

Build Your Own Boat

The earliest means of boat building were done by the use of body parts such as the hands and forearms for measuring certain lengths of a boat model. Other people used tiny pieces of sticks for the same purpose. Until relatively recently, boat designers made models of boats by having the lengthwise basic part of the boat called a keel, stems and its back part called sternposts be connected together in blocks, forming the middle section of the



boat. Its rear section is also either being lifted to produce boats of various sizes. Its remaining parts are then later assembled including the floors and other parts of the hull.

In boat building during the Medieval period, boats were modeled either through drawings or outlines of its hull called half models. Boat builders made rough drawings of the planned boat mostly during the 15th century. Another method which was used in the 17th century was called whole molding. It is a drawing done by the use of a compass to produce the contours of a boat. It mostly concentrates on the middle section of the boat giving way for the setting up of its frames. However, only a

partial portion of the boat was also being drawn. Another technique called lofting is done in the same way except that the boat was completely drawn in its entire part. During the earlier years of the 18th century, boat models were done by carving boat replicas into a certain planned shape, depending on the creativity of the designer.

Included here are plans for building a variety of different boats and devices which will aid in your adventures...

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Small Sail Boat

Wood Needed -

CYPRESS:

Two pieces $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 18 in. x 14 ft.
Two pieces $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 2 in. x 14 ft.
Two pieces $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 14 ft.
One piece $1 \frac{7}{8}$ in. x 9 in. 12 ft.
One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 1 ft. 3 in. x 8 ft.
One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 3 in. x 12 ft.
One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 2 in. x 1 ft. 9 in.
Four pieces $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 3 in. x 18 ft.

OAK:

One piece 6 in. x 5 in. x 12 in.
Two pieces $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 14 ft.
One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 13 in. x 2 ft. 7 in.
Two pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x 6 in. x 11 ft.
One piece $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x $3 \frac{1}{2}$ in. x 3 ft. 9 in.
One piece 1 in. x 4 in. x 4 ft.

GEORGIA PINE:

One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 6 in. x 14 ft.
One piece 1 in. x 7 in. x 7 ft.
One piece $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 6 in. x 3 ft.

WHITE PINE:

Five pieces $\frac{7}{8}$ in. x 6 in. x 16 ft.

THE most important part of a flat-bottomed boat is the stem. This should be of good white oak. You can make it yourself, or have it cut out at a saw mill, which is easier. Next, get out the two sideboards. They should be of number one cypress, without knots or sap streaks, three-quarter-inch thick. Lay out the dimensions as shown on the plans, then saw and plane to the desired shape.

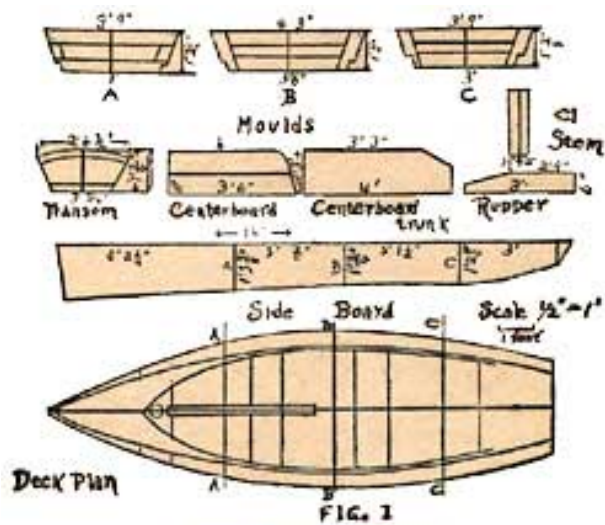


FIG. 1
PLAN FOR SMALL SAILBOAT.

When these are done, make the molds. As they are not permanent, they can be made of old material. Be sure to leave a notch in each lower corner, or else the stringer cannot be fitted. Then make the transom, or stern board. This should be of oak.

When ready to set up, nail each sideboard to the stem with a double row of nails. Hold the mold A five feet from the end of the stem, bend the side boards around it, and fasten securely. Then hold mold B three feet from mold A and fasten as before. Be sure to have each mold at right angles to the center line of the boat. To fasten the sides to mold C and to the transom it will be necessary to fasten heavy rope around the sides, and twist it with a board in the manner shown in Fig. 2. This will bring it together, and you can fasten to mold C and the transom. Never drive a nail without first boring a hole for it with a bradawl. For all permanent nailing use galvanized iron boat nails. These are square cut nails.

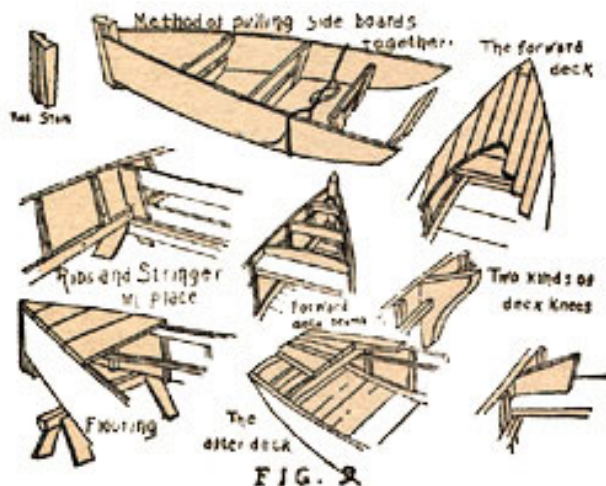


FIG. 2
PLAN FOR SMALL SAILBOAT.

Along the bottom of each side put in a cypress stringer seven-eighths inch thick and two inches wide, extending the full length of the boat. It will be necessary to make a few saw cuts near the stern where it bends sharply up.

The ribs are oak, $7/8" \times 7/8"$ and should be screwed in.

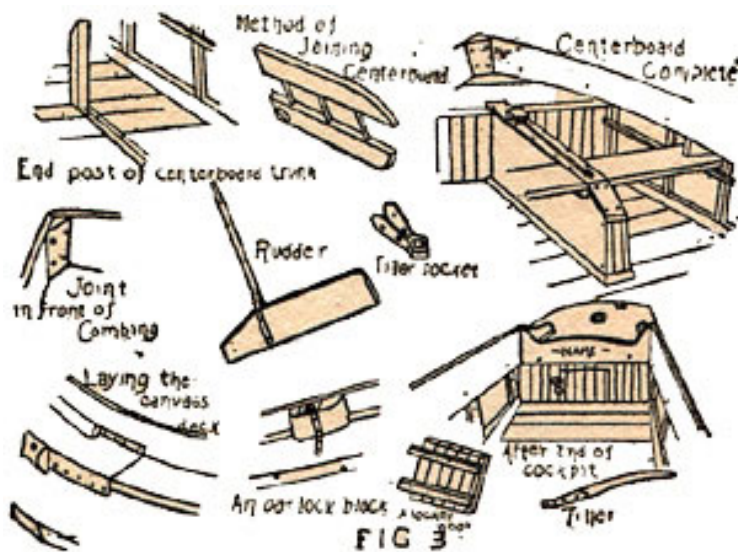
To put on the flooring, turn the boat upside down, off the sideboards and stringer so they will be flat across. Lay several strands of cotton wicking along the edge, and nail the floor boards to both sideboards and stringers. The floor boards should be white pine, as clear from knots and sap streaks as possible. Cypress can be used, but it is not so good. Make as tight a joint between the boards as possible, as there is to be no caulking.

Fasten a strip of Georgia pine $7/8" \times 6"$ along the outside bottom from stem to stern for a keel shoe. Be sure to get Georgia pine, and not North Carolina pine. Nail with long boat nails clinched on the inside.

Turn the boat over, and put in the seats where shown on plans one and one-half inches from the top. They should be cypress $1\ 5/8" \times 9"$.

Now the molds can be taken out. When this is done, put in a $7/8" \times 7/8"$ cypress rib, and just below the seats, extending from stem to stern.

Cut a centerboard slot where shown, two inches wide. Put a post at each end extending from the bottom of the slot as shown in Fig. 3, and nail firmly to both floor and keel shoe. The sides of the centerboard trunk should be



PLAN FOR SAILBOAT.

in one piece, cypress, seven-eighths-inch thick. Before nailing them on lay two or three strands of cotton wicking where they will join

the floor. Put a molding along the corner where the centerboard trunk meets the floor. It would be well to put cotton wicking underneath this, too, as the centerboard trunk is a fruitful place for leaks. The top of the centerboard trunk should be oak one-quarter inch thick.

Put in deck beams, as shown in Fig. 2. Curve them up about two inches in the center. For the side deck, make deck knees like those in Fig. 2, and put one at each seat and one between. Before putting on the deck lay several strands of cotton wicking along the top of the sideboards and nail the deck firmly to the sideboards. The deck should be cypress in strips, 7/8" x 3".

When the deck is laid, smooth the inside of the cockpit ready for the combing. The combing should be one-quarter-inch oak. Bring it to a point in bow, and finish in the stern as shown on drawings.

Then prepare to lay the canvas deck. Paint the deck with a heavy coat of white paint. Paint the underside of canvas the same way, and lay while paint is wet. Bring the edges over onto the sides, and nail to side boards with galvanized or copper tacks, placed close together. Nail inside edge to combing. Where edges of cloth meet on the deck, overlap, and paint thickly underneath. Do not tack to deck. Screw a two-inch half-round fender rail over joint between deck and side boards. Nail a half-inch quarter-round molding in corner between deck and combing, as shown in Fig. 3. Screw to combing four oarlock blocks, as shown in Fig. 3. They should be strengthened with brass angle irons.

For a rudder pipe use a one-inch inside diameter brass pipe. Thread each end, and screw a nut on. Before putting in, line the holes with white lead.

Make the rudder of seven-eighth-inch Georgia pine. For a rudder post use a one-inch diameter brass rod. Square upper end to fit tiller socket. Split the other end and straddle it over rudder. Rivet it with copper rivets. Bore two holes near the top and get a brass pin to fit the holes. This is to hold the rudder in. Make the tiller out of oak. A brass tiller socket such as shown in Fig. 3 can be bought for it. The centerboard should be Georgia pine one inch thick. Make it out of two pieces dowelled together, as shown in Fig. 3. Use brass rods for dowels, and be sure to bore the holes for them straight and of the same diameter as the rods. Make a five-inch slot in one corner to permit the centerboard being dropped as low

as possible. Fasten centerboard in with an oak pin. Fasten a brass rod to top to raise and lower it.

Make a mast hole in foremost thwart, or in forward deck. Line it with leather. Place an oak mast step on the floor directly beneath it. Make a locker at each end of boat, using beaded cypress.

Paint the whole boat with three coats of good paint. Paint the centerboard and centerboard trunk before putting them together. Use deck paint for the deck. All varnished work should be varnished with good spar varnish. Do not try to economize by using cheap varnish. It won't pay.

Obtain a mast. For the boom and sprite, get 2" x 2" spruce. It will be easier to round it if you get the corners cut off at the saw-mill.

The easiest way to get a sail is to have it made at the sailmaker's. When giving him the dimensions, if you are having the spritsail made, be sure to give him the corner-to-corner dimension. If you are making it yourself, overlap each piece of cloth about an inch and sew with a double row of stitches.

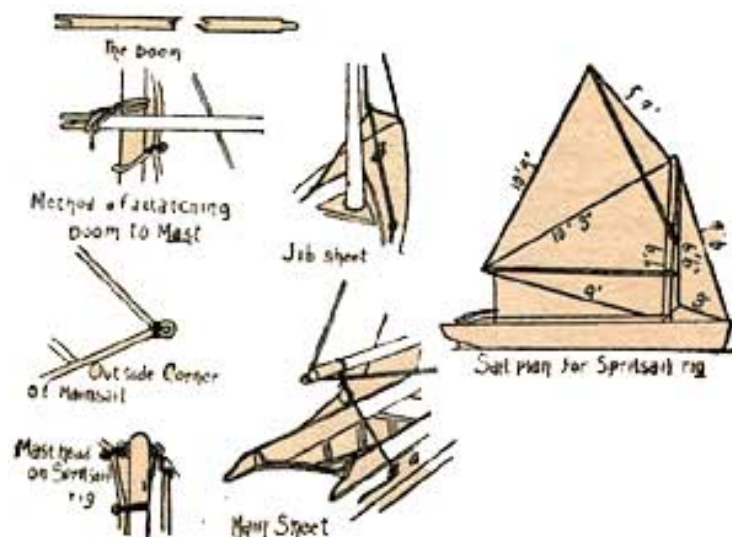


FIG 4.

PLAN FOR RIGGING A SMALL SAILBOAT.

Sew a light rope around the edge, leaving a loop at the outside corner, as in drawing.

To fasten on the leg-of-mutton sail, lash it firmly to the mast hoops. Run the hiliard from the top of the sail, through a pulley at the top of the mast, and belay—that is, fasten-on a cleat near the bottom of the mast. To set the sail, insert small end of the boom into loop on corner of sail, and stretch sail as flat as possible. Fasten a rope, having a loop in one end, to the mast with a double half-hitch. Run

free end of rope through slot in end of boom, through loop in other end, and fasten to boom with double half-hitch, as shown in Fig. 4.

If using the spritsail rig, lash the sail permanently to the mast. Set the same way as leg-of-mutton sail. The sprite is the spar that holds up the upper corner of the sail. This is put on the same way as the boom. The main sheet-as the rope that hauls in and lets out the mainsail is called-should be belayed or fastened on a cleat on one side, rove-that is, passed-through a pulley on the boom and belayed on the other side.

Fasten the jib to eye-bolts in stem and masthead with snap hooks. There should be two jib sheets, one on each side, led through eye-bolts, and belayed near mainsheet.

Bolt a large cleat through forward deck, and put a chock on each side of bow. Put four oarlocks on the sides, and one in the stern. Put a cleat in the stern.

A twenty-pound anchor will be about the right size.

The spritsail rig is the best for rough water and high winds, and is easy to handle, but the boat is very much undercanvased rigged this way. If you want more sail, use the leg-of-mutton sail. The mast for spritsail should be nine feet six inches high. For leg-of-mutton, it should be twice that height, but should taper very much toward the top.

The cost will, of course, vary with the locality and the fittings.

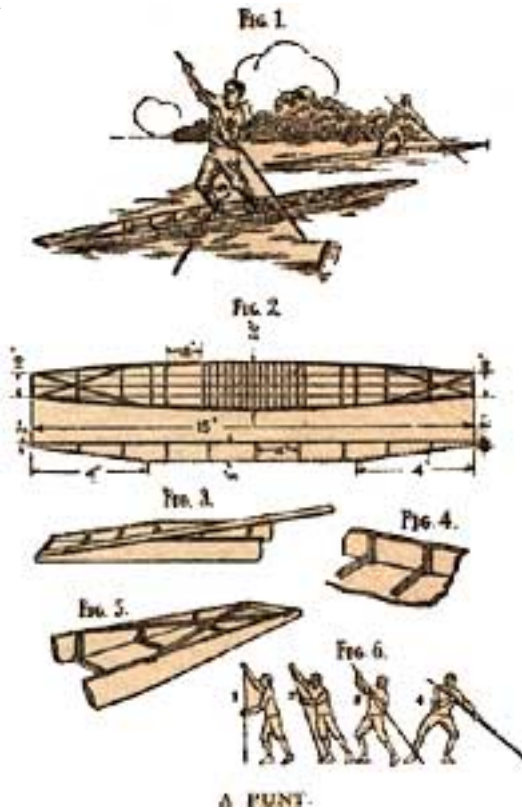
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Punt

THE boat shown in the accompanying sketch is intended for use in a shallow pond or marsh. The craft is a flat-bottomed, one-passenger affair, and is poled along.

A



A PUNT.

complete view from the top and side is presented by the cut marked Fig. 2. Our first work will be to saw out the two eight-foot side boards, which we might dignify by the name of gunwales. For those is recommended cypress, one inch or more in thickness. Next, put in the center floor timbers, which are two inches square and twenty inches long. Put in the one in the exact center, keeping its lower edge a half-inch up from the lower edge of the side board. Next put in the stem and stern pieces, which form the ends of the boat. These are only ten inches long, so the sides will be bent. You may now put in all the other floor timbers,

eighteen pieces, to conform to the shape and dimensions of the diagram in Fig. 2. The short side braces, or ribs, are now attached as shown in detail by Fig. 4.

In Fig. 5 you get a good view of the pair of braces put on the top edges of the gunwales, in X shape. These will add strength and rigidity to the ends and should be securely fastened with long, slender screws.

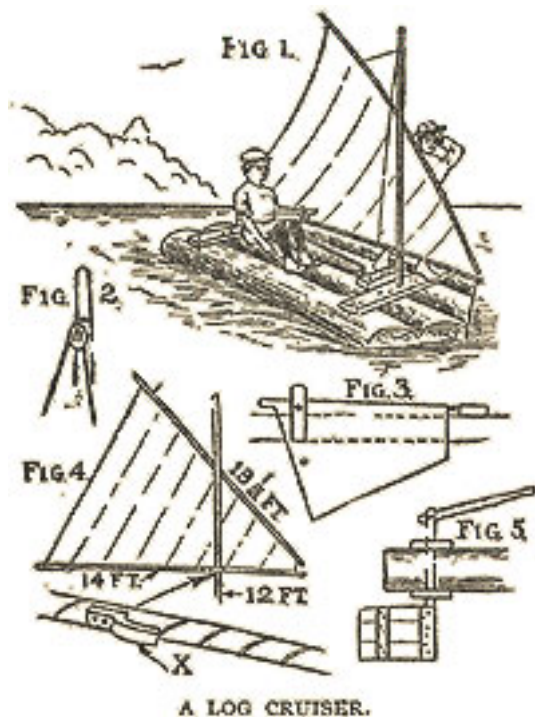
The best material to use for the bottom boards is half-inch matched flooring. Clear pine will do as good as any, but the tongues and grooves must be coated with a thick mixture of white lead and oil before being put together. The edge pieces, which are curved, will tax your patience. The crack should be puttied and battened with a long strip. Before the boat gets any wetting at all it must receive three thorough coats of paint inside and outside.

The pole used may be a bamboo fishing rod or a sapling of sufficient lightness. Fig. 6 is a diagram of how to start and end the stroke. Racing in punts of this type is fine exercise, and for frog and turtle hunts they can't be improved upon.

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Log Cruiser

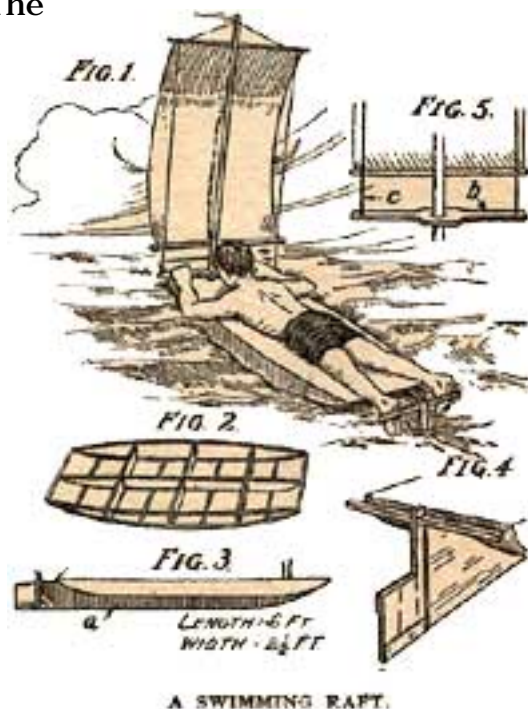


The outdoorsmen and the pond have ever been close companions. Surely you can find four good stout logs and cleat them with pieces of scantling firmly spiked on. It is best to have the fore end of the raft pointed as shown, for it will break the waves and cut through the water more easily. Between the second and third log is a center-board just like Fig. 3. It hangs down into the water and can be raised and lowered at will. The rudder plan is made clear by Fig. 5. The sail is the most difficult part to make. Use a sapling for a mast and brace it with two wires stretched from its highest point to the front cleat. Fig 4 shows the size and rigging of the sail. If you cannot afford a sail you can paddle the raft.

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Swimming Sail Raft

The



clever and unique device pictured herewith may be made by any boy who cares to possess one. Study the pictures, for they will teach you more about the construction than a whole page of text. The making of the body part is shown in Fig. 2. It is like a shallow boat and must be covered with watertight canvas.

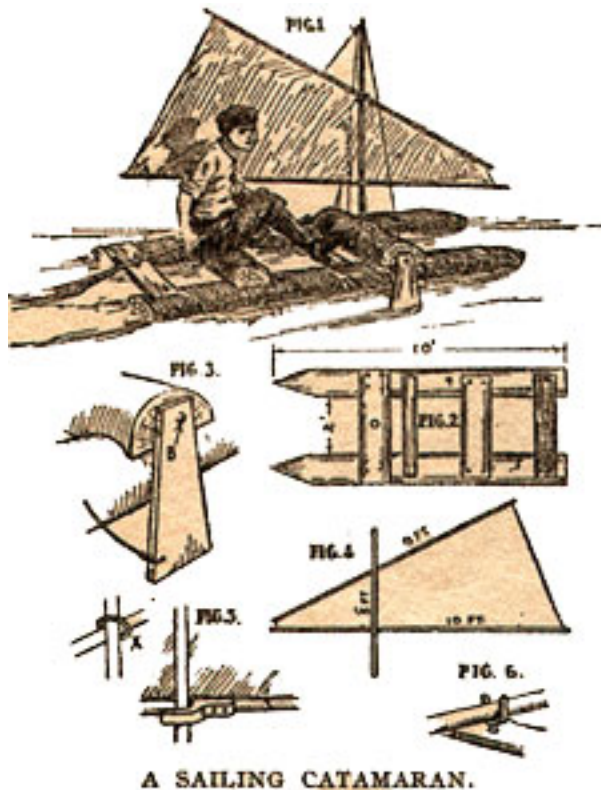
A soap box, torn apart, will provide material for the rudder, as illustrated by Fig. 4. The sail is three feet wide and five feet long. Tack a stick along the top and bottom edges, and by means of these cross-arms lash it to the mast. The mast fits into a square hole and does not turn. The sail turns around it and is operated by the handlebar b. A keel added to the bottom will give greater buoyancy and at the same time add steadiness to the craft.

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Sailing Catamaran

The catamaran is the original and oldest type of boat. It was the first crude attempt of primitive man to control the direction of the log upon which he desired to float. Later, perhaps hundreds of years, the one log affair developed into a craft that consisted of three logs lashed together and pointed at the fore end, just like a gigantic toy boat that a ten-year-old boy would whittle out of a shingle as big as the side of a woodshed.



The plan shown here is copied after the ancient idea and is intended for use at a summer camp or swimming hole. The main part of the craft is two logs ten feet long and fourteen inches or more in diameter. If you camp near a lake or river it is probable that you can find fallen trees conveniently located for the purpose. Taper them down with an ax and lay them on a low bank two feet apart. The manner of

placing the cross-braces is shown by Fig. 2. Spike them well and then drill holes with a long bit one inch in diameter. Into the holes drive tight-fitting wooden pegs. You can make it very strong and rigid this way, for all the old-time houses in this country were built with wooden nails. In Fig. 3, there is represented a lee board nailed to the end of the fore brace or thwart. The boards, there is one on the other end of the same log, dip down into the water and serve the same purpose as the centerboard of a sailboat, that is, to keep it from drifting sideways or capsizing. An oarlock on the rear cross-piece serves as a seat for the rudder oar. This oar may also be used for sculling. Fig. 6 shows the detail.

Fig. 4 shows the sail plan and dimensions clearly. Fig. 5 shows the cleat by means of which the boom of the sail swings on the mast. A heavy wire ring directly above this cleat is marked X. The mast is a hickory pole eight feet long and four inches in diameter. The lower end of it is squared and sunk into a square hole, a few long nails being toed in to steady it. The mast is then braced with wires leading from the top to the log platform.

There is a world of fun in this homely craft, but, it is needless to say, you must be a good swimmer if you want to go into deep water with it.

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Canoe Stunt

A few years ago two friends took a trip up a river in a canoe. The stream is nearly a mile wide and quite shallow, so it goes without saying that if there was any breeze blowing they were sure of getting their share of it. After ten hours' paddling rapids were encountered, and they had to make a portage to a parallel canal nearby. The first night they slept in the woods with the canoe for a bed and a large canvas coverall for a shelter. They simply hung it



A CANOE STUNT.

from a line that ran the length of the boat, dog-tent fashion. Imagine a carpet doubled over a clothesline, with each edge resting on the ground and held three feet apart by means of small stakes.

The next day they went five miles on the canal and made a portage back to the river. Then a thunder-storm accompanied by a deluge of nice wet summer rain dampened their plans and themselves. This time they took refuge under an old bridge and used their canvas to curtain off

the angry weather. After the rain they cast away all excess baggage, such as bait and spoiled lunch, and started for home. Although it was summer the river was choppy, and a strong gusty wind lashed them from behind. Again they requisitioned the canvas. This time they made it into a square sail as shown in the picture. For a mast or upright stick they used a fish pole, simply holding it as firm as possible, as in Fig. 3. Branches cut from a tree served as the cross-arms at top and bottom.

One of the friends sitting at the stern used the paddle as a rudder. The trip home was made in just one-half the time it took to paddle up. When they arrived at the park from which they had started not one boat was to be seen braving the elements, and much was the surprise of hundreds of owners of small craft to think that they had nerve enough to venture out in a canoe. With no effort at all they made from seven to nine miles an hour. Don't neglect to take along a big canvas. As the old sailor says: "It's useful for anything from swaddling clothes to winding sheet."

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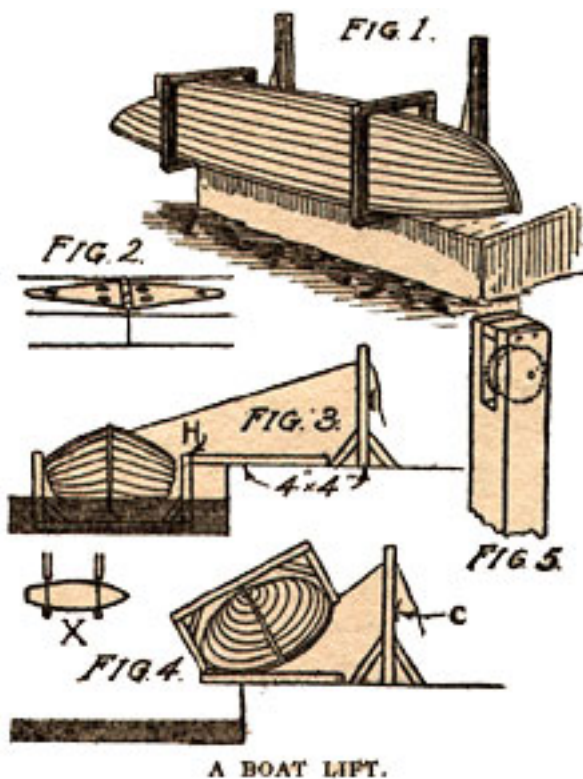
The putting on of the canvas is too simple to require explanation. Simply stretch it over the top, draw it down the side a few inches, and tack it in place. The shade may be tilted in any direction or laid flat. It may also be taken off the boat quickly by unscrewing the four nuts that hold it. If you do not intend to remove it when not in use, have the nut under the seat and the head of the bolt on top instead of the opposite way, as it would be easy for some one to appropriate your shade for their own use.

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Boat Lift

It is quite a little task to get a boat out of the water; in fact, it is seldom effected without a scraping off of the paint or a straining of the back of the lifter, which is a catastrophe not to be laughed at. Here is an easily made, permanent device, which will remove the difficulty. It is a permanent fixture, and will be equally useful for launching purposes in the spring. First set up two 4 x 4 inch posts on the dock, making them firm by bracing.



Saw a block out of the top of each and in the spaces set pulleys, as in Fig. 5. We now make two frames out of 4 x 4 inch stuff, using three pieces for each and bracing each as indicated by Fig. 3. Those frames are then hinged with large, strong strap hinges to the flat pieces, which have been spiked to the dock and which

extend about a foot over the edge of same. It is used by simply gliding the boat along into the pocket formed by the two frames, then attaching the ropes and pulling up slowly. The surfaces that the boat must come in contact with should be padded with large rubber hose. There is no danger of the boat falling out, because the ropes bind on the top.

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Flat Bottom Row Boat

Materials Needed:

Sides -- Two boards 16' long, 16" wide, and 7/8" thick.

Bottom -- One piece, length 14' 4", width 8", thickness 5/8".

Two pieces, length 13' 8", width 7", thickness 5/8".

Two pieces, length 12', width 7", thickness 5/8".

Thickness of all bottom boards is the same.

Molds -- (No. 1) one piece, length 33", width 15", thickness 7/8".

(No. 2) one piece, length 44", width 15", thickness 7/8".

(No. 3) one piece, length 43.5", width 14.5", thickness 7/8".

(No. 4) one piece, length 40", width 13.5", thickness 7/8".

Thickness of all molds is the same.

Stern Board -- One piece, length 32", width 13", thickness 7/8".

Seats -- Two pieces, 15" x 10" x 5/8".

Two pieces, 12" x 7".

Two pieces, 18" x 10".

One piece, 39" x 10".

One piece, 42" x 10".

All seats are the same thickness.

Deck -- One piece, 13" x 12" x 7/8".

Stem -- One piece, 17" long x 3 5/8" x 2 1/4".

Oarlock Blocks -- Four pieces, 10" x 2.5" x 2.5".

Ribs and Floor Timbers -- 42 feet of 1" square oak strips.

Seat Risers -- Two strips, 14' long

x 2" wide x 7/8" thick.

Floor Strips -- Two pieces, 8' long x 2" wide x 1/4" or 1/2" thick.

Two pieces, 8' long x 2" wide x 1/4" or 1/2" thick.

Four pieces, 12' long x 2" wide x 1/4" or 1/2" thick.

Foot Braces.--Four pieces, 8" long x 1 3/4" wide x 1".

Two pieces, 10" long x 1" x 1". All of oak.

Oarlock Block Supports -- Four pieces, 15" x 2" x 1". Y (Fig. 8).

Four pieces, 17" x 2" x 5/8". Z (Fig. 8).

Fenderwale -- Two long strips, 16' long x 2" wide x 1/2" thick.

Keel -- Oak board, 1" thick, 4" wide, and 15' long.

Use 2-inch clout nails for nailing bottom. Brass screws in all sizes from 1 inch long to 3 inches long will be required. The boat should receive two coats of paint inside and three coats outside. This will take two gallons of paint and one gallon of boiled oil for thinning purposes. Two pairs of oarlocks are required. Caulk all cracks in the bottom with oakum.

Work very slowly and carefully. Three weeks is good time in which to make this boat right.

HERE is a very simple and serviceable boat. Before beginning actual work see that all your tools are in good condition.

First saw out the molds. Nail them to a plank as shown. They should not rest on the plank. We now tack the sideboards or side streaks on to the molds and bring them to a point at the bow or fore end. Put in the stern board and the middle bottom board. The molds are merely to aid us in shaping the boat, and nothing

must be nailed to them except temporarily. The sideboards will have to be shaved off with a plane so the bottom boards will lay flat upon them. Great care must be taken in cutting out the dimensions of the stem of the boat . Its are shown clearly. The sideboards fit into this stem piece. The boat now begins to look like the real thing. We have the sides, stern, stem, and bottom complete.

We next put in the ribs and floor timber. The seat riser is a long cleat nailed to the ribs. The floor consists of long cleats nailed to the floor timber. We now put on the seats and the little decking at the bow end of the boat. Next come the blocks for the oarlocks. Along the whole length of the boat at the top of the sideboards and stern is a strip called the fenderwale. The keel is a hard board nailed to the bottom of the bottom of the boat. It protects it when sliding on the sand of a creek bed or in shallow water.

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Canoe

Materials Needed:

Base (Temporary) -- One piece,
14' x 4" x 2" pine.

Stem Pieces -- Four pieces, 50" x 1
3/4" x 1" oak.

Gunwales -- Two pieces, 16' x 1" x
1" oak.

Side Strips (Temporary) -- Four
pieces, 16' x 1" x 1" oak.

Ribs -- 190', 1 1/2' x 3/8" ash,
elm, hickory, or cypress.

Planking -- 275', 2" x 1/4" x 3/16"
cypress.

Keel -- One piece, 14' x 3" x 1/2"
oak.

Seat Raisers -- Two pieces, 14' x
1" x 1" oak.

Seats -- Ten feet, 1 1/2" x 1 1/2"
oak.

Thwart -- One piece, 31" x 3" x
3/8" oak.

Fenderwale -- Six pieces, 16' x 1
1/8" x 1 1/4" cypress.

Deck -- Two pieces, 12" x 6" x
1/2" cypress.

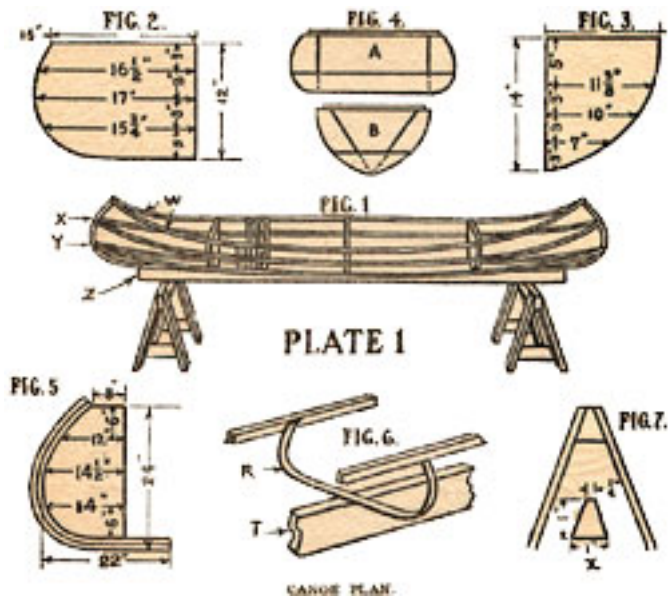
Canvas -- 28" wide by 18' long.

Paddle, Sail, and Leeboards --
Dimensions given on cuts.

Paint -- Two gallons.

ONE of the most interesting boats
to build, and one of the safest and
most serviceable when properly
handled is the canoe. To construct
a strong, safe canoe is not difficult
if adequate directions are followed.

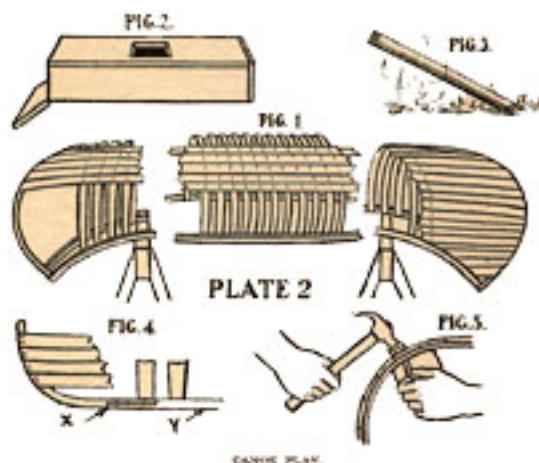
It is the purpose of this chapter to tell you in detail how to work and what materials to buy. It is written for the average boy who has only a hammer and saw and plane to work with and but a few dollars to spend on pleasure craft.



It will occur to you at once that the hardest part of boat construction is the shaping. Anyone could build a long box, but how are we going to accomplish the graceful curving of the sides and the neat tapering of the ends? We must build forms or molds for this purpose, and the strips to be bent must be pliable and softened by immersion in boiling water or steam for hours.

The very first thing to do is to set up a heavy plank on two strong trestles. It is marked Z in Fig. 1, Plate 1. Mark the center and a line four feet each side of the center. Then make one mold or form like A and two like B. Figure 2 shows exact dimensions for one-half of mold A, Fig. 3 is one-half of B. When you have the molds completed, set the big one A on the center line of the plank and nail it securely; the two smaller ones B are fastened to the four-foot lines you have drawn. We now fasten to each end of the plank the curved piece shown by Fig. 5. The exact curvature of this

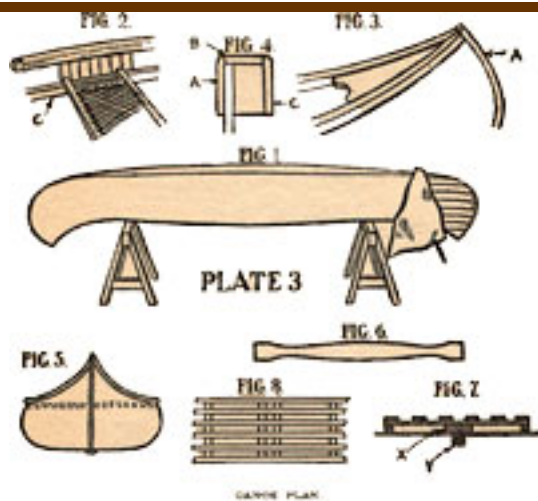
50-inch oak or ash strip is indicated by the figures. It is shaped by being softened and bound to a form as shown for several days. The first two long strips or gunwales W are screwed to the stem and stern pieces and to the molds. Next temporarily fasten the pair X and the pair Y. The work so far described is by far the most difficult to do. When complete the skeleton of the canoe will look like Fig. 1 in Plate 1. The joint and shape at the ends of those long strips is shown by Fig. 7.



The putting in of the ribs is our next concern. They should be green elm, hickory, or ash, three-eighths inch thick and one and one-half inches wide, and long enough to make the curve from gunwale to gunwale. The center or longest one is the first to be put in, as R in Fig. 6 shows. It goes outside of X and Y and inside the gunwales W. The ribs are placed one inch apart and are fastened with galvanized nails. The boiling or softening of the ribs may be done by making a steamtight box as in Fig. 2, Plate 2. The opening in the top is set over a vessel of boiling water and the ribs are placed in through the open end. In this way one burner on a gas stove may be made to keep the box full of steam. After a night's immersion in the hot vapor the ribs can be bent without fear of breaking or cracking. When the

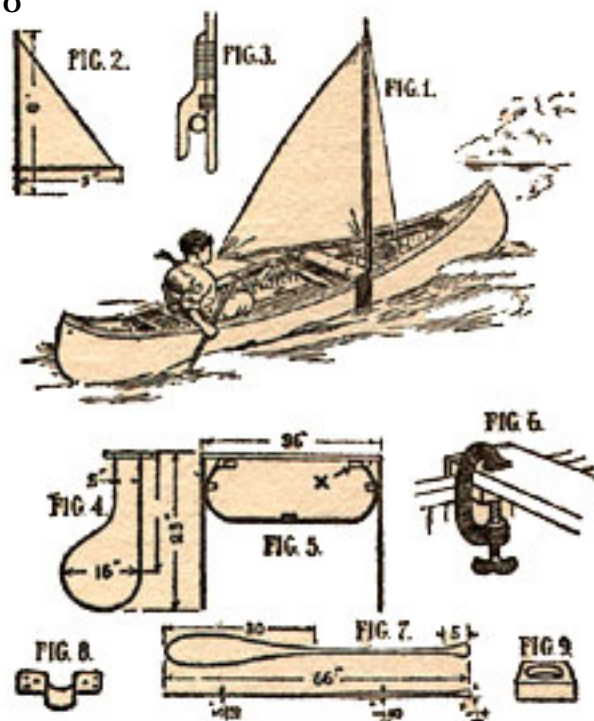
ribs are well set after being in place two days, remove X and Y. Figure 3 is an iron pipe four inches in diameter, with one closed end driven into the ground at the angle indicated. It is filled with water and a bonfire built under it. Strips may be placed inside the pipe, and by maintaining a hot fire you have a fairly satisfactory apparatus for steaming the ribs.

We now remove the plank and substitute a strip two inches wide and one inch thick, and long enough to run along the bottom of the canoe, being fastened to the curved stem and stern piece. The framework of the canoe being completed, we proceed to cover it either with canvas or planking or both. The planking process is shown by Fig. 1 in Plate 2. The material used is cypress, three inches wide and one-quarter inch thick. It is shaped like the siding or clap boards used on houses and one board overlaps the other. Begin at the center and work to the sides. Clout nails are used. They are clinched on the inner side as shown in Fig. 5. The joint used in fastening the long bottom piece to the stem and stern is shown in Fig. 4. If you wish to use canvas as a covering, observe Fig. 1 on Plate 3. The canvas should be extra heavy and may be used without the planking; that is, it may be nailed directly on the skeleton, as it appears in Fig. 1, Plate 2.



Lay your wide strip of canvas on the framework and tack the center line to the center line of the canoe bottom strip. Use copper or galvanized tacks. Stretch it as you go, leaving no wrinkles or fullness. At the ends it will have to be cut with a shears and lapped over two inches, the surplus being snipped off and thrown away. A coating of glue may be put on the canvas to shrink it and fill up the meshes, but it is of no use unless it is afterward covered with three good coats of paint, inside and outside. The deck shown by Fig. 3, Plate 3, is now put in and a thin strip of molding nailed along the edge of the canvas to the gunwales, also an outer stem and stern strip A. A long two-inch board or keel is nailed to the bottom outside the canvas to prevent injury to same when the boat scrapes the bottom. Fig. 8 shows the floor; Fig. 7 is a sectional view of the same. A picture of the seat is marked Fig. 2; C is one of the inside strips to support the same. Fig. 6 is a brace used in the center of the boat. Notice it under the sail in the complete sketch. The boat is now entirely finished. It may be varnished on the inside to look like light oak.

To



CANOE PLAN.

keep the water from running down to the hands a rubber washer or wrapping of cord may be used. Fig. 4 shows size and shape of leeboards, which extend down over the sides of the boat into the water. Fig. 5 is a view of same. Fig. 6 shows how the leeboard device is clamped to the boat at the point X. The whole thing, including sail, may be lifted off or added to any canoe. Fig. 2 is the sail plan, Fig. 3 a home-made cleat for swinging it. The base of the mast rests in the block (Fig. 9) and passes through the strap (Fig. 8), which is made from a heavy tub hoop.

This about finishes the canoe equipment. If you follow instructions you will have a good, serviceable boat.

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Brother Bartholomew of Northumbria, A.D. 1159

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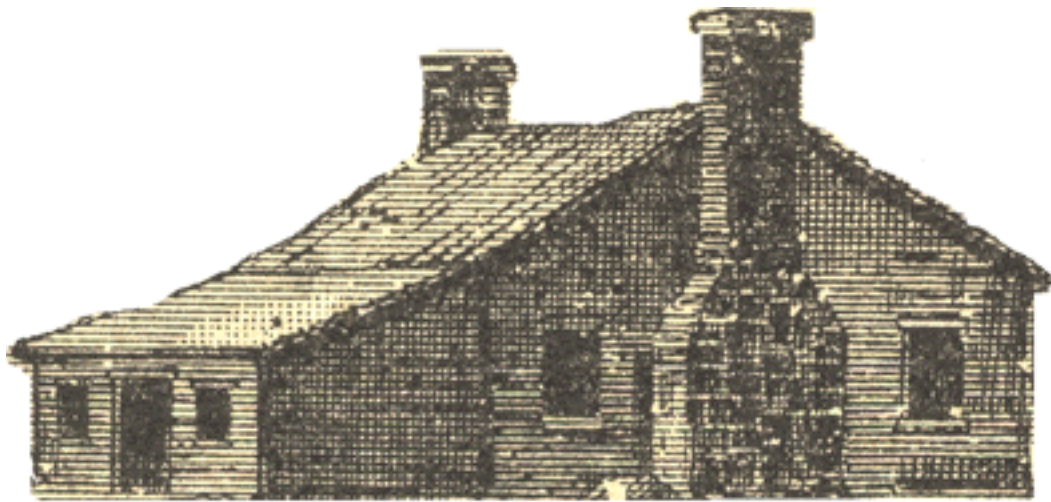
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How To Build A Log Cabin



THE log cabin marks the beginning of American architecture. It was the log house that sheltered the Pilgrims from the weather, and it was this same style of structure in which Abraham Lincoln and many other of our statesmen were born. In the first cabins the window openings were covered with oiled paper, as there was no glass in the country until some years later, when it was brought over from England.

Although the cabin went out of use as a dwelling very rapidly when saw mills came into existence, it is still to be found in the timber regions and mountains. Certainly a better forest home could not be wished for.

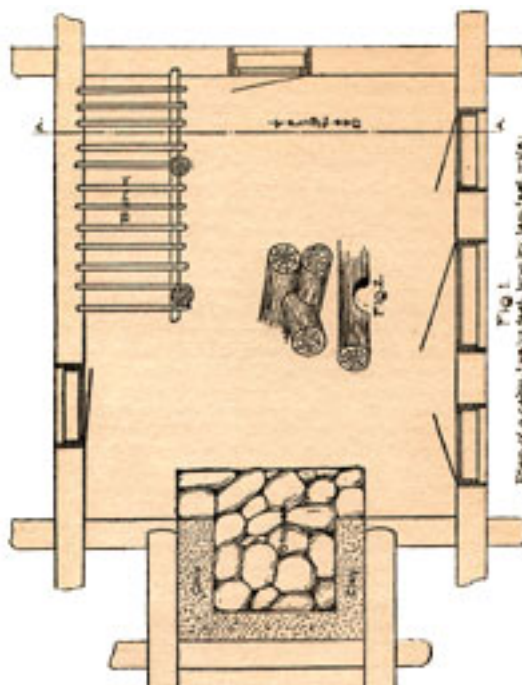
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First Steps

After procuring land suitable to build a cabin, one must be careful in choosing an elevated spot. Do not locate your camp at the base of a hill or near marshy and boggy ground. Be sure that good drinking water can be had near at hand. After selecting a place for your cabin, you must decide upon the style and size to build it. These must be determined largely by the size and amount of timber you can



procure. The picture is of a plan for a cabin simple in design and structure.

Most of the material for the cabin can be secured in the woods; but for a good roof, floor, and the finishing of the door and window openings, some boards should be taken along. There is no rule for the diameter of the timber to be used, but logs of small diameter are to be preferred for a small cabin. Cut all the logs about two feet longer than the inside dimensions of the building. If the plan here given is followed, the logs should be twelve and fourteen feet long. Leave the bark on the logs.

To start the cabin, stake out its length and breadth upon the ground; clear the space of all trees and brush, and make the ground as nearly level as possible. It will be unnecessary to have a foundation for a cabin of this size. Select two fourteen-foot logs for sills and lay them upon the ground, parallel to each other and ten feet apart.

There are several ways of joining the logs together. Probably the most simple scheme is what is known as the lock-joint. A notch is cut in the logs one foot from each end. After cutting the notches in two twelve-foot logs, fit them over the sills one foot from the ends.

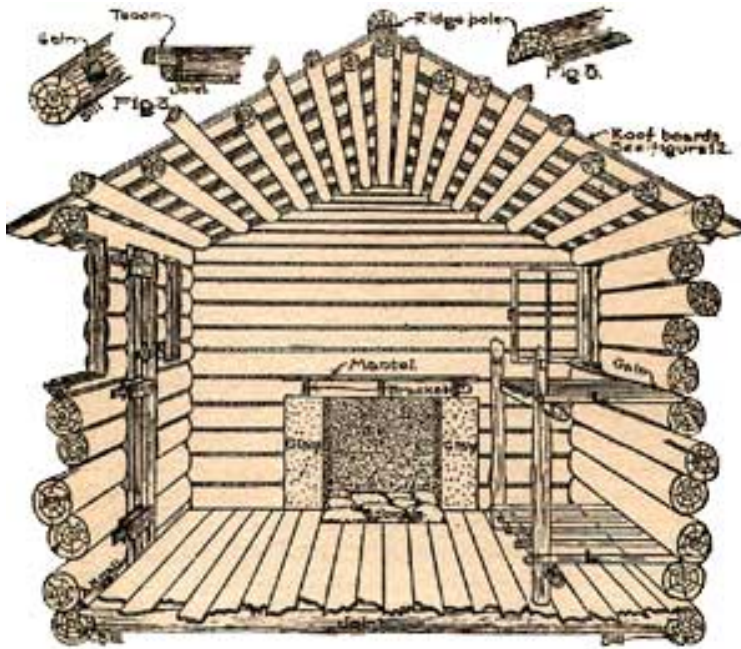
If you intend to have a wooden floor, you must lay the floor joints at this point. Cut straight poles for these and gain and tenon them into the sills, placing them about two feet apart.

After fastening the joists in place, continue laying the logs, placing a fourteen-foot log on each side and then a twelve-foot log on each end, until the height of the doors and windows has been reached. This should be about six feet eight inches from the floor. Cut out the openings and finish them with jambs.

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Building the Roof



When the desired height of the walls has been attained, you are ready to construct the roof. There are several ways of framing this. Continue laying the end logs as before, but set each pair of side logs a little farther in than the preceding pair, until they finally meet at the peak of the roof.

The roof may be thatched or covered with bark, shingles, or boards. The thatched roof is the most artistic, and when well made will last from ten to fifteen years; but unless the straw is put on very thickly and woven closely, it is likely to leak. If you intend to use shingles you will require about four quarter-thousand bunches for a roof of this size. Boards will be found the most simple and inexpensive covering. First nail a layer of boards across the roof, leaving a space of four inches between each board, and then nail boards over the spaces. Fasten a ridgepole at the peak to protect the edges of the boards. This pole may be made out of a small log with a V-shaped piece cut out of it to make it fit over the boards.

If you cannot obtain glass for the windows, the openings may be covered with paper, or wooden shutters may be made to close the openings at night and during storms.

It is not advisable to build a log chimney

and fireplace with the intention of making fires in it. Unless built very carefully and kept in good repair there is always danger of setting the cabin on fire. But whether the fireplace is used or not, it belongs to a log cabin and should be built. Nothing is more artistic than the stick chimney.

First cut an opening about three feet high and five feet wide in the end of the cabin for the fireplace. Then build up the chimney in the same manner as you did the cabin walls, until it extends two feet above the top of the fireplace. Use large logs for this portion of the chimney and fit the ends against the logs of the main structure. When this has been done, make a stone hearth, filling in the stones with clay, and packing them down until they are level with the floor joists. Make the clay linings of the sides of the fireplace from ten to twelve inches thick, beating the clay until it becomes hard. Smaller sticks may be used for the upper part of the chimney. Lay these up in clay mortar and line the inside with clay as the work proceeds. Fasten a shelf above the fireplace on wooden brackets.

When the carpenter work of the cabin has been completed, caulk all the spaces between the logs with clay and moss. In doing this use a pointed stick.

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The Interior Finish

The exterior of the cabin being completed, we will turn our attention to the finishing of the interior. The cost of the structure will be considerably reduced if, instead of making a wooden floor, you dry out the ground and pack it down until it is hard. If you are



situated where you can procure boards, nail them to the joists which you set in place during the early part of the building's construction.

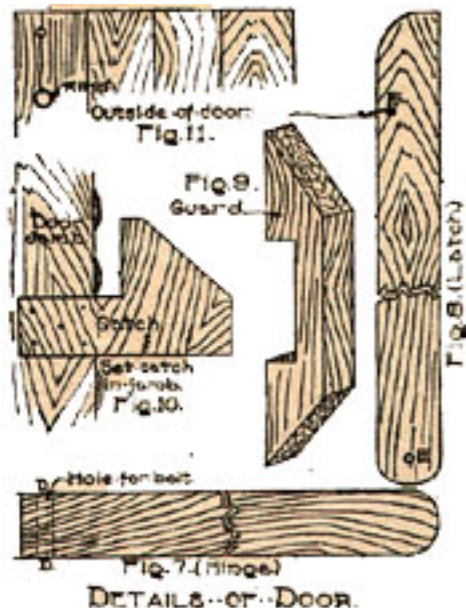
Make the cabin door of matched

boards, fastening them together by means of battens at top, center, and bottom. If you do not happen to have iron hinges, there are several ways of making good wooden ones. Cut three blocks of wood and nail them to the inside edge of the door jamb. Make three wooden hinges, each about eighteen inches long. Round one end of each, and bore a small hole through it. Nail these three hinges to the door in such a position that, when the door is put in place, the ends of the hinges will rest on the blocks. Now, when you know where the holes bored in the hinges come on the blocks, bore a hole through each block directly below that in the hinge. When ready to put the door on, set it in place and either bolt the hinges to the blocks or slip large spikes through the holes.

