tale Heart	“ “ “
Narrative of A. Gordon Pym	“ “ “
Mystery and Detective Stories (6 vols.)	Julian Hawthorne (Ed.)
The Moonstone	Wilkie Collins
In the Fog	Richard Harding Davis
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes	A. Conan Doyle
Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes	“ “ “
The Sign of the Four	“ “ “
The Great K. & A. Robbery	Paul Leicester Ford
Little Classics (Mystery)	R. Johnson (Ed.)

LETTERS

CHARLES LAMB INTRODUCES A FRIEND

EAST INDIA HOUSE, May 21, 1819.

DEAR RICKMAN, — The gentleman who will present this letter holds a situation of considerable importance in the East India House, and is my very good friend. He is desirous of knowing whether it is too late to amend a mere error in figures which he has just discovered in an account made out by him and laid before the House yesterday. He will explain to you what he means, and I am sure you will help him to the best of your power. Phillips is too ill for me to think of applying to him.

Why did we not see you last night?

Yours truly,

CHARLES LAMB.

STEVENSON WRITES TO A CHILD

(To Thomas Archer)

TAUTIRA, ISLAND OF TAHITI [November, 1888].

DEAR TOMARCHER, — This is a pretty state of things! seven o'clock and no word of breakfast! And I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great fire of cocoanut husks down by the sea, and as we have no blinds or shutters, this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a school-feast under my bed. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's *Æneid*, which is not good fun on an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for

naught, and by some humorous accident, your dear papa's article on Skerryvore. And I read the whole of that, and very impudent it is, but you must not tell your dear papa I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear papa or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast; so I said "Let's write to Tom-archer."

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls (and sometimes the boys) play a very elaborate kind of hopscotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe; and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses, and the balls to roll about the church, — at least I never saw them used elsewhere, — grow ready-made on trees; which is rough on toy-shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but no such luck! my hair is grey, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become offensively rich, you can charter a ship in the port of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with these balls, when you could satisfy your mind as to their character, and give them away when done with to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the tree-top toys (Hush-a-by, toy-shop, on the tree-top!), I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the South Seas.

This was how. You are to imagine a four-wheeled gig; one horse; in the front seat two Tahiti natives, in their Sunday clothes, blue coat, white shirt, kilt (a little longer than the Scotch) of a blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours; under our feet, plenty of lunch and things: among us a great deal of fun in broken Tahitian, one of the natives, the subchief of the village, being a great ally of mine. Indeed we have exchanged names; so that he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no *l* and no *s* in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains; the road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit trees, the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and far nicer, called Barbedine. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open, no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a fairy tale, and just beyond we must ford a river, and there we saw the inhabitants. Just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds: seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys — toy ships, full rigged, and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends. And then I knew for sure they were all children in a fairy story, living alone together in that lonely house with the only toys in all the island; and that I had myself driven, in my

four-wheeled gig, into a corner of the fairy story, and the question was, should I get out again? But it was all right; I guess only one of the wheels of the gig had got into the fairy story; and the next jolt the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our seaside forest as before, and I have the honor to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, TERIITERA, which he was previously known as

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ACKNOWLEDGES HIS ERROR TO
GENERAL GRANT

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 13, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

MY DEAR GENERAL, — I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Fort Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON IRVING WRITES OF HIS VISIT TO
SIR WALTER SCOTT

(To Peter Irving)

ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 1, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I have barely time to scrawl a line before the gossoon goes off with the letters to the neighboring postoffice. . . .

On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach, and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, and took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since. I had intended certainly being back to Edinburgh to-day (Monday), but Mr. Scott wishes me to stay until Wednesday, that we may make excursions to Dryburgh Abbey, Yarrow, &c., as the weather has held up and the sun begins to shine. I cannot tell how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford. I have rambled about

the hills with Scott; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and other spots rendered classic by border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays around his heart; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell. . . .

Your affectionate brother,
W. I.

P. S. — This morning we ride to Dryburgh Abbey and see also the old Earl of Buchan — who, you know, is a queer one. . . .

HAWTHORNE WRITES OF HIS LIFE AT BROOK FARM

BROOK FARM, WEST ROXBURY, May 3, 1841.

As the weather precludes all possibility of ploughing, hoeing, sowing, and other such operations, I be-think me that you may have no objections to hear something of my whereabouts and whatabout. You are to know, then, that I took up my abode here on the 12th ultimo, in the midst of a snow-storm, which kept

us all idle for a day or two. . . . I have planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done various other mighty works. This very morning I milked three cows, and I milk two or three every night and morning. The weather has been so unfavorable that we have worked comparatively little in the fields; but, nevertheless, I have gained strength wonderfully, — grown quite a giant, in fact, — and can do a day's work without the slightest inconvenience. In short, I am transformed into a complete farmer.

This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods, in which we can ramble all day without meeting anybody or scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road, so that we are not troubled even with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a single face, save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past four, breakfast at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine.

The thin frock which you made for me is considered a most splendid article, and I should not wonder if it were to become the summer uniform of the Community. I have a thick frock, likewise; but it is rather deficient in grace, though extremely warm and comfortable. I wear a tremendous pair of cowhide boots, with soles two inches thick, — of course when I come to see you I shall wear my farmer's dress.