A hinge very commonly used consists of a pole about four inches longer than the door. This pole is nailed to the edge of the door, one end extending into a hole bored in the floor, and the other end into a corresponding hole in the log over the door opening.

The old-fashioned wooden latch and latchstring is a very good and

serviceable fastening for a cabin door. The latch should be about two feet long and two inches wide. Make a guard by cutting a slot in it about three and one-half inches long and a little deeper than the latch is thick. The catch should be made with an incline, so that the latch will slide easily into the slot.



After screwing the latch to the door, fasten the guard and catch in place. The catch should be set into a slot cut in the door jamb. Bore a hole through the latch and another through the door; after which fasten a cord to the latch and pass it through the hole made in the door. Tie an iron ring or small weight to the end of the string hanging outside of the door. The latch, guard, and catch may need some adjusting at first to make them work perfectly.

Two bunks should be arranged in a corner of the cabin. Erect two posts thirty inches from the wall, and fasten two cross-pieces, about twelve inches from the floor. Cut some straight poles about three feet long, and gain one end of each into the wall, and fasten the other ends to the crosspieces. Place these poles about six inches apart, and cover them with a thick layer of straw.

In addition to a few stools, which can be made out of boxes, you should have a corner cabinet for guns, fishing

tackle, camera, photograph supplies, etc. This may be made out of one of the packing cases in which you brought your camping outfit. Attach the cover to the front with leather hinges and fasten a few shelves inside.

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A Guide to Building Your Own Camping Equipment

Camping is a past time as old as man going back to when humans slept under the stars or in make-shift tents as a manner of living. Today, you can buy RV's, pop-up trailers and fancy four room tents for your adventure in the great outdoors. It's all a matter of comfort and what you can afford.



Yet it is not the same for everyone. Some people feel that camping is more than just recreation. They view it as an adventure, as a way to get in touch with the past. For these more serious campers, the conveniences one can purchase at the local sporting goods store spoil the fun of attempting to 'make it in the outdoors.'

Featured here is information for those more serious campers. By taking a rustic approach, one can use many of the assets of nature to enjoy camping. It is not difficult to build your own camping equipment.

Camping Equipment:

[How to Make A Camp](#)

- [Camp Chairs](#)
- [Camp Kitchen](#)
- [Camp Bed](#)
- [Camping Conveniences](#)
- [Camp Suggestions](#)

Fishing Equipment:

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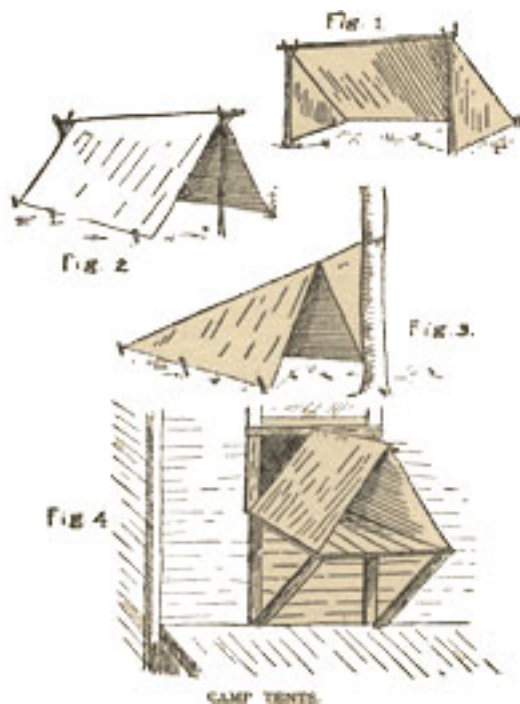
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How to Make Camp

The ideal camping ground is, of course, by the side of a lake or river. Make sure of your water supply and drainage, and have the open side face the south. The kind of tent used is called a wall tent. The poles used can be cut in the woods; the stakes and lines should be carried. A fire should be at least twenty feet away from the tent, to avoid danger of fire and inconvenience from smoke. A table erected will be found a luxury when compared with eating while squatted around the fire. A cupboard, perhaps suspended from a tree near the table could contain dishes and salt, pepper, vinegar, etc. Do not keep sugar with the other food supplies or you will have all the ants in the country paying you a visit.

Such a campsite described can be set up in just a couple of hours. You will need an axe, fishing tackle, waterproof match safes, pliers, sharp knives, some peroxide and Vaseline, clean cloths for bandages for scratches, extra pairs of shoes, sun hats, and pillows.

Here are a few sketches that will give the beginner an idea of how to set up a canvas quickly. Fig. 1 is the lean-to, and has two forked poles about six feet high in front and a cross-bar that rests upon them. A stake is driven at each of the rear corners for guying. The canvas for this style of tent should be of oblong shape, say about 18 x 8 feet.



Another very simple and practical shelter tent is shown in Fig. 2. It is used mostly as protection from the sun and the ends are open to admit the breezes. The same instructions as to canvas and poles that were given in regard to the lean-to hold good here; in fact, the material required for each tent is the same and you can erect your shelter in the form of Fig. 1 or like Fig. 2, whichever suits your convenience best.

In Fig. 3 we have a simpler shelter than either of the foregoing. No poles are required and the canvas need not be of any particular shape, although a piece nearly square will be the handiest. This is a tent that you can rig up very quickly on the bank of a creek when fishing, to keep your lunch cool and dry if a thunder storm happens to come along.

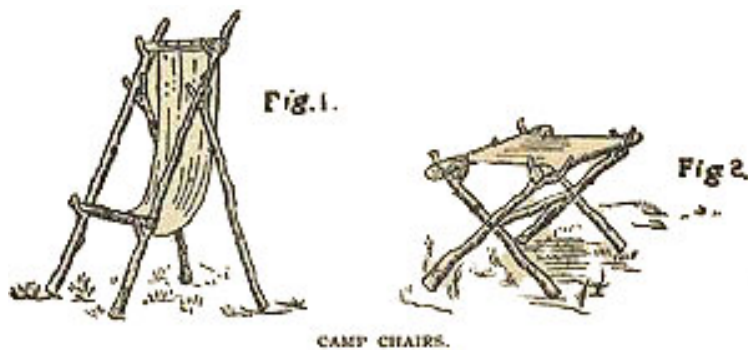
Fig. 4 is a rigging for the home that enables the sleeper to have his head and shoulders out of doors. Doctors all over the country are unceasingly preaching fresh air and it behooves us to heed their advice. It is best to begin to sleep outdoors in the

summer, so that our system will be accustomed to it before the cold weather comes on. This shelter, supposed to be erected in the rear of the house, consists of a bracket shelf that may be bolted to the house, so as to admit of being readily removed. The canvas is erected in the manner shown or in any way that affords protection from dew, wind, and rain.

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Camp Chairs



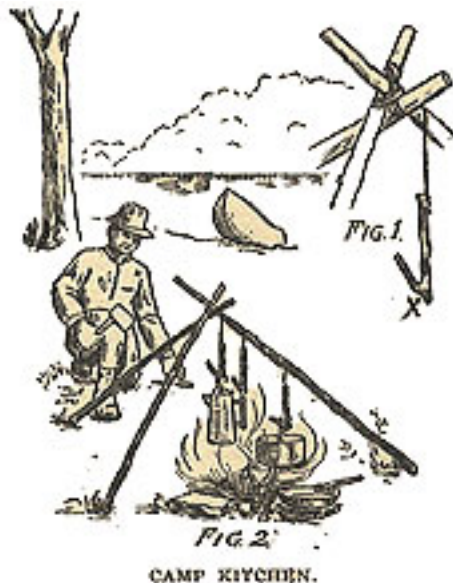
The seats pictured here are so simple that they require little explanation on my part. They are designed for camping purposes, but there is no reason why you cannot make them for your lawn or playground; in fact, their rustic appearance makes them as appropriate for a lawn as for any purpose. It is an easy matter to find the pieces needed, but you should be careful not to strip your neighbor's trees of any branches without permission. Before attempting to drive long nails or screws in this green wood, bore holes with a small bit. Shave off all knots and bumps with a sharp knife and paint the spots with shellac or varnish to keep them from splitting. The chair and stool may be made in take-down style by tying the joints together with cord, and in this way can be taken apart and carried very easily. If made for the lawn it is just as well to screw them together

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Camp Kitchen

Here is a picture of a camp cookery that ought to suggest a quickly arranged and quite convenient way of getting meals started while out roughing it. It is not easy to find a piece of suitable wire out in the woods, but no doubt you would have no trouble in locating a forked stick or enough of them to fill your needs. They are tied to the tripod with rope, but this lashing must be far enough away from the fire to be safe from burning. The three poles that form the tripod are lashed together as shown in Fig. 1.

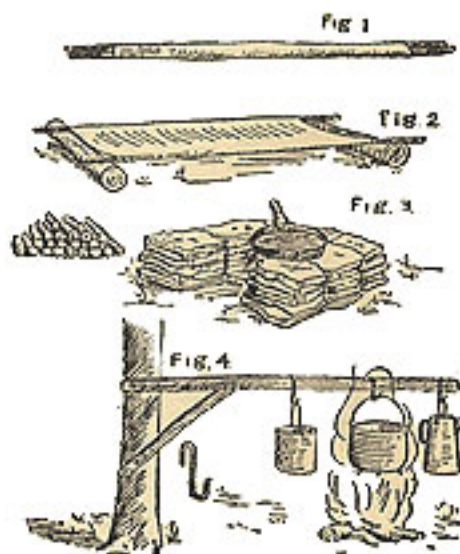


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Camp Bed

One of the simplest camp beds is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of a rectangular piece of canvas with a wide hem at each side. Through the opening formed by these hems poles are thrust and their ends are then rested upon two logs as shown. It is a very comfortable bed for camping and the canvas that goes to make it may be used for other purposes in the daytime. This is an advantage not to be scorned, for the chief aim of the seasoned camper is to get along with as few things as possible or, in other words, to use everything for as many different purposes as possible.



CAMP BEDS AND FIREPLACES.

The lower cuts, Fig. 3 and Fig. 4, show two fireplaces. The first is a three-sided wall built of stones. One side is left open to receive the draft, the others are closed to retain the heat. A camp fire like this will serve your needs for broiling and frying fish and making coffee quite as well as a costly camp stove.

Fig. 4 shows the familiar arrangement of pots and kettles over an open bonfire. This is a

more satisfactory method of cooking than the tripod just described under the heading "Camp Kitchen," but it is well to know about both. The first can always be made in the woods. The arrangement in Fig. 4 requires wire for hooks, boards, etc., which have to be provided ahead of time. It seems that nothing at home ever tasted as good as the stuff one cooks in the open air. It is not always convenient to find an overhanging limb where we want it, but it is possible to find a piece of board and nail it just where it will do the most good, if one would only think of it in time. If you carry a few spikes and a piece of heavy wire to make hooks you will never be at a loss for a place to boil your coffee.

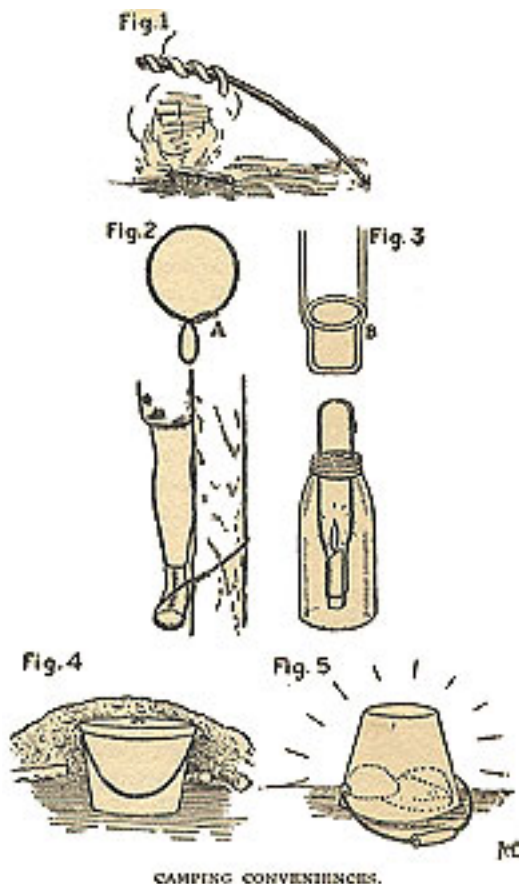
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Camping Conveniences

An almost endless variety of ideas could be applied to the yearly camping trip. There are pictured here some things that will cost you absolutely nothing to try and which may prove convenient and serviceable.

Figure 1 shows a method of baking bread. Get a green branch and peel off the bark, making one end pointed. The sharp end is driven six inches into the ground at a point five or six feet away from the fire. Mix up your dough, flatten it out and cut into strips. Twist the strip in a spiral around



the end of the peeled stick and hold it as close to the fire as you wish by bending it down.

Figure 2 is a device used for

climbing trees. It is simply a piece of strong wire twisted to the shape shown. The foot rests in the small loop or stirrup and the climber encircles the tree with his arms in the usual way. The wire will be easily drawn up, but it sticks going down and provides a foot rest. It is a pioneer device of inestimable value on account of its simplicity. Anyone can climb a tree with one.

Figure 3 is one of the best. It is a lantern made with a fruit jar and a candle. One piece of wire twisted into the proper shape furnishes a candle holder and bail to carry it with. The zinc top of the jar must be punched full of holes to admit air to the candle. Right under the top kinks or twists are put in the wire so that it will not pull through when being carried. In unscrewing the jar top the whole device turns. The candle may be lifted out at will. This home-made lantern is serviceable and trustworthy. It is also safe and easily carried.

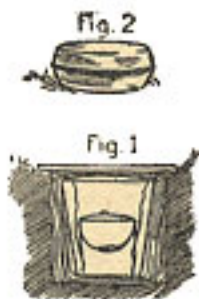
Figures 4 and 5 represent the use that may be made of a pail. With a cover on, as in Fig. 4, it becomes an oven. Fill it with the food you want to bake and cover with coals. The last is a camp warmer. It consists of a pail full of hot stones.

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Camp Suggestions

Here are a few ideas for the benefit of the inexperienced camper:



COOKING UTENSILS.

Fig. 1 is a camp fireless cooker. A large water pail is placed in a soap box, and then filled in with paper which has been soaked until it spreads like

mortar. The cover of the box must fit tightly and also be covered with two inches of paper on the inside. The idea is to heat whatever you want to bake, roast or boil in a smaller closed pail, and when it is sizzling hot, place it quickly into the big pail and cover it and the box. It will take the heat four or five hours to escape on account of the non-conductivity of the paper, and your food will go on cooking without any danger of being burned. Fig. 2 is a roaster made of two pie pans.

The illustration introduces a quartet of suggestions for keeping the food in good condition. Fig. 1 is a piece of meat covered with gauze and protected from flying insects by means of netting stretched over small hoops. In high and dry places it will be found very useful.



CAMP SUGGESTIONS.

The parts a and b are just the

same, only b is covered with cloth. The top ends of the cloth fit into the upper pail of water and thus keep it wet, just as dipping a wick in oil keeps it soaked. The lower pail is full of drinking water and it is kept cool by the evaporation of the moisture in the cloth. Evaporation absorbs heat. Try it and see. Figs. 4 and 5 are other applications of the same idea. The outer pail and box are perforated and the space between each pair is filled with loose porous stuff like a sponge. Keep all where the breeze can strike them. Fig. 3 is a fish preserver. It is a watertight box, partly submerged to keep it cool. All the ideas have been tested and found valuable.

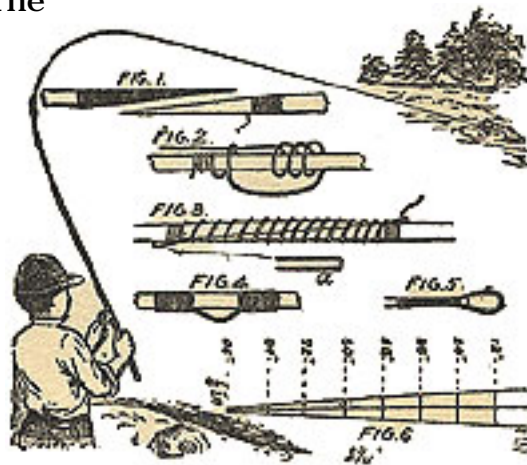
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Fishing Rod

HERE is the way to make a good serviceable fish pole. Get four pieces of hickory or any hard wood and trim them nicely to even length, say two feet. Each of the sections is now given a uniform taper, with jack knife and sandpaper. The diagram shows the proper scale to follow in shaving off the wood. In its eight feet of length the pole tapers from one inch in diameter to one-eighth inch.

The



A FISHING ROD.

figures in the diagram represent the amount you would cut off provided the pole measured feet instead of inches. The joints are fastened together in quite a new way. Cut them to a sharp point as shown in Fig. 1, and wrap fine silk thread to each of the points. Now dip them in thin glue, press firmly together and wrap outside of both with heavy cord. Any good grade of fish line will do, silk preferred. Figs. 2 and 3 explain this outside wrapping. The guides for the line to run through are shown in Figs. 4 and 5. Fig. 5 is the end of the pole. It is a wire loop lashed tightly to the pole. Fig. 4 is a piece of wire put in at each joint and held there by the same wrapping that holds the

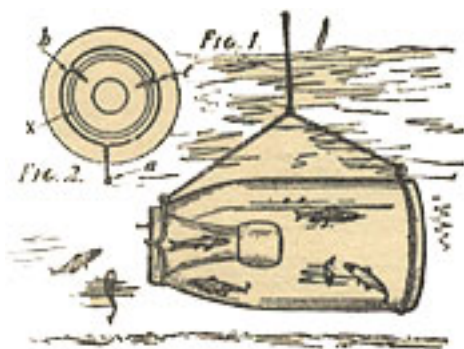
joints together. The outside of the pole should be smoothed with fine sandpaper and then rubbed with oil. Though the cost of the pole is next to nothing you will find it tough and reliable.

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Minnow Trap

The minnow trap shown here will be found very serviceable during the fishing season. It is made of a quart fruit jar and the neck of a bottle. The latter must be broken off evenly at a point where its



A MINNOW TRAP.

diameter is just big enough to fit tightly in the jar top. The bottle may be broken evenly by filing a mark all around and then wrapping a fine wire around the scored point. The ends of the wire extending some distance from the bottle are heated in a gas flame or by a candle, and as steel is a good conductor of heat the wire around the glass will soon get quite hot. When its temperature increases to a point that prevents your touching it, plunge the whole thing into a vessel of cold water and the break will come just at the right place.

A variation of this plan is to wrap the bottle with oil-soaked yarn and set the latter on fire, then when it has burned off and heated the glass dip it into the water. The zinc jar top is cut away until only the rim or threaded part remains. If the neck of the bottle does not fit snugly, pack it with rubber or cloth. The picture shows clearly how it is arranged when finished. A turn of wire at each end, with an eye twisted at the top, is used to suspend the trap. Locate a

shallow place frequented by the minnows, and hang it in their midst. After a while they will begin to swim confidently into the funnel and only a small percentage will be able to get out. This plan has been tried and tested many times and it gives satisfaction.

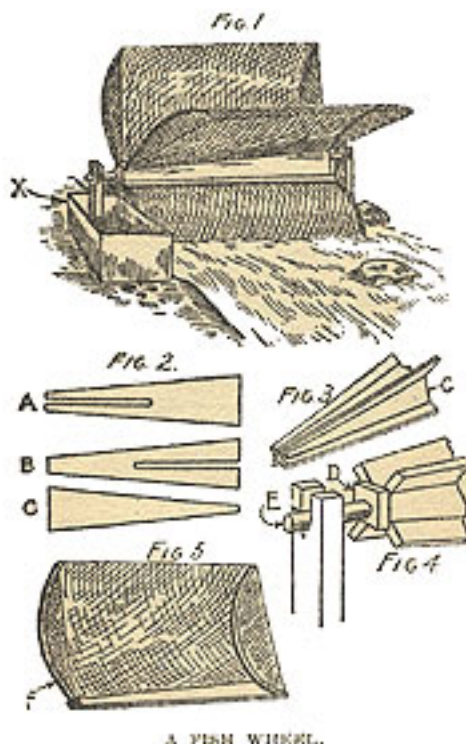
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Fish Wheel

Here is an ingenious minnow trap in the form of a fish wheel that will get them if there are any to get. In a word, it is a wheel made of wire screen and turned by the current. The minnow that comes near it will be scooped up and will fall into the trough in the center and thence into the box at the side. In the past, in the northwest, there was one with paddles thirty feet wide and probably three times as long. The gigantic wheel was submerged partly and literally scooped up the salmon by the ton when they were running good. Now this trap wheel is to be a counterpart of that monster device and will work on the same identical principle. Whether or not it scoops up minnows and other fish depends on the kind of stream you place it in. If it abounds with finny life and has a strong enough current you may depend upon its success.

To



A FISH WHEEL.

make the central part we first cut out two wedge-shaped pieces of

one-inch board and split them halfway, as shown in A and B, Fig. 2. This work can all be done with a saw. First mark out a diagram of the whole thing and then saw on the lines. When finished the two parts are fitted together and nailed. We then fill in with four wedges having no slit, C, in Fig. 2. The hub when finished will have the appearance of Fig. 3. Each of the four troughs should have an incline of two inches. This is important, as it is intended to precipitate the minnows into the box. You can now nail curved pieces of wood, preferably heavy hoops, to the hub and stretch your wire netting over same. This is plainly shown in Fig. 5. If you use common fly screen I think the water will turn the paddles, but if there is not enough current to do so, add some solid substance at the end that the water cannot pass through. It need not turn rapidly, one or two complete revolutions in a minute will be plenty. You can experiment with it and will soon be able to rig it up so it will go at about that speed.

The bearing or support of the axle consists of two posts driven into a shallow place or a narrow neck of water that has considerable fall. In a small creek or ditch you can easily construct such a strait by filling in. For an axle use iron pipe or a couple of heavy bolts. The bearing posts should be of hard wood. Bore one-inch holes a little down from the top of each and saw out the intervening piece. Make the resting place of the axle very smooth and smear it liberally with lard or wagon grease. Make the top of the posts level by using a carpenter's level on them. If one is even slightly higher than the other the wheel will not turn freely. You must do your work accurately and carefully here-just as any place else-if you expect to get results.

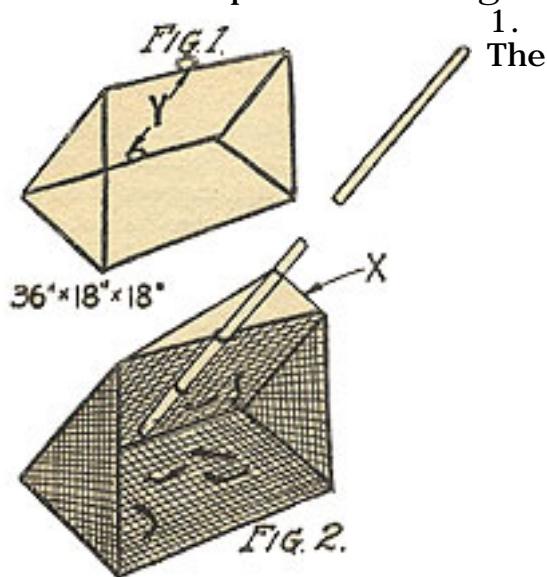
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Minnow Net

Perhaps you do not want to trap your minnows, but do want some device you can carry with you to catch the little fellows whenever you want them. You can have your fish traps close to home where you can watch them; but if you are away in the woods for a day you will need some way of replenishing your supply of bait, or of getting bait if you have none at all.

The scoop net shown herewith may be made from a piece of fly screen and a length of heavy wire. The first thing to do is to bend the wire to the shape shown in Fig.



A MINNOW NET.

best way to do this is to determine what size you are going to make the frame and drive four spikes into a plank about half-way. The spikes should be spaced just as you wish the finished frame, say 36 x 18 inches. A good way to straighten the kinky wire is to draw it through a small hole or between two rows of nails which are one-eighth inch apart. Now bend it around your four spikes to form the rectangle needed for the

bottom, then once more for the back, and a larger one for the front. With the aid of the diagram you can easily get the desired shape. A pair of pliers will be needed to make the two rings in the rear and to make a twist joint where the wire runs out. Cover the frame with wire cloth. The fastening is done by ripping strands of fine wire from the screen and using it as thread to sew the rest in place. A broomstick will do for the handle. Stick it in and tighten the rings with your pliers.

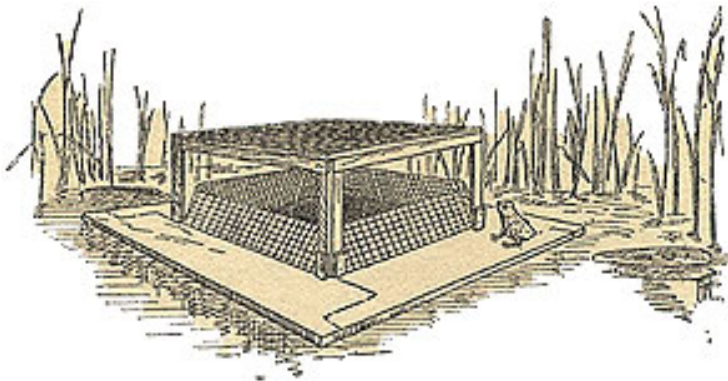
The net is used by dragging it through the water and lifting it up suddenly at the right moment. It will take you a couple of hours to make it neat and strong, but apart from the expenditure of time its cost is practically nothing. If your town is near fishing waters or near a summer resort you can do a thriving business selling minnows to visitors. Between traps and net you should be able to keep constantly a good supply on hand.

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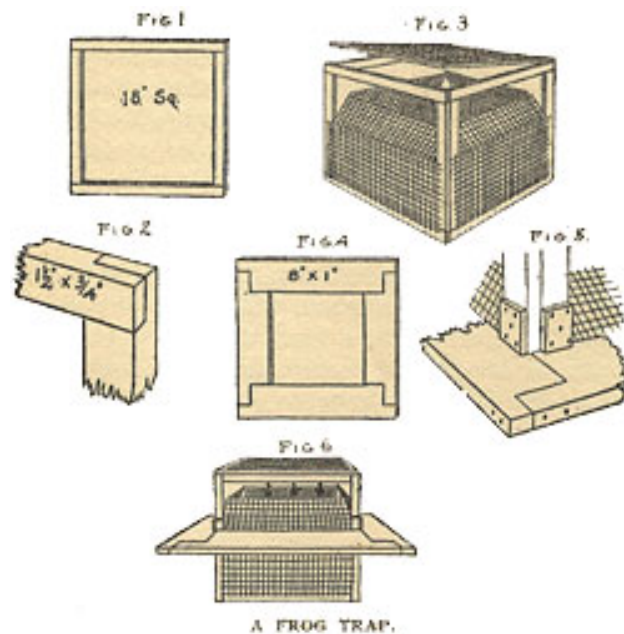
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Frog Trap

Frogs are splendid bait. Many fishermen prefer them to minnows if they are after bass or pickerel. Then, too, the frogs are desirable for themselves. What better camp dinner or home dinner, for that matter, can be imagined than a tender, well-cooked mess of frogs' legs? The old-fashioned way to get your frog is to come up behind the prey and deal it a heavy blow with a club. It is effective, too, if the hunter has skill. Another way is to spear him with a pike pole. In the South they fish with a piece of red cloth for bait and get large numbers of frogs. Then, again, some prefer to shoot them with a rifle. But the best, most humane, and most satisfactory way to capture the frog is by means of a trap. Here is one which has proven an excellent success.



The beginning of our work will be on the square frame pictured in Fig. 4. The size is marked 8" x 1", but you may with advantage use a heavier board, as it will sustain more weight without sinking below the surface of the water. Next comes the framework that rests upon this heavy enclosure. This frame is constructed of 1 1/2" x 3/4" strips. They may be nailed right into the frame (Fig. 4) and then reinforced by the corner blocks shown in Fig. 5. The netting used should be coarse fly screen of about one-quarter inch mesh. It is fastened with small staples sold for the purpose at hardware stores. The upper portion of the enclosure is left uncovered with wire, the latter being bent to the inside, as shown by the drawings. We will



A FROG TRAP.

now make a cover or lid for our trap. It consists of a simple frame (Fig. 1) covered by the wire cloth. It is hinged on and should be provided with a catch or clasp to keep it in place.

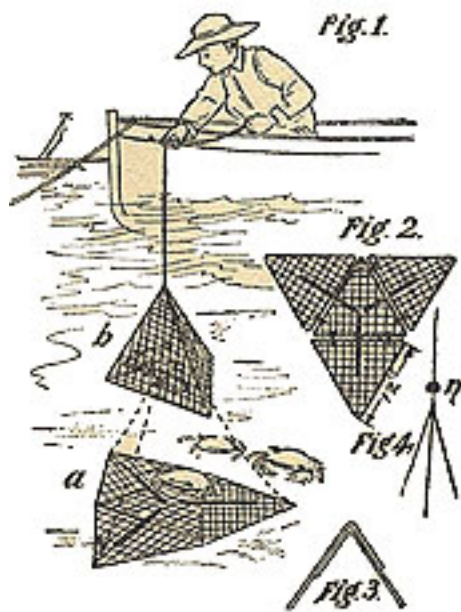
To use the trap set it out in the water and tie it to a stake so it cannot float away. The lower half will be submerged, as shown in the top sketch. Bait of some kind, such as minnows or flies or grass-hoppers or bits of red flannel, hangs from the lid near the edge, so that the frog will have to jump after it. If he does so, he will, of course, land on the inside and will be unable to climb out. It may be possible that this trap will catch more than frogs, but that will only add to the fun when you come to pull it ashore.

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Crab Trap

Crabs are, in some localities, the only bait the large game fish will go after, and at such places become indispensable. No matter where you are fishing, if crabs are to be had, they are good bait for bass of all kinds. The net shown in the accompanying cuts is easily constructed of scrap material. First twist a piece of wire into the shape of a triangle, each side of which measures twelve inches. Instead of twisting the ends together, arrange them as shown in Fig. 3. A fine piece of wire,



A CRAB TRAP.

taken from an old broom and annealed, may be wrapped around the double strands. Make four triangles of the same size and cover them with coarse mesh screen. The screen can be sewed to the frame by using a raveling for a thread. Lay the completed sides on the floor in the position indicated by Fig. 2.

Each of the three outer triangles are hinged to the central one by means of two small wire loops.

Next put in three corset steels, weaving them in and out of the screen. Their purpose is to hold the trap open flat as in Fig. 2. Now tie a stout fish line to each of the outer corners of Fig. 2. About two feet from the frame bring the three cords together and tie them to the main string. Fig. 4 illustrates this pretty clearly. "N" is a large heavy nut threaded onto the line. As it drops down it will draw the three strands together and cause the wide open trap to close on its prey. A good way to straighten wire is to draw it between two rows of spikes which have been driven close together.

The trap is used as follows: Drop it to the bottom of the stream from a boat or dock, and the steels will cause it to open flat. In clear water you can see the crabs crawl after whatever bait you are using; if not, at given intervals drop the heavy nut and haul to the surface. It is very effective and can be easily carried.

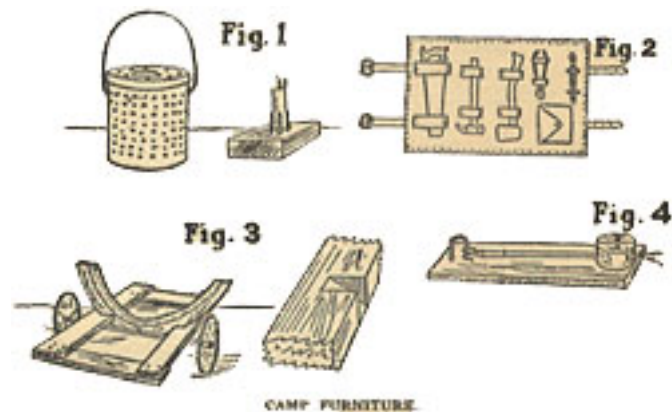
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How to Make Camp Furniture

A Lamp

Fig. 1 is a handy pail that may be made by punching holes in a paint can with a sharp nail. It is useful in carrying minnows or small fish. When not being used for this purpose it may serve as a lantern by fastening a candle to a block of wood and placing same in the pail. The idea for this lamp was hit upon one evening while fishing. The bullheads began to bite just as darkness was falling, and as the party had no lantern the idea of utilizing the pail to shield the candle came to them, and at once it was tried. It worked excellently and a good string of pan fish were carried home before many hours.



A Carryall

Cut out an oblong piece of canvas and sew straps of the same material here and there in the manner shown by cut, to hold the saw, axe, and other tools. Leather straps are then riveted to each end and when all the tools are intact the kit may be rolled up and carried very easily. This carryall is useful in a boy's work room or around the home. When you start to do a piece of work hang it up

over the bench and all the tools you have will be in plain sight and you will not have to look for them.

A Canoe Truck

The little device pictured in Fig. 3 will be useful in carrying a canoe from place to place over land. It consists of a small platform made of pine boards mounted on a pair of wheels. The wheels may be purchased for a few cents at any junk shop. Notches are chiseled out of the center of the long cleats and a piece shaped like the letter U is fitted into them. This U-shaped piece is the part upon which the canoe rests and should be padded with canvas or felt. In ordinary cases canoes are carried on the shoulders in an inverted position and, of course, it is necessary to empty everything out to do so. By the use of this little truck the canoe becomes the holder of all freight and may be pushed along like a go-cart. When not in use the truck is placed in the boat.

Fishhook Holder

Fishhooks are a hard thing to carry, especially those with leaders on. The contrivance shown in Fig. 4 will do away with tangles and scratched fingers and safely hold fishhooks enough for the entire party. It is made of a block of wood, a staple and a cork. The block is 6 X 2 X 1 inches and the cork is nailed close to one end of it. On the opposite end a staple to receive the barbed ends of the hooks is driven. The manner in which the device is used is clearly shown by the cut. It has been found very handy on a good many fishing trips and will repay you a hundredfold for the time spent in making it.

Another Camp Lamp

This handy camp light or barn

lamp is made out of a tin can and a candle. First bend a piece of wire to the shape of a and fit it into the can for a handle. As a candle holder, cut, with a chisel, across b in the bottom of the can. The points turned up, form the socket. One end of the can is open, and the other is punched full of holes. The flame of the candle playing on the top of the can may heat the handle too much. This can be overcome by wrapping with insulated wire or cloth. A wooden hand-hold taken from a pail will also do for the purpose. This light is intended for an emergency, when no other is available. You may find it useful when you least expect to.

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Fish Stringer

Here is a stringer that will do good work on your camping trip. Get a piece of wire which has been taken from a bale of hay and twist a handhold on one end, as in Fig.



2. The other end is sharpened and must be concealed in a cork or bit of wood to avoid prodding the hands. The wire of the size mentioned is intended for small pan fish.

If you are out for larger fish, use heavier wire. The bending is rather hard to do unless the wire is annealed. This means softened or made more pliable. It is accomplished by heating the wire to a cherry red and then cooling as slowly as possible, by turning the fire down a little at a time. As may be readily seen, the stringer is also used to carry the catch home. If you make one of them it will not take more than a few minutes and it will prove itself a worthy addition to your camp kit.

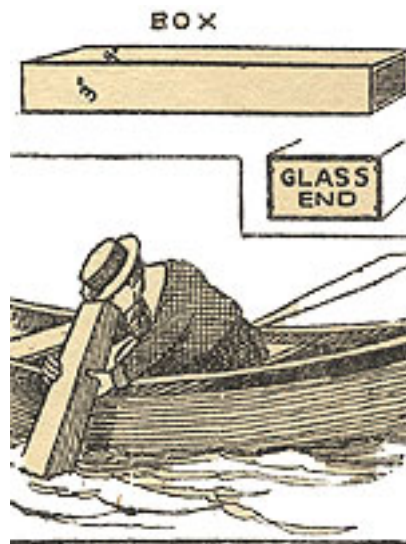
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Marine Telescope

A marine telescope probably will never catch a fish for you, but it may be very useful on a fishing trip. With it you can locate sunken stumps, submarine weed-beds, and fish-beds themselves. But that is not the best use for it. You can study submarine life, can find no end of pleasure sitting quietly on your boat and



A MARINE TELESCOPE.

watching what goes on in the water beneath you.

The materials required for a submarine telescope are very simple, consisting of a few feet of thin board, a small oblong piece of glass, some wire nails, and a piece of sealing wax. The glass may be three by four inches or larger.

Saw from quarter-inch boards four pieces of the same length, twenty inches, two each of widths to correspond with dimensions of the glass. Nail these together into the box shown open at both ends. Lay the piece of glass over one end and fasten securely in place with pins driven into the wood and twisted over. Large headed tacks may be used instead, if desired,

the tacks being driven in the wood and their heads overlapping the glass edges, thus holding the glass in place. Then make the glass end watertight by closing up all seams with the sealing wax.

When in use the glass end is placed in the water while you look down through the open end. The light is thus shut out from all parts except that which must come through the glass end, an inch or two under water. The water telescope is long enough for you to sit comfortably in the boat and still watch the world under water at the same time.

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How to Sail a Boat and Manage a Canoe

Sailing can be almost like flying. As your boat moves along with the wind, the sound of the water and the breeze on your face will give you a sense of freedom. Your boat almost comes to life as it is bobbing along, acting in direct response to the wind and the sea.

A sailboat is different from other kinds of boats because the wind is used to move it through the water. Sails are large pieces of clothe that are used to transform the power of the wind into power for the boat. Today you will find that most sails are made of nylon or Dacron. These materials will keep their shape better, will not mildew, and are resistant to sun and salt water. Before now, most sails were made from canvas and sailcloth.

Sailing is more than just an acquired skill, it is an art form. With study and practice the general principles of the art will be quickly realized.



[How to Sail a Boat](#)

| [How to Manage a Canoe](#)

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Kites - How to Build Kites

This site is about Kites - how to build kites, and includes plans for kites. Kite flying has been a popular hobby for hundreds of years and has evolved from the diamond figure and long tail the Victorian children enjoyed..

There are thousands of different kinds of kites but the basic tools and techniques for flying and building them has always remained the same.

[Large Plane Kites](#)

[Man-Lifting Kites](#)

[Box Kites](#)

[Tubular Kites](#)

[The Science of Flying Kites](#)

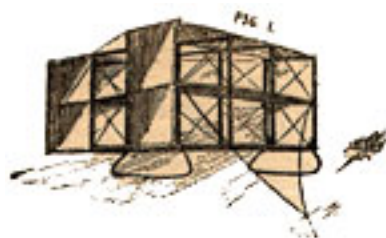
[Parachute Kites](#)

[Hobby Information](#)

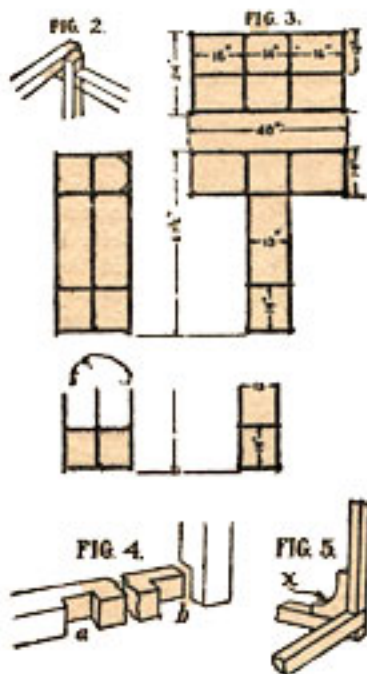
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Large Plane Kite



The wood used for the



PLAN FOR PLANE KITE.

framework should be straight grained laths planed on all sides. For the main beams of the front section and the top and bottom of the rear section the laths are ripped in two; for the uprights and connecting pieces they were cut in three pieces lengthwise.

Begin by making the main section, **Fig. 3**, which is composed of three planes. Eight sticks two feet long are used for uprights, and six sticks four feet long for the main beams. They are nailed together with small brads. The corner joint is shown at **Fig. 2**. The two ends are made first, using two sticks two feet long and two fourteen inches long. Connect these by the four four-foot beams. This gives the framework for the top and bottom planes. Then halfway between the two the middle

one is built in. Now sixteen inches from the ends of each plane the uprights are fastened. This is clearly shown by the diagram, **Fig. 3**.

The wire skids shown in the picture to protect the kite in running to fly it or in landing should be put in now. For the rear section we use six pieces fifty-seven and one-half inches long, four pieces two feet long, and six pieces fourteen inches long. As laths are only forty-eight inches long, they will have to be spliced by overlapping and nailing. The back end should be framed first as in the case of the main section. The dimensions are given and the manner of joining is the same as for the part already described.

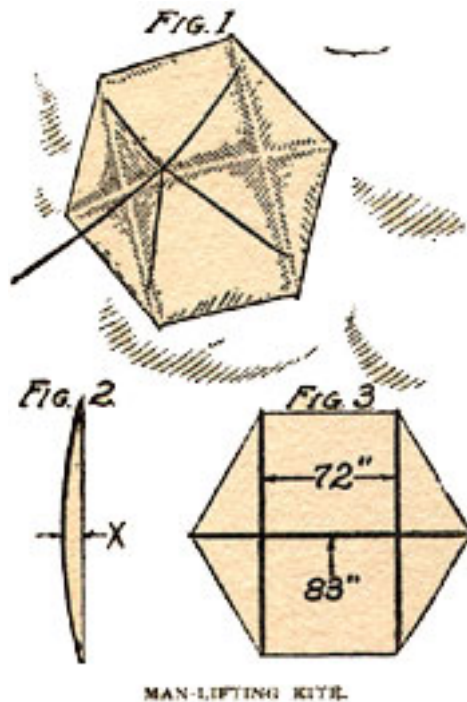
When this rear section is built it must be attached to the front section. When they have been joined, each cell or square is braced with fine wire fastened from corner to corner. For a covering use strong muslin. It is laced and sewed on, first the middle planes and then the outside. The bridle cord is fastened to the ends of the middle cord. Where the strings come together should be a distance of three feet from the frame. For flying the kite strong fish-line is required. You will be repaid many fold for the labor of making it when you see it up in the air like a real airplane and feel the mighty tug at the cord. The kite, though large, is simple, serviceable, and efficient.

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Man-Lifting Kite

Here is described one of those giant models with tremendous lifting power. Only three sticks are used, but these must be of the best quality. Spruce is a good wood on account of its being light and



tough, but no doubt you will be able to find as good material, if you can't get spruce. Be sure your sticks are straight grained and a trifle heavier in the middle than at the ends. Material one-half inch square is good, but pieces one and one-half inches wide and one-half inch thick. The latter are heavier, and that, for a beginner, is one bad disadvantage.

Where the sticks cross each other they may be fastened together with two brads or by tying with thread. The long single stick is bowed by stretching a stout cord from end to end, as is shown in **Fig. 2**. The belly band, or bridle cord, as it is called by the wise ones, is put in as indicated by **Fig. 1**. The tying should be done at a distance of about ten inches from the points. The kite is covered with fine meshed cloth. Light muslin, drilling, or Japanese silk are used a good deal for

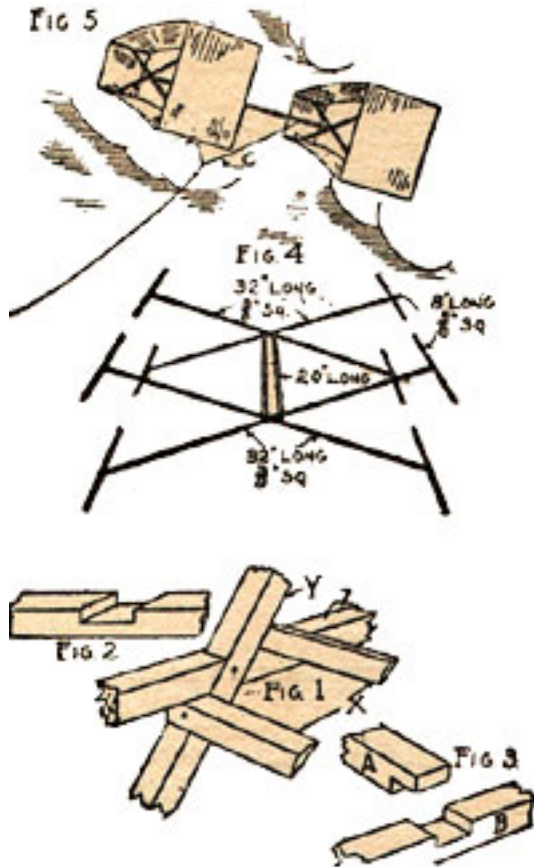
this purpose, but I would advise you to get the first mentioned, as it is the cheapest. The kite has no tail, as the bow effect makes it unnecessary. In putting on the cloth leave it full enough to permit of bellying out. The cord used to fly the kite must, of course, be heavy in proportion to the rest of it. I do not say that one of the kites will lift a heavy man off the ground, but I have seen three or four on a single line do so.

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Box Kite

Here is a box kite that is framed a little differently. It is not as strong as the regular four-sided frame, but it has the advantage of lightness, and is so constructed that the strength is where the strain comes most. It will fly well, but must be handled carefully while on the ground.



A BOX KITE.

The central cut shows the framework of this kite so clearly that a lengthy explanation would be quite superfluous. In the detail drawings you may see how the joining is done. In **Fig. 1** Y and Z are the thirty-two-inch sticks, X represents the twenty-inch pieces. Spruce or pine are the choice of materials, but anything will do in a pinch. Lightness and toughness are the qualities to look for. The sticks would be better to be one-quarter inch square, but of the lighter woods they may be one-half inch square.

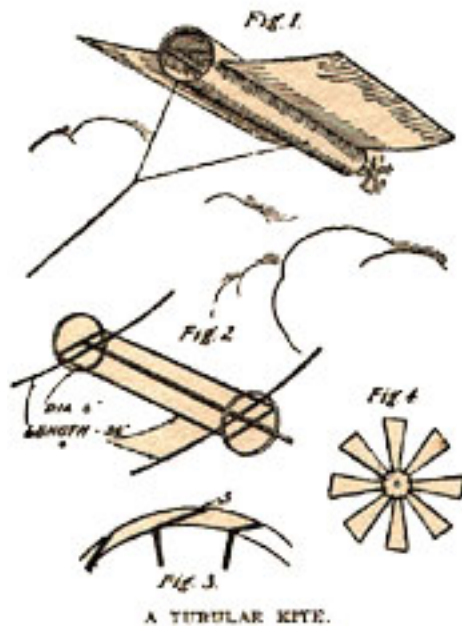
Fig. 2 shows the notch cut in each long stick where they join each other to make the X-shaped end. The cross-sticks on the ends of the thirty-two-inch pieces are also notched as shown in the detail **Fig. 3**. Glue all joints and also secure them with small brads. The covering is of light muslin. When it is lashed on it will materially strengthen the frame. There is no certain way of attaching a bridle cord other than to be sure that C is longer than the other string so that the kite will tilt slightly upward. Rub linseed oil on the sticks and it will preserve them against splits and warping.

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Tubular Kite

The type of kite shown here has been tested and found effective. The first thing to make is a rectangular frame 36"x6". It is made of quarter-inch spruce or any tough wood. The pieces are fastened together with small brads taken from a cigar box. In the center of this rectangle place another stick forty inches long. Now you want a light hoop for each end.



The cross-pieces, slightly bowed, are next tacked on. The joints may be reinforced by wrapping with waxed thread. The covering may be either cloth or paper. Make a tube of Japanese silk by sewing the edges of a piece one yard long and a trifle over a half yard wide together. Slip it over the rings before you put the cross-pieces on. It should fit tightly. The ends a few inches back are not sewed until the thirty-six-inch cross-pieces are on. The pieces mentioned are secured in place, then the tube may be finished to the ends and fastened to the hoops by stitching through holes punched in the hoops or bored with a gimlet. The side wings are too simple to need any explanation. The bridle cord is attached to the central stick. The string used for it may be passed through the cloth by using a needle.

The purpose of a bridle cord is to give the kite a tilt. The fore end must be the highest always. An angle of 45 degrees is right for this kite. The long center stick is also used as a bearing for the propeller in the rear. The propeller is made of a light pine block four inches in diameter and a half inch. Slant cuts to the depth of an inch are made with a saw as shown in **Fig. 3**. Into these cuts blades made of basket wood or cardboard are glued. Bore a gimlet hole in the wooden disk and for a shaft use a nail that fits loosely and is tightly imbedded in the long stick. The kite is now ready for a trial.

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The Science of Kite Flying

Most people connect kite flying with a stiff wind to get the kite into the air but most kites are designed for light breezy conditions. Although you do not need to know anything about aerodynamics to fly a kite, it helps you control your kite if you understand basic wind flow and lift.

Your kite will be creating an obstacle to the normal air flow which will cause the air to change direction and speed. When the air flows across the objects surface it moves faster over the kite while the flow across the lower surface of the kite moves more slowly. Air pressure could be altered due to the changing air speed and results in the kite being pushed higher producing lift and flight.

The second stage of kite flying aerodynamics is when the airflow is not just split along the upper and lower kite surfaces but when the split air vaults over the kite and doesn't meet up again right away. When this happens a lower air pressure is created directly behind the kites flight pattern. The kite can be sucked into the area of low pressure and give your kite drag.

Lift and drag are important to remember in the performance of your kite. For your kite to fly stationary in the sky the lift and drag must be equal and opposite to the force pulling it down.

You will find that the position of the center of pressure is best controlled with the positioning of your flying line. For example, in light winds you will achieve the best lift by lowering your towing line to the base of the kite. This may produce a slight wobble or bring about large circles in flight. If your bridle towing line is too high it may cause your kite to tip side to side and

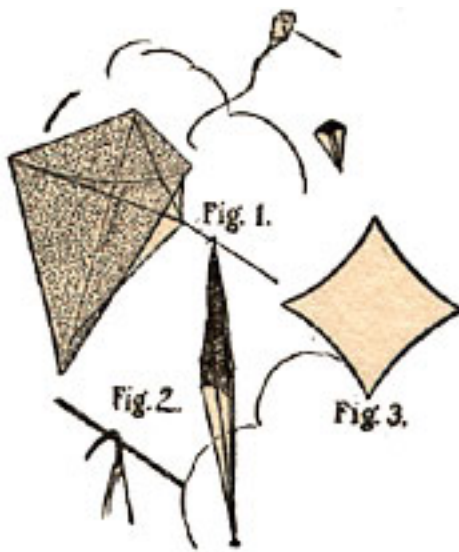
could tip over. Experiment with your line placement to get the most out of your kite flying experience.

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Kite Parachute

Kite



KITE PARACHUTE.

flying in itself is great fun, but when you can add something to the simple pleasure of seeing your kite soar high above your head and tug at the string you hold in your fingers, you will find a fresh delight in the pastime. Of course, you have seen balloon ascensions and parachute drops. Well, why not add the parachute feature to your kite? It can be done very easily if you will study the following directions:

Get a piece of tissue paper or cloth shaped like **Fig. 3**. Tie a cord twenty inches long to each corner and bring them together at the lower ends, at which point a light weight, such as a piece of corncob, is tied. Pierce the center of the cloth with a pin and bend it over the string as shown in **Fig. 2**. When the wind has carried the parachute to a good height a slight jerk will release it.

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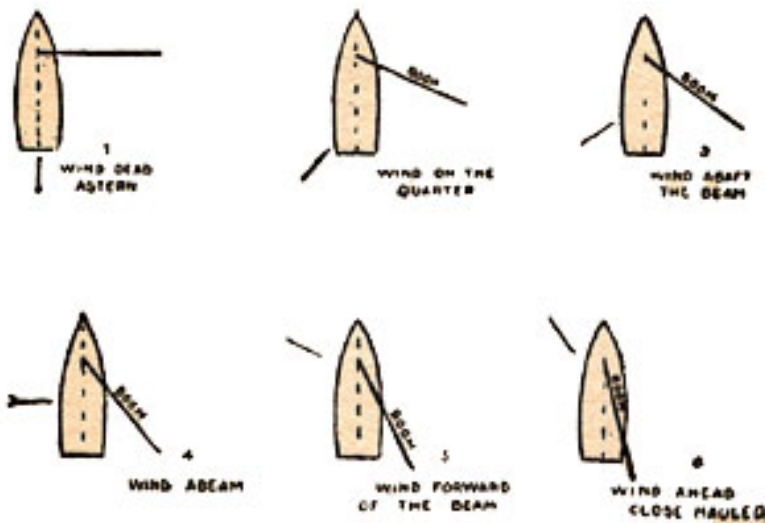
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How to Sail a Boat



Favorable Winds

The wind has four different effects on a sailboat, which must be understood by the amateur sailor before he can begin to see why his boat performs differently under different conditions of wind and sailing course.

The wind drives the boat ahead—most important of all; it also drives it laterally or, to speak in a nautical term, causes it to "make leeway"; it heels the boat over, and lastly, turns it around, according to the balance of her sails, distribution of weight, and what is known as the "center of lateral resistance." The proper handling of sails and rudder is what enables the sailor to so utilize these effects of the wind that he may sail his boat in any direction.

The propelling effect is the one most utilized, and it is for this reason that every boat is constructed to offer the least resistance to its forward movement with as little friction as possible.

Leeway is one effect to be avoided, and for this purpose boats are given either deep, stationary keels or centerboards, or some other device for providing an extensive lateral surface below the water.

Heeling and the stability of a boat go hand in hand. The boat must be prevented from capsizing, and this is done either by putting lead or iron on the keel, or carrying ballast in the hull in order to lower the center of gravity, or by building a broad and shallow boat such as the cat boat, which is very stiff in a breeze and does not heel readily, but when a certain point has been reached, is apt to capsize quickly in the hands of an unskillful sailor.

The fourth effect is that of turning the boat around. This is done when the center of effort on the sails does not come on a line with the center of lateral resistance. This is always the case in a poorly balanced boat. A well-balanced boat requires very little movement of the rudder to hold to a course.

Any novice can understand how a sailing boat can travel with the wind, but why it should go forward when the sails are close hauled is a question of dynamics which we will not try to explain in this short article. An easily understood explanation of why boats go ahead instead of sideways can be made by taking a V-shaped block of wood and pressing it between the thumb and forefinger. If sufficient force is used it shoots forward quickly. The thumb may be likened to the wind and the forefinger to the water on the opposite side of the boat. The

pressure caused by the wind pushing the boat against the water on the opposite side causes the boat to go forward.

The center of effort and center of lateral resistance must be understood in the handling of a sailboat. The center of effort is the center of the total sail area. If, for example, this comes forward of the center of lateral resistance when the boat is sailing with the wind abeam, then the side pressure on the sails will turn the boat's bow in the direction toward which the wind is blowing, or away from the wind, and a boat doing this is said to carry a "lee helm."

On the other hand, if the center of lateral resistance is farther forward than the center of effort, the wind will swing the boat in the direction in which it is blowing, thus throwing the bow up into the wind. A boat doing this is said to carry a weather helm. Every sailing boat should be so rigged as to carry a little weather helm, as, if struck by a squall under those conditions, it will luff quickly up into the wind and so be in safety, while if the lee helm is carried, the boat will fall off before the wind, presenting a broadside to wind and wave which is very apt to cause it to capsize.

Too much weather helm is also to be avoided, as it makes it necessary to keep the rudder over at a sharp angle and retards the progress of the boat.

To reduce weather helm, move the ballast aft or shorten the after canvas, or increase the forward canvas by setting a larger jib. If a

boat carries a lee helm, shift the ballast forward or reduce the area of the head canvas.

In considering the action of the rudder, the amateur sailor should bear in mind that as the boat is turned by the rudder, it swings as on a pivot. The water, pressing against one side of the rudder, pushes the stern of the boat away from that side.

The pivot or turning point is always well forward of the center. This is a fact that should be remembered when steering close to a boat or other object. Don't delay turning out of the way too long, or the very act of turning your boat will throw the stern over sufficiently to cause the collision you are trying to avoid.

Running before the wind may look like the ideal course to the amateur sailor, but a little experience cures him of that belief. Steering is difficult when running with the wind aft, especially in rough water, and there is danger of the sail gybing over when least expected. Except on smooth water it is better to haul the boat up so as to have the wind on the quarter, and after following that course for some distance, to "take the other track", gybe over so as to bring the wind on the other quarter. The proper location or direction of the boom, or, in a nautical term, how the sail should be trimmed is of supreme importance. The wind on the quarter, the wind abaft the beam, the wind abeam or directly at right angles with the boat, and the wind forward of the beam are what are known as favorable winds, the sheet being hauled in such

proportion as to give the best results. These positions all refer to a boat when it is what is termed "sailing free."

To sail "close hauled" means to bring the boat up as close into the wind as possible and still keep it on its course, with the wind filling the sail so as to drive it forward. A properly built boat will lie within four or four and a half points of the wind, while some, especially those built on racing models, will do even better than this. Figure 6 shows about the proper location of the boom when sailing close hauled. The wind striking the sail at this angle will drive the boat forward and maintain a reasonable degree of speed, while to haul it closer would increase the leeway until, if the sail were hauled parallel with the keel, the only progress made would be to leeward. Most boats will sail closer to the wind in smooth water than in a rough sea.

When sailing close hauled, it is necessary to hold the boat on a course that will just nicely keep the sail filled with wind. This point can be ascertained by putting the helm slowly to the leeward. As soon as the sail begins to shake near the head, you have reached a point where it is not drawing as much as it should, and, if the helm is kept down, the sail will begin to flap in the wind and the boat will lose headway. A little practice will enable an amateur skipper to see the beginning of this "tremble" in the sail, and at the first symptoms he must reverse the helm until the wind fills the sails fairly.



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How to Manage a Canoe

A CANOE, like an unbroken colt, is of little value to its owner until it has been mastered. As a preliminary, one should learn to swim before he or she attempts to occupy and guide his frail and uncertain little craft. Then, when he is thoroughly at home in the water, and not before, he may venture forth with his canoe.

Again, like the unbroken colt, the canoe has a deplorable habit of ridding itself of its burden. The canoeist must forestall this by giving much attention to balance. The load should be evenly distributed, so that the canoe will ride the water on an even keel. When properly loaded, it is remarkable what a weight such a small craft will carry. The heaviest part of the load should be stowed in about the middle of the canoe, and a few of the lighter things placed halfway between that point and the bow. Then, when the paddler is seated in the stern, the canoe should float on a level keel. If it lists to either side, go ashore at once and rearrange the load. Do this as often as necessary, it will be time well spent and may save a disastrous upset before the journey is done.

The weight to be carried with safety will vary under different

conditions of wind and water, and will depend, too, on the size and style of the individual canoe.

Never load so heavy that you have not sufficient freeboard to weather a stretch of rough water or a sudden blow. An eighteen-foot cruising canoe of about thirty-three inches beam will carry from five to seven hundred pounds with safety; any addition to the latter weight will, of course, depend entirely on the skill displayed in loading and the expertness of the paddler.

Remember that a light canoe is dangerous and an overloaded one is fatal.

There are two general types of canvas canoes. We will eliminate those "tenderfoot" crafts of highly polished wood which are fit only for mill ponds, satin cushions, double-end paddles, and "fair-weather" canoe men. The canoe of the real woodsman is the canvas-covered craft in general use on wilderness lakes and rivers. In the far north they still use a few primitive birch-barks, but they are inferior, for hard usage, to the more modern canvas-covered canoes. The two types referred to are similar in shape, but of different widths. The narrower one is more speedy and a bit more unsteady; while the wider type is somewhat slower in its progress, but a safer load carrier and therefore better for cruising. An eighteen-foot canoe of thirty-three inches beam is a good model for all-around work. Many experienced canoe men prefer a longer and wider

canoe, and are willing to put up with the disadvantage of added weight on the portages. Canoes are measured "over-all," that is, on the side, along the top strip, from end to end.

Once the canoe is in the water, it naturally follows that the first thing to do is to enter it. But this, to the novice, is no easy task, and, unless he is careful and goes at it in the proper manner, he will probably have his first spill right then and there. There are many wrong ways and only one right way to enter a canoe. Place one foot squarely in the center at whatever place you desire to sit or kneel. Then stoop, while the other foot is still on shore, and grasp the sides of the canoe firmly. Put your weight equally on your arms, so that the canoe is held on an even keel, and carefully lift the other foot in. Kneel or sit down.

Never try to jump into a canoe from a height. Never step in without grasping the sides. Never change position in deep or swift water, but if you must, crawl along on your knees and keep tight hold of the sides. Expert canoe men stand upright and do all sorts of fancy "stunts," but for the novice caution will prove to be the better part of valor.

Having entered it, see that the canoe is properly balanced before you start from shore. If the canoe man is the sole occupant, he should kneel on a coat or a cushion, with his hips against the second brace. Do not sit on these

braces. If he has a passenger, the paddler should sit in the stern and place his passenger on a small canoe chair, halfway between the first brace and the point of the bow. Most canoes are provided with a bow seat, which should be removed to avoid accident. Have the weight in a canoe as low as possible and the latter will ride steadily. A load high up above the sides will make the craft top-heavy and easy to capsize.

When the canoe is properly "trimmed," it may be propelled on its course. Two paddles should always be carried, a five-foot bow paddle, to be used by a second paddler, or in an emergency, and a stern paddle seven or eight inches longer. Grasp the paddle with the left hand at the top and the right hand within a half inch of the blade. Put the paddle into the water with its edge at right angles to the paddler. Pull backward with the right hand, push forward with the left, and bring the blade from the water when the right hand is about on a line with the right shoulder. In removing the paddle from the water, twist the right wrist to the right and at the same time push outward with the paddle by lowering the left hand and "rolling" the paddle to the front. This will hold the canoe on its course without changing the paddle from side to side. It is quite a simple trick and one that may soon be acquired by practice.

It is quite another trick to lift and

carry a canoe. The average canvas canoe weighs from sixty-five to eighty pounds, and unless the canoe man learns to handle it properly, he may find it something of an effort to swing it to his shoulders and walk away with it. A canoe yoke will make the task easier. Such a yoke can be bought at any sporting goods store. But most woodsmen do not use a yoke; they make use of the paddles for the same purpose. These are lashed from brace to brace, lengthwise of the canoe, and far enough apart to allow plenty of head room between them. A coat or a pad can be used to protect the carrier's shoulders. Having lashed the paddles, lean over and grasp the forward brace with the hands, the left one near the far gunwale, the right one close to the side nearest the body. Then lift the canoe, on a slant, to the height of the waist and raise the left knee to assist in swinging it above the head, where it should be turned bottom up. Next get beneath the paddles so that one rests on each shoulder, and, when the burden is nicely balanced, proceed to carry it over the portage.

Two persons can easily lift and carry a canoe in the following manner: One at each end, they should stoop over and grasp the gunwales, the near one with the right hand, the far one with the left hand. Next they should lift the canoe, bottom up, over their heads. The boy in front should have a yoke, or he can use the

paddles as already explained; his companion in the rear can brace his shoulders against the stern seat.

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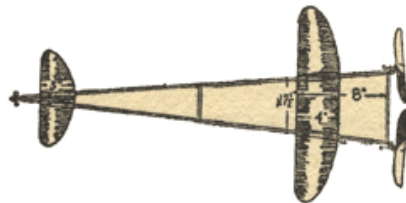
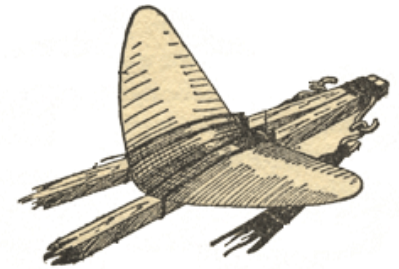
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How to Build a Model Airplane

THE principles of flying are really simple when understood. We always knew that a large piece of paper, or any flat object of considerable area, would present so much surface to the air, if kept in a horizontal position, that it could not fall rapidly. The trick was to make one or more flat surfaces or planes, as they are now called, and balance them so nicely that they would maintain their position parallel to the ground. The Wright brothers accomplished this in some of their earlier models, and were able to glide slowly down from hills, sometimes alighting a half-mile from the starting point. Thus encouraged beyond their fondest hopes, they went further and added devices to their machine that enabled them to tilt the wings or planes to any desired angle, retarding the down-ward motion at will.

As a boat is forced through the water by the screw wheel in the rear, so an air craft may be made to move forward by a similar propeller. The only thing that remained was to provide some force to drive the propeller that would be light enough to be practical. The Wright brothers searched about until they found an engine light enough for their purpose, and their efforts to fly soon became successful.

Soon after the advent of the airplane, the building of model airplanes became a hobby for those old and young alike. These models were not the models we think of today; those which come scripted in a box, require sparse effort and serve no purpose at all except as mere background fodder. The model airplanes of yesteryear actually could fly. They did not contain anything as complicated as a motor, but merely used basic aeronautic principles to fly short distances and short heights. Learn how to build this sort of model airplane.



[How to Build a Good Model Plane](#)

[Simple Model Airplane #1](#)

[Simple Model Airplane #2](#)

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Lace Making and Its History

The English origin of the word lace owes something to the French *lassis* or *lakis*, but both are connected with the earlier Latin *laqueus*.

Early French laces were also called *passemments*; the name applied to ornamental open work formed of threads of flax, cotton, silk, gold or silver, and occasionally of mohair or aloe fiber, looped or plaited or twisted together by hand: (1) with a needle, when the work is distinctively known as *needlepoint lace*; (2) with bobbins, pins and a pillow or cushion, when the work is known as *pillow lace*; and (3) by steam-driven machinery, when imitations of both needlepoint and pillow laces are produced. Lace making implies the production of ornament and fabric concurrently. Without a pattern or design the fabric of lace cannot be made.



Evolution of Lace Making

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Evolution of Lace

The publication of patterns for needlepoint and pillow laces dates from about the middle of the 16th century. Before that period lace described such articles as cords and narrow braids of plaited and twisted threads, used not only to fasten shoes sleeves and corsets together, but also in a decorative manner to braid the hair, to wind round hats, and to be sewn as trimmings upon costumes.



As to the evolution of lace-making, notice should be taken of the fact that at an early period the darning of varied ornamental devices, stiff and geometric in treatment into hand-made network of small square meshes became specialized in many European countries. This is held by some writers to be *opus filatorium*, or *opus araneum* (spider work). Examples of this *opus filatorium*, said to date from the 13th century exist in public collections. The productions of this darning in the early part of the 16th century came to be known as *punto a maglia quadra* in Italy and as *lacis* in France, and through a growing demand for household and wearing linen, very much of the *lacis* was made in white threads not only in Italy and France but also in Spain. In appearance it is a filmy fabric. With white threads also were the purlings above mentioned made, by means of leaden bobbins or fuxii, and were called *merletti a piombini*.

Cut and drawn thread linen work (the latter known as *tela tirata* in Italy and as *deshilado* in Spain) were other forms of embroidery as much in vogue as the darning on net and the purling. The ornament of much of this cut and drawn linen work, more restricted in scope than that of the darning on net, was governed by the recurrence of open squares formed by the withdrawal



of the threads. Within these squares and rectangles radiating devices usually were worked by means of whipped and buttonhole stitches. The general effect in the linen was a succession of insertions or borders of plain or enriched reticulations, whence the name *punto a reticella* given to this class of embroidery in Italy. Work of similar style and especially that with whipped stitches was done rather earlier in the Grecian islands, which derived it from Asia Minor and Persia. The close connection of the Venetian republic with Greece and the eastern islands, as well as its commercial relations with the East, sufficiently explains an early



transplanting of this kind of embroidery into Venice, as well as in southern Spain.

At Venice besides being called *reticella*, cut work was

also called *punto tagliato*. Once fairly established as home industries such arts were quickly exploited with a beauty and variety of pattern, complexity of stitch and delicacy of execution, until insertions and edgings made independently of any linen as a starting base came into being under the name of *Punto in aria*. This was the first variety of Venetian and [Italian](#) needlepoint lace in the middle of the 16th century, and its appearance then almost coincides in date with that of the *merletti a piombini*, which was the earliest Italian cushion or pillow lace.

The prevalence of fashion in the above-mentioned sorts of embroidery during the 16th century is marked by the number of pattern books then published. In Venice a work of this class was issued by Alessandro Pagannino in 1527; another of a similar nature, printed by Pierre Quinty, appeared in the same year at Cologne; and *La Fleur de la science de pourtraicture et patrons di broderie, fa con arabique et ytalique*, was published at Paris in 1530. From these early dates until the beginning of the 17th century pattern books for embroidery in Italy, France, Germany and England were published in great abundance. The designs contained in many of those dating from the early 16th century were to be worked for costumes and hangings,

and consisted of scrolls, arabesques, birds, animals, flowers, foliage, herbs and grasses. So far, however, as their reproduction as laces might be concerned, the execution of complicated work was involved which none but practiced lace workers, such as those who arose a century later, could be expected to undertake.

The activity in cord and braid making and in the particular sorts of ornamental needlework already mentioned clearly postulated such special labor as was capable of being



converted into lace making. And from the 16th century onwards the stimulus to the industry in Europe was afforded by regular trade demand, coupled with the exertions of those who encouraged their dependents or proteges to give their spare time to remunerative home occupations. Thus the origin and perpetuation of the industry have come to be associated with the women folk of peasants and fishermen in circumstances which present little dissimilarity whether in regard to needle lace workers who made lace in whitewashed cottages and cabins at Youghal and Kenmare in the south of Ireland, or those who produced their *punti in aria* during the 16th century about the lagoons of Venice, or Frenchwomen who made the sumptuous *Points de France* at Alencon and elsewhere in the 17th and 18th centuries; or pillow lace workers from little seaside villages tucked away in Devonshire dells, or those who were engaged more than four hundred years ago in *merletti a piombini* in Italian villages or on *Dentelles au fuseau* in Flemish lowlands.

The ornamental character, however, of these several laces would be found to differ much; but methods, materials, appliances and opportunities of work would in the main be alike. As fashion in wearing laces extended, so workers came to be drawn together into groups by employers who acted as channels for general trade. Nuns in the past as in the present have also devoted attention to the industry, often providing in the convent precincts workrooms not only for peasant women to carry out commissions in the service of the church or for the trade, but also for the purpose of training children in the art. Elsewhere lace schools were founded by benefactors or organized by some leading local lace maker as much for trading as for education. In all this variety of circumstance, development of finer work has depended upon the abilities of the workers being exercised under sound direction, whether derived through their own intuitions, or supplied by intelligent and tasteful employers.

Where any such direction has been absent the industry viewed commercially has suffered, its productions being devoid of artistic effect or adaptability to the changing tastes of demand

Lace Making in:

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Lace Making in Italy and Flanders

It is noteworthy that the two widely distant regions of Europe where pictorial art first flourished and attained high perfection, north Italy and Flanders, were precisely the localities where lace making first became an



industry of importance both from an artistic and from a commercial point of view.

Notwithstanding more convincing evidence as to the earlier development of pillow lace making in Italy, the invention of pillow lace is often credited to the Flemish; but there is no distinct trace of the time or the locality. In a picture said to exist in the church of St Gomar at Lierre, and sometimes attributed to Quentin Matsys (1495), is introduced a girl apparently working at some sort of lace with pillow, bobbins, etc., which are somewhat similar to the implements in use in more recent times. From the very infancy of Flemish art an active intercourse was maintained between the Low Countries

and the great centers of [Italian](#) art; and it is therefore only what might be expected that the wonderful examples of the art and handiwork of Venice in lace making should soon have come to be known to and rivaled among the equally industrious, thriving and artistic Flemings. At the end of the 16th century pattern books were issued in Flanders having the same general character as those published for the guidance of the Venetian and other Italian lace makers.

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Lace Making in France

Henry III of France (1574 -1589) appointed a Venetian, Frederic Vinciolo, a pattern maker for varieties of linen needle works and laces, to his court. Through the influence of this fertile designer the seeds of a taste for lace in France were principally sown. But the event which par excellence would seem to have fostered the higher development of the French art of lace making was the aid officially given it in the following century by Louis XIV, acting on the advice of his minister Colbert. Intrigue and diplomacy were put into action to secure the services of Venetian lace workers; and by an edict dated 1665



the lace making centers at Alencon, Quesnoy, Arras, Reims, Sedan, Château Thierry, Loudun and elsewhere were selected for the operations of a company in aid of which the state made a contribution of 36,000 francs; at the same time the importation of Venetian, Flemish and other laces was strictly forbidden. The edict contained instructions that the lace-makers should produce all sorts of thread work, such as those done on a pillow or cushion and with the needle, in the style of the laces made at Venice, Genoa, Ragusa and other places; these French imitations were to be called *points de France*. By 1671 the Italian ambassador at Paris writes, "Gallantly is the minister Colbert on his way to bring the *lavori d'aria* to perfection." Six years later an Italian, Domenico Contarini, alludes to the *punto in aria*, "which the French can now do to admiration."

The styles of design which emanated from the chief of the French lace center, Alencon, were more fanciful and less severe than the Venetian, and it is evident that the Flemish lace makers later on

adopted many of these French patterns for their own use. The provision of French designs which owes so much to the state patronage, contrasts with the absence of corresponding provision in England and was noticed early in the 18th century by Bishop Berkeley.

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Lace Making in Other European Countries

The humble endeavors of peasantry in England (which could boast of no schools of design), Germany, Sweden, Russia and Spain could not result in work of so high artistic pretension as that of France and Flanders. In the 18th century good lace was made in Devonshire, but it wasn't till much later that to some extent the hand lace makers of England and Ireland had become impressed with the necessity of well considered designs for their work.

Pillow lace making under the name of bone lace making was pursued in the 17th century in Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, and in 1724 Defoe refers to the manufacture of bone lace in which villagers were wonderfully exercised and improved



within these few years past. *Bone lace* dates from the 17th century in England and was practically the counterpart of Flemish *dentelles au fuseau*, and related also to the Italian *merletti a piombini*.

In Germany, Barbara Tuttmann, a native of Nuremberg, instructed

peasants of the Harz mountains to twist and plait threads in 1561. She was assisted by certain refugees from Flanders. A sort of purling or imitation of the Italian *merletti a piombini* was the style of work produced then.

Lace of comparatively simple design has been made for centuries in villages of Andalusia as well as in Spanish conventual establishments. The *point d'Espagne*, however, appears to have been a commercial name given by French manufacturers of a class of lace made in France with gold or silver threads on the pillow and greatly esteemed by Spaniards in the 17th century.

No lace pattern books have been found to have been published in Spain. The needle made laces which came out of Spanish monasteries in 1830, when these institutions were dissolved, were mostly Venetian needle made laces. The lace vestments preserved at the cathedral at Granada hitherto presumed to be of Spanish work are verified as being Flemish of the 17th century. The industry is not alluded to in Spanish ordinances of the 15th, 16th or 17th centuries, but traditions which throw its origin back to the Moors or Saracens are still current in Seville and its neighborhood, where a twisted and knotted arrangement of fine cords is often worked in under the name of *Morisco* fringe, elsewhere called macrame lace. Black and white silk pillow laces, or blondes, date from the 18th century. They were made in considerable quantity in the neighborhood of Chantilly, and imported for mantillas by Spain, where corresponding silk lace making was started.

Although after the 18th century the making of silk laces more or less ceased at Chantilly and the neighborhood, the craft is now carried on in Normandy at Bayeux and Caen as well as in Auvergne, which is also noted for its simple laces. Silk pillow lace making is carried on in Spain, especially at Barcelona. The patterns

are almost entirely imitations from 18th century French ones of a large and free floral character.

Lace making is said to have been promoted in Russia through the patronage of the court, after the visit of Peter the Great to Paris in the early days of the 18th century. Peasants in the districts of Vologda, Balakhua (Nijni-Novgorod), Bieleff (Tula) and Mzensk (Ore) make pillow laces of simple patterns. Malta is noted for producing a silk pillow lace of black or white, or red threads, chiefly of patterns in which repetitions of circles, wheels and radiations of shapes resembling grains of wheat are the main features. This characteristic of design, appearing in white linen thread laces of similar make which have been identified as Genoese pillow laces of the early 17th century, reappears in Spanish and Paraguayan work.

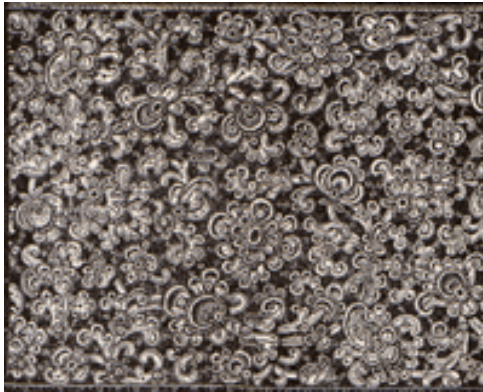
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Lace Making Machines

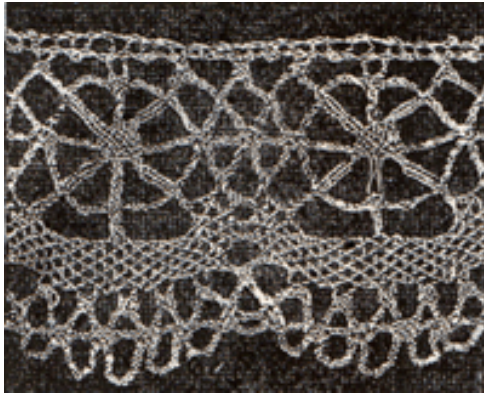
The early history of the lace-making machine coincides with that of the stocking frame, that machine having been adapted about the year 1768 for producing open looped fabrics which had a net like appearance. About 1786 frames for making point nets by machinery first appear at Mansfield and later at Ashbourne and Nottingham and soon afterwards modifications were introduced into such frames in order to make varieties of meshes in the point nets which were classed as figured nets. In 1808 and 1809 John Heathcoat of Nottingham obtained patents for machines for making bobbin net with a simpler and more readily produced mesh than that of the point net just

mentioned. For at least thirty years thousands of women had been employed in and about Nottingham in the embroidering of simple ornament on net.



In 1813 John Leavers began to improve the figured net weaving machines above mentioned and from these the lace making machines in use at the present time were developed. But it was the application of the celebrated Jacquard apparatus to such machines that enable manufacturers to produce all sorts of patterns in imitation of the patterns for hand made lace. A French machine called the *dentelliere* was devised and the patterns produced by it were of plaited threads. The expense, however, attending the production of plaited lace by the *dentelliere* is as great as that of pillow lace made by the hand, and so the machine did not succeed for ordinary trade purposes.

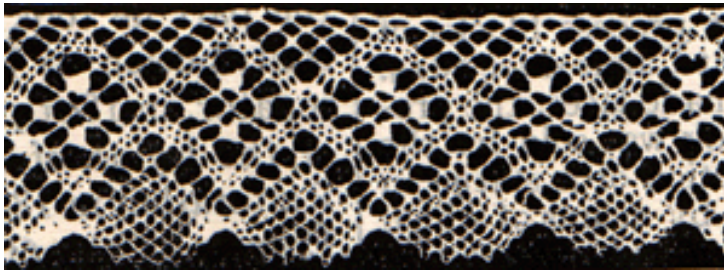
The component parts of different makes of lace may be considered. These are governed by the ornaments or patterns, which may be so designed,



as they were in the earlier laces, that the different component parts may touch one another without any intervening ground-work. But as a wish arose

to vary the effect of the details in a pattern ground works were gradually developed and at first consisted of links or ties between the substantial parts of the pattern.

The bars or ties were succeeded by grounds of meshes, like nets. Sometimes the substantial parts of a pattern were outlined with a single thread or by a strongly marked raised edge of buttonhole stitched or of plaited work. Minute fanciful devices were then introduced to enrich various portions of the pattern. Some of the heavier needle-made laces resemble low relief carving in ivory, and the edges of the relief portions are often decorated with clusters of small loops. For the most part all this elaboration was brought to a high pitch of variety and finish by French designers and workers; and French terms are more usual in speaking of details in laces. Thus the solid



part of the pattern is called the toile or clothing, the links or ties are called brides, the meshed grounds are called réseaux, the outline to the edges of a pattern is called cordonnel or brodé, the insertions of fanciful devices modes, the little loops picots. These terms are applicable to the various portions of laces made with the needle, on the pillow or by the machine.

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Sequence of Lace Patterns

The sequence of patterns in lace is roughly as follows. From about 1540 to 1590 they were composed of geometric forms set within squares, or of crossed and radiating line devices, resulting in a very open fabric, stiff and almost wiry in effect, without brides and réseaux. From 1590 may be dated the introduction into patterns of very conventional floral and even human and animal forms and slender scrolls, rendered in a tape like texture, held together by brides. To the period from 1620 to 1670 belongs the development of long continuous scroll patterns with and brides, accompanied in the case of needle made laces with an elaboration of details, e.g. cordonnet with



massings of picots. Much of these laces enriched with fillings or modes was made at this time. From 1650 to 1700 the scroll patterns gave way to arrangements of detached ornamental details and about 1700 to 1760 more important schemes or designs were made into which were introduced naturalistic renderings of garlands, flowers, birds, trophies, architectural

ornament and human figures.

From 1760 to 1800 small details consisting of bouquets, sprays of flowers, single flowers, leaves, buds, spots and such like were adopted, and sprinkled over meshed grounds, and the character of the texture was gauzy and filmy. Since that time variants of the foregoing styles of pattern and textures have been used according to the bent of fashion in favor of simple or complete ornamentation, or of stiff, compact or filmy textures.

- [Needle Point Lace](#)
- [Pillow Made Lace](#)
- [Guipure Lace](#)
- [Machine Made Lace](#)

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Needle Point Lace

The way in which the early *Venetian punto in aria* was made corresponds with that in which needlepoint lace is now worked. The pattern is first drawn upon a piece of parchment. The parchment is then stitched to two pieces of linen. Upon the leading lines drawn on this parchment a thread is laid, and fastened through to the parchment and linen by means of stitches, thus constructing a skeleton thread pattern.



Those portions which are to be represented as the clothing or *toilé* are usually worked and then edged as a rule with buttonhole stitching. Between these *toilé* portions of the pattern are worked ties (brides) or meshes (*réseaux*), and thus the various parts are united in one fabric, and wrought on to the face of the parchment pattern and reproducing it. A knife is passed between the two pieces of linen at the back of the

parchment, cutting the stitches which have passed through the parchment and linen, and so releasing the lace itself from its pattern parchment. In the earlier stages, the lace



was made in lengths to serve as insertions (*passements*) and also in vandykes (*denteiles*) to serve as edgings. Later on insertions and vandykes were made in one piece. All of such were at first of a geometric style of pattern.

Following closely upon them came the freer style of design interspersed between the various details of the patterns which were of flat tape like texture. In elaborate specimens of this flat point lace some lace workers occasionally used gold thread with the white thread. These flat laces (*Punto in Aria*) are also called "flat Venetian point."

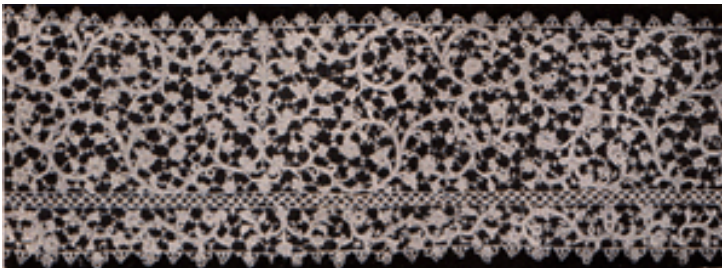
About 1640 rose (raised) point laces began to be made. They were done in relief and those of bold



design with stronger reliefs are called *gros point de Venise*. Lace of this latter class was used for altar cloths, flounces, jabots or

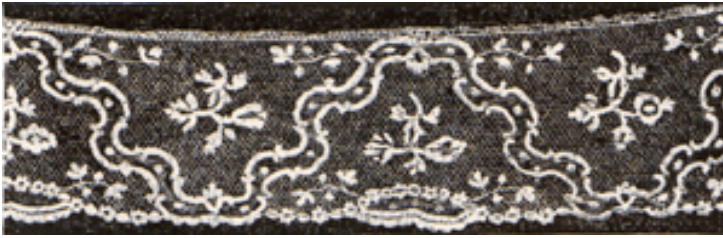
neck cloths which hung beneath the chin over the breast, as well as for trimming the turned over tops of jack boots. Tabliers and ladies' aprons were also made of such lace. In these no regular ground was introduced. All sorts of minute embellishments, like little knots, stars and loops or picots, were worked on to the irregularly arranged brides or ties holding the main patterns together, and the more dainty of these raised laces exemplify the most subtle uses to which the buttonhole stitch appears capable of being put in making ornaments.

But about 1660 came laces with brides or ties arranged in a honeycomb reticulation or regular ground. To them succeeded lace in which the compact relief gave place to daintier and lighter' material combined with a ground of meshes. The



needle made meshes were sometimes of single and sometimes of double threads. A diagram is given of an ordinary method of making such meshes. At the end of the 17th century, the lightest of the Venetian needlepoint laces were made; and this class which was of the filmiest texture is usually known as *point de Venise a réseau*. It was contemporary with the needle made French laces of Argentani that became famous towards the latter part of the 17th century.

Point d'Argentan has been thought to be especially distinguished on account of its delicate honeycomb ground of hexagonally arranged brides, a peculiarity in certain antecedent Venetian point laces. Often intermixed with this hexagonal brides ground is the fine meshed ground, which has been held to be distinctive of *point d'Alençon*. But the styles of patterns and the methods of working them, with rich variety of insertions or modes are alike in Argentan and Alençon needle-made laces.



After 1650 the lace-workers at Alençon and its neighborhood produced work of a daintier kind than that which was being made by the Venetians. As a rule the hexagonal bride grounds of Alençon laces are smaller than similar details in Venetian laces. The average size of a diagonal taken from angle to angle in an Alençon (or so called Argentan) hexagon was about one-sixth of an inch, and each side of the hexagon was about one-tenth of an inch. An idea of the minuteness of the work can be formed from the fact that a side of a hexagon would be overcast with some nine or ten buttonhole stitches.

Ground and the ground of meshes, another variety of grounding (*réseau rosacé*) was used in certain Alençon designs. This ground consisted of buttonhole-stitched skeleton hexagons within each of which was worked a small hexagon of *toilé* connected with the outer surrounding hexagon by means of six little ties or brides. Lace with this



particular ground has been called Argentella, and some writers have thought that it was a specialty of Genoese or Venetian work. But the character of the work and the style of the floral patterns are those of Alençon laces. The industry at Argentan was virtually an offshoot of that nurtured at Alençon, where *lacis* cut work and had been made for years before the well developed needle made *point d'Alençon* came into vogue under the favoring patronage of the state aided lace company mentioned as having been formed in 1665.

In Belgium, Brussels acquired some celebrity for needle made laces. These, however, are chiefly in imitation of those made at Alençon, but the bile is of less compact texture and sharpness in definition of pattern. Brussels needlepoint lace is often worked with meshed grounds made on a pillow, and a plain thread is used as a cordonnet for their patterns instead of a thread overcast with buttonhole stitches as in the French needlepoint laces.

Needlepoint lace has also been occasionally produced in England. While the character of its design in the early 17th century was rather more primitive, as a rule, than that of the contemporary

[Italian](#), the method of its workmanship is virtually the same. Specimens of needle-made work done by English school children may be met with in samplers of the 17th and 18th centuries.

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Pillow Made Lace

Pillow made lace is built upon no substructure corresponding with a skeleton thread pattern. such as is used for needlepoint lace, but is the representation of a pattern obtained by twisting and plaiting threads.

These patterns were never so strictly geometric in style as those adopted for the earliest point lace making from the antecedent cut linen and drawn thread embroideries. Curved forms, almost at the outset of pillow lace, seem to have been found easy



of execution. Its texture was less crisp and wiry in appearance than that of contemporary needle made lace. The early twisted and plaited thread laces, which had the

appearance of small cords merging into one another, were soon succeeded by laces of similar make but with flattened and broader lines more like fine braids or tapes. But pillow laces of this tape like character must not be confused with laces in which actual tape or braid is used. That peculiar class of lace-work does not arise until after the beginning of the 17th century when the weaving of tape is said to have commenced in Flanders. In England this sort of tape lace dates no farther back than 1747, when two Dutchmen named Lanfort were invited by an English firm to set up tape looms in Manchester.

The process by which lace is made on the pillow is roughly and briefly as follows. A pattern is first drawn upon a piece of paper or parchment. It is then pricked with holes by a skilled "pattern pricker," who

determines where the principal pins shall be stuck for guiding the threads.

This pricked pattern is then fastened to the pillow.

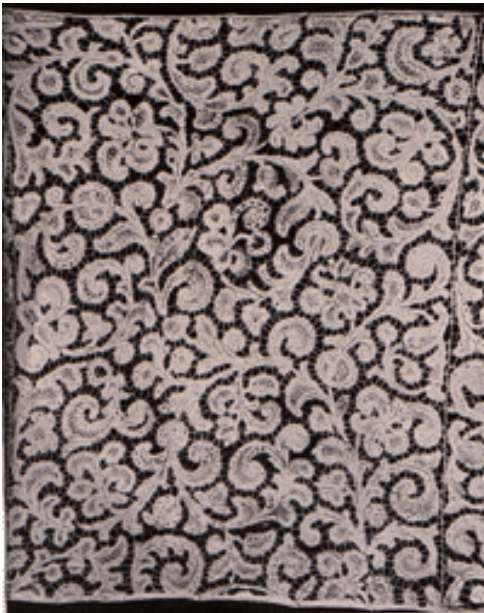


The pillow

or cushion varies in shape in different countries.

Some lace makers use a circular pad, backed with a flat board, in order that it may be placed upon a table and easily moved. Other lace workers use a well stuffed rounding pillow or short bolster, flattened at the two ends, so that they may hold it conveniently on their laps. From the upper part of pillows with the pattern fastened on it hang the threads from the bobbins. The bobbin threads thus hang across the pattern. The compact portion in a pillow lace has a woven appearance.

About the middle of the 17th century pillow lace of formal scroll patterns somewhat in imitation of those for point lace was made, chiefly in Flanders. The earlier of these had grounds of ties or brides and was often called *point de Flandres* in contradiction to scroll patterns with a mesh ground, which were called *point d'Angleterre*. Into Spain and France much lace from Venice and Flanders was imported as well as into England, where from the 16th century the manufacture of the simple pattern "bone lace" by peasants in the midland and southern counties was still being carried on. In Charles II's time its manufacture was threatened with extinction by the preference given to the more artistic and finer Flemish laces. The importation of the latter was accordingly prohibited. Dealers in Flemish lace sought to evade the prohibitions by calling certain of their laces *point d'Angleterre*, and smuggling them into England. But smuggling was made so difficult



that English dealers were glad to obtain the services of Flemish lace makers and to induce them to settle in England. It is from some such cause that the better 17th and 18th century in the style of a design of

the latter part of the 18th century.

As skill in the European lace making developed soon after the middle of the 17th century, patterns and particular plaitings came to be identified with certain localities. Mechlin, for instance, enjoyed a high reputation for her productions. The chief technical features of this pillow lace lie in the plaiting of the meshes, and the outlining of the clothing with a thread cordonnet. The ordinary Mechlin mesh is hexagonal in shape. Four of the sides are of double twisted threads, two are of four threads plaited three times.

In Brussels pillow lace, which has greater variety of design, the mesh is also hexagonal; but in contrast with the Mechlin mesh; four of its sides are of double twisted threads the other two are of four threads plaited four times grace with which the botanical forms in many of its patterns are rendered. These are mainly reproductions or adaptations of designs for *point d'Alencon*, and the soft quality imparted to them in the texture of pillow made lace contrasts with the harder and more crisp appearance in needlepoint lace. In the Brussels pillow lace a delicate modeling effect is often imparted to the close textures of the flowers by means of pressing them with a bone instrument which gives concave shapes to petals and leaves, the edges of which consist in part of slightly raised cordonnet of compact plaited work.



In real Flemish *Valenciennes* lace there are no twisted sides to the mesh; all are closely plaited and as a rule the shape of the mesh is diamond but without the openings. Besides these distinctive classes of pillow like laces, there are others in which equal care in plaiting and twisting threads is displayed, though the character of the design is comparatively simple, as for instance in ordinary pillow laces from Italy, from the Auvergne, from Buckinghamshire, or rude and primitive as in laces from Crete, southern Spain and Russia. Uniformity in simple character of design may also be observed in many Italian, Spanish, Bohemian, Swedish and Russian pillow laces.

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Guipure Lace

This name is often applied to needlepoint and pillow laces in which the ground consists of ties or brides, but it more properly designates a kind of lace or *passementerie*, made with gimp of fine wires whipped round with silk, and with cotton thread. An earlier kind of gimp was formed with *Cartisane*, a little strip of this parchment or vellum covered with silk, gold or silver thread. These stiff gimp threads, formed into a pattern, were held together by stitches worked with the needle.

Gold and silver thread laces have been usually made on the pillow, though gold thread has been used with fine effect in 17th century [Italian](#) needle point laces.



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Machine Made Lace

We have already seen that a technical peculiarity in making needlepoint lace is that a single thread and needle are alone used to form the pattern, and that the buttonhole stitch and other loopings which can be worked by means of a needle and thread mark, a distinction between lace made in this manner and lace made on the pillow. For the process of pillow lace making a series of threads are in constant



employment, plaited and twisted the one with another. A buttonhole stitch is

not producible by it. The Leavers lace machine does not make either a buttonhole stitch or a plait. An essential principle of this machine made work is that the threads are twisted together as in stocking net.

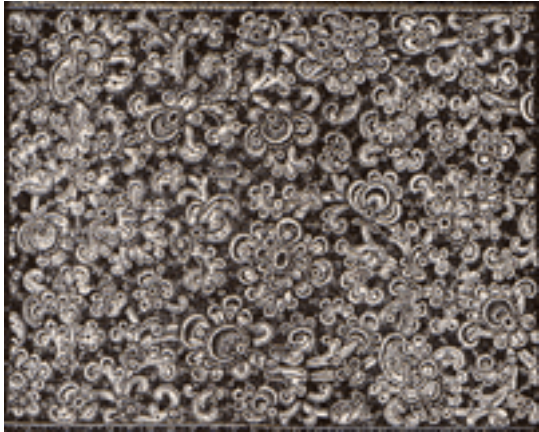
The number of threads brought into operation in a Leavers machine is regulated by the pattern to be produced, the threads being of two sorts, beam or warp threads and bobbin or weft threads. Sometimes sixty pieces of lace are used being made simultaneously, each piece requiring 148 threads 100 beam threads and 48 bobbin threads. The ends of both sets of threads are fixed to a cylinder upon which as the manufacture proceeds the lace becomes wound.

The supply of the beam or warp threads is held upon reels, and that of the bobbins or weft threads is held in bobbins. The beam or warp thread reels are arranged in frames or trays beneath the stage, above which and between it and the cylinder the twisting of the bobbin or weft with beam or warp threads containing the bobbin or weft threads are flattened in shape so as to pass conveniently between the stretched beam or warp threads. The bobbins can be imparted to warp and weft threads as required. As the bobbins or weft threads pass like pendulums between the warp threads the latter are made to oscillate, thus causing them to become twisted with the bobbin threads. As the twistings take place, combs passing through both warp and weft threads compress the twistings. Thus the texture of the clothing or in machine made lace may generally be detected by its ribbed appearance, due to the compressed twisted threads.

At the same time the twisting in both these cases arises from the conjunction of movements given. to the two sets of threads, namely, an oscillation or movement from side to side of the beam or warp threads, and the swinging or pendulum-like movement of the bobbin or weft

threads between the warp threads.

Pillow Guipure Lace open and clear *réseau* or net, such as would be made on a coarse machine, and at the same time to keep the pattern fine and solid and standing out well from the net, as is the case with the real lace, which cannot be done by using a coarse gauge machine.



Lace

made in the Auvergue is similar "Maltese lace." Close to it are specimens of lace made by the circular lace machine of Messrs Birkin of Nottingham. This machine although very slow in production actually reproduced the real lace, at a cost slightly below that of the hand made lace. In another branch of lace making by machinery, mechanical ingenuity, combined with chemical treatment, had led to surprising results. Swiss, German and other manufacturers used machines in which a principle of the sewing machine was involved. A fine silken tissue is thereby enriched with an elaborately raised cotton or thread embroidery. The whole fabric is then treated with chemical mordants which, while dissolving the silky web, do not attack the cotton or thread embroidery. A relief embroidery possessing the appearance of band made raised needlepoint lace is thus produced. collections of hand-made lace chiefly exist in museums and technical institutions, as for instance the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, and museums at Lyons, Nuremberg, Berlin, Turin and elsewhere. In such places the

opportunity is presented of tracing in chronological sequence the stages of pattern. and texture development.

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Cursive Writing



Cursive Writing: The History of Cursive Handwriting

Cursive Writing Penmanship: A Practical System

Analysis and Construction of Cursive Letters

The Art of Flourishing and Cursive Writing

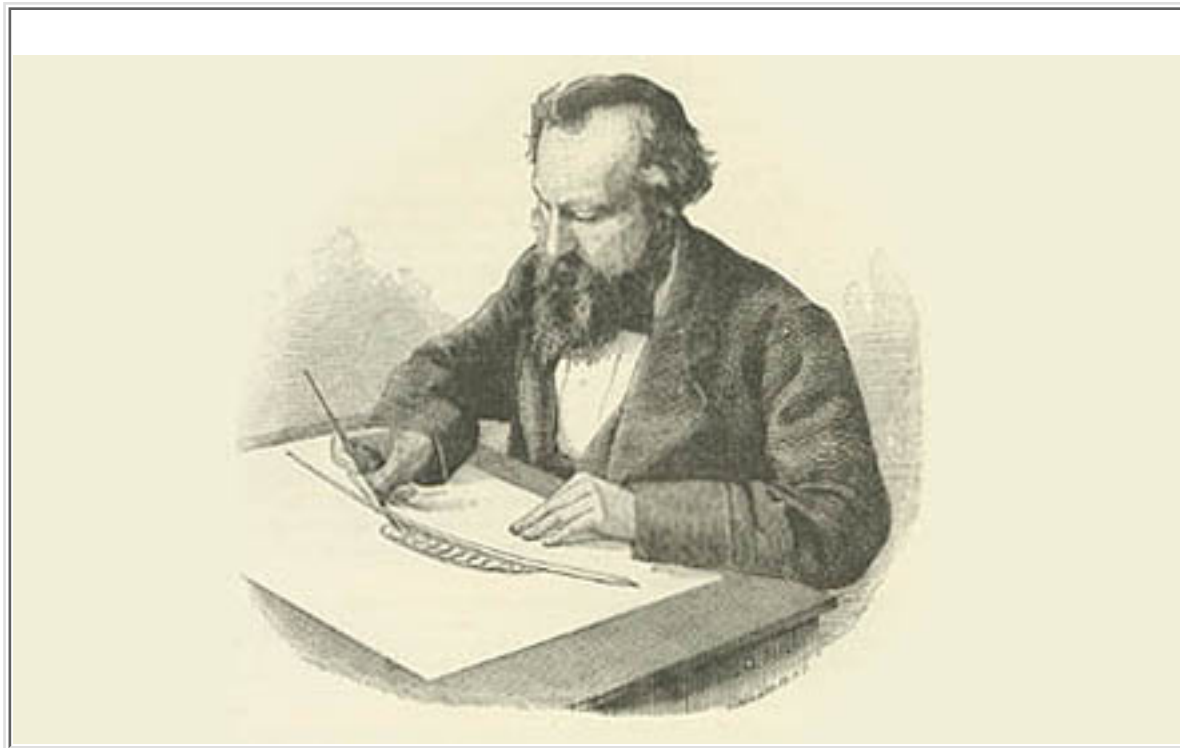
Cursive writing is an art that has a rich history. This web site will provide you with information on the history of cursive writing as well as instructions on how to achieve excellent cursive penmanship in your writing. Finally, we introduce you to the Art of Flourishing in cursive.

Writing Articles

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The History of Writing

IN an ancient Assyrian document, which was written during the reign of Sardanapalus V., it is said that the god Nebo revealed to the ancestors of the King the cuneiform characters of their language. This account of the sacred origin of their writings was universally believed by the people. To many persons, trained in the customs and modes of thought peculiar to our age, it seems quite incredible that this idea was ever seriously entertained; but, according to statements of reliable historians, such a belief was universal.

Nearly every nation of antiquity has, at some period of its history, attributed the origin of letters to the beneficence of the god in which it trusted. This appears not only from statements of the writers, but from the nature and signification of their words. In the Egyptian language, the term writing signified, according to Lenormant, "Writing heavenly words." This meaning is not only beautiful but essentially true, for whatever may be the origin of letters, no gift or invention has been as useful, nor contributed so much to the civilization of mankind, as the ART OF WRITING.

That a people like the Assyrians, for the most part uneducated, having but little intercourse with other nations, should believe that none but the gods could see meaning in the wedge-like forms of their language is not strange;

but it seems extraordinary that such an enlightened people as the Egyptians should have attributed anything supernatural to their hieroglyphics.

The true origin of the art of writing could not well be understood by a person confining his observations to any one language or time. To the student of philology, however, it is not a surprising fact that writing was not invented by a single man, but gradually worked out by the contributions of numerous generations. The invention of written characters is due to the genius of man working through ages, and proving, indeed, that "art is long."

Under these circumstances, it is natural that the accounts of the origin of writing should be somewhat varied, but there is a very general agreement that the first developments of written language are to be found among the Egyptians. It might have been expected that the three great classes of kindred languages, the Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian, would give us the source of our written characters; but the connection between thought and the symbols of thought has not proved strong enough to decipher the ancient characters without a key or alphabet. Owing, therefore, to our limited knowledge, we can only trace three principal sources from which the various nations have derived their letters--the Chinese, the Assyrian and the Egyptian. It is claimed, moreover, that the Assyrian ought not to be classed as a source at all, as that language is manifestly the product of long experience with more simple forms.

All writing has been divided into two classes--Ideographic and Phonetic.

IDEOGRAPHIC writing is the art of expressing ideas by means of images or pictures, and is the natural language of children and primitive men everywhere. The most perfect examples of this writing have been found in Egypt, and have been known as the hieroglyphs. The Egyptians developed four languages, which, by their resemblances and variations, enable us to trace, with considerable certainty, the course of linguistic evolution. The oldest of these languages is the HIEROGLYPHIC, in which the pictorial element prevails to the largest extent. This language was in use more than three thousand years before the Christian era, but it was confined to the priests; it was chiefly employed in religious services, and in the rituals for the dead. The second of these languages of Egypt, and that which was by far the most useful to the world, was the HIERATIC. This language was in use twenty centuries before the close of the old era, and was the medium of the best thought of Egyptian literature. To this also we must look for the source from which the nations of Europe have principally derived their letters. This language, though ideographic, was rather symbolical than pictorial; it had so far departed from the original forms that it may be considered a cursive writing; and it is probably the first example known among men. The other two languages found, among the Egyptians were the DEMOTIC and COPTIC, but their influence was far less than the hieratic.