We shall be very much occupied during most of

this month, ploughing and planting ; so that I doubt whether you will see me for two or three weeks. You have the portrait by this time, I suppose ; so you can very well dispense with the original. When you write to me (which I beg you will do soon), direct your letter to West Roxbury, as there are two post-offices in the town. I would write more, but William Allen is going to the village, and must have this letter. So good-by.


NATH. HAWTHORNE, Ploughman.

SUBJECTS FOR LETTERS

You have just arrived at home after a visit in the family of a friend : Write an appropriate letter to your hostess — a “ bread-and-butter ” letter.

You are sending a gift to a friend : Write a suitable note to accompany it.

You have received a gift : Write a letter of thanks.

A friend of yours in another town has just won some honor or distinction (taken a prize for declamation, secured first place in a contest, broken a record in athletics, received an appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis) : Write a letter of congratulation.

The dramatic club to which you belong is to give a private performance of *The Merchant of Venice* : Write a note inviting a friend of your mother's.

Write the answer to the same.

Write to some man of local prominence, asking him to address the school upon a certain date. Give him all necessary information.

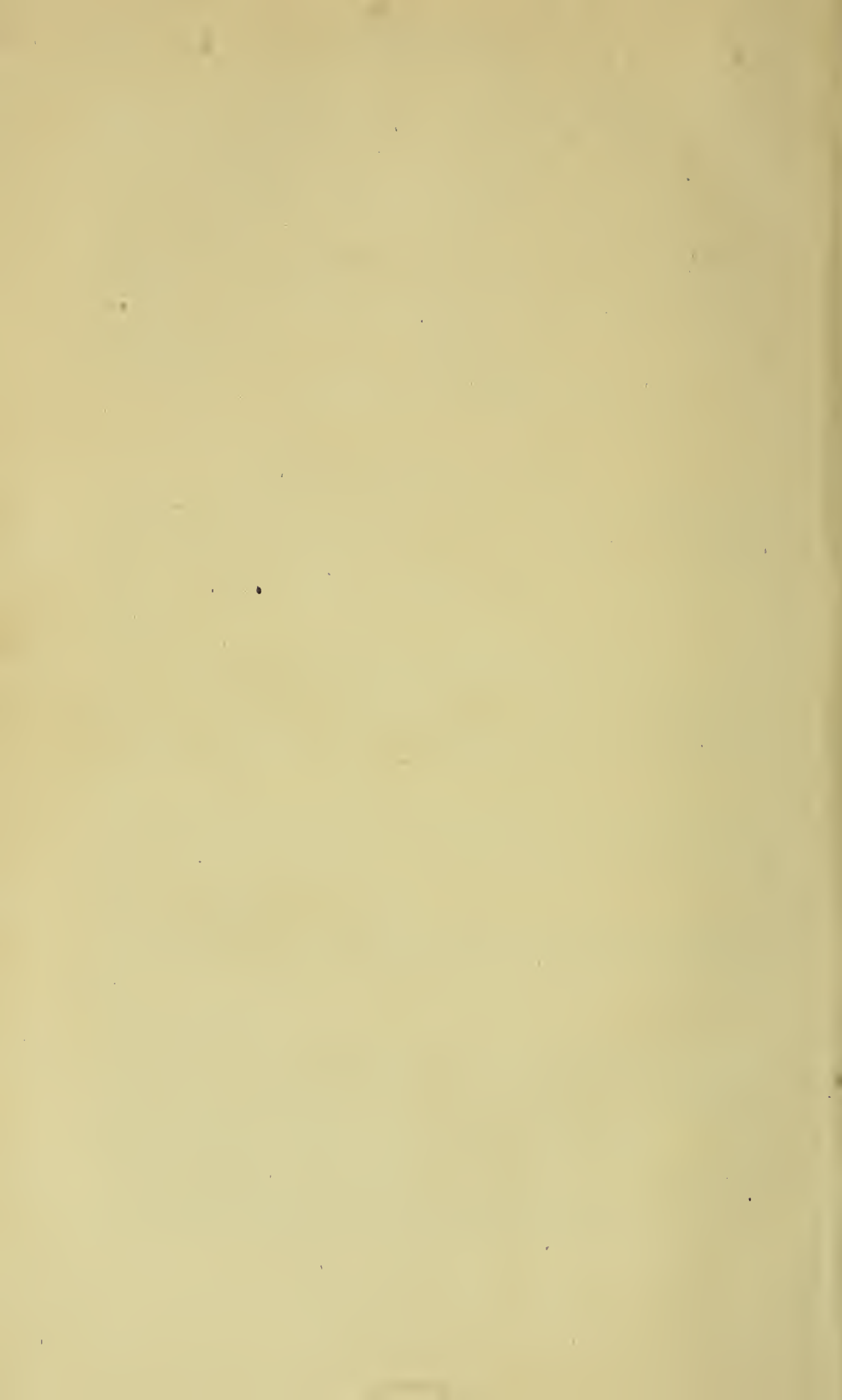
Write his reply.

Suppose that you are secretary of the Helping Hand Society : Write a letter asking for a contribution for charitable purposes.

Last summer you worked for some one who has never paid you what you earned : Write a letter asking for the money.

Write a reply to such a letter.

You are seeking a place to work : Write to the principal of the high school, asking him for a recommendation.



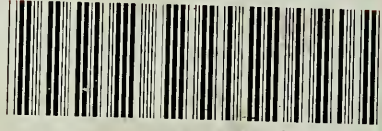
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