The characters of the HIERATIC language, which the Phoenicians had adopted, were soon taken from the service of ideographic writing, and became the basis of another system called the PHONETIC, in which the characters represent sounds. Of the phonetic languages there are two classes: the syllabic, in which each character represents a combination of sounds, and the alphabetical, in which each character is the symbol of a single sound. It required a long experience to bring into use the system of phonetic writing now employed by the most enlightened nations of the world. Time and experience, however, developed our present art of writing, for which no price was too great to pay.

The difficulties which men have encountered in the development of this art can scarcely be understood unless we study the materials which men have employed in the attempt to express their ideas in written forms. The laborious chiseling upon stone, the slow tracing of the iron style upon the palm leaf, the papyrus and the wooden blocks, and the separate process of filling or rubbing into the lines the chosen pigment, involved difficulties which the writers of our day would not willingly undertake. If persons of to-day were compelled to use those modes for a short time, they would return to our present methods with the consciousness of exalted privilege and blessing.

The study of the writings of the different nations shows us that there were generally two motives that guided their course of progress. The more important was the desire to save work; the other motive was the love of beauty. It is hard to believe that men have always been moved by these causes, when we see some of the ugly characters which they have used; yet there are very few systems in which we do not find (even from our own peculiar standpoint) many illustrations of the aesthetic and economic qualities of men. As an example of the latter, we note the cuneiform inscriptions of the Assyrians. These are supposed to have been developed from the linear style of cutting in stone. Experience showed that the wedge could be cut much more quickly than the angle formed by two narrow lines.

The desire for beauty was especially predominant among the peoples of northern and western Europe from the close of the twelfth to the sixteenth century. During this time the Gothic script prevailed, and it still has a representation in the characters of the German language. These were the characters used in the famous "Black Letter Books," as the first books published in Germany imitated the heavy lines of the Gothic script in use with the people at that time. But the Gothic characters do not seem to have been very satisfactory. The French modified them, and gave to their forms the name "letters de somme." The Italians rejected them altogether, and produced the forms now known as the ROMAN. These appeared in an edition of Pliny's Natural History, published in Venice in the year 1469. It is a circumstance worthy of note that the ornamental Gothic letters, which were rejected by most of the European nations so many years ago, are now beginning to lose favor even among the Germans themselves, and there are very many who long

to see them exchanged for the simpler form of the Roman.

It is impossible to foresee the changes which are in store for the written languages of today; but it is certain they are not fixed. Some changes will undoubtedly take place. There is work enough of an excellent kind for those who will undertake it. Many persons look upon writing as something which anybody may accomplish, and think it does not matter very much how it is done. They like to see individuality in writing. But we must remember that writing is an art; that while there is a certain scope for the individuality of each one who writes, there are also inexorable laws. Whatever improvement we have made in the expression of thought by means of script, we have made by discovering and obeying the laws of this Art. So long as writing consisted only in imitating a copy without regard to principles of letter construction, and without care for the position of the body, or for the movements of the arm and hand, it depended for interest solely upon its utility in conveying intelligence and preserving to men the important events of history. But when men began to study the subject more carefully, they found there were more things in this Art of Writing than were dreamed of in the old philosophies. Observation taught them that mere imitation could never give the best results. The process of writing involved a series of movements of the arm and hand, the laws of which could not be ignored without serious loss in time and in the skill of execution. A few persons may be skillful artists without formulated rules, but only those who are gifted with superior powers of imagination and elegance of taste can ever attain great skill by any other means than practical familiarity with rules. But the study of this Art has done more than to reveal the fact of a loss in time and skill; it has demonstrated another fact of the utmost importance to writers, book-keepers and copyists, that the use of the pen, even for long periods of time, is not unhealthful nor greatly exhausting, when the method is natural and physiological.

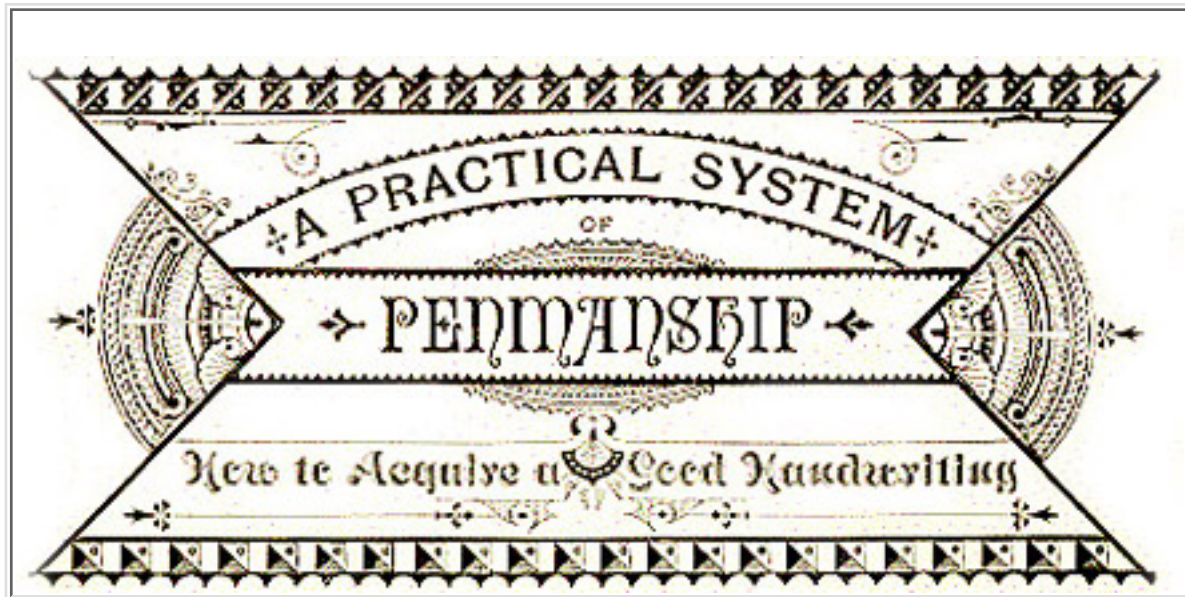
While, on the other hand, there is no occupation more tedious, and none that makes a more severe draft upon the energies of man, than the use of the pen by improper methods. Diseases of the hand and ruin of the whole nervous system are often the result. Many men and women, whose health has broken under the task of writing, have failed and suffered, not so much from the difficulty of their work as from the attempt to do it in an unnatural way. It is of no use to fight against Nature, and whoever attempts it must suffer. It is inexcusable to shut your eyes to the light of science, and employ a method which is condemned by the plainest laws of your own body. Penmanship may now be justly termed a science. The knowledge pertaining to it has been classified, and the rules of a natural method have been made so complete, that any one who will follow them carefully for a few months will be rewarded by a power of easy and rapid execution which could never be attained under the old method of learning to write. In the development of every art there is a tendency to adornment. Indeed, there are few things which man attempts in which you will not find evidence of his aesthetic nature, consciously or

unconsciously expressed. Even in so practical an art as writing this has appeared, and has brought discredit to some extent upon the schools. But this has been simply from a misunderstanding of the uses of the ornamental style. Apart from its peculiar use in decoration, it is of the highest service in training the muscles of the arm and hand, and in allaying, when properly employed, all unnatural excitement of the nerves. Viewed in this light, the development of the ornamental style is to be regarded as an important part of the advances in the art of writing. Whoever has used the method of training, in which the ornamental style has been employed as a means of giving the best control over the muscles, will need no other evidence to convince him of its great utility. But if any examples were needed, it may justly be said that those institutions, which have employed it most carefully, have been most successful in sending forth pupils expert in the use of the pen, and possessed of a ready and legible handwriting.

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Penmanship: A Practical System

With penmanship, persons who desire to acquire a good handwriting cannot pay too much attention to the assumption of a CORRECT POSITION, of which there are three, the FRONT, the RIGHT side, and the LEFT side. The Front Position is most commonly used, and we always recommend it, especially to students learning to write. In this position sit square with the desk, but not in contact with it; keep the body erect, the feet level on the floor; place the paper in front of the body, in an oblique position, and square with the right arm; rest the left arm on the desk, with the hand on the paper to the left, above the right hand, and forming a right angle with it.

Right Side Position. Sit with the right side to the desk without touching it; let the paper lie square with the edge of desk; place the right arm on the desk parallel to edge, and the left hand above the writing, so that the arms form right angles with each other; body and feet are relatively the same as in front position.

Left Side Position.

Sit with the left side to the desk; body erect; left arm parallel to edge of desk with the hand on the paper above the writing; paper square with desk; and right arm at a right angle with the left. This position is recommended especially in the counting-house where large books are used, that have to be placed at right angles to the edge of the desk. The right arm should always be parallel to the sides of the paper or book.

Penmanship: the Movements.

IN writing, three MOVEMENTS are necessary, viz: FINGER movement, MUSCULAR or FORE-ARM movement, and OFF HAND or WHOLE ARM movement.

Finger Movement.

Let the arm touch the table on the muscles only, about three inches from elbow; hold the wrist clear from the table and square, so that a pencil laid on the back of wrist would be in a horizontal position; hold the pen between the thumb and first and second fingers; keep the second finger nearly straight and about three quarters of an inch from point of pen, resting the holder halfway between the end of finger and first joint; the forefinger, which is also nearly straight, rests over the holder; and the thumb, slightly bent with its end against the holder opposite the first joint of the forefinger, keeps the holder in its proper position. Guard against letting the holder drop in the hollow between the forefinger and thumb. The upward strokes are made by extending the first two fingers and thumb, and the downward strokes by contracting them; let the hand glide over the paper on the nails of the third and fourth fingers, keeping them closed above the second joints.

Muscular or Fore-arm Movement.

The same position of arm and hand is used in this movement as in the finger movement, but instead of forming the letters by the extension and contraction of the fingers, they are formed by moving the hand and wrist with the pen, letting the arm roll on the muscle near the elbow, and sliding the hand over the paper on the nails of the third and fourth fingers. This is the proper movement for business writing, and beginners will acquire a good business hand much sooner by constantly practicing it.

Off Hand or Whole Arm Movement.

In this movement raise the elbow from the desk, and move the whole arm from the shoulder with the pen, letting the hand slide on the nails of the third and fourth fingers. This movement is only used in making large Capitals.

Formation is the manner in which letters are made. All letters are formed with straight lines and curves called principles. The straight lines are all parallel and of the same slant. Curves are of three kinds, convex, concave, and compound.

Slant.

All straight lines in the formation of letters should be at an angle of fifty-three degrees (53 deg), and all curved lines in small letters connecting straight lines should be at an angle of thirty-two degrees (32 deg); when the space between letters is diminished this angle is increased, but in all cases the main slant

should remain the same. The above engraving shows the MAIN SLANT (53 deg) and the CONNECTING SLANT (32 deg).

Space.

The line on which the writing rests is called the BASE line, that at the head of the small letters the HEAD line; and the line to which the Capitals extend, the TOP line. A space in small letters is the width of the letter u and height of i, excepting the loop letters that have the height of capitals; d, p and t, that are two spaces above the base line; and f, g, j, p, q, y and z, that are two spaces below the base line.

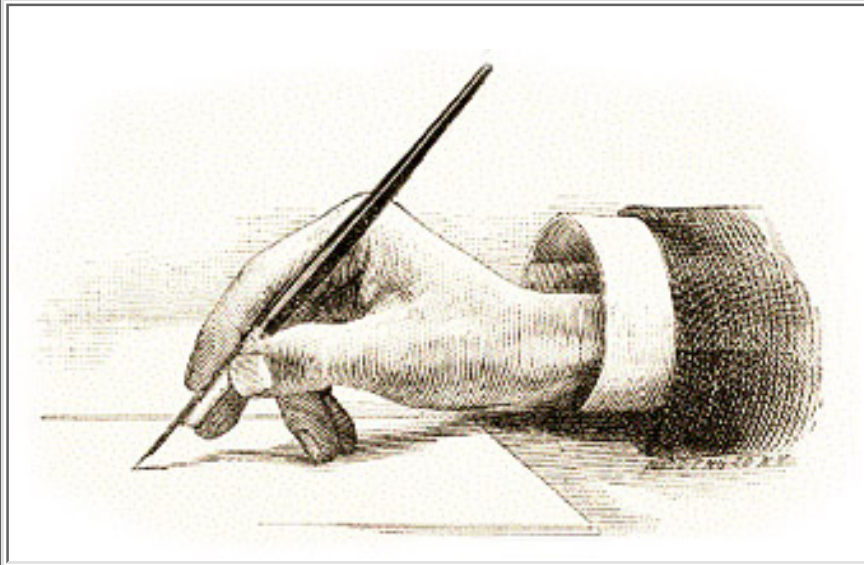
Shading.

It is better that students in learning to write should make all small letters without shading except the letters d, p, and t; and in shading Capitals there should be but one shade in a single letter. After one has learned the formation of small letters, shading may be practiced, making two or three in a word of eight or nine letters.

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Cursive Letters: Analysis and Construction

With regards to cursive letters, nothing is of greater importance in learning to write than that the student should acquire a thorough knowledge of the analysis and construction of all the letters of the alphabet. Many persons fail to acquire a good handwriting, because they have never taken the trouble to inform themselves in this respect, and merely imitate the general characteristics of a letter without the slightest knowledge of its regular construction. Some individuals even boast of their ignorance, and pride themselves on the legibility or individuality of their style of writing. Educated people, however, consider a knowledge of the formation of letters essential to those who wish to acquire a graceful or genteel handwriting. After this has been accomplished, individuality will develop itself, and by constant practice you will gradually work out a peculiar style of your own; but without a knowledge of the fundamental laws of penmanship you can no more learn to write properly, than you could draw a fine picture unless you had first mastered certain rules relating to the art of drawing.

HOW SMALL CURSIVE LETTERS ARE FORMED.

The three PRINCIPLES given below are those employed in the formation of all letters. They should be thoroughly understood before attempting to construct either small letters or capitals, as one, two, or all three of these

principles are used in every case.

I. The first principle of small letters is a convex curve, commencing at base line, and ascending to head line at an angle of thirty-two degrees (32 deg).

II. The second principle is a concave curve, commencing at base line, and ascending to head line at an angle of thirty two degrees (32 deg).

III. The third principle is a straight line, commencing at head line and descending to base at an angle of fifty-three degrees (53 deg).

A cursive lowercase letter 'a' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve from the baseline to the headline, followed by a concave curve back to the baseline, then a straight line down to the baseline, and finally a concave curve back up to the headline.

Begin on base line, and ascend with convex curve to head line; retrace one-half space, and finish the movement with convex curve to base line; turn to the right and ascend with concave curve to head line, forming a pointed oval; descend with a straight line on main slant to base; turn to right, and finish with concave curve. -- PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'b' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve from the baseline to the top line, then a straight line down to the baseline, crossing the upward curve at the headline, then a concave curve back up to the headline, and finally a horizontal concave curve to the right.

Begin on base line, and ascend with convex curve to top line; turn to the left, and descend with straight line to base, crossing upward movement at head line; turn to the right on base line, and ascend with concave curve to head line; finish with a horizontal concave curve to the right, one-half space in length.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'c' written in black ink. It starts with a concave curve from the baseline to the headline, then a straight line down to the baseline, a short turn to the right, and a concave curve back up to the headline, touching the headline.

Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve, leaving space enough between its highest point and the head line for the passage of another curve; unite angularly, and descend with straight line on main slant one-fourth space; make a short turn to the right, and ascend with concave curve; turn to the left over the upward curve, touching the head line; descend to base with straight line on main slant, and finish as in a.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'd' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve from the baseline to the headline, then a straight line down to the baseline, a short turn to the right, and a concave curve back up to the headline, touching the headline.

Form the pointed oval as in a; continue the second principle one space above the head line; retrace to head line, and continue with straight line to base; turn to the right, and finish as in a; shade at top above the head line.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin on base line with concave curve, and ascend to head line; make a turn to the left and descend with a straight line on main slant to base; turn to the right, and finish as in a.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.



Begin as in h with the upward and downward movement, crossing at head line; continue the straight line two spaces below the base; turn to the right, and ascend with concave curve, touching straight line at base; unite angularly, and finish with the concave curve to the right.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.



First, second and third movement same as in a; uniting angularly with a straight line on main slant, and finishing as in j.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve three spaces; turn to the left, and descend with straight line to base, crossing curve at head line; unite angularly, and ascend with convex curve to head line; turn to the right, and descend with a straight line on main slant to base; finish as in a.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin at base line; ascend with concave curve to head line; unite angularly, and descend with straight line on main slant to base; finish same as in a; dot one space above third principle, on same slant.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.



Begin as in i; continue straight line on main slant two spaces below the base line, and finish as in g.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Form loop as in h; ascend with convex curve one and one-fourth spaces above base line; turn short, and move toward the left with a concave curve; form loop on first principle at the head line, and finish as in i.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Commence with convex curve; ascend two spaces; form loop as in h; turn short to the right, and finish as in i.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.



Begin with convex curve on base line; ascend to head line; turn, and descend with straight line on main slant to base; unite angularly; ascend to head line, repeating the above, and finish as in i. Width of m, two spaces.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Commence and finish same as m. Width, one space.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve to head

line; unite angularly, and descend with convex curve to base; turn short, and ascend with concave curve, forming an oval; finish with horizontal concave curve. Width of o, one-half space.--PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve two spaces; unite angularly, and descend with straight line on main slant two spaces below base line; retrace to base line; complete us in n; shade below the base.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Form pointed oval as in a; unite angularly, and descend with straight line on main slant two spaces below base line; turn short to the right, and ascend with convex curve to head line.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve one and one-fourth spaces; descend with a vertical curve to head line; turn short, and descend with a vertical curve to head line; turn short, and descend with straight line to base; turn short to the right, and finish same as i. Width, one-half space.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.



First movement as in r; descend with concave curve on main slant to base line; turn to the left, terminating with a dot on first curve, one-third space from base; retrace to base line, and finish with concave curve. Width, one-half space.--PRINCIPLE 2.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve two spaces; descend with straight line to base; turn to the right, and end as in i. Shade above head line; cross with a straight line horizontally one-half space from top.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'm' written in black ink. It starts with a concave curve ascending to the head line, followed by a straight line descending to the base line, and then a second concave curve.

Commence with concave curve, ascending to head line; unite angularly with straight line on main slant, and descend to base; turn, repeat the same thing, and finish as in i. Width, one space.--PRINCIPLES 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'n' written in black ink. It starts with a concave curve ascending to the head line, followed by a straight line descending to the base line, and then a second concave curve.

Begin at base line, and ascend with convex curve to head line; turn to the right, and descend with straight line on main slant to base; turn to the right, and ascend with concave curve to head line one-half space from top of second movement, and finish with a horizontal curve to the right. Width of letter, one-half space.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'v' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve ascending to the head line, followed by a straight line descending to the base line, and then a second convex curve.

The first two movements are the same as in n; turn to the right, and ascend with concave curve to head line; unite angularly, with a straight line on main slant, and finish with the last movement of v. Width, one and one-half spaces.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'a' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve ascending to the head line, followed by a straight line descending to the base line, and then a second convex curve.

First two movements same as in n; the third movement begins at the head line, and, descending, traces the second movement one-third of its length; continue to the base line; turn to the right, and finish with the concave curve.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.

A cursive lowercase letter 'y' written in black ink. It starts with a convex curve ascending to the head line, followed by a straight line descending to the base line, and then a second convex curve.

Begin on base line, and ascend with convex curve to head line; turn, and descend with a straight line on main slant to base; turn to the right, and ascend with concave curve to head line; unite angularly with a straight line on main slant,

and finish as in j.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Three first movements as in r; unite angularly with a convex curve; ascend slightly, then turn to the right, and descend with a concave curve two spaces below base line; turn to the left, and finish as in j.--PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.

CONSTRUCTION OF CAPITALS.

We first present the three principles of the capitals, which a student should practice before writing the letters. They are formed by the convex and concave curve, which are the first and second principles of writing.

Capital Stem. -- Formed with principles 1 and 2. Height, three spaces; finished with an oval one-half its height.

The Oval. -- Formed with principles 1 and 2. Height, three spaces. Width, one-half its height.

The Inverted Oval.--Formed with principles 1 and 2. Begin one and one-half spaces from base line, ascend to top line, making an oval two-thirds its height. With this principle the letters Q, U, V, W, X, Y and Z are made.



Begin with capital stem; from its top descend with a straight line on main slant to base line; begin a slight curve to the left on the straight line, one and one-fourth spaces from base line, and descend one-half space; cross straight line, and ascend with a concave curve to head line.

Commence shade on the stem, one-fourth space above head line, and finish on base line. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin two and one-half spaces from base line, and descend

with capital stem on main slant; make an oval turn to the left, and ascend to top line; make an oval turn to the right, and descend to one and one-half spaces from base line; cross the capital stem, and form a loop pointing upward; then descend with a right curve to base line; turn, and ascend one space. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin on base line and ascend to top line with concave curve; turn to left, and descend to base line, forming loop as in 1; finish with oval one-half the full height. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin two and one-fourth spaces from base line, and descend with compound curve to base line; form a horizontal loop, and touch the base at the right of crossing; ascend with convex curve to head line, crossing compound curve two spaces from base line; finish with oval extending downward two and one-half spaces from head line. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin near the top line; after forming a small oval, descend one space from top line; form a small loop pointing downward, and finish with an oval two spaces touching the base. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin F with convex curve (same as small letter n) one-half space from top line; ascend to top line; turn to the right, and

descend with a straight line one-third of a space; form a horizontal compound curve to the right, one space; form loop pointing upward at top line, and descend with capital stem same as in the capital letter A; cross capital stem one and one-half spaces from base line. The capital T is formed in the same manner as F, without the crossing on the stem. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin as in small letter l; after forming loop, make an oval turn, which should be three-fourths of a space from base line; ascend to a point one and one-half spaces from base line; unite angularly, and finish with lower part of capital stem. Position of loop should be such that a straight line, drawn from its top to the centre of oval of the stem on base line, would be on main slant. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin on base line, and ascend with concave curve three spaces; unite angularly, and complete with capital stem; begin second part at top line, one space to the right of stem; descend to base line with a slight convex curve; finish as in A. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin I one space from base line, and ascend one-half space with convex curve; carry it well toward the right, and form a broad loop pointing downward one space from base line; ascend with convex curve to top line on main slant; make a short turn, and finish with capital stem, passing downward through the centre of loop. PRINCIPLES 1 and

2. Capital J.--Begin as in I; after passing through the loop, descend with a straight line on main slant two spaces below the base line; make a left turn, and ascend with a convex curve, crossing downward movement at base line and ending one space above. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Form the first part as in H; begin second section at a point on top line one space to the right of stem, and descend with a compound curve one space from top line; form a loop across capital stem, pointing upward; descend with a straight line on main slant to base line, turning to the right; finish with concave curve. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Ascend from base line with the concave curve to top line; turn short to the left, and descend with capital stem to base line, crossing the concave curve: one and one half spaces from base line; form horizontal loop touching base line to the right of crossing; finish with concave curve. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin as in A with capital stem; begin second downward movement at top line connecting with top of capital stem; descend to base in a straight line, touching one space from the point on base line touched by oval of capital stem; from base line ascend with concave curve to top line to a point one space to the right of capital stem; unite angularly, and descend with concave curve to base line; finish with an oval one and one half spaces from base line. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin with the capital stem; unite at top with a downward straight line as in A; finish with a short turn, and concave curve, one and one half spaces from base line. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Same as oval or second principle of capital letters. Width: one half its height. Last downward movement should be parallel to the first, and finish at one half space above base line. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin with capital stem, and finish in the same manner as B, as far as the crossing loop. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Begin with inverted oval, or third principle of capital letters; the oval should be two spaces from top line; form a horizontal loop on base line, touching the base at the right of crossing; finish with concave curve. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Form R with capital stem the same as B, as far as crossing loop; descend to base with a straight line, touching one space from that point touched by the turn in stem; make a turn to the right, and finish with concave curve. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Begin at base line with the concave curve, and ascend to

top line; make a turn as in L, and descend with convex curve: one and one half spaces from top line; cross upward curve, and finish with lower part of capital stem.

PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.

[The letter T will be found in diagram with letter F.]



Begin with inverted oval (the third capital principle); oval should be two spaces from top line; make a turn on base line, and ascend with concave curve two and one half spaces; unite angularly, and descend with straight line to base; make a turn to the right, and finish with the concave curve. Width of U in centre one space. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Form V with inverted oval: same as U to base line; make a turn to the right, ascend with a concave curve two spaces, and finish with a short horizontal concave curve to the right. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Commence with inverted oval, and continue to base line; unite angularly, and ascend with concave curve nearly three spaces; unite angularly, and descend with straight line to base, one space from first section; unite angularly, and ascend with convex curve one and one half spaces.

PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Commence with inverted oval, and continue to base line

same as in W; begin second section at the top line, and with the convex curve descend, touching first section at the centre, or one and one half spaces above base line; make a broad turn to the right on base line, and finish with oval, which should be one and one half spaces in height.

PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.



Commence, as in U, with the inverted oval; make a turn at base line, and ascend with the concave curve to top line; turn to the left as in l, and descend with a straight line two spaces below the base line; turn to the left, and with the convex curve ascend, crossing downward movement at base line; and finish same as in J. PRINCIPLES 1, 2 and 3.



Commence with inverted oval, and continue to base line, same as first section of X; form a loop pointing downward, and after crossing the downward movement, descend with concave curve two spaces below base line; and finish as in Y. PRINCIPLES 1 and 2.

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Cursive Writing and The Art of Flourishing

Flourishing in cursive writing is the art of delineating figures by means of a rapid, whole-arm movement of the pen. This species of the penman's art has been practiced from time immemorial; not only as a distinctive feature of penmanship in the production of designs representing birds, animals, fishes, and fanciful designs, but also for the embellishment of writing and lettering. In former times, flourishing was of greater practical value and more highly esteemed than it is today.

Before the discovery of printing, when the books of the world were written and illuminated by the pen, and during the centuries immediately following the discovery of printing, the art of flourishing was extensively practiced. It was greatly prized, and considered a valuable accomplishment for professional teachers of artistic pen-work.

The exercise of the hand in flourishing tends to give ease and dexterity in the execution of practical writing. The plates connected with this subject present a series of exercises adapted for the practice of learners in this fascinating department of the penman's art.

POSITIONS IN FLOURISHING.

The first cut on this page represents the correct attitude of the body, as well as the position of the hand and pen, while in the act of flourishing.

It will be observed that the hand and pen are reversed, so as to impart the shade to the upward or outward stroke of the pen, instead of the downward or inward stroke, as in the direct or ordinary position, while writing.

Sit square at the desk, as close as is practicable without touching it, the left hand resting upon and holding the paper in the proper position, which must be always in harmony with the position of the hand and pen. The penholder is held between the thumb and first and forefingers, the thumb pressing upon the holder about two inches from the point of the pen. The first finger is bent at

the centre joint, forming nearly a right angle, and is held considerably back of the second finger, which rests upon the under side of the holder, about midway between the thumb and the point of the pen. The third finger rests upon the fourth; the nail of the latter rests lightly upon the paper about one and a half inches from the pen, in a straight line from its point, parallel with the arm.

Another position of the hands, which is used and advocated by some penmen and authors, is: rest the arm upon the ball of the hand instead of the finger nail. The latter method is preferable in the execution of work requiring large sweeps of the pen, as in the former the fingers are liable to strike into the ink lines and mar the work. In the ornamentation of lettering and the execution of small designs--in short, most kinds of off-hand pen-work--the position described in the previous paragraph is the best.

The movement employed in all flourishing is that of the whole arm, which is obtained by raising the entire arm free from the table, resting the hand lightly upon the nail of the fourth finger, all motion of the arm being from the shoulder, which gives the greatest freedom and scope to the movements of the pen. This same movement is used in striking whole-arm capitals. What dancing is for imparting grace and ease of movement to the body, flourishing is to one's handwriting. Its practice is thus of double importance, as a discipline to the hand, and as a separate accomplishment.

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Old-fashioned Home Remedies and Recipes





As fast as we move into the future, creating new methods and means to better our everyday lives, it is still important to remember the wisdom of the past.

Although many of the remedies and recipes contained within are hopelessly outdated and have been replaced by modern ideas and science, they still serve a purpose. They allow us the opportunity to examine the roots of our modern ideas, and thus be able to more fully explore the movement of human knowledge.

From this perspective, such old fashioned remedies and recipies become an indispensable living example of history.

Besides, many of them are fascinating in their utility. Sometimes modernity is an exercise in excess, and many of these methods, although simpler in scope, have been proven just as effective through centuries of use.





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Old Fashioned Remedies for Illness

Cure for Sore Throat

Purge with calomel, then take Borax, bole Armenic, and Sang. Draconis of each an equal quantity; when finely powdered, to a quarter of an ounce of that mixture, add 3 gills of vinegar and 4 ounces of honey, which shake well together for a Gargle, and use it warm every two hours.

Polipus in the Nose

Take blood root powdered fine, and used as snuff, will cure.

For the Ulcers

Take 4 ounces honey, tinct. of myrrh and vinegar, of each an ounce, loaf sugar, two ounces, Borax and balsam sulphur, of each half an ounce--mix this to a balsam with the yolk of an egg, with a rag tied to a skewer to cleanse and anoint the ulcers after every gargling.

Whooping Cough

Take a wine glass of rum, and a little spirits of turpentine, shake well together, rub the child by the fire gently down the neck and chin, night and morning; in a few days the cough will be cured.

Another

Take dried Colts foot, a good handful, cut it fine and boil it in a pint of spring water, to half a pint, when almost cold, strain it and squeezing the herb as dry as you can. Dissolve in it half an ounce of sugar candy finely powdered, add one spoonful and a half of tincture of Liquorice. Give a child one spoonful 3 or 4 times a day and more to a grown person. It will cure in three or four

days.

A Mouth-wash for the *Canker*

Take sage, rose leaves, blue violets, a little alum and honey.

Nerve ointment

Take neats foot oil, oil terebinth, brandy and oil of John's wort, beef gall and simmer together.

Dropsy

Six quarts old hard cider, 1 pint mustard seed pounded, 1 double handful parsley roots, do. lignum vitae shavings, 1 do. horse radish roots, simmer over a slow fire 48 hours, take a teacupful three times a day. It operates powerfully by urine.

Another

Put a large cup full of bohea tea into a tea pot, steep it, drink the liquor by degrees, and eat all the tea leaves or grounds, in the course of the forenoon. Do the like in the afternoon, and so proceed on for 3 or 4 days. The water will be discharged by natural evacuations.

Another

A strong decoction of the leaves or ripe berries of dwarf elder has cured a man of an inveterate dropsy in about a week. Sweeten it with molasses.

Rickets

Buckshorn roots that grows in meadows two ounces, New-England Gentian two ounces, Rhubarb 50 grains, Stoned Raisins one pound, put them into a quart of good wine, steep them 24 hours and give two spoonfulls morning and evening.

The *Stone*

Take Alicant Soap 8 parts, Oyster Shell Lime 1 part, beat into a mass with water, then dissolve the mass into an

Emulsion, by adding more water so as to make 6 quarts of the emulsion, from every pound of soap avoirdupois; let it stand a month, stir it frequently and give half a pint three times a day.

Stone or Gravel

Take a large handful of the fibres or roots of garden Leeks, put them into two quarts of soft water; simmer gently over the fire close stopped, to the consumption of one half; pour off and drink a pint in the day, morning, noon, and night. This is for an adult--it is some weeks before relief appears; perseverance gains the point.

Corns

It is said, if you bind a lock of unwrought cotton on a Corn for a week or two, you will find in an unaccountable manner, the corn will be dislodged.

Tooth-Ache

Burn a sheet of clean white writing paper on a clean white plate, take up the oil with clean cotton, and apply it in or on the tooth 12 or 15 minutes.

Putrid Sore Throat

Take a handful of hops, steep in spirits and apply a common funnel to the liquid, let the patient apply the funnel to his throat, and thereby absorb the steam. Let the hops be applied like a poultice to the throat, and occasionally repeated.

Gout

Apply a Leek poultice to the part affected; numerous instances of its efficacy in this painful disorder, have recently occurred; its culture should be cherished as a medicine of inestimable value.

Weak and Weeping Eyes

Make a strong decoction of camomile, boiled in sweet cow's milk; batho the

eyes several times a day, as warm as can be borne. It must be continued several weeks.

Rheumatism

Put 1 ounce of gum camphor into a quart of spirits, and as much of the bark of sassafras roots as the spirits will cover, steep 12 hours at least--take half a wine glass full at bed time, in the morning, and before noon. Rub the parts affected with it--the dose may be increased if necessary--it produces perspiration--avoid taking cold.

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Old Fashioned Recipes for Household Items & Chores

Mending China

Pound flint glass very fine, then grind it on a painter's stone with the white of an egg; it will not break in the same place.

Writing Ink

Take four ounces of Nutgalls, Coperas and Gum Arabic, each two ounces, one quart of rain water; mix and shake up well, and often. If it is set in the sun, it will be the sooner fit for use.

Shoe Blacking

Take 1 quart of good vinegar, four ounces Ivory Black, one table spoonful of sweet oil, one gill of molasses, 1-2 an ounce oil vitriol; the vitriol to be put in last, and well stirred together.

To Destroy Flies

Take half a tea spoonful of black pepper made fine, a tea spoonful of brown sugar, a table spoonful of cream; lay in a plate and set it for them.

Get Rid of Bed Bugs

Dissolve one ounce of succotrine aloes in a gill of spirits, this will clear several bedsteads, with a trifling cost--mark the breadth of a finger with the solution, round the foot of each bedpost.

To Bleach Cotton

The first operation consists in scouring it in a slight alkaline solution; or what is better, by exposure to steam. It is afterwards put into a basket, and rinsed in running water. The immersion

of cotton in an alkaline ley, however it may be rinsed, always leaves with it an earthy deposit. It is well known that cotton bears the action of acids better than hemp or flax; that time is even necessary before the action of them can be prejudicial to it; and by taking advantage of this valuable property in regard to bleaching, means have been found to free it from the earthy deposit, by pressing down the cotton in a very weak solution of sulphuric acid, and afterwards removing the acid by washing, lest too long remaining in it should destroy the cotton.

To Bleach Wool

The first kind of bleaching to which wool is subjected, is to free it from grease. This operation is called scouring. In manufactories, it is generally performed by an ammoniacal ley, formed of five measures of river water and one of stale urine; the wool is immersed for about twenty minutes in a bath of this mixture, heated to fifty six degrees; it is then taken out, suffered to drain, and then rinsed in running water: this manipulation softens the wool, and gives it the first degree of whiteness, it is then repeated a second, and even a third time, after which the wool is fit to be employed. In some places scouring is performed with water slightly impregnated with sop; and, indeed, for valuable articles, this process is preferable, but it is too expensive for articles of less value.

Sulphuric acid gas unites very easily with water, and in this combination it may be employed for bleaching wool and silk.

To Bleach Silk

Take a solution of caustic soda, so weak as to make only a fourth of a degree, at most, of the areometer for salts, and fill with it the boiler of the apparatus for bleaching with steam. Charge the frames with skeins of raw silk, and place them in the apparatus until it is full; then close the door and make the solution boil. Having

continued the ebullition for twelve hours, slacken the fire, and open the door of the apparatus. The heat of the steam, which is always above 250 degrees, will have been sufficient to free the silk from the gum, and to scour it. Wash the skeins in warm water; and having wrung them, place them again on the frames in the apparatus to undergo a second boiling. Then wash them several times in water, and immerse them in water somewhat soapy, to give them a little softness. Notwithstanding the whiteness which silk acquires by these different alterations, it must be carried to a higher degree of splendour by exposing it to the action of sulphuric acid gas, in a close chamber, or by immersing it in sulphurous acid, as before recommended for wool.

Excellent perfume for gloves

Take of damask or rose scent, half an ounce, the spirit of cloves and mace, each a drachm; frankincense, one quarter of an ounce. Mix them together, and lay them in papers, and when hard, press the gloves; they will take the scent in twenty-four hours, and hardly ever lose it.

To perfume clothes

Take of oven-dried best cloves, cedar and rhubarb wood, each one ounce, beat them to a powder and sprinkle them in a box or chest, where they will create a most beautiful scent, and preserve the apparel against moths.



To preserve brass ornaments

Brass ornaments, when not gilt or lathered, may be cleaned in the same way, and a fine colour may be given to them by two simple processes. The first is to beat sal ammoniac into a fine

powder, then to moisten it with soft water, rubbing it on the ornaments, which must be heated over charcoal, and rubbed dry with bran and whiting. The second is to wash the brass work with roche alum boiled in strong ley, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint; when dry it must be rubbed with fine tripoli. Either of these processes will give to brass the brilliancy of gold.

To make cement for metals

Take of gum mastic, 10 grains,--rectified spirit of wine, 2 drachms. Add 2 ounces of strong isinglass glue, made with brandy, and 10 grains of the true gum ammoniac. Dissolve all together, and keep it stopped in a phial. When intended to be used, set it in warm water.

To make red sealing wax

Take of shell-lac, well, powdered, two parts, of rosin and vermilion, powdered, each, 1 part. Mix them well together and melt them over a gentle fire, and when the ingredients seem thoroughly, incorporated, work the wax into sticks. Where shell-lac cannot be procured, seed-lac may be substituted for it.

The quantity of vermilion may be diminished without any injury to the sealing wax, where it is not required to be of the highest and brightest red colour; and the rest should be of the whitest kind, as that improves the effect of the vermilion.

Black sealing wax

Proceed as directed for the red wax, only instead of the vermilion substitute the best ivory black.

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Old Fashioned Recipes for Making Alcohol

Jumble Beer

Take two spoonfulls of ground ginger, and one pint of molasses, to 2 1-2 pails of water; first mix the ingredients with a little water warmed, especially in cold weather; then add the whole compliment of water and shake it very briskly, and in about six or eight hours it will be sufficiently fermented.

Wine from Cider

Add to a barrell of cider from the press, honey sufficient to bear up an egg; work all of the filth out of the bung hole, by keeping the barrell full; in about five weeks, draw off the pure liquor into a tub, and put the whites of eight eggs, well beaten up with a pint of clean sand into a tub; then add one gallon of cider spirits, and mix the whole together; and having cleansed the barrell, return the liquor into it, bung it tight, and when fine, rack it off into kegs for use.

A Cordial

Take seven lemons, one quart of rum or brandy, six ounces good loaf' sugar, one gill of new milk; simmer the sugar in half a pint of spring water, and skim it; let the milk be made as warm as it comes from the cow, put the very thin parings of the rinde of the lemons with the milk and syrup, into a jug with the rum, close stopped; shake well for three days, then filter through paper, and bottle it.

Raisin Wine

Put 20 pounds of raisins, with the stalks into a hogshead, and fill it almost full of spring water; let it steep about twelve days, frequently stirring it about, and after pouring the juice off press the risins, put all the liquor together in a

clean vessel. You will find it to hiss for some time, and when the noise ceases, stop it close and let it stand for six or seven months; and then, if it proves fine and clear, rack it off into another vessel; stir it up and let it remain twelve or fourteen weeks longer; then bottle it off.

Ginger Beer

Take
forty
quarts
of
water,



thirteen pounds sugar, twelve good lemons, or a proportionable quantity of lime juice, eight ounces of bruised ginger, and the whites of six eggs, well beaten; mix all together, skimming it before it begins to boil, and boil it for twenty minutes; add an ounce of isinglass, and a spoonful of balm, after it is put into the cask, stir it well; it will be ready for bottling in ten days.

To Clarify Beer

Put in a piece of soft chalk, as big as two hen's eggs to a barrell, which will disturb the liquor and cause it to fine, and will draw brisk, though it was flat before.

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Old Fashioned Recipes for Food

To Fry

Be always careful to keep the frying pan clean, and see that it is properly tinned. When frying any sort of fish, first dry them in a cloth, and then flour them. Put into the pan plenty of dripping, or hog's lard, and let it be boiling hot before putting in the fish. Butter is not so good for the purpose as it is apt to burn and to blacken, and make them soft. When they are fried, put them in a dish or hair sieve, to drain before they are sent to table. Olive oil is the best article for frying, but it is very expensive, and had oil spoils every thing that is dressed with it. Steaks and chops should be put in when the liquor is hot, and done quickly, of a light brown and turned often. Sausages should be done gradually, which will prevent their bursting.

To pot leg of beef

Boil a leg of beef till the meat will come off the bone easily; then mix it with a cow heal, previously cut into thin pieces, and season the whole with salt and spice; add a little of the liquor in which the leg of beef was boiled, put it into a cheese-vat or cullender or some other vessel that will let the liquor run off; place a very heavy weight over it, and it will be ready for use in a day or two. It may be kept in souse made of bran boiled in water, with the addition of a little vinegar.

To make a plain pudding

Weigh three quarters of a pound of any odd scraps of bread, whether crust or crumb, cut them small, and pour on them a pint and a half of boiling water, to soak them well. Let it stand till the water is cool, then press it out, and

mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add to it, a tea-spoonful of beaten ginger, some moist sugar, and three quarters of a lb. of currants. Mix all well together, and lay it in a pan well buttered. Flatten it down with a spoon, and lay some pieces of butter on the top. Bake it in a moderate oven, and serve it hot. When cold, it will turn out of the pan, and eat like good plain cheese cakes.

A baked potato pudding

Mix twelve ounces of potatoes boiled, skimmed, and mashed, 1 oz. of suet, quarter of a pint of milk, and 1 oz. of cheese grated fine; add as much boiling water as is necessary to produce a due consistence, and bake it in an earthen pan.

Tansy pudding

Blanch and pound a quarter of a pound of Jordan almonds; put them into a stew pan, add a gill of the syrup of roses, the crumb of a French roll, some grated nutmeg, half a glass of brandy, two tablespoonfuls of tansy juice, 3 oz. of fresh butter, and some slices of citron. Pour over it a pint and a half of boiling cream or milk, sweeten, and when cold, mix it; add the juice of a lemon, and 8 eggs beaten. It may be either boiled or baked.

To make a Fast day's dish

Boil eggs very hard, and cut a little from the thick ends. Fry them in a pan, and take care to keep them continually in motion; then place them in the dish, pour over them some good fish or herb gravy, and garnish with lemon.

To make a puff paste

Take a quarter of a peck of flour, and rub it into a pound of butter very fine. Make it up into a light paste with cold water just stiff enough to work it up. Then lay it out about as thick as a crown piece; put a layer of butter all over, then sprinkle on a little flour, double it up, and roll it out again.

Double and roll it with layers of butter three times, and it will be fit for use.

To make a short crust

Put six ounces of butter to eight ounces of flour, and work them well together; then mix it up with as little water as possible, so as to have it a stiffish paste; then roll it out thin for use.

To make paste for tarts

Put an ounce of loaf sugar, beat and sifted, to one pound of fine flour. Make it into a stiff paste, with a gill of boiling cream, and three ounces of putter. Work it well, and roll it very thin.

To steam potatoes

Put them clean washed, with their skins on, into a steam, saucepan, and let the water under them be about half boiling, let them continue to boil rather quickly, until they are done; if the water once relaxes from its heat, the goodness of the potato is sure to be affected, and to become soddened, let the quality be ever so good. A too precipitate boiling is equally disadvantageous; as the higher parts of the surface of the root begin to crack and open, while the centre continues unheated and undecomposed.

Of roots

Cut carrots and parsnips to the length of a finger, and of much the same thickness; boil them till half done in water, put them into a stew pan with small bits of ham, chopped parsley, and shalots, pepper and salt, a glass of wine and broth; let them stew slowly until the broth is reduced pretty thick, and add the squeeze of a lemon when ready to serve. For maigre, instead of ham, use mush-rooms, and make a mixture beat up with yolks of eggs and maigre broth. Celery is done much the same, only it is cut smaller. If these roots are to be served in a boat for sauce, boil them tender in the broth pot, or in water, cut them into the

desired length, and serve with a good gravy or white sauce.

To make a rich plum cake

Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon.

Melt the butter to cream, and put in the sugar, stir it till quite light, adding the allspice, and pounded cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour take the yolks of the eggs, and work them in, two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow quite ready to work in; as the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the white gradually: then add the orange peel, lemon and citron, cut in fine stripes, and the currants, which must be mixed in well, with the sweet almonds. Then add the sifted flour and glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop in a hot oven for three hours, and put twelve sheets of paper under it to keep it from burning.

To make a rich seed cake

Take a pound and a quarter of flour well dried, a pound of butter, a pound of loaf sugar, beat and sifted, eight eggs and two ounces of caraway seed, one grated nutmeg, and its weight in cinnamon. Beat the butter into a cream, put in the sugar, beat the whites of the eggs and the yolks separately, then mix them with the butter and sugar. Beat in the flour, spices and seed, a little before sending it away. Bake it two hours in a quick oven.

A plain pound cake

Beat one pound of butter in an earthen pan until it is like a fine thick cream, then beat in nine whole eggs till quite light. Put in a glass of brandy, a little lemon peel, shred fine, then work in a

pound and a quarter of flour; put it into the hoop or pan and bake it for an hour. A good plum cake is made the same with putting one pound and a half of clean washed currants and half a pound of candied lemon peel.

Beat the yolks of fifteen eggs for nearly half an hour, with a whisk, mix well with them ten ounces of fine sifted loaf sugar, put in half a pound of ground rice, a little orange water or brandy, and the rinds of two lemons grated, then add the whites of seven eggs well beaten, and stir the whole together for a quarter of an hour. Put them into a hoop and set them in a quick oven for half an hour when they will be properly done.

To make plain gingerbread

Mix three pounds of flour with four ounces of moist sugar, half an ounce of powdered ginger, and one pound and a quarter of warm treacle; melt half a pound of fresh butter in it; put it to the flour and make it a paste; then form it into nuts or cakes, or bake it in one cake.



To make cream cakes

Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth, stir it gently with a spoon lest the froth should fall, and to every white of an egg grate the rinds of two lemons; shake in gently a spoonful of double refined sugar sifted fine, lay a wet sheet of paper on a tin, and with a spoon drop the froth in little lumps on it near each other. Sift a good quantity of sugar over them, set them in the oven after the bread is out, and close up the mouth of it, which will occasion the froth to rise. As soon as they are

colored they will be sufficiently baked; lay them by two bottoms together on a sieve and dry them in a cool oven.

To make common buns

Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, a little salt, four ounces of sugar, a desert spoonful of caraways, and a teaspoonful of ginger; put some warm milk or cream to four table spoonfulls of yeast; mix all together into a paste, but not too stiff; cover it over and set it before the fire an hour to rise, then make it into buns, put them on a tin, set them before the fire for a quarter of an hour, cover over with flannel, then brush them with very warm milk and bake them of a nice brown in a moderate oven.

Baked Custards

Boil a pint of cream with some mace and cinnamon, and when it is cold, take four yolks of eggs, a little rose water, sack, nutmeg and sugar, to taste; mix them well and bake them.

Rice Custards

Put a blade of mace, and a quartered nutmeg into a quart of cream; boil and strain it, and add to it some boiled rice and a little brandy. Sweeten it to taste, stir it till it thickens, and serve it up in cups or in a dish; it may be used either hot or cold.

To make apple cakes

Take half a quartern of dough, roll it out thin: spread equally over it five ounces each of coffee and sugar, a little nutmeg or allspice, and two oz. of butter; then fold and roll it again two or three times, to mix well the ingredients. Afterwards roll it out thin, and spread over it four rather large apples, pared, cored, and chopped small; fold it up, and roll until mixed. Let it stand to rise after. Half a pound of butter may be added.

Sponge biscuits

Beat the yolks of twelve eggs for half an hour; then put in one and a half pounds of beaten sifted sugar, and whisk it till it rises in bubbles; beat the whites to a strong froth, and whisk them well with the sugar and yolks, work in fourteen ounces of flour, with the rinds of two lemons grated. Bake them in tin mould buttered, in a quick oven, for an hour; before they are baked, sift a little fine sugar over them.

To make fancy biscuits

Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar, and some orange flower water. Pound the almonds very fine, and sprinkle them with orange flower water; when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted through a silk sieve; put the pan on a slow fire, and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off, and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, &c. and cut into various shapes; make an iceing of different colours, dip one side of them in it, and set them in it, and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them colored pistachios, or colored almonds, according to fancy.

Black current jelly

Put to ten quarts of ripe dry black currants, one quart of water; put them in a large stew-pot, tie paper close over them, and set them for two hours in a cool oven. Squeeze them through a fine cloth, and add to every quart of juice a pound and a half of loaf sugar broken into small pieces. Stir it till the sugar is melted, when it boils, skim it quite clean. Boil it pretty quick over a clear fire, till it jellies, which is known by dipping a skimmer into the jelly and holding it in the air; when it hangs to the spoon in a drop, it is done. If the jelly is boiled too long, it will lose its flavour and shrink very much. Pour it into pots, cover them with brandy papers, and keep them in a dry place. Red and white jellies are made in the

same way.

Raspberry cream

Rob a quart of raspberries through a hair sieve, and take out the seeds, and mix it well with cream; sweeten it with sugar to your taste, then put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill, As the froth rises take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When there is as much froth as wanted, put what cream remains in a deep china dish, and pour the frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

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Old Fashioned Agrarian Advice

Waterproof Leather

Take Linseed Oil one lb. Beeswax six ounces, mutton suet eight ounces, melt the whole together slowly, rub the composition well upon boots and shoes; soles as well as upper leather.

Tanning Leather

An



eminent tanner in Poland, has ascertained that the leaves of the oak are equal to the bark, in tanning leather; provided they are used in the month of September, when they possess a bitter sap, which they afterwards lose.

Star in a Horse's forehead

Take pickled mackerel and confine it on in any shape you please, three or four days repeating, and it will produce a white spot.

Rub the white saddle spots, on a horse's back, a few times daily in the spring of the year, before the coat is shed, with bacon grease, and it will restore the natural colour.

Butts in a Horse

Bleed in the mouth; in about an hour or two after the blood is stopped, pour down two ounces of alum dissolved in a quart of cider, warmed.

Potatoes

Plough a deep furrow, place a quantity of cut straw or old hay in the furrow, and lay the seed potatoes on it and cover as usual. The potatoes will be of better quality. It has been proved, that one large potatoe put into a hill is preferable and more productive than cutting them in the usual way.--Pick off the blows and balls.

Corn Stalks

Do not be in haste to cut your stalks, until they loose their deep green color, begin to turn yellow and become dry at the top end; the sap of the upper stock is absorbed and is necessary to the growth of the ear; by cutting too early you will loose more in grain than is gained in fodder. When corn is frost bitten, cut it up by the roots, tye it in small bundles and stook it.

Spring Rye

Sow a peck of oats, with a bushel of spring rye to prevent blasting, it is easily separated from the rye by a good winnowing mill. This has been proved.

Fall Ploughing

By ploughing land in the fall, intended to be planted the next season, the weeds, are turned in and grub worms and eggs are destroyed.

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Old Fashioned Methods for Cleaning

To remove Printing Ink

Apply warm oil of turpentine, by rubbing the spot it will extract ink or paint. Warm the turpentine by putting the vial in warm water.

Stain of fruit or wine

Apply strong spirits of wine; if that does not succeed, apply oxy muriatic acid, and washing with soap alternately. Apply this, in a small tea or coffee cup, put three or four tea spoonfuls of common spirits of salt, to this add about half a spoonful of red lead, after having immersed the small cup in a larger one containing hot water; moisten the stain and stretch it over the vapor, till the stain be effaced--wash it well in water.

To remove grease spots

Apply white tobacco pipe clay, or French chalk (that is Steatite or soap stone) put blotting paper over it and apply a hot iron at a little distance. This will take out much of the grease by repetition. Good ether or hot oil of turpentine will efface the remainder. Where you can venture to wash the place, a good washing with hot soap and water, will answer every purpose. You may thus efface grease spots from paper, should any slight stain remain at the edges, brush it with a camel's hair pencil, dipped in very strong spirits of wine or ether.

To clean silk stockings

Wash with soap and water; and simmer them in the same for ten minutes, rinsing in cold water. For a blue cast, put one drop of liquid blue, into a pan of cold spring water, run the stockings through this a minute or two,

and dry them. For a pink cast, put one or two drops of saturated pink dye into cold water, and rinse them through this. For a flesh color, add a little rose pink in a thin soap liquor, rub them with clean flannel, and calender or mangle them.

To clean buff colored cloth

Take tobacco pipe clay, and mix it with water as thick as lime-water used for whitewashing rooms; spread this over the cloth, and when it is dry, rub it off with a brush, and the cloth will look extremely well.

To wash fine lace or linen

Take a gallon of furze blossoms and burn them to ashes, then boil them in six quarts of soft water; this, when fine, use in washing with the suds, as occasion requires, and the linen, &c. will not only be exceedingly white, but it is done with half the soap, and little trouble.

To clean white veils

Put the veil in a solution of white soap, and let it simmer a quarter of an hour. Squeeze it in some water and soap till quite clean. Rinse it from soap, and then in clean cold water, in which is a drop of liquid blue. Then pour boiling water upon a teaspoonful of starch, run the veil through this, and clear it well, by clapping it. Afterwards pin it out, keeping the edges straight and even.

To clean black silks

To bullock's gall and boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a clean sponge, rub the silk well on both sides, squeeze it well out, and proceed again in like manner. Rinse it in spring water, and change the water till perfectly clean dry it in the air, and pin it out on a table; but first dip the sponge in glue water, and rub it on the wrong side; then dry it before a fire.

To clean black veils

Pass them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water; rinse in cold water: then take a small piece of glue, pour boiling water on it, and pass the veil through it; clap it, and frame it to dry

To clean scarlet cloth

Dissolve the best white soap; and if black looking spots appear, rub dry soap on them; while the other soap is dissolving; with hot water, brush it off. If very dirty, immerse the article into the warm solution and rub the stained parts. Dispatch it quickly, and as soon as the colour begins to give wring it out, and immerse it in a pan or pail of warm water; wring it again, and immerse it in cold spring water, in which mix a table spoonfull of solution of tin. Stir it about, and in ten minutes hang it to dry in the shade, and cold press it.

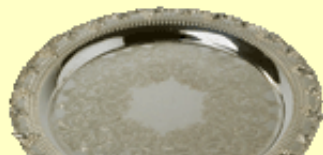
To dip scarlet cloth

After it has been thoroughly cleaned with soap, and rinsed with warm water, put into boiling spring water, a quarter of a pound of young fustic, or zant, a drachm of pounded and sifted cochineal, and an equal quantity of cream of tartar and cochincal; boil five or six minutes, and cool by adding a pint or two of cold spring water, and a table spoonful of the solution of tin. Stir the mixture, put in the cloth, boil for ten minutes, and when dry cold press it.

Dip a brush in warm gall, and apply it to greasy places, rinse it off in cold water; dry by the fire, then lay the coat flat, strew damp sand over it, and with a brush beat the sand into the cloth; then brush it out with a hard brush, and the sand will bring away the dirt.--Rub a drop of oil of olives over a soft brush, to brighten the colours

To take stains out of silver plate

Steop the plate in soap leys for the space of four



hours, then cover it over with whiting wet with vinegar, so that it may stick thick upon it, and dry it by the fire; after which, rub off the whiting and pass it over with bran, and the spots will not only disappear, but the plate will look exceedingly bright.

To cleanse gloves without welling

Lay the gloves upon a clean board, make a mixture of dried fulling earth and powdered allum, and pass them over on each side with a common stiff brush; then sweep it off, and sprinkle them well with dry bran and whiting, and dust them well; this, if they be not exceedingly greasy, will render them quite clean; but if they are much soiled take out the grease with crumbs of toasted bread, and powder of burnt bone; then pass them over with a woollen cloth dipped in fulling earth or alum powder; and in this manner they can be cleaned without wetting, which frequently shrinks and spoils them.

To take out writing

When recently written, ink may be completely removed by the oxymuriatic acid, (concentrated and in solution.) The paper is to be washed over repeatedly with the acid; but it will be necessary afterward to wash it with lime water, for the purpose of neutralizing any acid that may be left on the paper, and which would considerably weaken it. If the ink has been long written, it will have undergone such a change as to prevent the preceding process acting. It ought therefore to be washed with liver of sulphur (sulphuret of ammonia) before the oxymuriatic acid is applied. It may be washed with a hair pencil.

To clean paper hangings

Cut into eight half quarters a stale quartern loaf; with one of these pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned by means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of

the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crumb, about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the hangings is completely cleaned all round; then go again round with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive course a little higher than the upper stroke had extended till the bottom be finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning it the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread too must be each time cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as at all necessary.

To clean gold lace

Gold lace is easily cleaned and restored to its original brightness by rubbing it with a soft brush dipped in roch alum burnt, sifted to a very fine powder.

To take out spots of ink

As soon as the accident happens, wet the place with juice of sorrel or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best hard white soap.

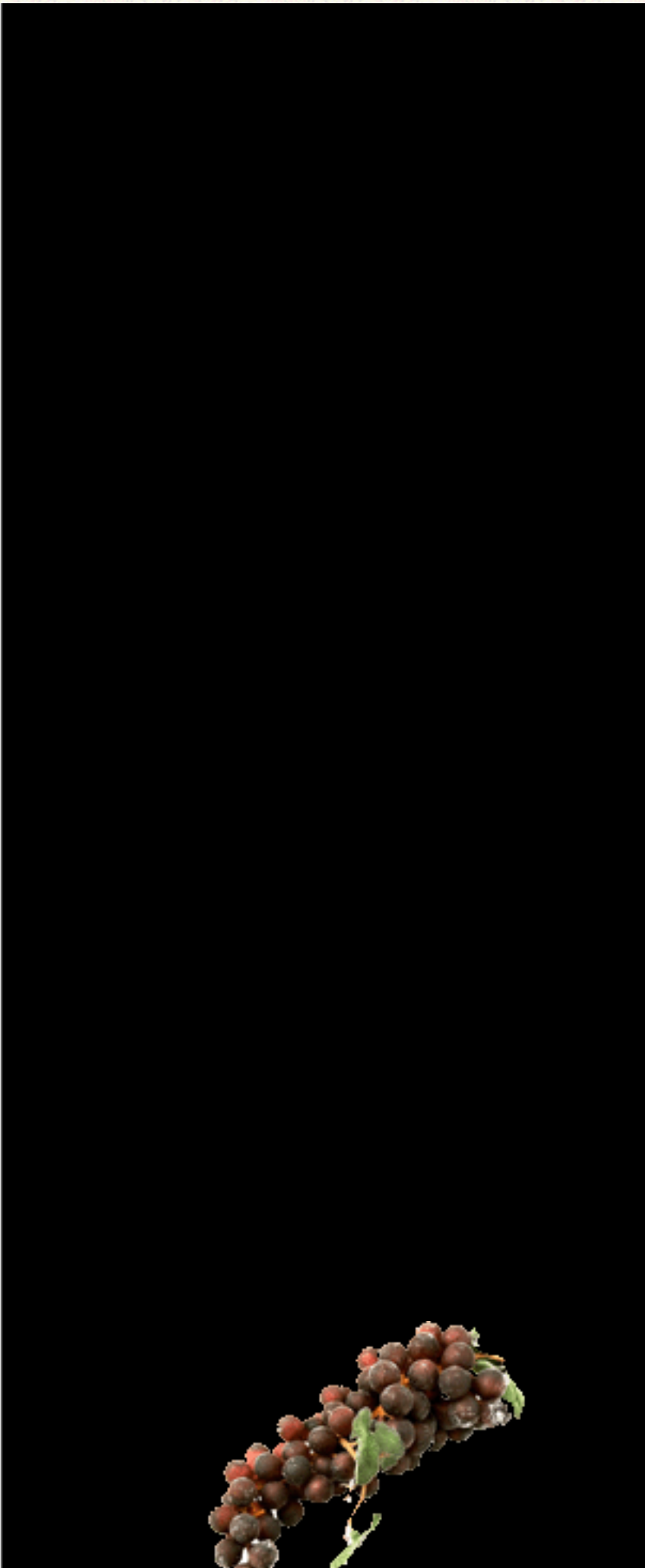
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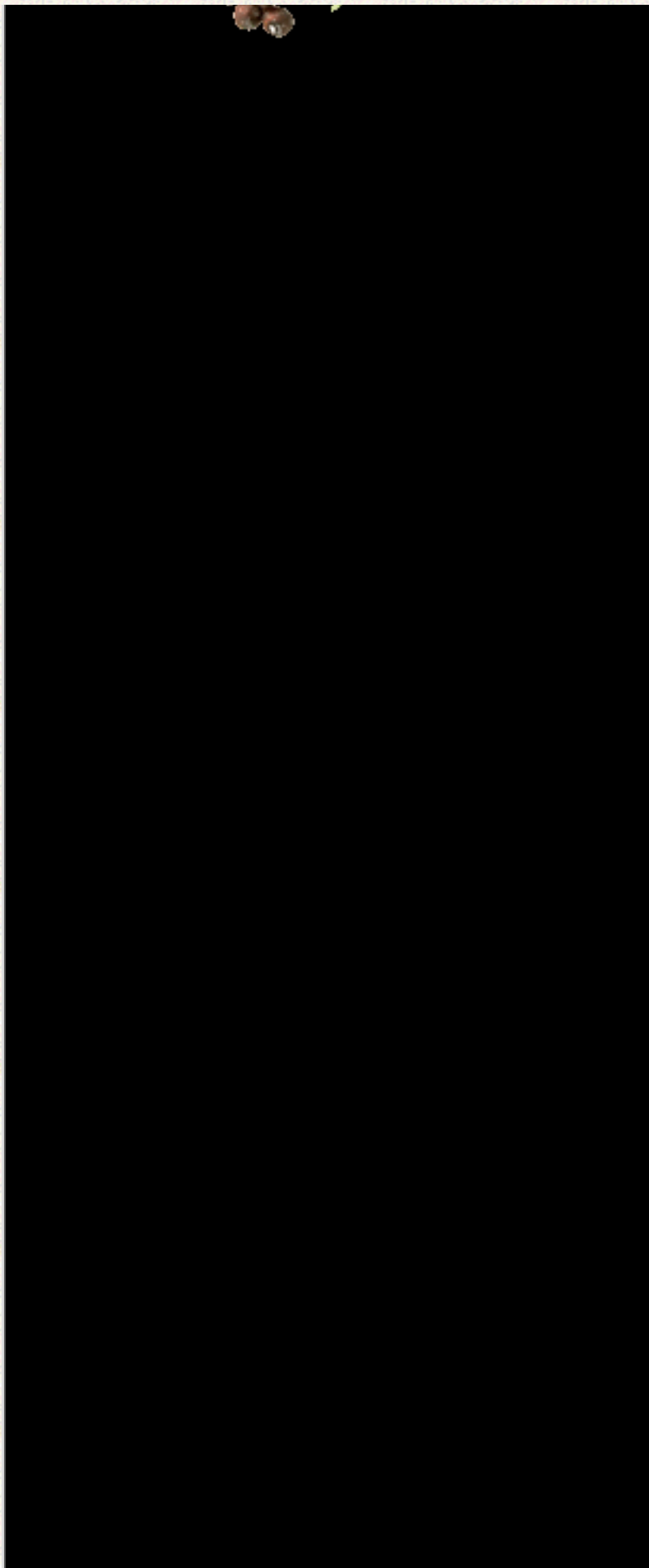
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Old Fashioned Methods of Preservation







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Old Fashioned Advice for Everyday Hygiene

To Clean Teeth

Rub the teeth two or three times a day with a very fine powder of red Coral, washing them well with water in which Sal Pranel, is dissolved.

To make cream of roses

Take one pound of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of white wax, one pint of rose water, and two drachms of Malta rose or nerolet essence. Put the oil, spermaceti, and wax, into a well glazed pipkin, over a clear fire, and when melted, pour in the rose water by degrees, and keep heating, till the compound becomes like pomatum. Now add the essence, and then put the cream into small pots or jars, which must be well covered with pieces of bladder, and soft skin leather.

Pearl water for the face

Put half a pound of the best Spanish oil soap, scraped very fine, into a gallon of boiling water, stir it well for some time, and let it stand till cold. Add a quart of rectified spirit of wine, and half an ounce of oil of rosemary; stir them again. This compound liquid, when put up in proper phials, in Italy, is called tincture of pearls. It is an excellent cosmetic for removing freckles from the face, and for improving the complexion.

Common almond paste

To make this paste, take six pounds of fresh almonds, which blanch and beat in a stone mortar, with a sufficient quantity of rose water. Now add a pound of finely drained honey, and mix the whole well together. This paste, which is exceedingly good for the hands, is to be put into small pots for

sale. If this paste gets dry, rub it up on a marble slab with rose water. To prevent this dryness, put about half a teaspoonful of this water on the top of each pot, before tying up.

An astringent for the teeth

Take of fresh conserve of roses two ounces, the juice of half a sour lemon, a little very rough claret, and six ounces of coral tooth powder. Make them into a paste, which put up in small pots; and if it dry by standing, moisten with lemon juice and wine as before.

To prevent the tooth ache

Rub well the teeth and gums with a hard toothbrush, using the flowers of sulphur as a tooth powder, every night on going to bed; and if it is done after dinner it will be best: this is an excellent preservative to the teeth, and void of any unpleasant smell.

A radical cure for the tooth ache

Use as a tooth powder the Spanish snuff called Sibella, and it will clean the teeth as well as any other powder, and totally prevent the tooth-ache; and make a regular practice of washing behind the ears with cold water every morning, the remedy is infallible.

To make rose lip salve

Put eight ounces of the best olive oil into a wide mouthed bottle, add two ounces of the small parts of alkanet root. Stop up the bottle, and set it in the sun; shake it often, until it be of a beautiful crimson. Now strain the oil off very clear from the roots, and add to it, in a glazed pipkin, three ounces of very fine white wax, and the same quantity of fresh clean mutton suet. Deer suet is too brittle, and also apt to turn yellow. Melt this by a slow fire, and perfume it when taken off, with forty drops of oil of rhodium, or of lavender. When cold put it into small gallipots, or rather whilst in a liquid state.

The common way is to make this salve

up into small cakes; but in that form the colour is apt to be impaired.

This salve never fails to cure chapped or sore lips, if applied pretty freely at bed time, in the course of a day or two at farthest.

To sweeten the breath

Take two ounces of terra japonica; half an ounce of sugar candy, both in powder. Grind one drachm of the best ambergris with ten grains of pure musk; and dissolve a quarter of an ounce of clean gum tragacanth in two ounces of orange flour water. Mix all together, so as to form a paste, which roll into pieces of the thickness of a straw. Cut these into pieces, and lay them in clean paper. This is an excellent perfume for those whose breath is disagreeable.

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Carving Meat and Poultry

Menu:

[Introduction to Carving](#)

[Carving Beef](#)

[Carving Poultry](#)

[Carving Pork](#)

[Lamb or Veal](#)

[Utensils](#)

Anyone who has ever tried to carve a turkey or a leg of lamb can tell you it is not as easy as it appears. It is comparatively a easy matter to carve a solid mass of lean meat. It is the bones, tough gristle, and tendons, that interfere with the easy progress of the knife. To expect any one to carve well without any conception of the internal structure of what may be placed before him is as absurd as to expect one to amputate a limb successfully who has no knowledge of human anatomy.



Some notion of the relative position of bones, joints, fat, tough and tender muscles, is the first requisite to good carving. All agree that skill in carving

may be
acquired by
practice; and so it may. This guide will give
simple, complete instructions on how to
carve and serve various cuts of meat and
poultry.

Carve:

[Beef](#) | [Poultry](#) | [Pork](#) | [Lamb of Veal](#) |
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Carving Meat and Poultry

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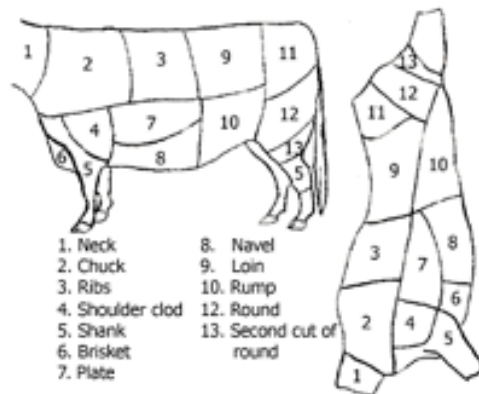
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Beef



TIP OF THE SIRLOIN, OR RIB ROAST.

IT is easier to carve this joint by cutting across the ribs, parallel with the backbone, but that is cutting with the grain; and meat, especially beef, seems more tender if cut across the grain.

Place



it on the platter with the backbone at the right. If the backbones be not removed before cooking, place the fork in the middle and cut close to the backbone down to the ribs. Shave off the thick, gristly cord near the backbone, as this, if left on, interferes with cutting thin slices. Then cut, from the side nearest you, thin uniform slices parallel with the ribs. Run the knife under and separate them from

the bone. Many prefer to remove the bone and skewer the meat into a roll before cooking. It may then be laid, flesh down, on the dish, and carved across the top horizontally in thin slices; or if you find it easier, place it with the skin surface up, and carve down from the flesh side nearest you.

This style of serving is generally preferred, but there are advantages in retaining the bone; for the thin end when rolled under is not cooked to such a nice degree of crispness, and the slices are usually larger than desired. Again, the ribs, by keeping the meat in position, secure for it a clean cut, and not one broken and jagged, and the thin end may be served or not, as you please.



SIRLOIN ROAST

The backbone or thickest end should be at the right end of the dish.

Carve a sirloin roast by cutting several thin slices parallel with the ribs. Then cut down across the ribs near the backbone, and also at the flank end, and separate the slices.



The slices should be as thin as possible and yet remain slices, not shavings. Turn the meat over and cut out the tenderloin and slice it in the same manner across the grain; or turn the meat over and remove the tenderloin first. Many prefer to leave the tenderloin to be served cold. Cut slices of the crisp fat on the flank in the same way, and serve to those who wish it. This is a part which many dislike, but some persons consider it very choice. Always offer it unless you know the tastes of those whom you are serving.

THE BACK OF THE RUMP.

A roast from the back of the rump, if cooked without removing the bone, should be placed on the platter with the backbone on the farther side. Cut first underneath to loosen the meat from the bone. Then, if the family be large and all the meat is to be used, the slices may be cut lengthwise; but should only a small quantity be needed, cut crosswise and only from the small end. It is then in better shape for the second day.

It is more economical to serve the poorer parts the first day, as they are never better than when hot and freshly cooked. Reserve the more tender meat to be served cold.

FILLET OF BEEF OR TENDERLOIN.

Before cooking, remove all the fat, and every fibre of the tough white membrane. Press it into shape again and lard it, or cover it with its own fat. If this fibre be not removed, the sharpest knife will fail to cut through it. Place it on the platter with the larger end at the right; or if two short fillets be used, place the thickest ends in the middle. Carve from the thickest part, in thin, uniform slices.

ROUND OF BEEF, FILLET OF VEAL, OR FRICANDEAU OF VEAL.

These are placed on the platter, flesh side up, and carved in horizontal slices, care being taken to carve evenly, so that the portion remaining may be in good shape. As the whole of the browned outside comes off with the first slices, divide this into small pieces, to be served if desired with the rare, juicy, inside slices.

BEEFSTEAK.

It may seem needless to direct one how to carve a sirloin steak, but it sometimes appears to require more skill than to carve poultry, as those who have been so unfortunate as to receive only the flank can testify.



I believe most strongly, as a matter of economy, in removing the bone, and

any tough membrane or gristle that will not be eaten, before cooking the steak. If there be a large portion of the flank, cook that in some other way. With a small, sharp knife cut close to the rib on each side, round the backbone, and remove the tough white membrane on the edge of the tenderloin. Leave the fat on the upper edge, and the kidney fat also, or a part of it, if it be very thick. There need be no waste or escape of juices if the cutting be done quickly, neatly, and just before cooking. Press the tenderloin--that is, the small portion on the under side of the bone--close to the upper part, that the shape may not be changed.

In serving place it on the dish with the tenderloin next to the carver. Cut in long narrow strips from the fat edge down through the tenderloin. Give each person a bit of tenderloin, upper part, and fat. If the bone be not removed before cooking, remove the tenderloin first by cutting close to the bone, and divide it into narrow pieces; then remove the meat from the upper side of the bone and cut in the same manner. A long, narrow strip about as wide as the steak is thick is much more easily managed on one's plate than a square piece. Serve small portions, and then, if more be desired, help again.

In carving large rump steaks or round steaks, cut always across the grain, in narrow strips. Carving-knives are always sharper than table-knives, and should do the work of cutting the fibres of the meat; then the short fibres may easily be separated by one's own knife. There is a choice in the several muscles of a large rump steak, and it is quite an art to serve it equally.

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Carving Meat and Poultry

Poultry

TO CUT UP A CHICKEN FOR A STEW OR FRICASSEE.

Nothing is more unsightly and unappetizing than a portion of chicken with the bones chopped at all sorts of angles, and with splinters of bone in the meat. All bones will separate easily at the joint when the cord or tendon and gristly portion connecting them have been cut.



After the chicken has been singed and wiped, and the crop removed from the end of the neck, place it in front of you with the breast up and the neck at the left. With a small sharp knife make an incision in the thin skin between the inside of the legs and the body. Cut through the skin only, down toward the right side of the leg, and then on the left. Bend the leg over toward you, and you will see where the flesh joins the body and also where the joint is, for the bone will move in the joint. Cut through the flesh close to the body, first on the right of the joint and then

on the left, and as you bend the leg over, cut the cord and gristle in the joint, and this will free the leg from the body. Find the joint in the leg and divide it neatly. Work the wing until you see where the joint is, then cut through the flesh on the shoulder, bend the wing up and cut down through the gristle and cord. Make a straight clean cut, leaving no jagged edges. Divide the wing in the joint, and then remove the leg and wing from the opposite side, and divide in the same way.

Make an incision in the skin near the vent, cut through the membrane lying between the breast and the tail down to the backbone on each side, remove the entrails, and break off the backbone just below the ribs. Separate the side-bones from the back by cutting close to the backbone from one end to the other on each side. This is a little difficult to do; and in your first experiment it would be better not to divide it until after boiling it, as it separates more easily after the connecting gristle has been softened by cooking. Take off the neck close to the back by cutting through the flesh and twisting or wringing it until the bone is disjoined.

Cut off the wish-bone in a slanting direction from the front of the breast-bone down to the shoulder on each side. Cut through the cartilage between the end of the collar-bone and the breast. Cut between the end of the shoulder-blade and the back down toward the wing-joint, turn the blade over toward the neck, and cut through the joint.

blade is the hardest to separate. Remove the breast from the back by cutting through the cartilage connecting the ribs; this can be seen from the inside. The breast should be left whole and the bone removed after stewing; but if the chicken is to be fried you may remove the bone first.

It is not necessary in boiling a chicken to divide it so minutely, for the wings and legs can be disjointed, and the side-bones and breast separated from the back more easily after cooking; but it is valuable practice, and if one learns to do it neatly it will help in carving a boiled fowl or roast turkey.

In arranging a fricasseed chicken on the platter, put the neck and ribs at the left end of the dish and the backbone at the right end. Put the breast over the ribs, arrange the wings on each side of the breast, the second joints next to the side-bones, and cross the ends of the drumsticks over the tail.

BOILED FOWL OR TURKEY.

Fowls or turkeys for boiling should be trussed with the ends of the legs drawn into the body through a slit in the skin, and kept in place with a small skewer. Turn the tip of the wing over on the back. Cut off the neck, not the skin, close to the body, and after putting in the stuffing, fasten the skin of the neck to the back. Put strips of cloth round it, or pin it in a cloth, to keep it white and preserve the shape.

In carving, place it on the platter with the head at the left. Put the fork in firmly across the breast-bone. With the point of the knife cut through the skin near the tail, and lift the legs out from the inside. Then cut through the skin between the legs and body, bend the leg over, and cut across through the joint. Cut from the top of the shoulder down toward the body until the wing-joint is exposed, then cut through this, separating the wing from the body. Remove the leg and wing from the other side. Shave off a thin slice on the end of the breast toward each wing-joint, slip the knife under at the top of the breast-bone, and turn back the wish-bone.

Capons and large fowls may be sliced thinly across the breast in the same manner as a roast turkey. But if the fowl be small, draw the knife along the edge of the breast-bone on each side, and lay the meat away from the bone; the fillets will separate easily. Then divide the meat across the grain. Separate the collar-bone from the breast. Slip the knife under the shoulder-blade, turn it over, and separate at the joint. Cut through the cartilage connecting the ribs; this will separate the breast from the back. Now remove the fork from the breast, turn the back over, place the knife midway, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place the fork in the middle of the backbone, cut close to the backbone from one end to the other on each side, freeing the side-bones.

The wing and breast of a boiled fowl are the favorite portions. It is important that the fowl be cooked just right. If underdone, the joints will not separate readily; and if overdone they will fall apart so quickly that carving is impossible. Unless the knife be very sharp, and the work done carefully, the skin of the breast will come off with the leg or wing.

BROILED CHICKEN.

Split
the



chicken down the back and remove the backbone. If the chicken be very young and tender--and only such are suitable for broiling--remove the breast-bone before cooking, or cut the bone through the middle, lengthwise and crosswise from the inside, without cutting into the meat. In serving,

divide through the breast from the neck down, and serve half to each person; or if a smaller portion be desired, divide each half crosswise through the breast, leaving the wing on one part and the leg on the other.

If the chicken be large, break the joints of the legs, thighs, and wings, without breaking through the skin; cut the tendons on the thighs from the inside, cut the membrane on the inside of the collar-bone and wing-joint, and remove the breast-bone. This may all be done before cooking, and will not injure the appearance of the outside.

In serving, separate the legs and wings at the joints, then separate the breast from the lower part, and divide the breast lengthwise and crosswise.

Carving-scissors are convenient for cutting any kind of broiled game or poultry.

ROAST TURKEY.

Turkeys should be carefully trussed. The wings and thighs should be brought close to the body and kept in position by skewers. The ends of the drum-sticks may be drawn into the body or crossed over the tail and tied firmly.

After cooking, free the ends of the drumsticks from the body and trim them with a paper ruffle. This will enable the carver to touch them if necessary without soiling his hands. Place the turkey on the platter with the head at the left. Unless the platter be very large, provide an extra dish, also a fork for serving.

Insert the carving-fork across the middle of the breast-bone. Cut through the skin between the breast and the thigh. Bend the leg over, and cut off close to the body and through the joint. Cut through the top of the shoulder

down through the wing-joint. Shave off the breast in thin slices, slanting from the front of the breast-bone down toward the wing-joint.

If the family be small and the turkey is to be served for a second dinner, carve only from the side nearest you. Tip the bird over slightly, and with the point of the knife remove the oyster and the small dark portion found on the side-bone. Then remove the fork from the breast and divide the leg and wing. Cut through the skin between the body and breast, and with a spoon remove a portion of the stuffing. Serve light or dark meat and stuffing, as preferred. If carved in this way, the turkey will be left with one half entire, and if placed on a clean platter with the cut side nearest the carver, and garnished with parsley, will present nearly as fine an appearance, to all but the carver, as when first served.

When there are many to be served, take off the leg and wing from each side and slice the whole of the breast before removing the fork; then divide as required.

It is not often necessary to cut up the whole body of the turkey; but where every scrap of the meat will be needed, or you wish to exercise your skill, proceed to carve in this manner.

Put the fork in firmly across the middle of the breast-bone. Cut through the skin between the leg and body. Bend the leg over and cut off at the joint. If the turkey be very tender or overcooked, the side-bone will separate from the back and come away with the second joint, making it more



difficult to separate the thigh from the side-bone. Cut through the top of the shoulder and separate the wing at the joint. Cut off the leg and wing from the other side. Carve the breast on each side, in thin slices, slanting slightly toward the wing. Be careful to take a portion of crisp outside with each slice. Shave off the crisp skin near the neck, in order to reach the stuffing. Insert the point of the knife at the front of the breast-bone, turn back the wish-bone and separate it. Cut through the cartilage on each side, separating the collar-bones from the breast. Tip the body slightly over and slip the knife under the end of the shoulder-blade; turn it over toward the wing. Repeat this process on the opposite side. Cut through the cartilage which divides the ribs, separating the breast-bone from the back. Lay the breast one side and remove the fork from it. Take the stuffing from the back. Turn the back over, place the knife midway just below the ribs, and with the fork lift up the tail end, separating the back from the body. Place the fork in the middle of the backbone, and cut close to the backbone from one end to the other, on each side, freeing the side-bone. Then divide the legs and wings at the joints. The joint in the leg is not quite in the middle of the bend, but a trifle nearer the thigh. It requires some practice to strike these joints in the right spot. Cut off the meat from each side of the bone in the second joint and leg, as these when large are more than

one person requires, and it is inconvenient to have so large bones on one's plate.

It is easier to finish the carving before beginning to serve. An expert carver will have the whole bird disjointed and literally in pieces with a very few strokes of the knife.

ROAST GOOSE.

A green goose neatly trussed and "done to a turn" looks very tempting on the platter; but there is so little meat in proportion to the size of the bird that unless it be skilfully carved only a small number can be served. The breast of a goose is broader and flatter than that of a turkey. It should be carved in a different manner, although many writers give the same directions for carving both.

Place it on the platter with the head at the left. Insert the fork firmly across the ridge of the breast-bone. Begin at the wing and cut down through the meat to the bone, the whole length of the breast. Cut down in the same way in parallel slices, as thin as can be cut, until you come to the ridge of the breast-bone. Slip the knife under the meat at the end of the breast, and remove the slices from the bone. Cut in the same manner on the other side of the breast. Cut through the skin below the breast, insert a spoon and help to the stuffing. If more be required, cut the wing off at the joint. Then tip the body over slightly and cut off the leg. This thigh-joint is tougher, and requires more skill in separating, than the second joint of a turkey. It lies nearer the backbone. But practice and familiarity with its location will enable one to strike it accurately. The wish-bone, shoulder-blade, and collar-bone may be removed according to the directions given for carving roast turkey. Some prefer to remove

the wing and leg before slicing the breast.

ROAST DUCK.

Place it in the same position and carve in the same way as a goose.

Begin at the wing, and cut down to the bone in long thin slices, parallel with the breast-bone; then remove them from the bone. The breast is the favorite portion; but the "wing of a flyer and the leg of a swimmer" are esteemed by epicures.

The stuffing is not often desired, but if so, it may be found by cutting across below the end of the breast.

Geese and ducks are seldom entirely cut up at the table, as there is very little meat on the back. But often from a seemingly bare carcass enough may be obtained to make a savory entree.

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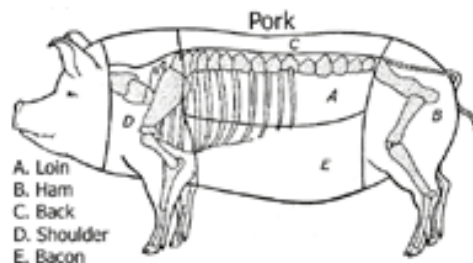
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Carving Meat and Poultry

Pork



ROAST PIG.

This is sometimes partly divided before serving. Cut off the head and divide it through the middle; then divide through the backbone. Place it on the platter back to back, with half the head on each end of the dish.

If the pig be very young, it is in better style to serve it whole. Before cooking, truss the forelegs forward and the hind legs backward. Place the pig on the platter with the head at the left. Cut off the head, separating the neck-joint with the point of the knife, then cut through the flesh on either side. Take off the shoulders by cutting in a circle from under the foreleg round nearly to the backbone and down again. Bend it forward and cut through the joint. Cut off the hams in the same way. Then split the backbone the entire length and divide between each rib. Cut slices from the thickest part of the hams and the shoulders. The ribs are the choice portion, but those who like it at all consider any part of it a delicacy.

HAM.

If the ham is not to be served whole, the simplest and most economical way is to begin near the smaller end and cut in very thin slices, on each side of the bone. Divide the slices and arrange them neatly on the dish, one lapping over another, with the fat edge outside.

Where the whole ham is to appear on the table it should be trimmed neatly, and the end of the bone covered with a paper ruffle. The thickest part should be on the further side of the platter. Make an incision through the thickest part, a little way from the smaller end. Shave off in very thin slices, cutting toward the larger end and down to the bone at every slice. The knife should be very sharp to make a clean cut, and each slice should have a portion of the fat with the crisp crust. To serve it hot a second day, fill the cavity with a bread stuffing, cover it with buttered crumbs, and brown it in the oven. If it is to be served cold, brown the crumbs first and then sprinkle them over the stuffing. If this be done the edges will not dry and the symmetry of the ham is preserved. Carve as before, toward the larger end, and if more be needed, cut also from the other side of the bone.

By filling the cavity again with stuffing, a ham may be served as a whole one the third time and look as inviting as when first served. Should there be two or three inches of the thickest end left for another serving, saw off the bone, lay the meat flesh side up, with the fat on the further side of the platter, and carve horizontally in thin slices.

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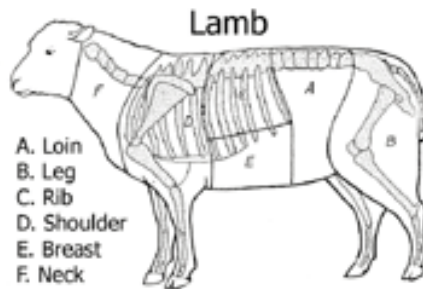
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Carving Meat and Poultry

Lamb and Veal



LEG OF MUTTON OR LAMB, OR KNUCKLE OF VEAL.

Before cooking, remove the rump-bones at the larger end. For a small family it is more economical to remove all the bones and fill the cavity with stuffing. Tie or skewer it into compact shape; there is then less waste, as the meat that is not used at the first dinner does not become dry and hard by keeping.

In serving, the thickest part of the leg should be toward the back of the platter. Put the fork in at the top, turn the leg toward you to bring the thickest part up, and cut through to the bone. Cut several slices of medium thickness, toward the thickest part, then slip the knife under and cut them away from the bone. A choice bit of crisp fat may be found on the larger end, and there is a sweet morsel near the knuckle or lower joint. If more be required, slice from the under side of the bone in the same manner.

LEG OF VENISON.

This is carved in the same way as a leg

of mutton,--through the thickest part down to the bone.

SADDLE OF LAMB.

Remove the ends of the ribs and roll the flank under before cooking.

Place it on the platter with the tail end at the left. Put the fork in firmly near the centre, and carve down to the ribs in long slices, parallel with the backbone, and the whole length. Slip the knife under and separate the slices from the ribs; do the same on the other side of the back. Divide the slices if very long. Cut the crisp fat from the sides in slanting slices. Turn partly over and remove the choice bit of tenderloin and kidney fat under the ribs.

Carving



a saddle of mutton in this way is really cutting with the grain of the meat, but it is the method adopted by the best authorities. It is only the choicest quality of mutton, and that which has been kept long enough to be very tender, that is prepared for cooking in this way. The fibres are not so tough as those of beef; there is no perceptible difference in the tenderness of the meat when cut in this manner, and there is an advantage in obtaining slices which are longer, and yet as thin as those from cutting across the grain.

SADDLE OF VENISON.

Carve the same as a saddle of mutton. Serve some of the dish gravy with each portion. Venison and mutton

soon become chilled, the fat particularly, thus losing much of their delicacy. Send them to the table very hot, on hot platters; carve quickly, and serve at once on warm plates.

HAUNCH OF VENISON OR LAMB.

This is the leg and loin undivided, or, as more commonly called, the hind quarter.

The butcher should split the whirl-bone, disjoint the backbone, and split the ribs in the flank. The rump-bone and aitch-bone may be removed before cooking. Place it on the platter with the loin or backbone nearest the carver. Separate the leg from the loin; this is a difficult joint to divide when the bones have not been removed, but it can be done with practice. When the leg has been taken off, carve that as directed on page 19. Carve the loin by first cutting off the flank and dividing it, then divide between each rib in the loin, or cut long slices parallel with the backbone, in the same way as directed for a saddle of mutton. Some English authorities recommend cutting perpendicularly through the thickest part of the leg near the knuckle, and then cutting across at right angles with this first cut, in long thin slices, the entire length of the joint; the slices are then separated from the bone and divided as desired. When carved in this way the loin and leg are not divided. This is not so economical as the first method.

LOIN OF MUTTON, LAMB, VEAL, PORK, OR VENISON.

These should always be divided at the joints in the backbone by the butcher; then it is an easy matter to separate the

ribs, serving one to each person, with a portion of the kidney and fat if desired. But if the butcher neglect to do this, and you have no cleaver with which to do it, it is better to cut slices down to the ribs parallel with the backbone, as directed in the saddle of mutton, than to suffer the annoyance of hacking at the joints.

Before cooking a loin of pork, gash through the fat between the ribs; this will give more of the crisp fat, and will aid in separating the ribs.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON OR VEAL.

Place it on the platter with the thickest part up. From the thickest part cut thin slices, slanting down to the knuckle; then make several cuts across to the larger end, and remove these slices from the shoulder-blade. Separate the blade at the shoulder-joint, and remove it. Cut the meat under the blade in perpendicular slices.

Any part of the forequarter of mutton is more tender and palatable, and more easily carved, if before cooking it be boned and stuffed. Or it may be boned, rolled, and corned.

FOREQUARTER OF LAMB OR VEAL.

This is a difficult joint for a beginner, but after a little study and practice one may manipulate it with dexterity. Some time when a lamb stew or fricassee is to be prepared, study the joint carefully and practise cutting it up, and thus become familiar with the position of the shoulder-blade joint,--the only one difficult to reach. The backbone should always be disjointed. The ribs should be divided across the breast and at the junction of the breast-bone, and the butcher should also remove the shoulder-blade

and the bone in the leg. Unless the joint be very young and tender, it is better to use the breast portion for a stew or fricasee; but when nice and tender the breast may be roasted with the other portions, as the choice gelatinous morsels near the breast-bones are preferred by many. This joint consists of three portions,--the shoulder or knuckle, the breast or brisket, and the ribs. Put it on the platter with the backbone up. Put the fork in near the knuckle. Cut through the flesh clear round the leg and well up on the shoulder, but not too far on the breast. With the fork lift the leg away from the shoulder, cutting in till you come to the joint, after separating which, remove the leg to a separate dish, to be afterward cut into thin slices through the thickest part. Cut across from left to right where the ribs have been broken, separating the gristly breast from the upper portion. Then remove the blade if it has not been done before cooking. Divide each of these portions between the ribs, and serve a piece of the rib, the breast, or a slice from the leg, as preferred.

NECK OF VEAL.

The vertebrae should be disjoined, and the ribs cut on the inside through the bone only, on the thin end. Place it on the platter with the back up and cut across from left to right, where the ribs were divided, separating the small ends of the ribs from the thicker upper portion; then cut between each short rib. Carve from the back down in slanting slices, then slip the knife under close to the ribs and remove the slices. This gives a larger portion than the cutting of the slices straight would give, and yet not so large as if each were helped to a whole rib. Serve a short rib with each slice.

BREAST OF VEAL.

Place it on the dish with the breast-bone or brisket nearest you. Cut off the gristly brisket, then separate it into sections. Cut the upper part parallel with the ribs, or between each rib if very small. Slice the sweetbread, and serve a portion of brisket, rib, and sweetbread to each person.

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Carving Meat and Poultry

Knives & Utensils for Carving & Serving



In any first-class cutlery store you will find knives for each special kind of carving. If your purse will permit the indulgence, it will be convenient to have a breakfast-carver, a slicer, a jointer, a game-carver, and a pair of game-scissors. But if you can afford to have only one, you will find a medium-sized meat-carver the knife best adapted to all varieties of carving. The blade should be about nine inches long and one inch and a quarter wide, slightly curved, and tapering to a point.

The fork should have two slender curving tines about three eighths of an inch apart and two and a half inches long, and should have a guard.

A breakfast or steak carver is of the

same general shape, but the handle is smaller, and the blade is six or seven inches long. A slicer for roasts has a wide, straight blade, twelve inches long, and rounded instead of pointed at the end. This is especially convenient for carving thin slices from any large roasts, or other varieties of solid meat. The width of the blade helps to steady the meat, and its great length enables one to cut with a single, long, smooth stroke through the entire surface. With a knife having a short blade a sort of sawing motion would be made, and the slice would be jagged. As there are no joints to separate, a point on the blade is unnecessary.

A jointer is another form of carver, useful where the joints are so large or so difficult to separate that considerable strength is required. The handle has a crook or guard on the end to enable the carver to grasp it more securely and use all the strength necessary.

A game-carver has a small, narrow, pointed blade; but the shape and length of the handle is the distinguishing feature. The handle should be long enough to reach from the tip of the forefinger to an inch beyond the back side of the hand, so that the edge of the hand about an inch above the wrist rests against the handle of the carver. In dividing a difficult joint, the manipulation should be made, not by turning the hand, but by turning the knife with the fingers. In this way the position of the point of the blade can be more easily changed as the joint may require. The handle of the carving-knife supports the hand of the carver.

Game-scissors have handles like

scissors; the two short blades are quite deeply curved, something like the blade of a pruning-knife, making the cutting power greater. This enables the person using them to cut through quite large bones in tough joints which would otherwise be quite difficult to separate.

Another form of jointer has two blades, one shorter than the other, and a round handle divided the entire length, with a spring in the end next the blade. When the handle is closed, the blades are together and the outer edge of the longer blade is used like a knife for cutting the meat. By opening the handle the curving edges of the blades are used like scissors for cutting the bones.

There are various styles of steels or knife-sharpeners, but the one now in my possession is the best I have ever seen.

It is a four-sided bar of steels, about three eighths of an inch wide and thick, and eight inches long, having the four sides deeply grooved, thus making the edges very prominent. These edges are so sharp that but little pressure of the knife on the steel is required. The handle has a large guard to protect the left hand from the edge of the blade.

But few people know how to use a steel properly. It is difficult to describe the process,--so easy to a natural mechanic and so awkward to others,--or to instruct one in the knack of it, by mere description. Hold the steel firmly in the left hand. Let the edge of the knife near the handle rest on the steel, the back of the knife raised slightly at

an angle of about 30 deg. Draw the knife along lightly but steadily, always at the same angle, the entire length of the blade. Then pass the knife under the steel and draw the other surface along the opposite edge of the steel, from the handle to the point, at the same angle. Repeat these alternate motions the entire length of the blade, not on the point merely, until you have an edge.

Some persons prefer to turn the knife over, drawing it first from the left hand and then toward it, sharpening each surface alternately on the same edge of the steel. This is more difficult to do, as you cannot so surely keep the blade at the same angle,--and this is the most important point. If held at any other than the proper angle, either no edge is made, or it is taken off as soon as obtained.

It is bewildering, if one has any intention of buying, to examine the assortment of spoons, knives, forks, etc., displayed at the silversmith's.

There are ladles for soups, sauces, gravy, and cream; shovels for sugar and salt, and scoops for cheese; tongs for sugar, pickles, olives, and asparagus; spoons for sugar, jelly, fruit sauces, salads, vegetables, and macaroni; slicers for ice-cream, cake, and jelly; knives for fish, pie, cake, and fruit; forks for fish, oysters, pickles, olives, salad, and asparagus; scissors for grapes and raisins; crackers and picks for nuts; and rests for the carving knife and fork. Some of these are really useful; some as little so as many of the hundred and one novelties designed particularly for wedding gifts. But in neat and careful

serving it is essential to have a soup-ladle, a gravy or sauce ladle, a pair of tongs or shells for block sugar, a slender-tined silver fork for pickles, a plentiful supply of large and medium-sized spoons, a carving-rest, a crumb-scraper, and at least one broad silver knife and fork, which if occasion requires may do duty at several courses.

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This official Camp Fire Girls handbook was published in 1914, just a couple of years after their founding by Dr. Luther Gulick and his wife Charlotte.



While the organization now includes boys, this glimpse at one of the original handbooks will give the reader an idea of how ahead of it's time this organization was with respect to promoting the idea that women are not second class citizens.



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Camp Fire Girls Handbook

Purpose

The



Camp Fire Girls aims to organize the daily life of girls. It aims to show that romance and beauty are to be found on every side and in wholesome ways. It organizes girls and women to promote wholesome, happy life in home and community. The principal means of reaching these aims is through honors and ranks based on attainment. The activities are focused and the ideals emphasized by simple ceremonies and ritual together with symbolic and beautiful costumes and decorations.

The purposes as defined by the Constitution are:

Section 1. The purpose of this corporation shall be to perpetuate the spiritual ideals of the home under the new conditions of a social community, through the organization of girls and women into units divided by age into Camp Fires and Junior groups.

Section 2. The organization shall

endeavor to show that the common things of daily life are the chief means of beauty, romance and adventure.

Section 3. The organization shall endeavor to aid in the formation of habits making for health and vigor, the out-of-door habit and the out-of-door spirit.

Section 4. The organization shall endeavor to devise and put in use ways of measuring and creating standards for woman's work.

Section 5. The organization shall endeavor to give to girls and women incentive ideals and objects for doing "team work," for "keeping step."

Section 6. The organization shall endeavor to foster intimate relation between mothers and daughters by giving status and social recognition to the work of the mother.

Section 7. The organization shall endeavor to develop among girls and women a sympathetic understanding of the newer economic relationships into which women are coming.

Section 8. The organization shall definitely undertake to improve the social life in the community of each of its constituent groups through the promotion of such community social activities as pageants, celebrations, social centers, organized vacations, and tramping, amateur drama and music.

Self Government. The Camp Fire Girls is a self-governing organization. It is controlled as follows: The Corporation or Board

of Electors consists of the Guardians of all Camp Fires who pay dues, and additional persons especially elected. This Board of Electors meets annually and elects the Board of Directors who conduct the work.

Self Support. Camp Fire Girls aim to support as well as control their own national work. This we expect to have accomplished before the close of the year 1915. This is to be accomplished through: fees of "a cent a girl a week," i.e., fifty cents a year; royalties of five per cent, on all Camp Fire Girl articles sold, and advertising in Camp Fire Girl publications, sale of Manual, etc.

ORGANIZATION OF CAMP FIRES



The

organization is primarily related to home and social life, hence it should consist usually of girls of about the same age, who naturally belong together, whose homes are near to each other, and who like one another. That is, the best results are to be secured by having the Guardian and the group socially homogeneous.

The parents should co-operate actively in bringing the work about and carrying it on. One of the mothers is often the Guardian with

others as assistants.

Each group of girls over twelve years old is called a Camp Fire. Each Camp Fire secures a charter.

Each Camp Fire consists of at least six girls. This is in order that there may be a sufficient number to develop the "team sprit."

No Camp Fire may have more than twenty active members. This will permit intimate acquaintance among the girls and the Guardian. The best size for a Camp Fire is from ten to fourteen girls.

The responsible head of a Camp Fire is called Guardian of the Fire. She must be at least twenty-one years of age. She is appointed by the National Board.

Camp Fire Girls are over twelve years old.

Camp Fire Blue Birds are over six years old. The group is know as the Blue Bird Nest. (A Blue Bird Manual will eventually be prepared.) Blue Birds are the younger sisters and friends of the Camp Fire Girls. It is not an independent organization.

The Camp Fire Girls have three ranks: Wood Gatherer, Fire Maker, and Torch Bearer. Each rank has its special emblem which should be worn on the right sleeve.

The symbol of membership in the Camp Fire Girls is the silver fagot ring. This is given by the National Board without cost to each girl when she becomes a Wood Gatherer.

Each Camp Fire as well as each Camp Fire Girls has a special

name and symbol

Ceremonial meetings are held monthly. At summer camps they should be held weekly. At these meetings a ritual is used, the Count is read, honors are awarded, rank is conferred, and new members are received.

Weekly meetings are held to help the girls formulate their daily work and to teach them new activities, such as honors in handwork, home work, entertaining, sports, business, and keeping and illustrating the Record Book. Often these meetings are held in conjunction with a hike and the study of nature lore.

Honors are awarded to members in recognition of attainment. They are symbolized by distinctively colored beads which have been selected by the National Board for their simplicity and suitability for decoration. The honors are divided into six groups as follows:

1. Required honors: These are attainments which are required before a girl may become a Fire Maker. Such attainments are indicated by purple beads.
2. Elective Honors: These form the basis of Camp Fire work and are divided into seven groups, such as Home Craft, Health Craft, Camp Craft, Hand Craft, Nature Lore, Business, and Patriotism. Honors won in these crafts count towards the rank of Fire Maker and Torch Bearer.
3. Big Honors: These may be won by any Fire Maker over fourteen years of age in any of the Elective Honor groups.

4. Torch Bearer Honors: These are for Torch Bearers over sixteen years of age who specialize in certain honors.

5. Local Honors: Honors for special cases.

6. National Honors: Honors awarded for services of general use to the Camp Fire Girls.

Symbolic Art Forms. Ideals, aspirations and visions have always been expressed through art forms, poetry, music, form, color, ritual ceremony, etc. Accordingly, Camp Fire Girls use all of these to help to express their visions and purposes. Symbols help to convey meanings which it is difficult to put into logical speech, hence, symbolic art forms are used as a frame for the activities of daily life. Upon this conception of the relation of art and life have been developed the ceremonial gown and meetings.

Sings and Symbols. Fire is the symbol of the organization, for around it the first homes were built. Camp Fire stands not only for the home, but also for the genuineness and simplicity of the out-of-doors. The sun is used as a general symbol for fire. This symbol is used particularly as the Guardian's Pin.

The symbol of membership is the standing pine. It means simplicity and strength.

Wohelo is the watchword. It is made up of the first two letters of Work, of Health, and of Love.

The hand sign of fire, used as a salutation, is made by flattening

the fingers of the right hand against those of the left. This indicates crossed logs. From this position the hand is slowly raised, following the curves of an imaginary flame until the index-finger points straight up.

Wohelo. This is the name of the official publication, an illustrated monthly. Price \$1.00 a year.

Supplies. All supplies may be secured from the Camp Fire Outfitting Company, 17-19 West 17th Street, New York City. This includes ceremonial dresses, honor beads, Fire Maker's bracelet, Torch Bearer's pin, Guardian's pin, etc..

How to Organize. The application for Guardian's authorization and for the charter should be made together. The women who wishes to be Guardian should fill out the blank enclosed, and send it with twenty-five cents to the National Board. The investigation preliminary to the appointment of a Guardian usually takes from four to six weeks.

The Charter application must be signed by the girls desiring to become members, and this, together with five dollars (to cover the charter outfit, should be mailed with the application for appointment of Guardian.

Four Steps Toward Success. 1. Use the out-of-doors. Go on a tramp at least once a month. Have a fire. Let each trip have a special program; e.g., to some historical spot--learning the story; to observe interesting rocks or trees--seeing and knowing birds, etc. 2. Use the motion songs. There is nothing that carries the idea of the Camp Fire

Girls and serves to develop enthusiasm as vigorous singing of the Camp Fire Girls' motion songs. Sing each one over and over until it is perfectly familiar. Make up new songs. 3. Use the ceremonies. This involves study and practice, but is as essential to success as a frame is to a picture or the right words are to a poetic idea. 4. Meet regularly and have each meeting planned beforehand.

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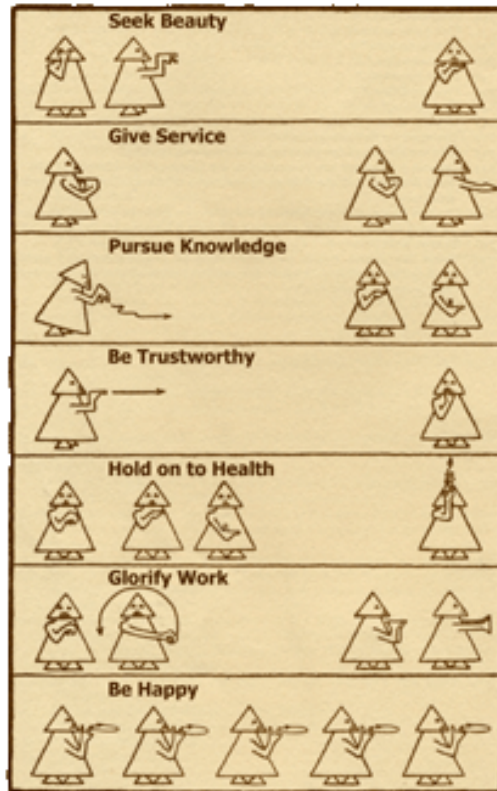
Nature Lore

Business

Patriotism

The applicant must know the object and requirements of the organization, and at the monthly meeting of the Council Fire shall announce her desire to become a Camp Fire Girl by repeating:

"It is my desire to become a Camp Fire Girl, and to obey the Law of the Camp Fire, which is to



Seek beauty
Give service
Pursue knowledge
Be trustworthy
Hold on to health
Glorify work
Be happy.

This Law of the Camp Fire I will strive

to follow."

The Guardian explains the Law, phrase by phrase. The applicant is then received on probation as a member of the Camp Fire, until she has fulfilled the six requirements necessary to attain the rank of Wood Gatherer.



Wood Gatherer

To Become a Wood Gatherer. To complete her membership and receive the silver ring she must fulfill the following six requirements:

1. Be a member of a Camp Fire for at least two months.
2. Attend at least six weekly meetings and two ceremonial meetings.
3. Select a name and symbol.
4. Make a headband.
5. Have the ceremonial dress.
6. Win in addition at least ten elective honors.

Upon meeting these requirements, a girl becomes a Wood Gatherer and receives the Wood Gatherer's ring as a token of her membership in the Camp Fire Girls. When she receives her ring at a Council Fire, she must repeat the Wood Gatherer's desire.

The ring is given without cost and belongs to the girl even when her membership ceases. It represents the seven points of the Law in seven fagots bound together, and Work, Health and Love in three raised circles on either side of the fagots. Lost rings may be replaced upon application by the

Guardian for fifty cents each.

As soon as a girl has completed the requirements for a Wood Gatherer, record of her membership is filed in the National Office. Except under unusual conditions if a girl does not complete her membership and so become a Wood Gatherer in four months, she should be dropped from the Camp Fire.

The ceremonial dress and head-band are required before a girl may become a Wood Gatherer, because experience has shown that in them is found the democracy of spirit, the artistic unity, and the beauty of form, which are so desirable in the activities of the Camp Fire Girls. To this end only the official ceremonial dress should be worn. The materials have been carefully selected because of beauty of color, durability and inexpensiveness. The decorations on the ceremonial dress should be a symbolic or pictographic record of the attainments, relationships, ideals and hopes of the owner. Thus it should grow as she does. It will become a beautiful symbolic record of what is most precious in the life of the girl, and may be passed on as a priceless inheritance to her children.

The importance of the ceremonial gown has grown during the two years since the Camp Fire Girls was started. At first the girls put on decoration simply to make it look pretty, but now no decoration has a place that has not a meaning. The gown is simplicity itself, and yet it offers wonderful opportunities for telling stories. All the things a girl loves can be symbolized and wrought into beautiful decoration



Guardian's Pin

One Guardian has all the symbols of her girls embroidered on the bottom of her costume, and above each girl's symbol she has embroidered stitches of different colors to represent each honor won by that individual girl.

Two drawings are given, showing how a tall girl can use decoration to make her appear shorter, and a short girl taller. Color, form and line can all be used to attain these effects.

The real significance of the ceremonial gown was not appreciated until a Grand Council Fire was held. Then girls from every station in life came together all clad alike. It was just as becoming to the poor girl as to the rich girl. Its value as bringing about a true democratic feeling between girls of all classes cannot be estimated. They are all one in this great sisterhood.

Care should be taken that the ceremonial gown should not grow common and of little significance by being worn on the street, in parades, etc. Camp Fire symbols, insignia and banners can be made a distinguishing mark of the Camp Fire Girls and save exploiting the ceremonial gown, for it should be kept for the more private Camp Fire activities.

In the matter of partisan parades, such as woman's suffrage, the Camp Fire organization cannot take sides either for

or against, although individual members among the girls and Guardians are entirely free to identify themselves as they please. In such cases the ceremonial gown should not appear.

The case of pageant floats is a little different, and many Camp Fires have decorated floats with beautiful woodland scenes in which they appeared in their ceremonial dresses without sacrificing any of the delicate personal feeling which should cling to them.



To Become a Fire Maker.

1. The candidate must be at least thirteen years old. The Guardian must use her best judgment in determining how long a girl should be a Wood Gatherer before allowing her to become a Fire Maker. It is not merely a matter of winning the required and elective honors.

Earnestness and maturity must also count. Any girl who is faithful ought to be able to win the rank in a year. If a girl is approaching the twenties, is deeply in earnest and has time for the work, she might be allowed to present her claim in as short a period as three months. But this should be regarded as the rare exception. If she is living in a Camp Fire Girls' camp, giving her entire time to the work, is mature, loyal and really understands the spirit, the Guardian may allow her to become a candidate in six weeks.

2. The candidate shall further indicate her love and understanding of the Camp

Fire ideal by learning and expressing--

THE FIRE MAKER'S DESIRE

As fuel is brought to the fire
So I purpose to bring
My strength
My ambition
My heart's desire
My Joy
And my sorrow
To the fire
Of humankind.

For I will tend
As my fathers have tended
And my father's fathers
Since time began
The fire that is called
The love of man for man
The love of man for God.

3. In addition the candidate must fulfill the Required Honors. These honors are symbolized by purple beads.

4. The candidate shall present also twenty Elective Honors. At least one honor must be won in each group, and with the exception of Home Craft not more than five honors may be presented from any one group.



To Become a Torch Bearer.

1. The candidate must be at least fifteen years of age, and must be approved by the Guardian as ready to bear the torch of life and light to guide others. It should take a good Fire Maker from at least six months to two years to be ready for this rank and responsibility. It is not merely nor mainly a matter of winning the honors. To be a Torch Bearer should really mean that the girl has shown powers of steady leadership. This is the most important qualification of the Torch Bearer.

2. The candidate shall learn and repeat--

THE TORCH BEARER'S DESIRE

That light which has been given to me,
I desire to pass undimmed to others.

A Torch Bearer is an assistant to the Guardian. She is a leader. That is what carrying the torch means.

3. The candidate must be known to the Guardian as trust-worthy, happy, unselfish, a good leader, a good "team worker," and as liked by the other girls.

4. The candidate shall have led a group of not less than three girls once a week for not less than three months, or four times a week for one month. It might be a group of Blue Birds. She will naturally select things to do in which she is proficient and which the girls like. This does not mean that she can organize them as Camp Fire girls. The real test is the enthusiasm and success of the girls she teaches.

5. The candidate shall present fifteen honors from the list of Elective Honors in addition to those she presented for the rank of Fire Maker.

Specialist Honors. Any Torch Bearer over sixteen years of age may win Specialist Honors. These are qualifications in special lines.

Membership Transferable. If a Camp Fire Girl moves from one city to another she may, when elected, transfer her membership to a Camp Fire in the city to which she goes. Or she may help in organizing a Camp Fire and securing a Guardian. She retains the rank she held in the group of which she was formerly a member. A transfer blank will be found in the Record Book.

Choosing Camp Fire Names. The name of the Camp Fire may be suggested by a primitive legend or custom, by the natural resources or industries of the locality, by some woman who has been of special service to the community, or by the desire of the girls as a group. A Camp Fire in one of the Western States may be called the Alsea Camp Fire because it is in the Alsea Valley. The Indian legend is told that no matter how fierce the war between neighboring tribes, in this beautiful valley the Indians were always at peace and so they called the valley Alsea, meaning peace. The symbol for this Camp Fire is two low brown triangles with bases touching, to suggest the valley between the mountains. The Hannah Dustin Camp Fire, situated near Deerfield, Massachusetts, may have for its emblem a canoe with the totem of the tribe from which she saved herself and her little boy. The Sequoia Camp Fire may have a reddish brown, long trunked, pointed topped tree for its symbol because it tells of the giant redwoods. A group of girls in Butte, Montana, may name themselves the Copper City Camp Fire Girls, because of the principal industry of their home city, and they may use the pick and shovel in copper color as their symbol. The more simple the symbolic design the more effective it will be and the more varied may be its use.

A Camp Fire girl chooses or wins her own name and symbol, which stands for the qualities or accomplishments by which she wishes to be known. From a

collection of Indian legends the names "Wanaka," sun-halo, and "Chelan," clear water, were taken. One girl had been watching the oven-bird build its nest and then took the Indian name of that bird. Another girl took her name from the words, "needed and cheerful," two things which she wished to be, and now she is known as "Neachee." "Pakwa" chose the frog as her symbol, for its skill in diving; "Kanxi" chose the honey-bee for its sweetness. "Morning Star" likes to take walks before breakfast and hopes soon to get breakfast all alone for the other members of the family. "Evening Star," her sister, is the one who puts the two younger children to bed, and she is winning her first honors in telling folk-stories and Indian legends to them. "Grey Leaves" found her name in the poem, "The Master and the Trees," by Sidney Lanier.

The names and symbols of the Camp Fires or of the Camp Fire Girls may be suggested from any source, especially from folk-lore of the different countries, but are perhaps more often taken from the Indian lore, because it is suggestive of the spirit of out-of-doors, of the ingenious use of the materials at hand, and is so distinctly American.

Often, when names have been too hastily chosen, the girls are anxious to change them for new names. Many times a more thoughtful study of the name will reveal some study of symbolism not before known or realized. If so, it is wise to hold to the original name. But if the girl's desires have so changed that a different name is more appropriate, let the old name be written on a piece of paper, and at the Council Fire the Guardian may explain the reason for the change. She then throws the paper into the flames and tells the girls that, as she throws the paper into the flames, it is a sign that the name is gone forever and must never be mentioned by the girls again; hereafter,

the girl is to be known by her new name.

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Camp Fire Girls Handbook

Honors

The honors of the Camp Fire Girls are devices by which wholesome activities may be divided into "measurable bundles" and social recognition and status given for accomplishment.

Standards. The effectiveness of this whole honor plan depends upon the good judgment of the Guardian. In interpreting what degree of excellence is demanded for any honor she must bear in mind the other honors. For example, to identify and describe twenty wild flowers may be made so easy that a girl with a good memory would qualify by an hour or two of work, or it could be made so difficult that it would involve weeks and weeks of work. Common sense is needed here. It is of no help to the girls to give them their honors easily. On the other hand, to make them very difficult will tend only to discourage them. Each honor should be won by good honest work. Any other way serves only to hurt the girl. One reason why there are so many elective honors is that girls of all kinds, of all ages, tastes, training, and home life may find those which fit them.



**REQUIRED HONORS--FOR RANK
OF FIRE MAKER**

(1) To help prepare and serve, together with the other candidates, at least two meals for meetings of the Camp Fire; this to include purchase of food, cooking, and serving the meal, and care of fire. (All candidates work in rotation; that is, each does a different part of the work each time.) A typical meal to be cooked with an open fire on one of the tramps consists of cream of tomato soup, potatoes baked in ashes, bacon broiled on green sticks, with bread, butter and lettuce brought from home ready for sandwiches. For an indoor dinner to be prepared in rather small quarters on a gas range with the help of a fireless cooker, left over meat chopped for a chartreuse with rice and tomato sauce, a green salad with a cooked dressing, and individual sponge cakes would make a good menu.

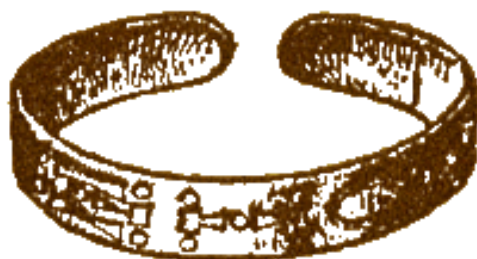
(2) To mend a pair of stockings, a knitted under-garment, and hem some necessary article, requiring at least a yard in length of hem. Use the sewing machine if practical, and also the attachments for hemming.

(3) To keep a written classified account of all money received and spent for at least one month.

(4) To tie a square knot five times in succession correctly and without hesitation.

(5) To sleep with open windows or out of doors for at least one month.

(6) To take an average of at least half on hour daily outdoor exercise for not less than a month.



Fire Maker's Bracelet

(7) To refrain from chewing gum, candy, sundaes, sodas, and commercially manufactured beverages between meals for at least one month.

(8) To name the chief causes of infant mortality in summer. Tell how and to what extent it has been reduced in one community. In a city, there may be an opportunity to visit a milk station, to see the babies brought in and weighed and to see there what is being done by that particular city. The work of a number of cities has appeared in illustrated magazine articles, which may be found by an index to current periodicals.

(9) To know what to do in the following emergencies:

- a. Clothing on fire
- b. Person in deep water who cannot swim both in summer and through ice in winter.
- c. Open cut.
- d. Frosted foot.
- e. Fainting.

(10) To know the principles of elementary bandaging and how to use surgeon's plaster.

(11) To know what a girl of her age needs to know about herself.

This is a requirement in knowledge of personal hygiene to include the best use of hot and cold baths, care of the hands, cleanliness of the hair and its appropriate dressing, the encouragement of good teeth and a sweet breath. The girl should know the care of the eyes in respect to good light and occasional relaxation by glancing to a distance when reading or doing other close work. She should know the normal requirements of sleep and out-of-door exercise for her age, the suitable dress for cold or wet weather, the proper care of the feet and proper selection of footwear, especially for school, work, and tramping, simple preventives of constipation through regularity, exercise, and attractive laxative foods. She should know those intimate things which careful mothers tell their daughters about the personal life of women

and something of the delightful results of a happy attitude to all about her.

(12) To commit to memory any good poem or song not less than twenty-five lines in length.

(13) To know the career of some woman who has done much for the country or state.

(14) To know and sing all the words of the national anthem.

In addition the candidate shall present twenty Elective Honors. At least one honor must be won in each group and with the exception of Home Craft not more than five honors may be presented from any one group.

ELECTIVE HONORS

Elective Honors form the basis of Camp Fire work. These honors may be won in seven crafts, each craft being symbolized by a distinctively colored bead.

Home Craft--Flame colored honors, as fire has been the center of the home.

- Health Craft--Red honors (red blood).
- Camp Craft--Brown honors (woods).
- Hand Craft--Green honors (creation, growing things).
- Nature Lore--Blue honors (blue sky).
- Business--Yellow honors (gold).
- Patriotism--Red, white and blue honors.

BIG HONORS

These will be awarded to any Fire Maker over fourteen years of age who wins elective honors as follows:

- Home Craft--Any fifteen honors.
- Health Craft--Any ten honors.

- Nature Lore--Any eight honors.
- Camp Craft--Any ten honors.
- Hand Craft--Any ten honors.
- Business--Any eight honors.
- Patriotism--Any twelve honors.

The Big Honor beads are a special shape,--large, decorative, and are of the same colors as the Elective Honor beads.



Torch Bearer's Pin

TORCH BEARER HONORS

A special honor will be given to any Torch Bearer over sixteen years of age who passes advanced tests in such subjects as water sports, star lore, dancing, outdoor cooking, indoor cooking, story-telling, horseback riding, mountain climbing, housekeeping, singing, playing any musical instrument, writing plays, or pantomime plays based on fairy stories, hiking lore, any special branch of nature lore, fire lore, any special branch of handcraft, or patriotism. The nature of the honor given and how it is to be won will be described in future numbers of Wohelo. These tests will be based on usefulness to the Camp Fire Girls' plan or idea. For example, mountain climbing would mean that the candidate had climbed mountains of certain difficulty, knew how to equip a party of girls for this work, and had actually directed such a trip.

LOCAL HONORS

Some Camp Fires have special needs or opportunities that are not provided for under the elective honors in connection with which it seems wise to offer some honor. Any Camp Fire may create local honors and award special beads or other emblems for such honors. These local honors do not, however, count toward the rank of Fire Maker or Torch Bearer.

NATIONAL HONORS

Special decorations for the ceremonial dress have been adopted for award to those who send to the National Office of the Camp Fire Girls original ideas, songs, poems, plays, drawings, photographs, Camp Fire Girls' stories, counts kept or decorated in particularly beautiful or original ways, headbands, original and beautiful ways of wearing honors, and suggestions as to the design of Camp Fire Girls' clothing or other articles for use. These National Honors are graded as follows:

- (1) The "Uta" honor; meaning effort. Given for any effort, however humble.
- (2) The "Keda" honor; meaning to think hard. Given for work showing deep thought and excellence.
- (3) The "Shuta" honor; meaning to create. Given for material which can be used in part or adapted for use in National work, or those showing especially fine Camp Fire spirit.
- (4) The "Wakan" honor; meaning inspiration. Given for articles or suggestions of excellent quality which are acceptable for use in Wohelo, the Handbook, etc.

Send the article, picture or suggestion, with return postage, to the National Board. Each thing should be carefully marked with the name and address of the sender and the Guardian's name.

ELECTIVE HONORS

Any attainment described in the following lists entitles the girl to as many honors as there are stars after the honor, e.g., one honor, two honors, etc. Each honor so won counts toward rank of Fire Maker or Torch Bearer the first time it is won.



Wood Gatherer's Ring

Repeat for Rank honors are those which count for rank of Fire Maker or Torch Bearer each time they are won in a new way, e. g., "Do any two standard dives in good form." The first time the Front and Back may be presented, the second time the Back and Front from a run may be accepted; or, with a chafing dish, "prepare four appetizing dishes." When this is to be won a second time the dishes presented must be different from those presented the first time. These honors, which may be repeated and count toward the rank of Fire Maker or Torch Bearer, are called "Repeat for Rank Honors." They are marked with a capital "R."

Some honors may be repeated indefinitely and the proper bead awarded each time, but count for rank only the first time they are won. For example, a girl walks forty miles in ten days and wins her red honor, and counts it toward her rank of Torch Bearer or Fire Maker. She may win this over and over again and receive a red bead each time, but these repetitions do not count for rank. Such honors are marked with a circle "o."

Honors for Camp Fire work may be counted only from the date of the organization of the Camp Fire. The members of the Camp Fire, with the exception of the Guardian, are not entitled to credit for honors won before the Guardian has received her certificate of appointment from the National Board. The Guardian is entitled to honors for past attainments.

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HOME CRAFT--FLAME COLORED HONORS

1 Cooking: Make bread in two ways and two kinds of cake.

2 Cook meat in four ways: Roast, broil, fricassee, boil.

3 Cook left-over meats in four ways.

4 Cook three common vegetables each in three ways.

5 Make two kinds of soup with milk, and two with meat.

6 Prepare four salads, making at least two kinds of dressing.

7 Prepare eggs in four different ways.

8 Prepare four desserts: one gelatine, one boiled, one baked, and one frozen.

9 Prepare a gruel, a cereal, an eggnog, and

milk toast and arrange an invalid's tray attractively.

10 Gather two quarts of wild berries or fruits and make them into a dessert.

R

11 Can or preserve three different kinds of fruits, at least one quart of each kind.

12 Use fireless cooker successfully on cereals, meat and vegetables.

13 Cook meat, a vegetable and a dessert, or fruit, in paper bags.

14 Chafing Dish: Prepare four appetizing dishes.

15 Write out an appetizing balanced vegetarian diet for a week.

16 Write out a menu for three weeks suitable for a school girl who is inclined to be too stout.

17 Write out a menu for three weeks suitable for a school girl who is inclined to be too thin.

18 Give examples of five expensive and five inexpensive foods having high energy or tissue forming value. Do the same for foods having little energy or tissue forming value.

19 Prepare balanced menu

and superintend cooking for one month in home.

20 Make delicacies for the sick and send where needed through the National Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild, or some other distributing organization.

21 Cook for one month in a home.

22 Take instructions in neighbor's home once a week for two months, actually doing cooking.

23 Make two pounds of butter a week for two months.

24 Pick, dress and cook a fowl.

25 Marketing: Describe characteristics and identify and select six chief cuts of meat; also state the market price for each.

26 Market for one week one week on one dollar and a half per person, keeping accounts and records of menus, etc.

27 Do the same for two dollars.

28 Do the same for three dollars.

29 Know the best season for the chief fruits and vegetables available in your locality and a

reasonable price for each.

30 Know the way flour, sugar, rice, cereals, crackers, and breads are sold--packages, bulk, etc.--prices, dangerous and common adulterations.

31 Know how to secure full weight and pure food.

32 Laundering: Do a family washing, using modern labor-saving devices if possible.

33 Iron eight hours in two months.

34 Wash and iron a shirt waist and a skirt.

35 Wash and iron a lingerie dress.

36 Press a suit, or a skirt and coat.

37 Remove three common stains from wash material, two spots from nonwashable material.

38 Use two agents for softening water, two soaps for different uses, two kinds of starch for different uses, two methods of bluing, and two household methods of bleaching.

39 Housekeeping: Care for hardwood floors, walls, carpets, rugs, hardwood and upholstered furniture, as it should be

done for the regular housecleaning.

40 Sweep and dust, using two kinds of sweeping or dusting compounds, moist cloths, dust absorbing cloths, and a vacuum cleaner.

41 Properly dispose of waste and garbage from the home, and know its proper disposal by the city.

42 Make up a bed for a baby, a bed with a draw sheet for a very sick patient, and know the proper airing and changing of bed.

43 Air and make one bed every day for two months.

44 Wash and wipe dishes and leave the dining room in order, after one meal a day, for two months. (Two girls may share the work, continuing it through twice the time, to obtain equivalent honors.)

45 Take the entire care of one room for one month, to include sweeping, dusting, washing of windows, care of flowers or plants, and what may be desirable for the attractiveness of the room. This may be the club room of the Camp Fire Girls. (Two girls may share the work, continuing it through

twice the time, to obtain equivalent honors.)

46 Put away clothing, rugs, furs, blankets, for the summer.

47 Take instruction in a neighbor's house for one morning a week for two months, actually doing house work.

48 Take care of a cat, dog, bird, or a tame animal, for three months; know what harm they do, what diseases each may carry, and how they may be treated.

49 Learn the care of plates, silver, glass, pots, pans, aluminum ware, lamps, copper.

50 Scrub a floor once a week for two months.

51 Take entire charge of a pantry for one month.

52 Clean ice-chest thoroughly twice a week for two months during the summer.

53 Keep bureau drawers in order for three months.

54 Care for at least two kerosene lamps every day for a month.

55 Take care of the milk and cream from at least one cow, and see that the pails and pans are properly cleaned for two

months.

56 Repack a faucet.

57 Install an electric bell and care for it for three months.

58 Build a furnace fire and care for it two days.

59 Invention. Make a useful household invention.

60 Care of Sick: Arrange a sick room to make it sanitary and calculated to give greatest possible comfort to patient and usefulness to doctor and nurses.

61 Use a clinical thermometer to obtain the temperature of an adult and an infant, and tell the temperatures indicating normal, fever, and dangerous fever conditions.

62 Give the common symptoms of scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping-cough, measles, tuberculosis; also home care and prevention of these diseases.

63 Entertainment: Sing weekly in chorus or glee club for not less than three months.

64 Sing in a quartette, glee club, or organized chorus for not less than

eight hours in any one month.

65 Memorize and sing alone five folk songs.

66 Play any musical instrument in an orchestra, reading the necessary music, for not less than eight hours in any one month.

67 Play from memory five piano pieces of the difficulty of Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood."

68 Play the piano or organ for one Sabbath service each week for three months.

69 Play the accompaniment for any school exercise for not less than eight hours in any one month.

70 Commit and recite five hundred lines of standard poetry.

71 Commit and recite an equivalent amount of standard prose, such as an oration, essay, or story.

72 Write a story, a poem, or words of song which is either published or adopted for use.

73 Have entire charge of two programs for the weekly meetings of the Camp Fire.

74 Have a party of ten

with refreshments, costing not more than one dollar; keep accounts.

75 Entertain three or more little children for two hours a week for at least two months.

76 Know and tell five standard folk stories.

77 Write and give a play.

78 Plan and give a pantomime entertainment.

79 Make six visits a month for three months to sick in homes, hospitals or other institutions.

80 Teaching a boy to dance any four of the following dances:
Virginia Reel. Portland Fancy, Lady of the Lake, Howe's (or Hull's) Victory, Pop Goes the Weasel, Chorus Jig, Lancers, Boston Fancy, French Reel, German Hopping Dance, Varsouvienne, Furteur, Gottland's Quadrille.

81 Each member of a Camp Fire that participates in carrying out a whole-some party, or hike, including at least as many others (either boys or girls) as Camp Fire Girls, may receive one honor. (The work must be well planned and organized and each member given special

duties. The Guardian must approve the plans, but it must be really in the hands of the girls.)

82 Baby Craft: Know how milk should be prepared for a six-months-old baby; know what is good milk for a baby a year old and how it can be tested.

83 Know how much a baby should grow in weight each week for the first six months, in height for each month for the first year, the relation of weight to disease and vitality.

84 Know and describe three kinds of baby cries and what they mean.

85 Care for a baby for an average of an hour a day for a month.

86 Make a set of practical playthings for a child three years old.

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HEALTH CRAFT--RED HONORS

200 First Aid: Secure diploma of the National Red Cross, or joint diploma of the American Red Cross and of the Young Women's Christian Association.

201 Colds: Be free from every indication of a cold for two consecutive months between October and April.

202 Regularity: Not miss work or school because of ill health or headaches for three consecutive months.

203 Diet: Abstain from chewing gum and from candy, ice cream, sundaes, sodas, and commercially manufactured beverages between meals for three consecutive months.

204 Sleep: Sleep out-of-doors or with wide open windows for two

consecutive months between October and April.

205 Games: Play any of the following games for not less than fifteen hours in any one month.

Team Games--Hockey, Volley Ball, Basket-ball, Archery, Baseball, Soccer, Prisoner's Base, Captain Ball.

206 Other Games--Tennis, Golf, Run Sheep Run, Hide and Seek, Pussy Wants a Corner, Three Deep, Blind Man's Buff, Drop the Handker-chief, Red Rover, Fox and Hounds, Quoits, Duck on the Rock.

(Games adapted for girls and having standard rules prepared for them, like basket-ball and baseball, are to be played according to such rules.)

207 Play singing or dancing games for not less than fifteen hours in any one month.

208 Swimming: Swim one hundred yards.

209 Swim one mile in any six days. (Not necessarily consecutive.)

210 Fetch up a cup from the bottom in eight feet of water.

211 Do any two standard dives in good form.

Standard Dives:

Standing--Front, Side, Back, Twist, Jack.

Running or from spring board the same, e.g., a standing from and a running front and a front from a run and use of spring board may all be presented.

212 Undress in deep water.

213 Swim any four standard styles.

Standard styles are breast, side, over-hand, single over-hand, crawl, back, scull on back, etc.

214 Canoe or Boat: Paddle or row twenty miles in any five days. (Not necessarily consecutive.)

215 Canoe: Tip over a canoe in deep water, right it, get in, and get enough water out by splashing with hands or paddle to be able to sit on the seat steadily and paddle to shore.

216 Sailing: Sail a boat without help or advice for fifty miles. (In any one season.)

217 Motor Boat: Operate and care for without help

or advice for one hundred miles. (In any one season.)

218 Skating--Ice or Roller: Skate twenty-five miles in any five days. (Not necessarily consecutive.)

219 Coasting: Coast, toboggan, or skee for not less than fifteen hours in any one month.

220 Skiing: Make six descents of at least fifteen feet in good form.

221 Make six jumps and land in good form.

222 Snowshoeing: Cover twenty-five miles in any five days. (Not necessarily consecutive.)

223 Horseback: Saddle, bridle, mount, and ride a horse in correct form, using three gaits.

224 Ride forty miles in any five days. (Not necessarily consecutive)

225 Take care of horse and supervise care of stable for at least one month.

226 Mountain Climbing: Make an ascent of two thousand feet and return to the starting level.

227 Bicycle: Bicycle forty miles in any five days. (Not necessarily

consecutive.)

228 Tramping: Walk forty miles in any ten days. (Not necessarily consecutive.)

Note: This means tramping in the country or walking to and from school or business.

229 Exercise: Take seven hours of outdoor exercise a week for three months.

230 Automobile: Operate and care for without help or advice, for five hundred miles. (In any one season.)

231 Folk Dancing: Know any five standard folk dances.

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CAMP CRAFT- BROWN HONORS

300 Tent Craft: Erect a tent, having selected location. (She may have the help of one girl.)

301 Take proper care of tent for one week.

302 Wood Craft: Make a shelter and bed of material found in the woods.

303 Build a tree house large enough for two girls to sleep in.

304 Sleep: Make a bed on the ground and sleep out of doors on it for any five nights.

305 Packing: Pack a horse and tie a squaw hitch.

306 Fire Lore: Build an open fire in wind and rain with material found out of doors, and build a proper bonfire. No fire is credited until it is properly left or put out.

307 Make two good devices for holding a pot over a fire and two for holding a frying pan over a fire.

308 Make fire without either fire or matches.

309 Cooking: Do all the camp cooking without help or advice for one day for four or more persons. This includes getting wood, and making an open fire. Suitable character, variety and amounts of foods are to be furnished. The menu must be written; quantities and price stated.

310 Make a bean hole at least 18" x 18", and cook one mess of beans for meeting of Camp Fire.

311 Weather Lore: Know the meaning of weather signals, and the meaning of clouds, wind and temperature.

312 Keep a scientific record for a month. This consists of temperature, wind direction and velocity, clouds, character and quantity, duration of rainfall, fogs or mist.

313 Read United States Weather Map for a month and report, for each day, comparative record of home point with some distant point.

314 Indian Craft: Track two miles.

315 Know twenty-five signs of the hand sign language.

316 Know six blazes.

317 Know three ways the Indians have of testing eye-sight.

318 Make bead-band at least eight inches long.

319 Make a totem.

320 Make an Indian bed.

321 Make an Indian tepee.

322 Make a willow Indian bed.

(For above honors in Indian Craft see "The Book of Woodcraft" by Ernest T. Seton.)

323 Knots: Tie ten standard knots.

(Following list is suggestive.)

Tie two ends together--square and square bow, single bend or bowline (easily untied), alpine, kite string. Tie a rope to a post or rail or about itself--half hitches (fasten boat or clothesline), clove hitch (fasten horse), midshipman's or rolling hitch (tent rope). Whip a rope to prevent

unraveling, with needle
and without needle.

Make knots at the end of a
rope--wall knot, crown,
back splice.

Make fancy or heraldic
knots--carrick bend, love
knot (for trimming
pillows, shirt waist or
dress). Make trick
knots--Tom fools' or
sailor handcuff, cabin
boy's knot. Weave ropes,
twine or yarns,
together-make a plait of
three or more strands;
make a sennit. Make
splices; eye, short and
long.

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NATURE LORE-BLUE HONORS

Trees: Identify and describe any fifteen trees in such a way as to assure future recognition:

500 In Summer.

501 In Winter.

502 Ten additional trees.

503 Plant properly five trees at least one foot high where they are needed.

504 Flowers: Identify and describe twenty wild flowers.

505 Identify and describe fifteen additional wild flowers. R

506 Ferns: Identify and describe ten ferns. R

507 Grasses: Identify and describe ten grasses. R

508 Mosses: Identify and describe ten mosses. R

509 Birds: Identify and describe twenty wild birds. R

510 Identify and describe fifteen additional wild birds. R

511 Erect a bird box and have it used. R

512 Tell the value of two birds to man from personal observations and notes. R

513 Keep notes from personal observation of the raising of a family of birds. R

514 Have a "lunch counter" used by at least four kinds of birds. R

515 Butterflies: Identify and describe ten butterflies. R

516 Moths: Identify and describe ten moths. R

517 Stars: Know the planets and seven constellations and their stories.

518 Tramp Lore: Make a satisfactory note book from your own observations while on tramps. This may be on stones, birds, trees, streams, erosion of the earth, or habits of animals. R

519 Garden: Do all the work in a successful garden. This may be for use or beauty, or both. R

520 Keep written records

of completion of different divisions of work and financial account of expenses. R

521 Write history of garden at end of season, not less than 1500 words. R

522 Identify ten common weeds; tell how to remove and eradicate them.

523 Identify ten harmful garden bugs and insects, and tell how to combat them.

524 Raise flowers or vegetables in accordance with modern principles, getting cash results, e. g., violets, strawberries, celery, mushrooms. R

525 Have a successful window garden properly balanced in color or a garden furnishing garnishing for the table. Practical results must be secured.

526 Raise a crop of sweet corn, popcorn, or potatoes. R

527 Make a record of processes, history of growth, cost, gain, or loss.

528 Raise at least two vegetables: Make note book record of growth and cost. R

529 Can, pickle, and preserve the product to an

amount of two quarts
canned, two quarts
pickled and two quarts
preserved. R

Carry on experimental
gardening as follows:

530 (a) Plant a plot with
seed treated with bacteria
solution and another plot
with seed not so treated.
Record results as to
amount of crop, size of
product, taste and
palatableness. R

531 (b) Plant a plot with
pedigreed seeds and
another plot with
unpedigreed seeds.
Record results. R

532 (c) Plant two plots.
Treat one by dry farming
methods, and the other by
usual methods. Record
results.

533 (d) Make tests of the
value of irrigation.

534 Distinguish eight
varieties of apples, and
tell the good and weak
points of each.

535 Be a member of a
Corn and Tomato
Canning Club, canning
two dozen quart jars of
products raised yourself.

(For information write the
Department of
Agriculture at
Washington, under whose
supervision these clubs
have been arranged. They

aim to make the girls financially independent.)

536 Bees: Do all the work of the successful hive of bees for a season and know the habits of honey bees.

537 Animals:
Demonstrate the nature and value of some one factor in heredity or environment in some strain of animals, e.g., chickens, dogs. (Effect of health, breeding, endurance, length of life, color, form or effects of altered food, exercise, out of doors.) R

538 Be a member of a Girls' Poultry Club and clear at least \$10 in one year. (See note under Garden: Canning Clubs.)

539 Hatch and raise to six weeks one dozen chickens from fifteen eggs set under a hen or in an incubator. R

540 Distinguish six varieties of hens, and tell the good and weak points of each variety.

541 Distinguish six varieties of cattle, and tell the good and weak points of each variety.

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BUSINESS--YELLOW HONORS

600 Fill a regular position for four months, earning ten dollars a week or less.

601 Fill a regular position for four months, earning more than ten dollars a week.

602 Not employed in regular position, for every dollar earned for the purchase of own Camp Fire outfit.

603 Earn three dollars and give it to some philanthropic, church, or community interest.

604 Earn at least five dollars in any line other than regular employment, e.g., chickens, bees, garden, getting subscribers to books, magazines or papers, making and selling Christmas presents, fancy work, jewelry, toys, dolls.

605 Save ten percent of your allowance for three

months.

606 Make an article entirely or in part in regular employment, showing skill, speed and taste.

607 Plan expenditure of family under heads of shelter, food, clothing, recreation, miscellaneous.

608 Live for one year on an allowance covering all personal expenses. Keep full account.

609 Keep a bank account and set aside a definite amount per month for a year.

610 Serve as Treasurer of your Camp Fire or for any other organization, really handling money for a year, keeping accounts.

611 Be "one time" for business morning and afternoon every working day for three months.

612 For not borrowing money or articles of wearing apparel for two months.

613 Attend a class or lecture at least four times each month for three months, the object being to make your services to your employer more valuable.

614 Keep a bank account, either for yourself or

some other person, for three months; draw checks, endorse checks, make deposits, and balance check book with bank book each month.

615 Write a paper of not less than 1500 words on Business Pension Systems for Women in this and other countries.

616 Write a paper of not less than 1500 words on Insurance Systems for Women in Industries in this and other countries.

617 Describe the work of three organizations interested in labor conditions of women--such as Women's Trades Union League, National Consumers' League, National Civic Federation, etc.

618 Write a paper of not less than 1500 words describing your State labor laws affecting women, girls and children, including age restrictions, hours of labor, wages, etc., making suggestions for amendments to improve working conditions in your own community.

619 Write a paper of not less than 1000 words describing your State laws affecting the property rights of women.

620 Write at a regular
Camp Fire meeting--

1. A business letter
ordering a list of books;
also make application for
the money order to be
enclosed.

2. A telegram of a
business nature, general
contents to be given by
the Guardian.

3. An application for a
position as clerk in a
department store.

621 Write 500 words on a
typewriter from a daily
paper in ten minutes.

622 Write from dictation
twenty letters in
shorthand and transcribe
notes at a rate not less
than 30 words a minute.

623 Go away on a
vacation of not less than
two weeks on money you
have earned.

624 Get three new
subscriptions to
"Wohelo."

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PATRIOTISM--RED, WHITE AND BLUE HONORS

700 Participate in organizing and carrying through a proper celebration of any national holiday. In each case the history of the day must be known. R

701 Organize and take part in a proper celebration of some historical event of local or national significance. R

702 Contribute some service to your community in connection with Street Cleaning.

703 Beautifying front yards.

704 Conservation of streams.

705 Conservation of birds.

706 Conservation of trees or forests.

707 Do voluntary work

for three months in connection with a playground, a settlement, or an organization, such as the Charity Organization Society, Society for Improving the Conditions of the Poor, Children's Aid Society, etc.

708 Tell the history of your own locality and what occurred on each historical spot.

709 Tell the history and meaning of the National flag and of the flag of the country from which your ancestors came.

710 Know the flag and rules of ten nations.

711 Indian Lore: Buy and own a genuinely Indian made article, basket, bead work, silver work, pottery, stone work, blanket; and know to what tribe its maker belongs, what materials were used in its construction, and how it was made (The best way to help an Indian girl or woman is to buy the things she makes. It means food and clothing to her and her family.)

712 Know the location, history, and present condition, both economic and religious, of the tribe where your Indian article was made.

713 Know the uses, meaning of the design or symbols used (if possible), or something of the ceremony in which it is used, if it is a ceremonial basket, of your Indian article.

714 Be able to sing 6 genuine Indian songs at Camp Fire gatherings.

715 Be able to tell Indian legends at Camp Fire gatherings.

716 Know the meaning of 10 Indian symbols or designs.

717 Be able to name the Indian tribes that originally inhabited your State, the tribes and number of members now living there, and their economic and religious condition.

718 Give brief accounts of the lives and activities of 5 great or well-known Indians, men or women.

719 Be able to distinguish from each other the baskets of 10 different tribes.

720 An honor in patriotism may be given to:

Each member that participates in giving a party or dance in which the girls and boys are about equal in number

and in which at least two of the following dances are learned and danced by all: Virginia Reel, Portland Fancy, Lady of the Lake, Howe's (or Hull's) Victory, Pop Goes the Weasel, Chorus Jig, Lancers, Boston Fancy, French Reel, German Hopping Dance, Varsouvienne, Furetur, Gottland's Quadrille. This honor may be repeated four times in any one year, provided new dances are used each time.

721 Prepare plans designed to improve the conditions under which girls work in your community.

722 Be familiar with your national history as it affects woman's welfare.

723 Pass a satisfactory examination upon "The New Relation of Woman to the World."

724 State the location and function of ten institutions, public and private, in your community for all kinds of relief and betterment.

725 State two public services done:

For the people of your locality by the federal government, by the State government, and by the

city or township government.

726 Write a paper of not less than 1500 words describing present immigration to this country, its advantages and disadvantages, and some of the problems created thereby.

727 State the laws in regard to fire protection of public places in your locality.

728 Describe Boards of Health and Labor Department requirements affecting ventilation and sanitation in stores and factories employing girls and women in your State.

729 Teach a class of not less than three, once a week, for eight months in connection with a church, tabernacle, settlement, Young Women's Christian Association, Young Women's Hebrew Association or other educational or social institutions.

730 Belong to such a class for eight months and miss not more than five meetings.

731 Attend a service ten Sabbaths in three months.

Give brief account of the life and service of:

732 Five religious leaders.

R

733 Five missionaries. R

734 Five educators. R

735 Five great women. R

736 Five statesmen. R

737 Five scientists. R

738 Three inventors.

739 Five musicians.

740 Five artists.

741 Identify three masterpieces of each of five well-known artists.

742 The same for five musicians.

743 Give the history of five great heroes of your own race. R

744 Commit to memory the preambles to the Constitution, Lincoln's Gettys-burg Address, and the first two paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence.

745 Commit to memory one hundred verses of the Bible or an equal amount of other sacred literature, as hymns, Thomas a Kempis, etc.

746 Swat at least twenty-five flies every day for one month.

747 Know the names, homes and occupations of grandparents and great-grandparents; this to

include the maiden names of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

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Well Known Adventure Stories For Children



Mother Goose

Such stories as these have been fascinating children and adults alike for centuries. There is something contained within them that opens up the imagination.

Be it the cleverness seen in such characters as Ali Baba, or the will to survive of a Robinson Crusoe, children have always been able to identify with the perseverance that allows these characters to overcome whatever difficulty they encounter.

Everyone loves a good adventure story.



Jack Giant Killer



Ali Baba



Blue Beard



Rip Van Winkle



Robinson Crusoe

Click on images or follow the links below:

**[Old Mother Goose and Her Son
Jack](#)**

**[Jack the Giant Killer \(Part 1\)
+ \(Part 2\)](#)**

**[Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves
\(Part 1\)
+ \(Part 2\)](#)**

**[The Story of Robinson Crusoe
\(Part 1\)
+ \(Part 2\)](#)**

[The Story of Blue Beard](#)

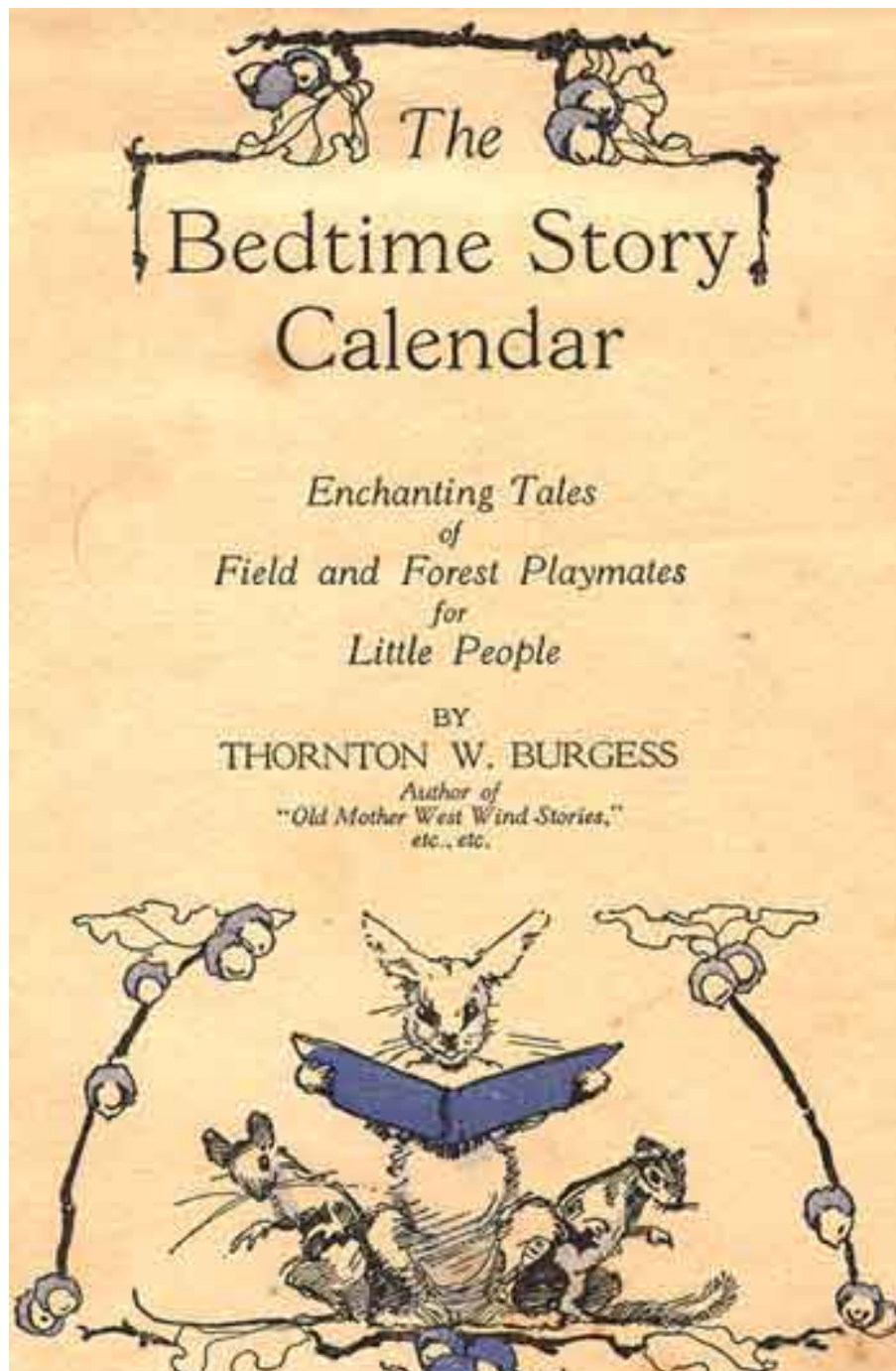
[Rip Van Winkle](#)

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Bedtime Stories For Children, By Thornton W. Burgess

Thornton W. Burgess who died in 1965 at the age of 91 wrote over 170 books and 15,000 stories throughout his life. His characters, such as: Peter Rabbit, Joe Otter, Hooty the Owl, Jerry Muskrat, and Bobby Raccoon are famous worldwide.



These stories were originally intended as part of a calendar, with a few different ones designated for each month. Although they are over 80 years old, they still hold up beautifully, especially when read as one, long, continuing story.

[Peter Rabbit's New Year](#) [The Sky Parlor Of Whitefoot The Wood Mouse](#)

[Peter Rabbit And Jumper The Hare Have An Adventure](#) [Shadow The Weasel Goes Hunting](#)

[Peter Rabbit Learns To Sit Tight](#) [Reddy Fox Gets A Bath](#)

[Peter Rabbit Visits the Smiling Pool](#) [Grandfather Frog Has A Grouch](#)

[Jerry Muskrat Has A](#) [The Neatness Of Bobby Coon](#)

[Jerry Muskrat Has A](#) [Grandfather Frog Gains Wisdom](#)

[Grandfather](#)



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| <u>Scare</u> | <u>Frog Fools</u> |
| <u>Peter</u> | <u>Farmer</u> |
| <u>Rabbit's</u> | <u>Brown's Boy</u> |
| <u>Valentines</u> | <u>Billy Mink</u> |
| <u>Little Joe</u> | <u>Loses A Race</u> |
| <u>Otter Has</u> | <u>Billy Mink</u> |
| <u>A Good</u> | <u>Becomes A</u> |
| <u>Time</u> | <u>Boaster</u> |
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| <u>The Hound</u> | <u>Feels</u> |
| <u>Gets A</u> | <u>Uncomfortable</u> |
| <u>Cold Bath</u> | <u>Grandfather</u> |
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| <u>Messenger</u> | <u>Out Invitations</u> |
| <u>Peter</u> | <u>What</u> |
| <u>Rabbit</u> | <u>Happened At</u> |
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| <u>The News</u> | <u>Pool</u> |
| <u>Getting</u> | <u>Peter Rabbit's</u> |
| <u>Ready For</u> | <u>Foolish Wish</u> |
| <u>Summer</u> | <u>Fun At The</u> |
| <u>Hooty The</u> | <u>Smiling Pool</u> |
| <u>Owl's</u> | <u>Shadow The</u> |
| <u>Castle</u> | <u>Weasel Makes</u> |
| <u>Peter</u> | <u>A Mistake</u> |
| <u>Rabbit's</u> | <u>Jerry</u> |
| <u>Curiosity</u> | <u>Muskrat's</u> |
| <u>Peter</u> | <u>Secret Door</u> |
| <u>Rabbit</u> | <u>Jerry Muskrat</u> |
| <u>Learns</u> | <u>Has Another</u> |
| <u>What</u> | <u>Secret</u> |
| <u>Easter</u> | <u>Peter Rabbit</u> |
| <u>Means</u> | <u>Finds</u> |
| <u>Johnny</u> | <u>Everybody</u> |
| <u>Chuck</u> | <u>Busy</u> |
| <u>Gets A</u> | <u>Jumper The</u> |
| <u>Message</u> | <u>Hare Gets A</u> |
| <u>Johnny</u> | <u>New Coat</u> |
| <u>Chuck</u> | <u>Old</u> |
| <u>Decides To</u> | <u>Roughleg's</u> |
| <u>Build</u> | |

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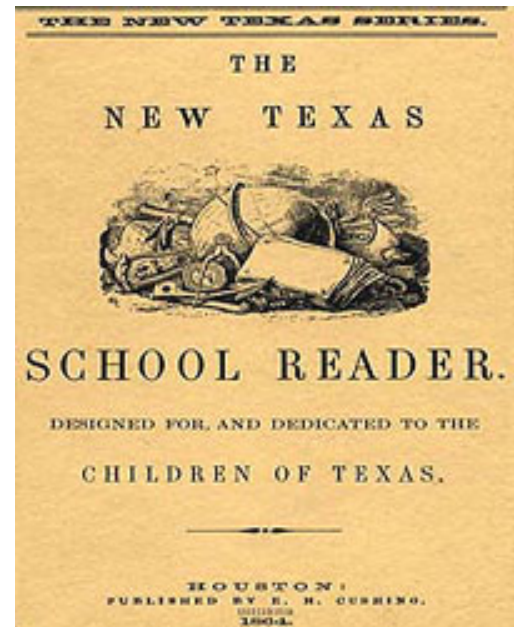
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The New Texas School Reader

During the War Between the States, or its better known appellation, the United States Civil War, school textbooks in Texas were scarce. Previously books were used that were produced in the North and in Europe; but with secession the Northern books fell out of favor. A blockade made the European books unobtainable.

To alleviate the problem, the Reverend J. R. Hutchinson of the Houston Academy, with help from "many other gentleman and ladies of our State," produced a new series of Texas school textbooks called the New Texas Series. These books were published by E. H. Cushing Company of Houston, the same company that published the *Houston Telegraph*. Included in this series: *The New Texas Primer*, *Hymns for Youth in Texas*, *The New Texas Grammar*, and *The New Texas School Reader*.

The *New Texas School Reader* is intended for mid elementary level children. It's stories, which reflect the time, are mostly about Texas history, and the South. They are very interesting from a modern perspective.



The text of this site is an exact copy of *The New Texas Reader*. It is broken down into lessons. The following is the original preface that appeared in the book.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

In preparing the "Texas Reader," we have aimed at simplicity, both in style and language. Among the large number of original articles here presented, we have bestowed special care on those which relate to our own State. These have been gathered from the most reliable sources, and were written with the view of inspiring our youth with a love of Texas, and an admiration of Texan heroes. The struggles of those who settled the country and fought its battles should be familiarly known to our children. We, therefore, feel assured that our effort to present important historical incidents in an accessible form, and in a style adapted to the comprehension of the young, will be fully appreciated.

The "Texas Reader" is a home production. It is a Southern work, and is called for, not merely from feelings of State pride, but is also demanded by the wants of the country. The present inadequate supply of school books is becoming a subject of universal complaint. The cause of this complaint we are endeavoring to remove.

In preparing the Reader, we have, as a matter of course, made use of other books of the same kind. The selected articles are worthy of the place they occupy. Our book would be incomplete without them; and they will be recognized, by many a

school-boy, as old and familiar friends, without whose presence our new Reader might not meet with so cordial a welcome.

The favor with which the previous numbers of our Series have been received has greatly encouraged us in presenting this third volume to the youth of Texas. We are convinced that a book of the kind has become a necessity, and others will follow in due time. Let all encourage domestic manufactures. Let us become independent in the means of education, as in everything else. The South has made heroes; let us also make books.

It was our intention to have extended this book to two hundred and fifty pages, and the matter has been prepared for a book of that size. The present scarcity of printing paper having forced us to curtail the book to its present dimensions, at some future day, should a second edition be called for, we hope to be able, not only to publish this book as originally designed, but to add a Fourth to the Series. For both of these we solicit original articles, in conformity to the general design of this work, which will be carefully preserved until we are able to print them.

In the preparation of this book, we are largely indebted to Rev. J. R. Hutchison, D. D., of the Houston Academy, and many other gentlemen and ladies of our State, to all of whom we tender our heartfelt thanks.

E. H. CUSHING,
 Publisher
 HOUSTON, January 15, 1864.

Lessons in the New Texas School Reader

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- [# 2: Animal Substances](#)
- [# 3: What is Made of Sap](#)
- [# 4: The Little Flower Girl](#)
- [# 5: The Insolent Boy](#)
- [# 6: The Frontier Boy](#)
- [# 7: Six-Shooters and Bowie-Knives](#)
- [# 8: Honesty and Faith](#)
- [# 9: Go Regularly to School](#)
- [# 10: Two Honest Men](#)
- [# 11: A Precious Gift](#)
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Classic Nursery Rhymes



These classic nursery rhymes are taken from a book called *The Baby's Opera*, written at the turn of the century.

Included with each Rhyme is its musical accompaniment.

[Girls & Boys](#)

[The Mulberry Bush](#)

[Oranges and Lemons](#)

[St. Paul's Steeple](#)

[My Lady's Garden](#)

[Natural History](#)

[Lavender's Blue](#)

[I Saw Three Ships](#)

[Ding Dong Bell](#)

[Puss At Court](#)

[Three Blind Mice](#)

[Dickory Dock](#)

[Ye Frog Wooing](#)

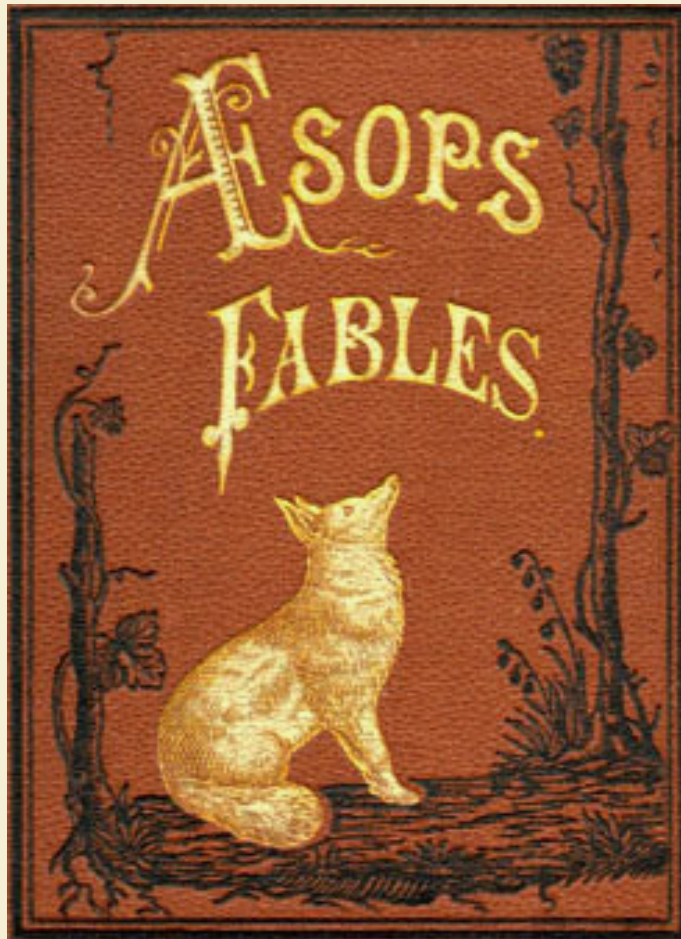
[Ye Frog & Ye Crow](#)

<u>Mrs. Bond</u>	<u>Xmas Day in Ye Morning</u>
<u>Little Jack Horner</u>	<u>King Arthur</u>
<u>Jolly Miller</u>	<u>Ye Song of Sixpence</u>
<u>Little Bo-Peep</u>	<u>Baa! Baa! Black Sheep</u>
<u>Tom, the Piper's Son</u>	<u>There was a Lady Loved a Swine</u>
<u>Over the Hills & Far Away</u>	<u>Dr. Faustus</u>
<u>Cock Robin & Jenny Wren</u>	<u>Three Children</u>
<u>I Had a Little Nut Tree</u>	<u>The Ploughboy in Luck</u>
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Aesops Fables



Aesops Fables: THE Tale, the Parable, and the

Fable are all common and popular modes of conveying instruction. Each is distinguished by its own special characteristics. The Tale consists simply in the narration of a story either founded on facts, or created solely by the imagination, and not necessarily associated with the teaching of any moral lesson. The Parable is the designed use of language purposely intended to convey a hidden and secret meaning other than that contained in the words themselves; and which may or may not bear a special reference to the hearer, or reader. The Fable partly agrees with, and partly differs from both of these. It will contain, like the Tale, a short but real narrative; it will seek, like the Parable, to convey a hidden meaning, and that not so much by the use of language, as by the skillful introduction of fictitious characters; and yet, unlike to either Tale or Parable, it will ever keep in

view, as its high prerogative, and inseparable attribute, the great purpose of instruction, and will necessarily seek to inculcate some moral maxim, social duty, or political truth. The true Fable, if it rise to its high requirements, ever aims at one great end and purpose--the representation of human motive, and the improvement of human conduct, and yet it so conceals its design under the disguise of fictitious characters, by clothing with speech the animals of the field, the birds of the air, the trees of the wood, or the beasts of the forest, that the reader shall receive advice without perceiving the presence of the adviser. Thus the superiority of the counselor, which often renders counsel unpalatable, is kept out of view, and the lesson comes with the greater acceptance when the reader is led, unconsciously to himself, to have his sympathies enlisted in behalf of what is pure, honorable, and praiseworthy, and to have his indignation excited against what is low, ignoble, and unworthy. The true fabulist, therefore, discharges a most important function. He is neither a narrator, nor an allegorist. He is a great teacher, a corrector of morals, a censor of vice, and a commender of virtue. In this consists the superiority of the Fable over the Tale or the Parable.

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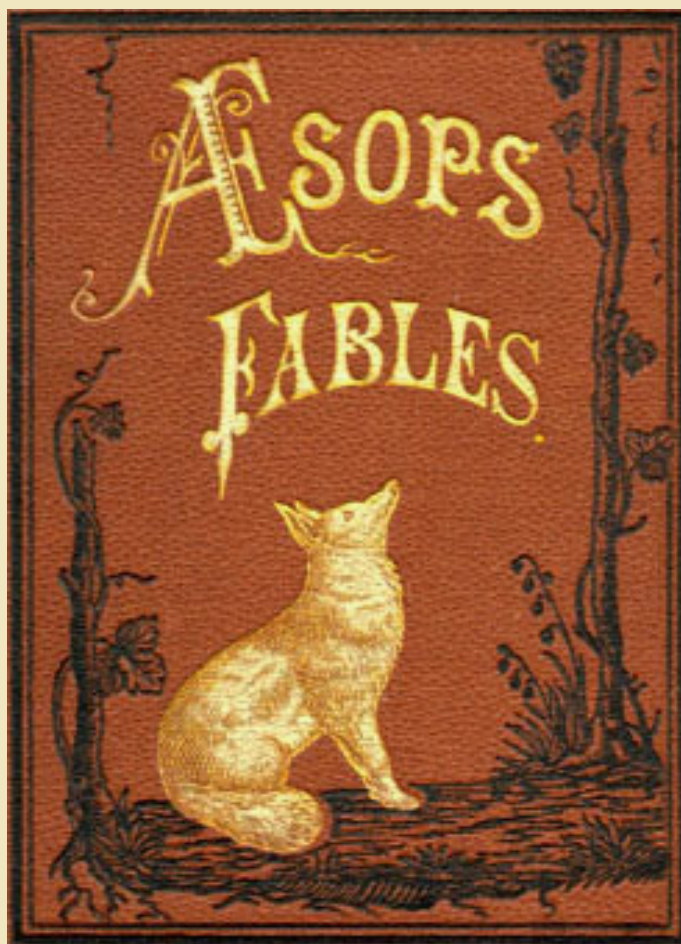
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Life Of Aesop

THE life and history of AEsop is involved, like that of Homer, the famous of Greek poets, in much obscurity, Sardis, in capital of Lydia; Samos, a Greek island; Mesembria, an ancient colony in Thrace; and Cotiaem, the chief city of a province of Phrygia, contend for the distinction of being the birthplace of AEsop. Although the honor thus claimed cannot be definitely assigned to any one of these places, yet there are a few incidents now generally accepted by scholars as established facts, relating to the birth, life, and death of AEsop. He is, by almost universal consent, allowed to have been born about the year 620 B. C., and to have been by birth a slave. He was owned by two masters in succession, both habitants of Samos, Xanthus, and Jadmon, the latter of gave him his liberty as a reward for his learning and wit, One of the privileges of a freedman in the ancient republics of Greece, was the permission to take an active interest in public affairs; and AEsop, like the philosophers Phaedo Menippus, and Epictetus, in later times, raised himself from the indignity of a servile condition to a position of the renown. In his desire alike to instruct and to be instructed he traveled through many countries, and, among others came to Sardis, the capital of the famous king

of Lydia the great patron, in that day, of learning and of men. He met at the court of Croesus with Solon, Thales, and other sages, and it is related so to have pleased his royal master, by the part he took in the conversations held with these philosophers, that he applied to him an expression which has since passed into a proverb: "The Phrygian has spoken better than all."

On the invitation of Croesus, he fixed his residence at Sardis, and was employed by that monarch in various difficult and delicate affairs of State. In his discharge of these commissions, he visited the different petty republics of Greece. At one time, he is found in Corinth, and at another in Athens, endeavoring, by the narration of some of his wise fables, to reconcile the inhabitants of those cities to the administration of their respective rulers-- Periander and Pisistratus. One of these ambassadorial missions, undertaken at the command of Croesus, was the occasion of this death. Having been sent to Delphi with a large sum of gold for distribution among the citizens, he was so provoked at their covetousness that he refused to divide the money, and sent it back to his master. The Delphians, enraged at this treatment, accused him of impiety, and, in spite of his sacred character as ambassador, executed him as a public criminal.

These few facts are all that can be relied on with any degree of certainty, in reference to the birth, life, and death of Aesop. They were first brought to light, after a patient search and diligent perusal of ancient authors, by a Frenchman, M. Claud Gaspard Bachet de Mezeriac.

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The Lion And The Mouse

A LION was awakened from sleep by a Mouse running over his face. Rising up in anger, he caught him and was about to kill him, when the Mouse piteously entreated, saying: "If you would only spare my life, I would be sure to repay your kindness." The Lion laughed and let him go. It happened shortly after this that the Lion was caught by some hunters, who bound him by strong ropes to the ground. The Mouse, recognizing his roar, came up, and gnawed the rope with his teeth, and setting him free, exclaimed: "You ridiculed the idea of my ever being able to help you, not expecting to receive from me any repayment of your favor; but now you know that it is possible for even a Mouse to confer benefits on a Lion."

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The Wolf And The Lamb

A WOLF meeting with a Lamb astray from the fold, resolved not to lay violent hands on him, but to find some plea, which should justify to the Lamb himself his right to eat him. He thus addressed him: "Sirrah, last year you grossly insulted me." "Indeed," bleated the Lamb in a mournful tone of voice, "I was not then born." Then said the Wolf, "You feed in my pasture." "No, good sir," replied the Lamb, "I have not yet tasted grass." Again said the Wolf, "You drink of my well." "No," exclaimed the Lamb, "I never yet drank water, for as yet my mother's milk is both food and drink to me." On which the Wolf seized him, and ate him up, saying, "Well! I won't remain supperless, even though you refute every one of my imputations."

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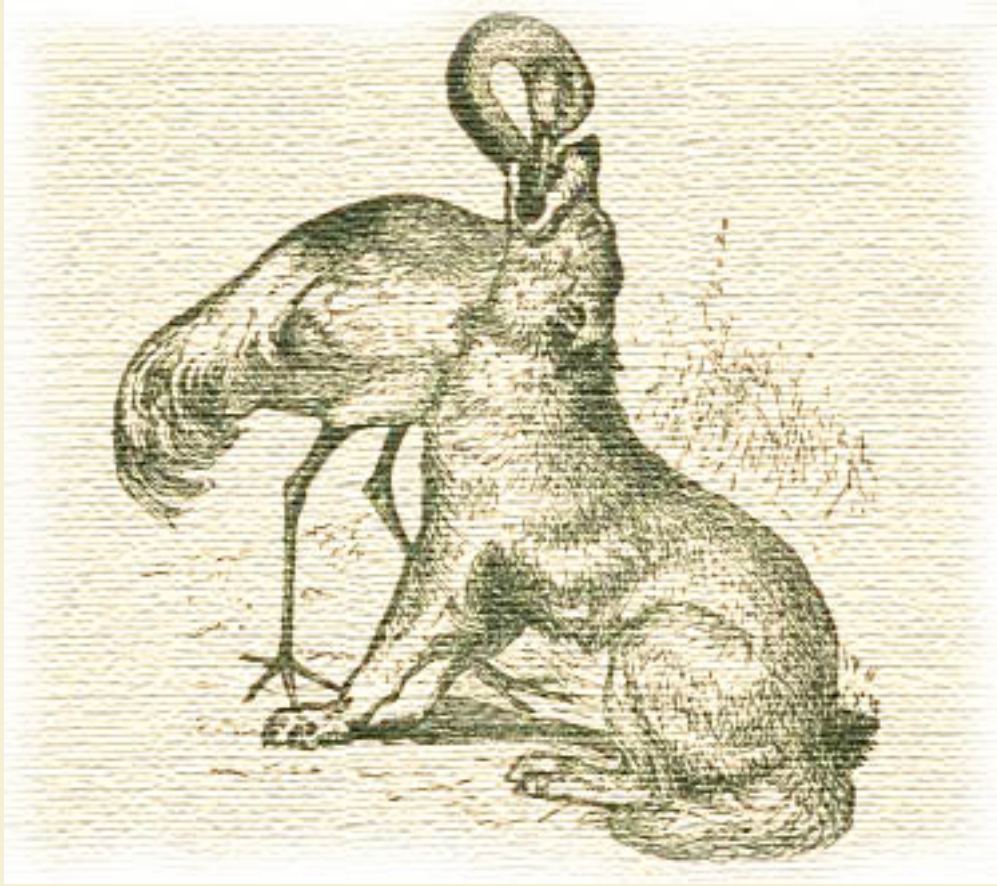
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The Wolf And The Crane

A WOLF, having a bone stuck in his throat, hired a Crane, for a large sum, to put her head into his throat and draw out the bone. When the Crane had extracted the bone, and demanded the promised payment, the Wolf, grinning and grinding his teeth, exclaimed: "Why, you have surely already a sufficient recompense, in having been permitted to draw out your head in safety from the mouth and jaws of a wolf."

In serving the wicked, expect no reward, and be thankful if you escape injury for your pains.

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The Cock And The Jewel

A COCK, scratching for food for himself and his hens, found a precious stone; on which he said: "If your owner had found thee, and not I, he would have taken thee up, and have set thee in thy first estate; but I have found thee for no purpose. I would rather have one barleycorn than all the jewels in the world."

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The Hare And The Tortoise

A HARE one day ridiculed the short feet and slow pace of the Tortoise. The latter, laughing, said: "Though you be swift as the wind, I will beat you in a race." The Hare, deeming her assertion to be simply impossible, assented to the proposal; and they agreed that the Fox should choose the course, and fix the goal. On the day appointed for the race they started together. The Tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course. The Hare, trusting to his native swiftness, cared little about the race, and lying down by the wayside, fell fast asleep. At last waking up, and moving as fast as he could, he saw the Tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

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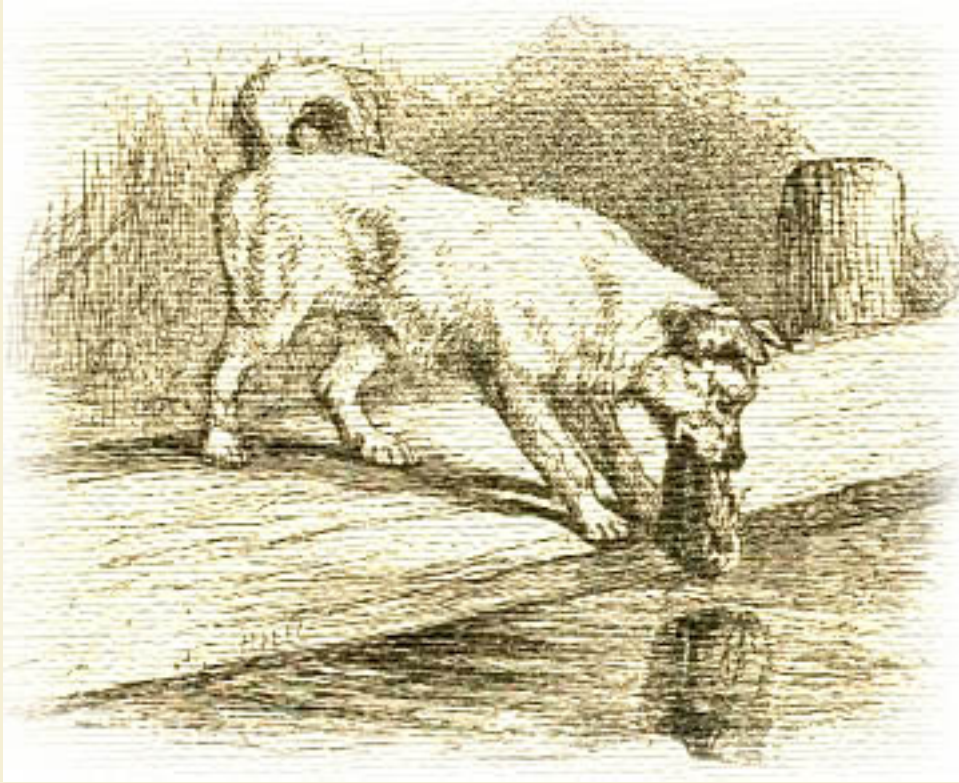
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The Dog And The Shadow

A DOG, crossing a bridge over a stream with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow in the water, and took it for that of another Dog, with a piece of meat double his own in size. He therefore let go his own, and fiercely attacked the other Dog, to get his larger piece from him. He thus lost both: that which he grasped at in the water, because it was a shadow; and his own, because the stream swept it away.

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The Herdsman And The Lost Bull

A HERDSMAN tending kine in a forest, lost a Bull-calf from the fold. After a long and fruitless search, he made a vow that, if he could only discover the thief who had stolen the Calf, he would offer a lamb in sacrifice to Hermes, Pan, and the Guardian Deities of the forest. Not long afterwards, as he ascended a small hillock, he saw at its foot a Lion feeding on the Calf. Terrified at the sight, he lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven, and said: "Just now I vowed to offer a lamb to the Guardian Deities of the forest if I could only find out who had robbed me; but now that I have discovered the thief, I would willingly add a full grown Bull to the Calf I have lost, if I may only secure my own escape from him in safety."

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The Fawn And His Mother

A YOUNG Fawn once said to his mother, "You are larger than a dog, and swifter, and more used to running, and you have, too, your horns as a defence. Why, then, O mother! are you always in such a terrible fright of the hounds?". She smiled, and said: I know full well, my son, that all you say is true. I have the advantages you mention, but yet when I hear only the bark of a single dog I feel ready to faint, and fly away as fast as I can."

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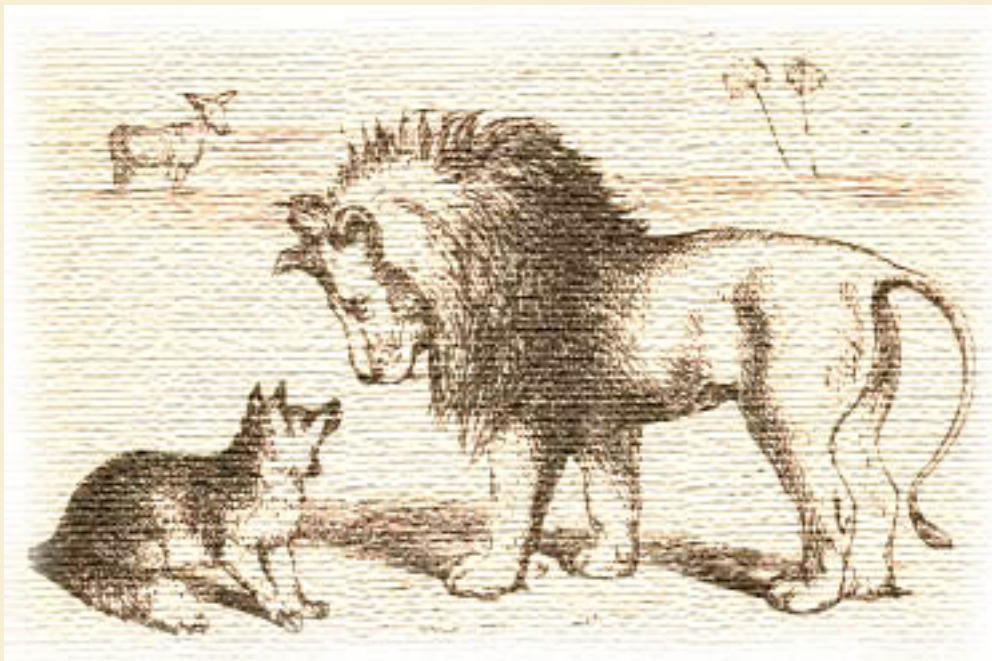
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The Ass, The Fox, And The Lion

THE Ass and the Fox having entered into partnership together for their mutual protection, went out into the forest to hunt. They had not proceeded far, when they met a Lion. The Fox, seeing the imminency of the danger, approached the Lion, and promised to contrive for him the capture of the Ass, if he would pledge his word that his own life should not be endangered. On his assuring him that he would not injure him, the Fox led the Ass to a deep pit, and contrived that he should fall into it. The Lion seeing that the Ass was secured, immediately clutched the Fox, and then attacked the Ass at his leisure.

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The Tortoise And The Eagle

A TORTOISE, lazily basking in the sun, complained to the sea-birds of her hard fate, that no one would teach her to fly. An Eagle hovering near, heard her lamentation, and demanded what reward she would give him, if he would take her aloft, and float her in the air. "I will give you," she said, "all the riches of the Red Sea." "I will teach you to fly, then," said the Eagle; and taking her up in his talons, he carried her almost to the clouds,--when suddenly letting her go, she fell on a lofty mountain, and dashed her shell to pieces. The Tortoise exclaimed in the moment of death: "I have deserved my present fate: for what had I to do with wings and clouds, who can with difficulty move about on the earth?"

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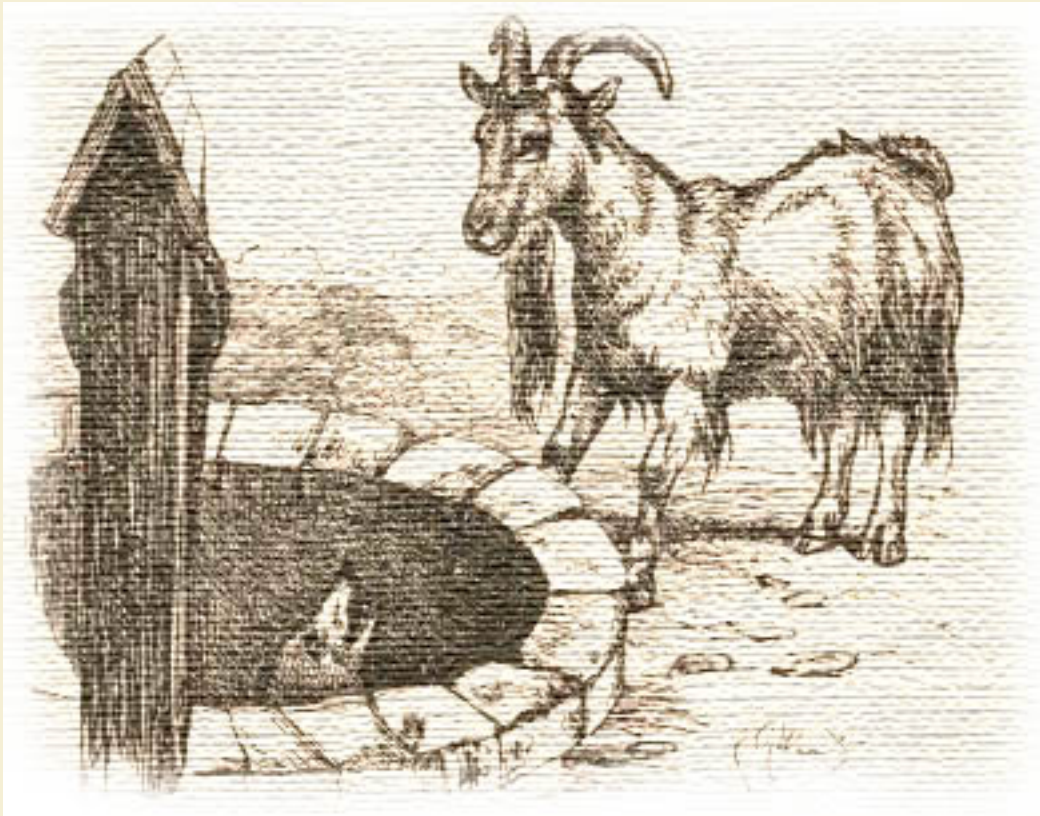
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The Fox And The Goat

A FOX having fallen into a deep well, was detained a prisoner there, as he could find no means of escape. A Goat, overcome with thirst, came to the same well, and, seeing the Fox, inquired if the water was good. The Fox, concealing his sad plight under a merry guise, indulged in a lavish praise of the water, saying it was beyond measure excellent, and encouraged him to descend. The Goat, mindful only of his thirst, thoughtlessly jumped down, when just as he quenched his thirst, the Fox informed him of the difficulty they were both in, and suggested a scheme for their common escape. "If," said he, "you will place your fore-feet upon the wall, and bend your head, I will run up your back and escape, and will help you out afterwards." On the Goat readily assenting to this second proposal, the Fox leapt upon his back, and steadying himself with the Goat's horns, reached in safety the mouth of the well, when he immediately made off as fast as he could. The Goat upbraided him with the breach of his bargain, when he turned round and cried out: "You foolish old fellow! If you had as many brains in your head as you have hairs in your beard, you would never have gone down before you had inspected the way up, nor have exposed yourself to dangers from which you had no means of escape."

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The Bear And The Two Travelers

TWO men were traveling together, when a Bear suddenly met them on their path. One of them climbed up quickly into a tree, and concealed himself in the branches. The other, seeing that he must be attacked, fell flat on the ground, and when the Bear came up and felt him with his snout, and smelt him all over, he held his breath, and feigned the appearance of death as much as he could. The Bear soon left him, for it is said he will not touch a dead body. When he was quite gone, the other traveler descended from the tree, and accosting his friend, jocularly inquired "what it was the Bear had whispered in his ear?" he replied, "He gave me this advice: Never travel with a friend who deserts you at the approach of danger."

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The Dog In The Manger

A DOG lay in a manger, and by his growling and snapping prevented the oxen from eating the hay which had been placed for them. "What a selfish Dog!" said one of them to his companions; "he cannot eat the hay himself, and yet refuses to allow those to eat who can."

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The Frogs Asking For A King

THE Frogs, grieved at having no established Ruler, sent ambassadors to Jupiter entreating for a King. He, perceiving their simplicity, cast down a huge log into the lake. The Frogs, terrified at the splash occasioned by its fall, hid themselves in the depths of the pool. But no sooner did they see that the huge log continued motionless, than they swam again to the top of the water, dismissed their fears, and came so to despise it as to climb up, and to squat upon it. After some time, they began to think themselves ill-treated in the appointment of so inert a Ruler, and sent a second deputation to Jupiter to pray that he would set over them another sovereign. He then gave them an Eel to govern them. When the Frogs discovered his easy good nature, they yet a third time sent to Jupiter to beg that he would once more choose for them another King. Jupiter, displeased at their complaints sent a Heron, who preyed upon the Frogs day by day till there were none left to croak upon the Lake.

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The Laborer And The Snake

A SNAKE, having made his hole close to the porch of a cottage, inflicted a severe bite on the Cottager's infant son, of which he died, to the great grief of his parents. The father resolved to kill the Snake, and the next day, on its coming out of its hole for food, took up his axe; but, making too much haste to hit him as he wriggled away, missed his head, and cut off only the end of his tail. After some time the Cottager, afraid lest the Snake should bite him also, endeavored to make peace, and placed some bread and salt in his hole. The Snake, slightly hissing, said: "There can henceforth be no peace between us; for whenever I see you I shall remember the loss of my tail, and whenever you see me you will be thinking of the death of your son."

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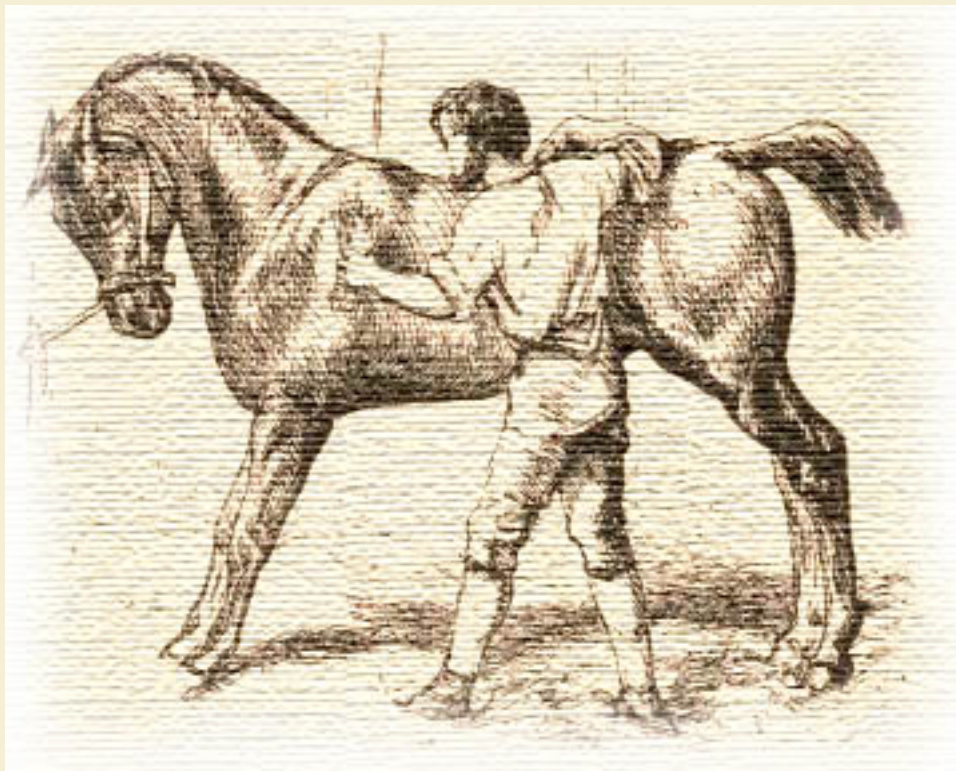
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The Horse And Groom

A GROOM used to spend whole days in curry-combing and rubbing down his Horse, but at the same time stole his oats, and sold them for his own profit. "Alas!" said the Horse, "if you really wish me to be in good condition, you should groom me less, and feed me more."

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The Mischievous Dog

A DOG used to run up quietly to the heels of every-one he met, and to bite them without notice. His master suspended a bell about his neck, that he might give notice of his presence wherever he went. The Dog grew proud of his bell, and went tinkling it all over the market-place. An old hound said to him: "Why do you make such an exhibition of yourself? That bell that you carry is not, believe me, any order of merit, but, on the contrary, a mark of disgrace, a public notice to all men to avoid you as an ill-mannered dog."

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The Vain Jackdaw

JUPITER determined, it is said, to create a sovereign over the birds; and made proclamation that, on a certain day, they should all present themselves before him, when he would himself choose the most beautiful among them to be king. The Jackdaw, knowing his own ugliness, searched through the woods and fields, and collected the feathers which had fallen from the wings of his companions, and stuck them in all parts of his body, hoping thereby to make himself the most beautiful of all. When the appointed day arrived, and the birds had assembled before Jupiter, the Jackdaw also made his appearance in his many-feathered finery. On Jupiter proposing to make him king, on account of the beauty of his plumage, the birds indignantly protested, and each plucking from him his own feathers, the Jackdaw was again nothing but a Jackdaw.

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The Kid And The Wolf

A KID, standing on the roof of a house, out of harm's way, saw a Wolf passing by: and immediately began to taunt and revile him. The Wolf, looking up, said: "Sirrah! I hear thee: yet it is not thou who mockest me, but the roof on which thou art standing."

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The Ox And The Frog

AN OX, drinking at a pool, trod on a brood of young frogs, and crushed one of them to death. The mother coming up, and missing one of her sons, inquired of his brothers what had become of him. "He is dead, dear mother; for just now a very huge beast with four great feet came to the pool, and crushed him to death with his cloven heel." The Frog, puffing herself out, inquired, "if the beast was as big as that in size." "Cease, mother, to puff yourself out," said her son, "and do not be angry; for you would, I assure you, sooner burst than successfully imitate the hugeness of that monster."

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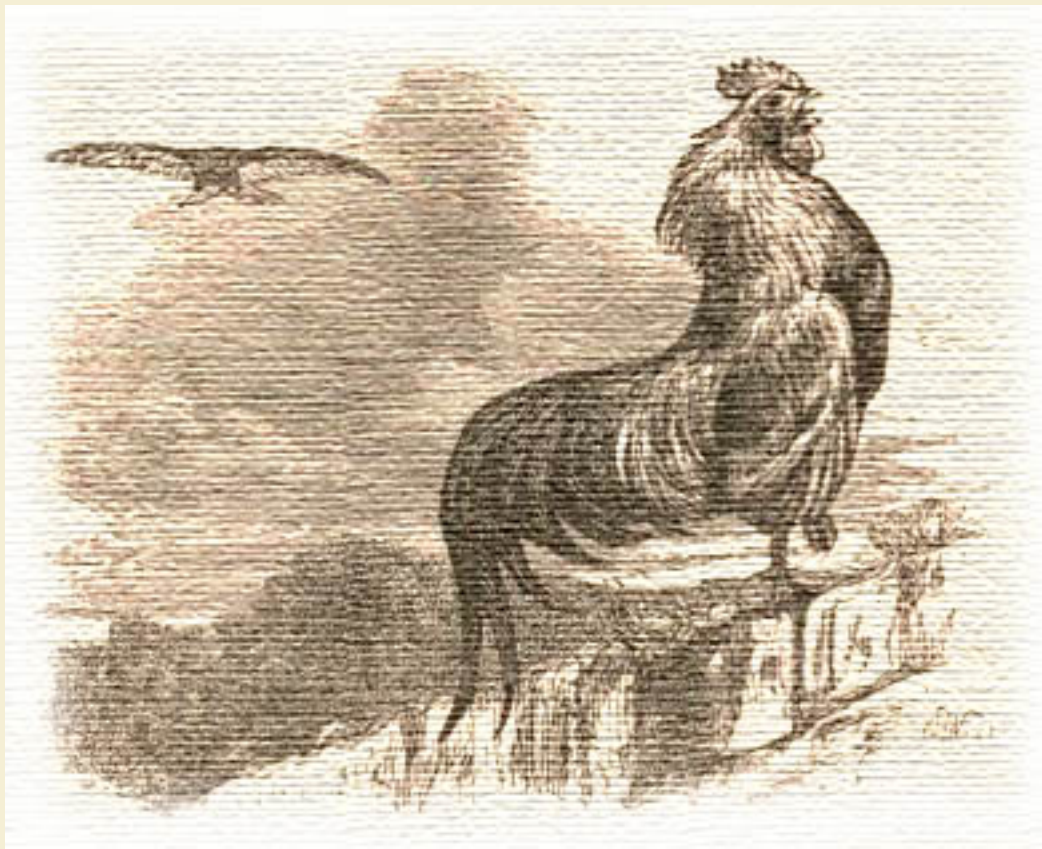
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The Fighting Cocks And The Eagle

Two Game Cocks were fiercely fighting for the mastery of the farm-yard. One at last put the other to flight. The vanquished Cock skulked away and hid himself in a quiet corner. The conqueror, flying up to a high wall, flapped his wings and crowed exultingly with all his might. An Eagle sailing through the air pounced upon him, and carried him off in his talons. The vanquished Cock immediately came out of his corner, and ruled henceforth with undisputed mastery.

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The Horse And His Rider

A HORSE Soldier took the utmost pains with his charger. As long as the war lasted, he looked upon him as his fellow-helper in all emergencies, and fed him carefully with hay and corn. When the war was over, he only allowed him chaff to eat, and made him carry heavy loads of wood, and subjected him to much slavish drudgery and ill-treatment. War, however, being again proclaimed, and the trumpet summoning him to his standard, the Soldier put on his charger its military trappings, and mounted, being clad in his heavy coat of mail. The Horse fell down straightway under the weight, no longer equal to the burden, and said to his master, "You must now e'en go to the war on foot, for you have transformed me from a Horse into an Ass; and how can you expect that I can again turn in a moment from an Ass to a Horse?"

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The Vine And The Goat

A VINE was luxuriant in the time of vintage with leaves and grapes. A Goat, passing by, nibbled its young tendrils and its leaves. The Vine addressed him, and said: "Why do you thus injure me without a cause, and crop my leaves? Is there no young grass left? But I shall not have to wait long for my just revenge; for if you now should crop my leaves, and cut me down to my root, I shall provide the wine to pour over you when you are led as a victim to the sacrifice."

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Girls & Boys

Illustration at the top shows five children (three boys and two girls) holding hands and dancing in a circle against a starry night sky. The title 'GIRLS AND BOYS' is written in large, stylized letters across the scene.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Girls and boys come out to play, The
 1. Leave your sup - per, and leave your sleep;

moon doth shine as bright as day; }
 Come to your playfellows in the street; } 2. Come with a whoop, and
 Up the lad - der and

come with a call, Come with a good will or not at all.
 down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.

Illustration on the right side shows a girl climbing a ladder and a boy climbing a rope, continuing the theme of play.

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The Mulberry Bush

THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go round the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush, the mulberry bush ;

Here we go round the mulberry bush, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.

This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,

This is the way we clap our hands, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.

The musical score is presented on a page with a decorative border of yellow leaves and black berries. At the top center, a circular logo contains the text 'THE MULBERRY BUSH'. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: 'Here we go round the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush, the mulberry bush ;', 'Here we go round the mulberry bush, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.', 'This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,', and 'This is the way we clap our hands, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.'. At the bottom of the page, there are illustrations of a bowl, a jug, and a comb.



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Oranges & Lemons

ORANGES & LEMONS

Oran-ges and le-mons, says the bells of St. Clemen 's; You owe me five farthings, says the
D.C. When will that be? says the bells of Seep - sey; I do not know, says the

bells of St. Mar-tin's; When will you pay me, says the bells of Old Bai - ley;
 great bell of Bow.

D.C.
 When I grow rich, says the bells of Shore - ditch; Here comes a can-dle to

light you to bed, And here comes a chop-per to chop off your head.

The illustration at the bottom shows a line of seven people in traditional attire, holding hands and walking in a circle. They are surrounded by potted plants with oranges and lemons.

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St. Paul's Steeple

The image shows a musical score for the song "St. Paul's Steeple". The title is written in a decorative banner at the top, flanked by two winged cherubs. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

Up - on Paul's stee - ple stands a tree As full of ap - ples as may be, The
 lit - tle boys of Lon - don town They run with hooks to pull them down; And
 then they run from hedge to hedge Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.

Below the music is an illustration of six boys in blue uniforms and hats, running towards the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. They are holding long, curved hooks, ready to pull down the steeple. The scene is framed by a decorative border of green leaves and yellow fruit.

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My Lady's Garden

The image displays a musical score for the song "My Lady's Garden". The score is presented on three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "How does my la - - dy's gar - den grow? How does my la - - dy's gar - den grow? With sil - - ver bells, an coc - kle shells, And pret - ty maids all in a row!.....". The score is framed by decorative borders. The top border features the title "MY LADY'S GARDEN" in a stylized font, with each word placed above a flower with a human-like face. The bottom border is a similar floral pattern. The left and right sides of the score are decorated with vertical borders of flowers and shells.

MY LADY'S GARDEN

How does my la - - dy's gar - den grow? How does my
la - - dy's gar - den grow? With sil - - ver bells, an
coc - kle shells, And pret - ty maids all in a row!.....



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Natural History

· NATURAL · HISTORY ·

1. What are lit - tle boys made of?
2. What are lit - tle girls made of?

What are lit - tle boys made of? Frogs and snails and
What are lit - tle girls made of? Su - gar and spice and

pup - py-dog's tails, And that are lit - tle boys made of.
all that's nice, And that are lit - tle girls made of.

3. What are young men made of?
What are young men made of?
Sighs and leers, and crocodile tears,
And that are young men made of.

4. What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
And that are young women made of.

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Lavender's Blue

· LAVENDER'S · BLUE ·

La - ven - der's blue, did-dle, did-dle! La - ven - der's green;

When I am king, did-dle, diddle! You shall be queen.

2. Call up your men, diddle, diddle!
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle!
Some to the cart.

3. Some to make hay, diddle, diddle!
Some to cut corn;
While you and I, diddle, diddle!
Keep ourselves warm.

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I Saw Three Ships

- I - SAW - THREE - SHIPS -

1. I saw three ships come sail - ing by,
2. And what do you think was in them then,

Sail - ing by, sail - ing by, I saw three ships come
In them then, in them then, And what do you think was

sail - ing by, On New-year's Day in the morn - - ing.
in them then, On New-year's Day in the morn - - ing?

3. Three pretty girls were in them then, 4. And one could whistle, and one could sing,
In them then, in them then, The other play on the violin ;
Three pretty girls were in them then, Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New-year's Day in the morning. On New-year's Day in the morning.



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Ding Dong Bell

'DING · DONG · BELL

Ding dong bell! Pus-sy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit-tle Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out? Lit-tle Tommy Stout. What a naughty boy was that To

drown poor pussy-cat, Who ne'er did any harm, But killed all the mice in fa-ther's barn.

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Puss At Court

The image shows a musical score for the song "Puss At Court". The score is written on three systems of staves, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

"Pus - sy - cat, pus - sy - cat, where have you been?" "I've been to
Lon - don to look at the Queen." "Pus - sy - cat, pus - sy - cat,
what did you there?" "I caught a lit - tle mouse un - der the chair."

Below the musical score is an illustration of a room. A grey tabby cat is walking on the floor, looking towards a large, ornate chair. A blue curtain is draped over the chair, and a small mouse is visible on the floor near the chair's base.

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Three Blind Mice

- THREE - BLIND - MICE -

Three blind mice, ... See how they run! They
all ran af-ter the farmer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a car-ving knife; Did
e-ver you hear such a thing in your life? ... Three blind mice...

The image shows a musical score for the song "Three Blind Mice" in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The score is framed by a decorative border with floral motifs. Below the music is an illustration of a woman in a white dress and a tall pointed hat, holding a large knife. She is standing behind a table covered with a white cloth, which has various items on it, including a bottle, a pitcher, and a bowl. Three mice are shown running away from her under the table.

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Dickory Dock

• DICKORY • DOCK •

Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock!..... The mouse ran
up the clock;..... The clock struck one, The
mouse ran down, Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock!.....

The illustration on the right shows a tall, ornate clock tower with a decorative top and a base featuring a vase with flowers. At the bottom left, a man in a long coat sits on a chair, reading a book to a young child who is holding a dog.

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Ye Frog's Wooing



Y^e FROG'S WOOING



1. It was the frog lived in the well, Heigh - ho! says
Row - ley; And the mer - ry mouse un - der the mill, With a
Row - ley, Pow - ley, Gammon, and Spinach, Heigh - ho! says Anthony Row - ley.





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Ye Frog & Ye Crow

Y^e FROG & Y^e CROW

1. A jol - ly fat frog lived in the ri - ver swim, O! A come - ly black
crow lived on the ri - ver brim, O! "Come on shore, come on shore," Said the
crow to the frog, and then, O! "No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite me," Said the frog to the crow a - gain, O!

The image features a musical score for the song "Ye Frog & Ye Crow" set within a decorative border. At the top, a black crow is perched on a branch, flanked by the text "Y^e FROG" and "& Y^e CROW". The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. A jol - ly fat frog lived in the ri - ver swim, O! A come - ly black crow lived on the ri - ver brim, O! 'Come on shore, come on shore,' Said the crow to the frog, and then, O! 'No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite me,' Said the frog to the crow a - gain, O!". The bottom illustration shows a pond with a frog on the right, two fish on the left, and lily pads in the center.



2. "O! there is sweet music on yonder green hill, O!
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow."
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"All in yellow, all in yellow,"
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

3. "Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river swim, O!
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."
"O beware! O beware!"
Said the fish to the frog, and then, O!
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"
Said the frog to the fish again, O!

4. The frog began a swimming, a swimming to land, O!
And the crow began jumping to give him his hand, O!
"Sir, you're welcome, Sir, you're welcome,"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"Sir, I thank you, Sir, I thank you,"
Said the frog to the crow, again, O!

5. "But where is the sweet music on yonder green hill, O?
And where are all the dancers, the dancers in yellow?
All in yellow, all in yellow?"
Said the frog to the crow, and then, O!
"Sir, they're here, Sir, they're here."
Said the crow to the frog—

* Here the crow swallows the frog.

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Mrs. Bond

The image shows a musical score for the song "Mrs. Bond". At the top, the title "MRS. BOND" is written in large, decorative letters. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. "Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?" "There's beef in the
lar-der, and ducks in the pond;" "Dil-ly, dil-ly, dil-ly, dil-ly,
come to be killed, For you must be stuffed, and my cus-to-mers filled!"

2. "John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,
John Ostler go fetch me a duckling or two;
Cry dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

3. "I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond,
And they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond:
I cried dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and the customers filled!"

4. Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage;
She cried, "Come, little wag-tails, come, and be killed
For you shall be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

The score is decorated with floral patterns on the sides and bottom. There are illustrations of potted plants on the left and right sides, and a central illustration of a roasted duck on a platter at the bottom.



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Xmas Day In Ye Morning

The illustration at the top shows a window with a sign that reads "XMAS DAY IN YE MORN ING". On either side of the sign are two windows, each containing a potted plant and a person looking out. Below the window is a small illustration of a woman in a green dress and hat, looking upwards.

XMAS DAY IN YE MORN ING

1. Dame, get up - and bake your pies, Bake your
 2. Dame, what makes your maid - ens lie, Maid - ens

pies, bake your pies; Dame, get up and
 lie, maid - ens lie? Dame, what makes your

bake your pies, On Christ - mas - day in the morn - - ing,
 maid - ens lie, On Christ - mas - day in the morn - - ing?

3. Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
 Ducks to die, ducks to die?
 Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
 On Christmas-day in the morning?

4. Their wings are cut, they cannot fly,
 Cannot fly, cannot fly;
 Their wings are cut, they cannot fly,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

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Little Jack Horner

· LITTLE · JACK · HORNER ·

Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a

Christ - mas pie:..... He put in his thumb, and

pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!".....

The illustration depicts a cozy interior scene. On the right, a young boy in a blue outfit and cap sits on a wooden chair, holding a plate with a pie. In the center, a large fire burns brightly in a fireplace, with logs and a fire grate visible. To the left, a black cat sits on the floor, looking towards the fireplace. The background features a tiled wall and a decorative hanging ornament on the right.

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King Arthur

KING ARTHUR

1. When good King Ar - thur ruled this land, He
 was a good - ly king— He stole three pecks of
 bar - ley - meal, To make a bag pud - ding.

2. A bag pudding the Queen did make,
 And stuffed it well with plums,
 And in it put great lumps of fat
 As big as my two thumbs.

3. The King and Queen did eat thereof,
 And noblemen beside,
 And what they could not eat that night
 The Queen next morning fried.

A R



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Ye Jolly Miller



Y° JOLLY MILLER

There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the ri - ver Dee;.... He
 worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he..... And
 this the bur - den of his song For e - ver used to be,..... "I
 care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, And no - bo - dy cares for me."....

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Ye Song of Sixpence

The image shows a musical score for the song "Ye Song of Sixpence". The score is written on three systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The score is framed by a decorative border featuring a king, a queen, a maid, and a blackbird. The title "Ye Song of Sixpence" is written in a stylized font across the top of the score.

1. Sing a song of six - pence, a pocket full of rye; Four and twenty
black - birds baked in a pie; When the pie was o - pen the
birds be-gan to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore the king?

2. The king was in his counting-house counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out her clothes,
When up came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.

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Little Bo-Peep



1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep, she lost her sheep, And did - n't know
 where to find them; Let them a - lone, they'll
 all come home And bring their tails be - hind them.

2. Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating;
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
 For they were still a-fleeting.

3. Then up she took her little crook,
 Determined for to find them,
 She found them indeed, but it made her
 heart bleed
 For they'd left their tails behind them.

4. It happened one day as Bo-Peep did stray
 Into a meadow hard by,
 There she espied their tails side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

5. She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
 Then went o'er hill and dale,
 And tried what she could, as a shep-
 herdess should,
 To tack to each sheep its tail.



The image shows a musical score for the song "Little Bo-Peep". At the top, five cows are depicted, each with a letter on its back: B, O, P, E, E, P. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep, she lost her sheep, And did - n't know
 where to find them; Let them a - lone, they'll
 all come home And bring their tails be - hind them.

2. Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating;
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
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3. Then up she took her little crook,
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 All hung on a tree to dry.

5. She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
 Then went o'er hill and dale,
 And tried what she could, as a shep-
 herdess should,
 To tack to each sheep its tail.

At the bottom of the page, there are illustrations of sheep grazing in a field.

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Baa! Baa! Black Sheep



'BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP'

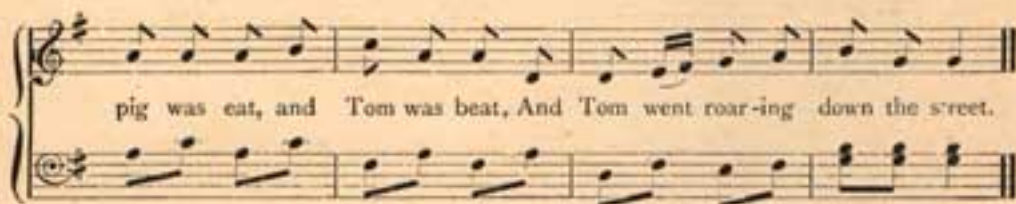
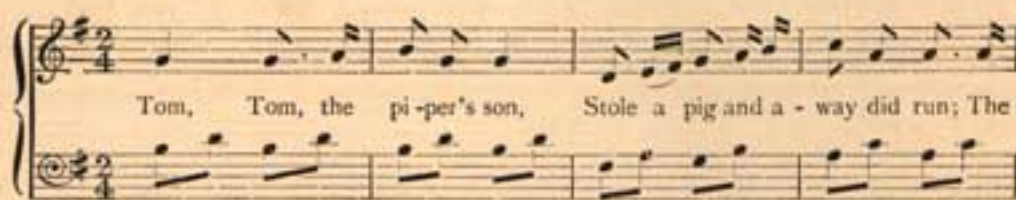


"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you a - ny wool?" "Yes, mar-ry, have I, three bags full; One for my mas - ter, and one for my dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives down the lane!"

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Tom, the Piper's Son



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There Was a Lady Loved a Swine

THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE

1. There was a la - dy loved a swine, "Ho - ney!" said she;
2. "I'll build thee a sil - ver sty, Ho - ney!" said she;

"Pig - hog, wilt thou be mine?" "Hunc!" said he.
"And in it thou shalt lie!" "Hunc!" said he.

3. "Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey!" said she;
"That thou mayest go out and in,"
"Hunc!" said he.

4. "Will thou have me now,
Honey?" said she;
"Speak, or my heart will break,"
"Hunc!" said he.

The illustration at the bottom of the page shows a pig standing in the center, facing right. It has a decorative collar around its neck. On either side of the pig is a golden bowl filled with fruit, possibly grapes or berries. The entire scene is rendered in a simple, engraved style.



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Over the Hill's & Far Away



·OVER·THE·HILLS·&·FAR·AWAY·

1. Tom he was a piper's son, He learnt to play when he was young; But
all the tunes that he could play Was "O-ver the hills and far a-way."
O-ver the hills and a great way off, The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

2. Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills, &c.

The image shows a page from a music book. At the top, the title "OVER THE HILLS & FAR AWAY" is written in a decorative font. Below the title are three systems of musical notation, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are interspersed between the systems. On the left side, there is a vertical illustration of a young boy in a blue coat and hat playing a trumpet. On the right side, there is an illustration of two young girls sitting on the ground, listening to the music. The background features a tree on the left and some foliage on the right.

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Dr. Faustus



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Cock Robin & Jenny Wren

COCK ROBIN
JENNY WREN

1. 'Twas on a mer-ry time, When Jenny Wren was young, So neat-ly as she
2. " My dearest Jen-ny Wren, If you will but be mine, You shall dine on cher-ry

danced, And so sweet-ly as she sung, Rob-in Redbreast lost his heart, He
pie, And drink nice currant wine; I'll dress you like a gold-finch Or

was a gallant bird, He doffed his cap to Jenny Wren, Requesting to be heard.
like a peacock gay, So if you'll have me, Jenny, dear, Let us appoint the day."

3. Jenny blushed behind her fan
And thus declared her mind—
" So let it be to-morrow, Rob,
" I'll take your offer kind ;
" Cherry pie is very good,
" And so is currant wine ;
" But I will wear my plain brown gown,
" And never dress too fine."

4. Robin Redbreast got up early,
All at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house
And sang a roundelay ;
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

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Three Children

THREE CHILDREN

1. Three chil - dren sli - - ding on the ice, All
 on a sum - mer's day,..... As it fell out, they
 all fell in, The rest they ran a - way,.....

2. Now, had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drowned.

3. You parents all that children have,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

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I Had a Little Nut Tree

I
HAD A LITTLE
NUT TREE

I had a lit - tle nut - tree, no - thing would it bear

But a sil - ver nut - meg and a gold - en pear; The King of Spain's daughter

came to vi - sit me, And all for the sake of my lit - tle nut - tree.

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The score is framed by decorative illustrations of leaves and branches. A nut is shown on the left branch, and a pear is on the right. At the bottom, there is a small bird on the left, a branch with leaves in the center, and a swallow on the right.

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The Ploughboy in Luck



·THE·PLOWG·H·BOY·IN·LVCK·

1. My dad-dy is dead, but I can't tell you how; He
left me six hor-ses to fol-low the plough: With my whim wham wad-dle ho!
Strim stram strad-dle ho! Bub-ble ho! pret-ty boy, o - ver the brow.

<p>2. I sold my six horses to buy me a cow; And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough? With my, &c.</p> <p>3. I sold my cow to buy me a calf, For I never made a bargain but I lost the best half. With my, &c.</p>	<p>4. I sold my calf to buy me a cat, To sit down before the fire to warm her little back. With my, &c.</p> <p>5. I sold my cat to buy me a mouse, But she took fire in her tail and so burn up my house. With my, &c.</p>
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My Pretty Maid

MY PRETTY MAID



1. "Where are you going to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.

2. "Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

3. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "My face is my fortune, "Sir," she said

4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid." "Nobody asked you, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.



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Jack & Jill

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a
pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and
broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a
 pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and
 broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

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Warm Hands



· WARM · HANDS ·

Warm hands, warm, the men are gone to plough;

If you want to warm your hands, warm your hands now.



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Dance a Baby



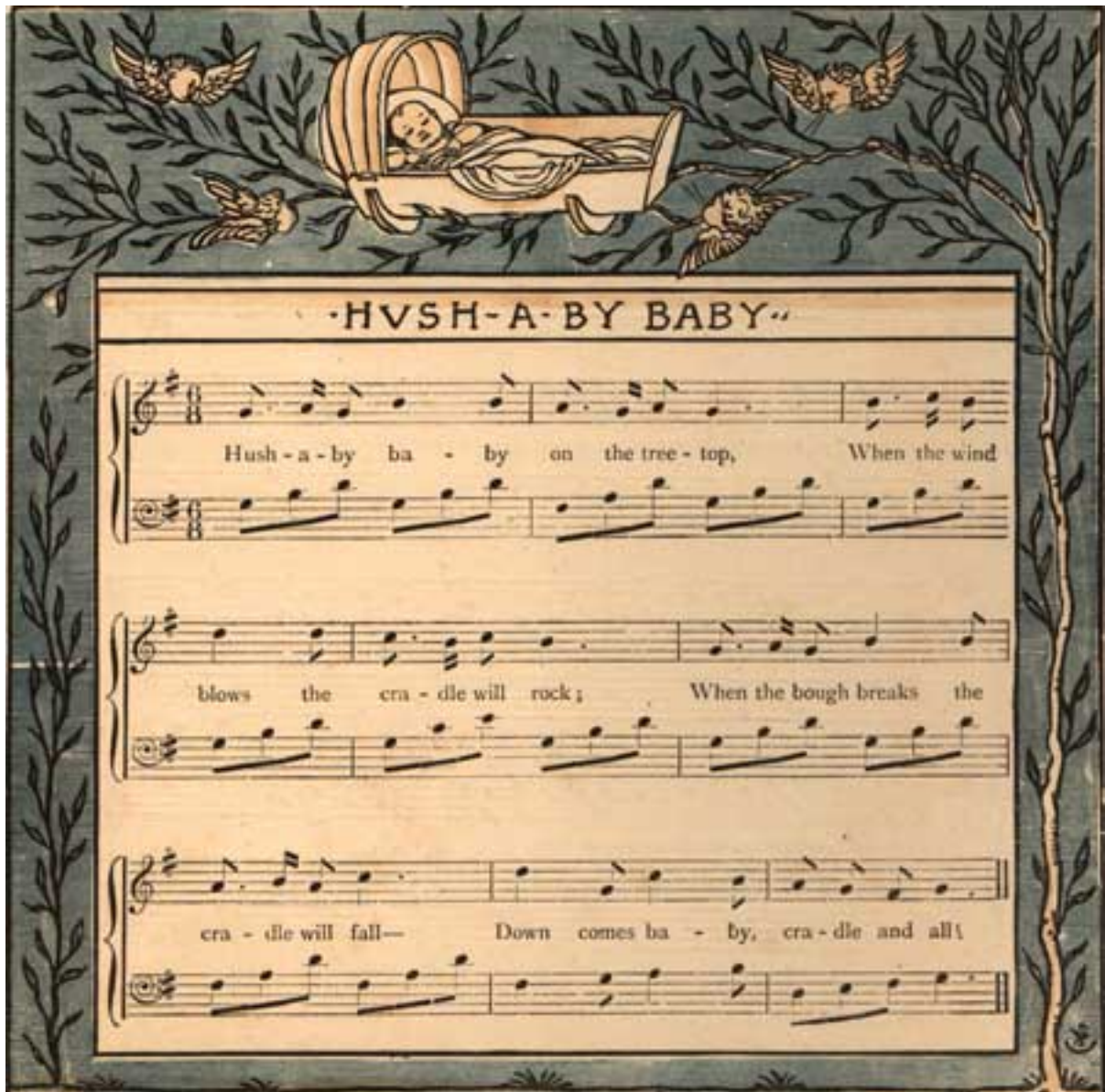
DANCE
'A'
BABY

Dance a ba - by did - dy!..... What can
mam - my do wid - 'e?..... Sit in her lap,
Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy!.....

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Hush-A-By Baby



"HUSH-A-BY BABY"

Hush - a - by ba - by on the tree - top, When the wind
blows the cra - dle will rock ; When the bough breaks the
cra - dle will fall— Down comes ba - by, cra - dle and all

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King Cole

KING COLE

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he; He
 called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, And he called for his fid - dlers three.
 Ev - ry fid - dler had a fid - dle, And a ve - ry fine fid - dle had he.
 { Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee.
 Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fid - dlers three,
 O there's none so rare as can com - pare. } With King Cole and his fid - dlers three.

WEINIS

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Rules for Reading



Good reading resembles natural and agreeable conversation. He is a good reader, who, if concealed from sight, might be supposed to be talking to a friend. His language and tone of voice will be natural, and you would scarcely be aware that he had a book in his hand. Hence, the best rules for reading are derived from observing the manner in which sensible persons express their thoughts when engaged in conversation. The most important directions for reading are the following:

I. Articulation or giving to each letter, each syllable, and each word its full and proper sound.

Avoid the omission, or improper sound of unaccented vowels. Never say sep'rate for separate; ev'dent for evident; partic'lar for particular.

Guard against the omission, or feeble sound of the last consonant in a word. Never say an' for and; mornin' for morning; objec' for object; conflic' for conflict.

Avoid uniting in one word syllables that belong to different words. For example: "an dan angels poke," say "and an angel spoke." "A youth tofor tunan tofa munknown," say "A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

But, in observing these rules, avoid the opposite extreme of stopping and hesitating, or uttering little and unimportant words with too much distinctness and emphasis. This is often the fault with children when beginning to read, and sometimes also with grown persons.

II. Accent. By accent is meant the peculiar force given to one or more syllables in a word. This must be pointed out by the teacher, who must learn it from the best dictionaries and speakers. In many school books a mark like this is used to show what syllable is accented as compel, marine, aristocratic. Some words have two accents, and then a mark like this is placed over the first, as education, multiplication, denomination. Accent is very important, inasmuch as some words which are spelled alike, have different meanings, and can only be

distinguished by the accent--as "why does your absent friend absent himself. "Buy some cement, and cement the brick." "My increase is taken to increase your wealth." Accent often shows opposition of meaning--as "he must increase, but I must decrease." "He that descended is the same also that ascended."

III. Emphasis. This is a peculiar force given to one or more words in a sentence. Accent refers to syllables; Emphasis, to words. When we wish to give particular importance to a word, we use Emphasis, and pronounce it in a loud or strong manner, as, "how dare you talk so!" "Either go on quickly, or else come back!" Emphatic words are often printed in Italics, and sometimes in CAPITALS. Persons in common conversation frequently use Emphasis, and so also will we do, if we understand the subject we are reading about. We thus show that we are earnest. Sometimes the same word is repeated, and becomes more and more emphatic by simply raising the voice and speaking louder each time, as, "The foe advances--to arms! to ARMS! to ARMS!" "None but the brave, none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair?" By using Emphasis we save and strengthen language, and avoid repetition. A celebrated preacher, many years ago, could utter the little interjection, O, in such an emphatic manner as to make his hearers tremble. Emphasis indicates great earnestness and strong feeling, and is often accompanied with gestures and a peculiar expression of the eye.

IV. Inflection. This is a bend, or slide, in the voice, much used in good reading and speaking. It is very important, and most of the faults into which children fall, arise from neglecting it. Hence the drawling, whining and sing-song way in which many read.

There are three inflections--the rising, the falling and the circum flex.

The rising inflection requires the voice to go up, and is used in asking a question, as, "Are you sick? will you go home?"

The falling inflection requires the voice to fall, and is used in answering a question, as, "Yes, I am sick. I will go home."

The circumflex is the union of the two others on one word or syllable, causing the voice to rise and fall like a wave, as, "He has acted very courageously."

These three inflections, when properly used, give variety, beauty force and meaning, both in speaking and reading, in poetry and prose. The

many other cases in which the inflections are to be observed, and the uses to which they are to be applied, can be best learned by careful practice under the direction of a careful and educated teacher.

As to tones, pitch, modulation, etc., and the difference between the proper reading of poetry and prose, we do not think it needful to lay down any particular rules in these general directions. These are topics which it is better to confide to every conscientious and intelligent teacher.

Directions for Punctuation are given in the "Texas Spelling Book," and need not be repeated here.



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Lesson 1: The Truant



"Come, boys," said Mrs. Ross, as her little sons rose from the dinner table; "it is school time. Get your hats and go. Now, be sure you do not play by the road, but go directly to school."

Edgar and Henry put on their hats, as their mother bade them, and set off. But they had not gone far, when they seemed to forget their mother's charge, and began to loiter by the way, trying to find something with which to amuse themselves.

At length the two boys came to a cellar, over which a new house was about to be erected; but there were no workmen there that day. Edgar and Henry thought they would just go up to the cellar and look down, to see how deep it was; and when they had done that, they began to walk and then to run around on the stones that were set for the underpinning of the building. One of the stones, being a little loose, gave way while their feet were upon it, and down both boys tumbled into the cellar, and were so much injured as to be helpless and senseless. Their mother, supposing that the boys had obeyed orders and gone to school, thought nothing about them until tea time, when, as they did not appear, she became alarmed, and set out in search of them.

She went first to the school-house, but she found it locked up. She then went to the teacher's house, who informed her that Edgar and Henry had not been to school that afternoon. Mrs. Ross then went off into a pasture field, and called her boys by name, as loud as she could, but she received no answer. She now hurried home as fast as she could, hoping that they had returned in her absence. As she was passing the new cellar, she thought

she heard a child crying; and when she listened a moment, she thought that the voice sounded like little Henry's. So she ran up close to the cellar, but could see nothing distinctly, as it was now getting dark. She then called, "Henry! Henry!" The boy replied, that he had fallen into the cellar, and could not get out. His mother helped him out, and then asked him where his brother was. The child was so bewildered that he could recollect nothing distinctly, but said he believed Edgar had gone to school.

When Henry was carried home, it was found that his head was dreadfully bruised; and, as quick as possible, the Doctor was sent for. Some of the neighbors took lanterns, and went immediately to the place where Henry was found, in the hope of hearing something of Edgar. One man jumped down into the cellar, and there found Edgar, with his arm and leg both fastened under the big stone that had fallen down from the top. At first they thought him dead; but after a little time he revived, though it was some hours before he could tell anything about the accident. Both limbs, upon which the stone had fallen, were badly crushed, and it was a long time before he got entirely well.

Sometimes, when he would be groaning, his mother would say, with tears in her eyes, "Poor Edgar, how I pity you!" "Mother," Edgar would say, "I deserve it all. If I had gone straight to school, instead of playing truant, I would never have suffered this pain. I will never disobey you any more."



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Lesson 2: Animal Substances



All things that grow, or animals of any kind, are called animal substances.

The hair of sheep, goats and camels, is twisted into thread, and the thread then woven into cloth, out of which clothing is made for cold weather.

Combs are made of the horns of cattle, the tusks of elephants, or the shell of tortoise. The tusks of elephants are large teeth that grow outside of their mouths. When cut into combs or other articles, they are called ivory. Ivory is very white, and very hard. It is also very brittle, and will break very easily when it is bent or receives a hard blow.

Shoes and boots are made of leather, and leather is the skin of animals which has been prepared by tanning.

Brushes are made of the bristles that grow on the back of a hog. Fur of all kinds, is the skin of animals with the hair remaining on it.

Meat is the flesh of animals. The flesh of cows and oxen is called beef. The flesh of hogs is called pork. The flesh of deer is called venison. The flesh of sheep is called mutton. Hens, and chickens, and geese, and turkies, and ducks, are called poultry.

Wild animals that are used for food are called game.--Woodcocks, partridges, quails, snipes, pheasants, and plover, are game.

Now, if you are asked what are animal substances, you must recollect that it means anything that ever formed a part of an animal.



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Lesson 3: What is Made of Sap?



Every thing that you see in a tree or a plant, is made from the sap. The bark, the wood, the leaves, the flowers, the fruit, are all made from it. Even the root that sucks up the sap from the ground, is made out of the sap itself.

It is strange that so many different things can be made out of the same thing. It is strange that a rough bark and hard wood can be made out of the same thing with the beautiful flower and the delicious fruit. Look at a peach-blossom, and look at the bark of the tree, and think of them as being made out of the same sap. You can hardly believe that it is so. How strange it is to think of the sharp thorn on a rose-bush as being made out of the same sap that makes the soft, and smooth, and beautiful leaves of the rose!

If any man should tell you that he could make a brick, and a piece of cloth, with beautifully colored figures on it, out of the same thing, you would say he was crazy. But there is not as much difference between the brick and the cloth, as there is between rude bark and a flower, made from the same sap. The Creator does, in the most common plants and trees, what man can not equal in any way.

There are some things made out of sap that I have said nothing about as yet. There are many bitter, and sweet, and sour things made out of sap. Sometimes sweet and bitter things are made together at the same time out of the same sap. You see this in the orange. Out of the same sap that comes to the orange through the stem, are made the sweet juice and the sharp and bitter peel.

Almost all our sugar comes from the sugar-cane. This is shaped like the stalks of corn. The sugar is made from the sap that comes up in the pipes of the cane from the ground. The cane, then, is really a sugar factory. Man does not make the sugar, but it is made for him in the cane. It is in the juice of the cane. This juice is mostly sugar and water. In making sugar, as it is called, the sugar is not made; it is only separated from the water and other things with which it is mixed in the cane.

Perhaps you have seen maple-sugar. This comes from a tree called the sugar-maple. The sugar is in the sap, just as it is in the case of the sugar-cane. The sap is obtained early in the spring, by tapping the trees, and then it is boiled down, as it is called. In this boiling the water goes off in steam and leaves the sugar behind. The sugar-maple, then, is a sugar-factory as well as the sugar-cane.

There are many roots in which there is sugar. Sugar has often been obtained from a kind of beet, called the sugar-beet. There is sugar in many fruits, making them sweet to the taste.

Now, where does the sugar in the sugar-cane, the maple, the beet, etc., come from.? The sap, in which the sugar is, comes up from the roots. You will say, then, that the little mouths in the roots suck up sugar from the ground. But there is no sugar in the ground. No one ever found any there. Take up a handful of earth, smell of it, and taste of it. There is no sweetness in it.

Though there is no sugar in the ground, what the sugar is made out of is there. This the little mouths in the root drink up, and it is made into sugar in the plant. You see, then, how true it is, that the plant is a sugar-factory.

Now, do you think that any man could, in any way, make sugar from the earth under his feet? He can no more do it than he can make a flower or a leaf.

There are a great many other things made by plants out of what they suck up from the earth. I will mention more of them.

Some plants are starch-factories. They make the starch from the sap that comes up from the root, just as the sugar is made. There is starch in every kind of grain, in potatoes, and in many other roots.

Some plants are medicine-factories. Camphor is obtained from the bark and wood of a tree. Opium is found in the different kinds of poppies. There are various bitter medicines that are found in different plants. Castor-oil is obtained from the seed of a large plant. These, and various other medicines are made from sap.

Some plants are gum-factories. You have sometimes seen gum on the bark of peach-trees and pine-trees, when the bark has been wounded in some way. Now, there are some kinds of trees in which there is a great deal of gum. The India-rubber is a gum that is obtained from some kinds of trees in warm climates. When the bark of these trees is broken, this gum oozes out. It is collected as it flows. It is dried in smoke, and this gives it its dark appearance.

Many trees are perfume-factories. The perfumes are made most often in the flowers, but they are sometimes made in the leaves, and other parts. You know how fragrant the leaves of the geranium are. Even wood is sometimes fragrant. The sandal-wood is very much so.

Some plants are color-factories. They not only make color for their own use--that is, to color their flowers--but they make them for us to use. Many of our dyes, with which we color cloths, come from plants. They are made in the plants from the sap that comes up from the ground. It seems strange that the blue indigo should be made out of what a plant drinks up from the brown, dull earth. But it is so.

Now, just think over the various things that are made out of the sap in plants. There are wood, bark, leaves, flowers, fruits, thorns, perfumes, colorings, sugar, starch, gum, various medicines, etc. And then, there are many other things that I have not mentioned. How strange it is that so many, and such different things, can be made

from what the plants suck up out of the earth! As you look at the ground under your feet, you can hardly believe that so much can be got out of it. It is the busy little mouths in the roots that get from it what is needed to make all these different things.



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Lesson 4: The Little Flower Girl



Mr. Stanley was a merchant in a large city, which I will not tell my young readers the name of, but will tell them about it. This city was not on the sea-shore, but a good way from it. Yet on one side of it was a large river running into the sea--so wide and deep, that not only boats, but great ships, and steam-boats could come from the sea quite up to the city, and bring merchandize for the people from all parts of the world. On the opposite side of the city was another river, smaller than the first, where large ships could not swim, but only small boats and small steamers. Yet it was a very pretty river and emptied into the big one a few miles below the city. There were a great many handsome buildings here, both public and private; several large handsome parks with fine trees in them; and many years ago the national government used to meet here and when the Chief Magistrate was one of the best and and greatest men that ever lived in the world, and was called by every one the "Father of his Country." Now, my young readers, can you guess the name of this city?

Well, Mr. Stanley, who lived here, was a rich merchant, and lived in a large, handsome house, which had elegant furniture in it; and pictures, and books, and a thousand, other nice things. Yet he was not proud, as rich people sometimes are. He did not despise poor people because they worked with their hands, and wore coarse clothes, and lived in small houses. He was very gracious and kind to all, and when people were unfortunate and sick and needy, he would visit them and encourage them, and get a doctor for them, and give them food, clothes and fuel. Mrs. Stanley was a very good lady, and did just as Mr. Stanley did in these things.

They had two children, Ellen, who was thirteen years old, and Charles, who was eleven. They were nice looking, good children, for their excellent parents had always brought them up carefully, and treated them very affectionately, so that the children loved them dearly and could not bear to do anything wrong to make them sad. They learned to act just as they saw their father and mother acting, and thus they must be

amiable, good, kind children.

There was a little girl, about nine years old, who used to go about the streets selling flowers in the season of them. She was a very modest, well-behaved, pretty child, though rather coarse and poor. She often came to Mr. Stanley's house, and cried her flowers, and Ellen and Charley used to go out and buy very generously, at the same time talking with her kindly. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley also, sometimes called her into the house, and questioned her about herself and family. She said her name was Florence Carter; that her father was dead, and her mother lived in a chamber in another part of the city and made shirts and collars, but that she was in poor health and often had to lie down; and that she, who was an only child, went about selling flowers to help her sick mother. The first time Mr. Stanley heard the child's voice, which was very sweet, he was struck and touched, he could not tell why. Something, too, in her looks and her peculiar name, Florence, startled him and reminded him of something, he could not remember what; only sometimes it seemed to him that the name and look were familiar. He and also Mrs. Stanley, at these times, used to send Ellen, with the little girl, into the kitchen, that she might get something to eat, and also to give her a basket of food to carry home to her mother. You would, perhaps, have thought that Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, being such kind people as I have told you, would have gone to Florence's home to see the sick woman. But many things prevented, I don't know exactly what they were; and cold weather coming, the flower girl was no longer to be seen.

But one bitter, snowy night, the little girl came to Mr. Stanley's house, looking thinner and paler than ever, and shivering with cold. Sobbing as if her heart would break, she begged of him to go and see her poor, dear mother; that she was very sick, and they had no doctor and no fire, and nothing to eat.

Mr. Stanley and his wife both prepared to go. But first Ellen took Florence down in the kitchen and warmed and fed her, and dressed her in some of her own warm clothes. Mr. Stanley then called a carriage, and they all got in and rode to the sick woman's dwelling. It was in a wretched looking street, and the house where they stopped was old and shattered. They went up into Mrs. Carter's room, which appeared very dismal, though every thing was perfectly neat. The floor was bare; and on a poor bed, with but scanty covering, lay the poor woman burning with fever, and looking so thin, that you would have thought there was scarcely any life left in her.

When Mr. Stanley and his wife came to the

bed-side with the light, the sick woman, looking up in his face, seemed startled and said feebly, "Who are you, kind sir?"

"My name is Stanley," replied he.

"What, Robert Stanley?" said she.

When he answered yes, she seemed very much agitated, but was silent.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

She paused for a while, and then said. "Do you remember your sister Harriet?"

"Remember," he exclaimed, "my dear sister, the loving friend of my boyhood, who was a real mother to me after my own mother was taken away! Have I ever for a moment forgotten her? But why do you ask?"

"Because I am that sister Harriet!"

"You!" exclaimed he. "Why I thought you had been dead, it is so many years since we heard of you. But how is this? Why do I find you here and in this condition, and why have you never come to me."

"I can't tell you all now," she replied. "I am too weak."

"Say not a word," answered Mr. Stanley, "till you are in a different state. Meanwhile you must go home with me." Calling up the stout hackman, the two carried the sick one down stairs, on the bed, and placed her in the carriage, which was driven straight to Mr. Stanley's house.

Mrs. Carter was at once placed in a nice room, a doctor was called in, and she received all possible help with the kindest treatment. She soon got better, for want and grief caused her sickness almost wholly. A few days after, she told Mr. Stanley her story, which was a long one. I shall give the substance of it in a few words of my own.

Harriet Stanley was several years older than her brother Robert, and after their mother's death, had, as he said, been a second mother to him. When she was nineteen, she became attached to Dr. Chapman, a young gentleman of her native city, who had just finished his medical studies, and was going to settle in his profession in one of the Southern States. Dr. Chapman asked the consent of old Mr. Stanley to the marriage. But the old man, who was hard and stern and thought riches the most important thing in the world, was very angry at what he called the young man's impudence in asking his daughter in marriage,

when he was poor. So he forbade the Doctor his house, and commanded his daughter to have nothing to say to him.

The young people were very much grieved, and after waiting a while, in hopes Mr. Stanley would become softened, they determined to marry without his consent. They did so, and set forth for the south-west. They had been there but a short time, when Dr. Chapman caught the yellow fever and died, leaving the young wife destitute. A kind planter's family in the neighborhood, named Carter, pitying the bereaved young widow, offered her a place in their family, as governess to two little girls. She gladly accepted the office and soon became a favorite with the whole family.

Edward Carter, a noble young man, loved her, and after a year or more, offered his hand. She accepted it and they were married, and for several years were very happy.

Meanwhile, old Mr. Stanley was in a great rage at his daughter's marriage with Dr. Chapman, and for a long time, used to heap all sorts of abuse and harsh names upon her, before his whole family, and forbade any of them ever writing her.

Harriet, knowing her father's temper, supposed he must have poisoned even her young brother's mind against her, and so she never wrote home. Thus, for many years, all connection between herself and her family were broken off, and she knew not whether they were living or dead.

Some years after her second marriage, she was left a second time a widow. She and her husband had always lived on the plantation and in the house with the old gentleman, so that no-separate property came to the widow. Besides, old Mr. Carter had become so embarrassed in his affairs, that he was obliged to sell his plantation, and most of his slaves and move to Texas. He asked Harriet to go with him, but she could not bear to go so much further from her native place, and besides she longed to see the old city once more.

Mr. Carter gave her as much money as he could spare, which was no great sum, after all. With her only child, little Florence, she returned to her native city, and taking a moderate priced lodging, she tried to procure needle-work for a living. It was some time before she succeeded, and her little fund had become exhausted. When she did procure it, the prices paid were so small, that it was only by working beyond her strength, that she could earn enough to purchase the barest necessaries of life. And so she was often ill, and she and Florence suffered much from want, and

the latter was finally sent forth to sell flowers. Having some pride, she would not seek her family in her present condition, nor, in fact, did she dare do so, for fear of an insulting rejection.

And thus things went on till Providence sent her brother Robert to her poor chamber, and she found him her affectionate brother still.

Under good nursing and kind attendance, Mrs. Carter, in no long time, recovered her health. She lived happily in her brother's house many years; long enough to see her daughter, Florence, now a beautiful and accomplished young lady, married to the man of her choice, and the choice of her mother, and all her uncle's family.

And all this favorable turn of events was brought about, under Providence, through the agency of a little flower girl.



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Lesson 5: The Insolent Boy



James Selton was one of the most insolent boys in the village where he resided. He would rarely pass people in the street, without uttering some unbecoming remark, or committing some sort of abuse. If a person were well dressed, he would cry out "Dandy!" If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw stones at him, and annoy him in every way that he could.

One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed, a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a curiously shaped cane in his hand, on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat on his head. No sooner did James see the stranger, than he winked to his comrades, and said, "Now for some fun!"

He then silently approached the stranger from behind, and knocking off his hat, ran away. The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat and proceeded on his way. Again did James approach; but this time, the man caught him by the arm, and held him fast.

However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty boy find himself free again, than he called around him some of the most mischievous of his comrades, and began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

But he grew frightened when the "rowdy," as he foolishly nicknamed the man, was hit on the head by a brick, and seriously injured. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked across the fields to his home. As he approached the house, his little sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding a beautiful gold chain, and some new books.

She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle, who had been living several years in South America, had come home and paid them a visit, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had left his carriage at the tavern, a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father; that as he

was coming through the village, some wicked boys threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that her mother had bound up the wound. "But what makes you look so pale?" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter with him; and running into the house, he went up stairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down; and, trembling from head to foot, he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not used to be so bashful. See this elegant watch, which your uncle has brought for you." What a sense of shame did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room; but he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

His uncle approached him, and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James will you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he exclaimed, "Brother, this is not your son; it is the boy who so shamefully insulted me in the street!"

With surprise and grief did the good father and mother learn this fact. James had already suffered the severest punishment, in the pain which his own conscience had inflicted. His uncle was inclined to forgive him and forget the injury he had received; but his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books which his uncle had brought for him.

The rest of the children were loaded with presents; James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson as long as he lived: and my young readers will allow, that it is not very strange that it cured him entirely of his low and insolent manners.



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Lesson 6: The Frontier Boy



David Hill is a frontier boy. I wish all frontier boys were like him in some respects. His mother is a widow, and although he is but twelve years old, he is able to render her much assistance by helping her keep her stock together.

She owns only three hundred head of cattle, and can ill afford to lose any. When several head stray from the range where they usually run, which you know will sometimes happen; no one is more successful in finding and bringing them back than David.

When he starts to look for them he takes with him a blanket and some provisions in a wallet for himself, and a stake rope for his pony, and though he is never gone more than two or three days, he very seldom returns without bringing with him the missing cattle.

One reason why David usually has such good success, is because he is very persevering. He is not satisfied with looking a little in a careless way, and inquiring once or more, but he looks thoroughly wherever he goes.

He has no notion of returning home to say, "Mother, there are four cows and three yearlings which I can't find anywhere; and that big black steer is gone. I reckon somebody has taken him up." O no, this is not David's style of talking.

Another reason why he usually has such good success, is because all the men in the neighborhood who ride after stock are glad to help him. Can you guess why? Because he himself is so obliging and polite.

He knows the brands of all the men who live for miles around, and always takes pains to give them what information he can about their cattle or horses. And very often he drives up their stray cattle for them. Of course they can and will help such an obliging boy more than he can help them.

Besides, as I have already told you, he is always polite. Men like civil boys as much as they dislike rude, saucy ones. I am sorry for boys who fancy that they know as much, and are of just as much importance, and have as

much right to make themselves heard, as men. All sensible people blame and pity such foolish boys.

David has a fine young pony which he calls Smasher. When necessary, Smasher can run very fast. If David has a wild cow to head, the way he rides through ravines, and jumps gullies and creeks, is enough to make one dizzy. I do not believe you could keep up with him when he gets after an ox in the river bottom.

But David does not do like many boys whom I know. He does not ride hard every time he mounts his horse. Indeed he is content when Smasher runs his best only when it is necessary.

He remembers that horses' muscles can ache as well as boys'; and he often says, "If I were Smasher, I know I should not like to be owned by a boy who, whenever he was on my back, was all the time spurring, and whipping, and whooping."

He never leaves Smasher tied to a fence half a day, but when he has to wait long at any place, he stakes his pony where it can eat grass. He is often thirsty himself and knows how uncomfortable it is if he cannot get water, so he does not neglect to let Smasher drink as often as he needs to.

The result of this is, that while many boys' horses are lean, lame, broken-down, and of no account, Smasher is always fat, handsome, strong, and fast.



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Lesson 7: Six-Shooters and Bowie-Knives



Jacob Grimes had to run off to Mexico. What a pity and a sin that a boy only sixteen years old should commit a crime for which, had he been taken by the officer, he would have been hanged.

For several months Jacob had belonged to a ranging company stationed on the frontier. He was very right in trying to help protect his country from the Indians, at a time when most of the men were in the war. Were it not for the terrible crime I am going to tell you of, he might have been very useful.

In July he received a furlough to stay at home a few weeks, and another boy named Edward Schuff came down with him. The peaches were ripe when the boys arrived, and they could very easily get as many as they wanted.

One night these wicked boys went into a neighbor's orchard to steal peaches. Had they gone in the day time and civilly asked the old man who owned the orchard for a few, I dare say he would have given them as many as they could carry away.

But no, they were too low to take fruit in this honorable manner; they were low enough to steal it in the night, which, I need not tell you, is very low indeed.

The owner, who lived alone, hearing some one in his orchard, went out to prevent his finest trees being robbed. The boys saw him coming, and before he had spoken a word, or even saw them, Jacob Grimes drew his six-shooter, and shot the poor old man dead.

Two or three days afterward, the man was found lying just where he fell. For a week the circumstances of his death were not known. When they were at length ascertained, everybody was shocked to learn that a good old man had been thus murdered, and that a young boy had committed so fearful a deed.

As soon as the old man fell, the boys thought no more of peaches, but hurried home in the greatest fear.--To say nothing of the wickedness of the act, can you imagine any thing more cowardly than to shoot an old

man in the dark, and then run away?

Jacob made Edward promise secrecy, but he was old enough to know "murder will out," and he thought it safest to flee to Mexico. There he is now, a poor fugitive, with a hard lot before him. Who can say how his widowed mother felt when she learned where her only son had gone, and for what reason?

I do not like to see boys armed with bowie-knives and six-shooters. They may, sometime, use them as poor Jacob Grimes did his six-shooter, in a terribly thoughtless, wicked manner, and thus ruin their prospects and happiness for life. Indeed, every sensible, truly peaceable man, will tell you that he has no use for arms of any kind, unless he is in a country where there is danger from Indians or robbers.

I hate a coward, neither do I like a boy who is full of fight. I presume Jacob Grimes had always been accustomed to "hit back," and very often to strike the first blow. Do you know that it frequently takes much more courage to keep from fighting, than it does to give a boy, a little weaker than yourself, a good thrashing?

Bad men, when they see you quarrelling, will shout, "Pitch in, boys!" but before you mind them again, I want each one of you to find out what his New Testament says about fighting. You will look it through in vain for one word of permission to "pitch in!"



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Lesson 8: Honesty and Faith



In a little town, a few miles from St. Petersburg, in Russia, lived a poor woman. A small cottage was her only possession, and she made her living by finding food and lodging for travelers. One evening several ship-masters supped at her house, and when they were gone, a sealed bag of money was found lying under the table. Some one of the company had, no doubt, forgotten it; but in consequence of their having immediately sailed across an arm of the sea near her cottage, they could not return to get it until the wind should change. The old woman put the bag into her cupboard, until it should be called for. Full seven years, however, passed away, and no one called to claim it. And though she was often tempted from poverty to open the bag and spend the money, the good woman's good principles prevailed, and the bag remained untouched.

One evening some ship-masters again called at her house and asked for refreshment. Three of them were English, and the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing on various subjects, one of them asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that village before. "Indeed, I have," replied the Dutchman. "I know this place too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles." "How so?" "Why, in one of these wretched hovels, I once left behind me a bag of money. But, before I thought of it, we had sailed under a strong wind, which prevented my return, and have never been back since. Do you think such people would be honest enough to keep my money for me so long a time? Of course not." "Was your bag of money sealed?" asked the old woman, who was sitting in the corner, and listening to all that was said, "Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch chain," cried the man. The woman knew the seal instantly. "Well, then," said she, "by that you may recover what you have lost." "Recover it, mother? No, no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest; besides, it is full seven years since I lost it. Say no more about it; it always makes me melancholy."

Meanwhile, the woman slipped gently out of the room, and returned with the bag, and throwing it on the table, exclaimed, "Here is your money. I am glad to return it to its rightful owner."

I will tell you another story of the honesty of these Russian peasantry.

A nobleman was once travelling to Tobolsk, and stopped one night at the hut of a poor man. In the morning, on continuing his journey, he discovered that he had lost his purse, containing a large amount of money. He must have dropped it on mounting his horse at the stable, which stood off some distance among some trees. The son of the peasant found it while out hunting; but, instead of taking it up, went and told his father, who was equally unwilling to touch it, and ordered his son to cover it up with some bushes.

A few months after this, the nobleman returned, and stopped at the same hut, but the owner did not at first know him. He related the loss he had met with. The poor man listened very attentively, and when he had finished, he exclaimed, "You are very welcome. Here is my son, who will show you the spot where your money lies. No hand has touched it, but the one who covered it up, that you might recover it again."

Soon after the surrender of the city of Copenhagen to the English, in the year 1807, companies of soldiers were for some time stationed in the surrounding villages. It happened one day, that three soldiers, belonging to a High-land regiment, were sent out to collect provisions among the neighboring farm-houses. They went to several houses, but found them deserted, and everything carried away. At length they came to a large garden, or orchard, full of apple-trees, bending under the weight of fruit. They entered by a gate, and followed a path which led to a neat farm-house. Everything about the house was neat and quiet; but as they entered, the mistress and children ran screaming out of the back door. The inside of the house presented an appearance of order and comfort, which they did not expect to find in that part of the country. A watch hung by the fire-place, and a neat book-case, well filled with books, attracted the attention of the elder soldier. He took down a book. It was written in a language unknown to him; but he soon perceived that the name of Jesus Christ was to be found on almost every page. At this moment the master of the house entered by the door through which his wife and children had just fled.

One of the soldiers, by threatening signs, demanded provisions. The man stood firm and shook his head. The soldier who held the book, approached him, and pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, laid his hand on his heart and looked up to Heaven. Instantly, the farmer grasped his hand, shook it warmly, and then ran

out of the room. He soon returned with his wife and children, bringing milk, fruit, eggs, bacon, etc., which were freely offered. When money was held out to the farmer, it was refused. The farmer, by signs and gestures, and by pointing to the name of Jesus Christ, as much as said that he feared nothing from men who loved that name, and that they were welcome to his hospitality. When taking leave, the soldier pointed to the watch, and seemed to say that it was not safe. The farmer by signs replied, that although his neighbors had been stripped of everything, yet his furniture, fruit and grounds had remained untouched, and he feared no evil, for his trust was in God. What saith the Scripture?--"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."



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Lesson 9: Go Regularly to School



Just as David Hill started home from school, Ben Smith came out of the Post Office and called, "Halloo! Dave, come and read this letter for me." Ben was a great boy fifteen years old.

David waited till Ben reached him, and then took the open letter. "Why Ben," said he, "this is to your father." "No matter," answered Ben, "he won't be back from Shreveport for a long time, and mother and I can't read writing, so make haste and tell me what is in it."

David began to read very slowly: "My dere sur i have taken the plesher to drop you a fu lines to inform yew that i am In good helth and yeur onkel rote mee that yeu was at the pint of deth with a dezeis of some cine i am in hops--"

"W-h-e-w!" whistled David. This was not very polite in him, but he could hardly be expected to say less. He had just left school at the head of his spelling class, as usual, and was carrying home a neatly filled copy-book, which his teacher told him to show his mother, that she might see how fast he was improving.

"What's the matter?" asked Ben. "Don't you know enough to read it?" "The man didn't know enough to half write it," answered David slightly piqued. "See here, these letters look more like Mexican brands than anything else."

Ben snatched the letter from David and started in quest of some one else to read it to him. David cried after him, "I say, Ben, come to school to-morrow, and I will help you learn your reading lesson, and will show you how to make the hard letters in your copy, and in a week you can write much better than that, and read writing too."

It is to be hoped that Ben went to school the next day, and also for every school day for two years after. In case he failed to do so, and is still continuing once in a while to do a lazy day's riding for some stock owner, and the rest of the time to hang around the grocery and store, he will surely grow up an ignorant and worthless young man, like the no account John Hall who wrote that letter.

It is a very bad sign when boys get angry with their teachers and stay away from school, as Ben was doing. It shows at least that they have not good sense, else they would not be willing to lose an hour in which they ought to be gaining knowledge in order to become useful, respected men.



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Lesson 10: Two Honest Men



A farmer in the north of England some years ago, called on his neighbor, the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to complain to him that his wheat field had been very much trampled down and injured by his lordship's horses and hounds, as they were hunting in a certain wood near by. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that he had no hope of making a crop. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I know we have frequently met in the woods near your field, and no doubt have injured it very much. If you can procure an estimate of the loss, I will repay you." The farmer replied, that knowing his lordship's character for honor and honesty, he had already requested a friend to assist him in making an estimate of the damage; and as the crop seemed to be quite destroyed, he thought that fifty pounds (\$250) would not more than pay him for his loss. The Earl at once paid him the money.

As the harvest however approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which had been most trampled, the growth was the strongest, and the crop the heaviest. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come again, my lord, respecting the field of wheat near the woods." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance, "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to pay you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, but I find that I have sustained no loss at all. For where your horses had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty pounds back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be, between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, and asked him many questions respecting his family, the number of his children, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for one hundred pounds (\$500), and said, "take care of this, and when your eldest son becomes of age, present it to him, and tell him where it came from, and what was the occasion of its being presented. It will leave your son something to think about, when you and I are both dead."

We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer, on the one hand, or the benevolence and wisdom displayed by the Earl, on the other. For, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation. Neither of these good men knew anything about the tricks of extortioners practiced in these days. But they had well learned the christian precept, "as ye would that men should do unto you, even do the same unto them."



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Lesson 11: A Precious Gift



There is no people in the world that have a greater regard for the Bible than the Scotch. The present of a copy of the Scriptures from a father or mother to a son or daughter, on leaving home, is considered the most sacred of all gifts. It will be read and studied not only for its own sake but for the sake of the giver, and kept sacred through life, and parted with only at death.

A few years ago, there dwelt in the south of Scotland a venerable couple, in comfortable circumstances, who had an only daughter. This daughter, at a suitable age, was sought in marriage by a respectable farmer's son, and the match being agreeable to all parties, the young people were united in wedlock. The bride received the usual present of a Bible from her parents, neatly bound, and covered with a strong cloth covering, which was sewed on with much care.

In a few years the aged parents were both called away from time and were numbered with the dead.

The young farmer, having heard much of America, the promised land beyond the broad Atlantic, gathered his little property together, and with his wife and one child, set sail for New York. The first thing done after landing in the New World, was to seek a boarding-house; where after unpacking their baggage, they took out the precious Family Bible, and after reading a chapter suitable to the occasion, they knelt down and thanked God for his goodness, and besought him to direct them to a new home in a land of strangers.

The young Scotchman's chief object in coming to this country, was to purchase a small farm, where he might follow the occupation which he had learned in his native land. After spending but a few days in the crowded city, he set out for the far West, and turned his face towards the setting sun.

Indiana, at that time, was fast becoming settled, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders. He fixed on a small farm on the banks of the Wabash, paid down one-half of the price in cash, and gave a mortgage for the remainder, to be paid in one year. Having stocked

his farm, ploughed his ground and sowed his seed, he patiently waited for the time, when he might go forth and reap the harvest. But alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart or rewarded his toil. He was seized with a fever, and before the harvest was ripe, death called him home, and his wife was left a widow, and his little boy an orphan.

Alas for the lonely young widow! Her husband gone, her crop rotting in the fields, the time for paying her unfeeling creditor, rapidly approaching. She flew to her Family Bible, the gift of her beloved parents, and there derived comfort and strength. She there read this precious promise, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths." She prayed and wept, and was strengthened. She now determined to give up her farm and furniture, and let all be sold at public auction, in hope of paying off all her husband's debts.

The day of sale arrived. Her few goods and chattels were, in due course, knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession, article after article, without a murmur, till at last, the salesman held up the "Family Bible." This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silent evidence of a breaking heart. How could she part with that precious gift, the only relic of a pious father and mother. She begged the officer to spare her this memento of her departed parents. But the unfeeling creditor declared that everything should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was due him.

The book was, therefore put up, and was being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declared that she would part with it only with her life. In the scuffle for the book, the thread by which the brown linen covering was sewed on, gave way, the covering was torn off, and out fell two thin pieces of paper. On examination, each of these papers proved to be a bank-note, good for five hundred pounds (\$2,500) on the bank of England! On one of these, in her mother's handwriting were the following words: "When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible," On the back of the other, in her father's hand--"our Heavenly Father's ears are never deaf."

The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible returned to its faithful owner, the furniture restored, the farm fully purchased, and the balance of the money placed at interest for the education of the son. That Scotch woman's love for her Bible, the gift of her mother, saved her farm. It was a precious gift.



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Lesson 12: Live In Peace



What trifling things often give rise to serious quarrels. A hasty word, in a moment of anger, or an imprudent act in a moment of thoughtlessness, have often separated bosom friends. Law-suits, street fights, and duels, have often sprung from the most insignificant causes. A little stubbornness in admitting oneself to be mistaken, unwillingness to ask a neighbor's pardon when we are evidently in the wrong, have frequently given rise to serious troubles.

In conversation one day with a friend, he told me the following anecdote: "I once owned a large flock of fowls. I usually kept them shut up; but one day I concluded to let them run in the yard, after I had clipped their wings, so that they could not fly.

On coming home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath, to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed some of them, and had thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful fowls, that I valued so much, and I determined to have revenge. I would shoot him on the spot, or I would at least sue him for damages. I thought however, that I would first sit down and eat my dinner. But by the time I had finished my meal, I felt more cool, and concluded that perhaps I had better not fight with my neighbor about a few hens, and thereby make him my bitter enemy. I concluded that I would walk over and see him. On going over, I found him in his garden, in hot pursuit of one of my hens, with a club in his hand, and his face red with rage. I addressed him in a kind manner. He turned upon me with an inflamed look, and broke out in great fury: "You have abused me, sir. I will kill all your hens, and you too, if you do not take care. My garden is mine."

"I am very sorry for it, (said I,) I did not wish to injure you, and I now deeply regret having let my hens out of the coop. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage."

The man seemed confounded. He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky--then down to the ground--then at his club--then at me, and then at the hen he had been chasing, and stood still and seemed

unable to say a word.

"Tell me (said I) what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold, and my hens shall trouble you no more, I will leave-it entirely to you what I must pay. I cannot afford to lose the good will of my neighbors and quarrel with them, for hens, or anything else."

"I am a great fool, (said my neighbor) the damage is not worth talking about. I ask your pardon for what I said, and I respect you now more than ever. Your mildness has cooled me down, and let us drop the matter forever."



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Lesson 13: Death of Absalom



And David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai the Gittite.

And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, Thou shalt not go forth: for if we flee away, they will not care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

And the king stood by the gate side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him, went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son: for, in our hearing, the king charged thee,

and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom.--Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. Now Absalom, in his lifetime, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cush, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cush bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cush. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But however, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cush.

And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the

king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside and stood still.

And behold, Cushite came; and Cushite said, Tidings my lord, the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushite, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushite answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!



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Lesson 14: The Righteous Never Forsaken



It was Saturday night. The widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her fire with her five little children. It was mid-winter, and the cold wind kept up a mournful howling through the bleak forest. Her health was bad, her scanty supplies were nearly gone, and a single herring smoked upon the coals before her, and formed the only supper for herself and family. Well might she feel sad and lonely. True, she had a grown son. But she had not heard of him for two long years. Shortly after the death of his father, he had gone to sea, and she knew not whether he was dead or alive.

As she laid the smoked herring on the table, and the children were in the act of placing themselves around it to receive their scanty share, a gentle tap at the door and the barking of the dog, arrested their attention. The children flew to open it; and a weary traveler in tattered garments, entered and begged for a morsel of food and a night's lodging. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled for the stranger. Having suffered so much herself, she knew how to feel for others, and welcomed him to come forward and share her humble meal. The traveler drew near the table, and raising up his hands in astonishment, he exclaimed, "And is this all your store? and a share of this do you offer to me whom you never saw before? Are you not wronging these poor children, who need food as much as I?"

"Ah," said the widow, and the tears gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, but I know not where, who may this night be seeking the food I offer you. For his sake, as well as your own, I freely offer you what I have. You are welcome to the widow's mite."

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God has indeed provided your son a home, and has given him the means of rewarding you for all your kindness, my mother, my mother!" It was her long absent son, returned to her bosom from the East Indies. He had chosen this disguise, that he might more completely surprise the family, and

never was a surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. The humble cottage was soon exchanged for a residence more comfortable and more attractive, and the widow lived long in the enjoyment of worldly competence, and in the practice of the rites of hospitality. She had read and obeyed the command of Scripture--"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."



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Lesson 15: The Twin Sisters



A pair of twin sisters were so much alike, that it was difficult to distinguish them. Their little hearts were also blended in the sweetest love. Dressed always alike, they might usually be seen, hand in hand; and wherever one was, you might be sure that the other could not be far away.

When old enough to attend school, they sat side by side, studied from the same book, wrote the same copy, shaded with their pencils the same flower, warbled the same song, in the same key. They enjoyed the instructions of a very faithful teacher, who sometimes, to test the thorough preparation of her pupils, called them to recite separately.

On such an occasion, one of the twins having neglected her lesson, mistook, and faltered. Tears started to her eyes, and the embarrassment of betraying ignorance convulsed her with shame. Just at that crisis the teacher was called out.

The other sister, seated upon her bench, well prepared with her lesson, sympathized in all the suffering of her second self. Her breast heaved, and her cheek was suffused with crimson. Springing to the side of the tried one, she forced her backward into her seat, with a rapidity that overcame resistance, and stood up in her place.

The teacher returned, resumed her examination, and found every question answered promptly, and with perfect correctness. At first she was surprised, yet supposed a little interval had enabled the pupil, by reflection, to collect her thoughts, or possibly to review those points of the lesson in which she was most deficient.

But the expression of an approbation which was not fairly earned, troubled the consciences of these pure-minded sisters. They could not be happy, thus to deceive their teacher.

Requesting to be permitted to stay after school, they approached her with tears, and confessed what they had done.

"I could not bear to see my poor sister in such pain," said the sweet one who rescued her. "Forgive us, we are but one," said their little voices in unison. "God bless you," said their kind preceptress, "may you be one in Heaven."



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Lesson 16: How Was the Daughter Found?



Many years ago, a colony came over from Europe, and settled near the town of Carlisle in Pennsylvania. Among these people was an honest and good man with his wife and a number of children. There were no churches or schools in the neighborhood at the time, and the father was compelled to keep his family at home on the Sabbath, and teach them himself to read the Bible, to sing and pray. They were a happy and pious family, and the children committed to memory a great many chapters and hymns.

In the year 1754 a dreadful war broke out between the French in Canada and the English in New York and Pennsylvania. The Indians took part with the French, and made incursions into Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burned the houses and murdered the people. They happened upon the dwelling of the family of this good man, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the oldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The Indians killed the father and son instantly; but they carried away with them the two little girls, together with many other children from the settlement, whom they compelled to walk many long miles through the woods, until they at last arrived in the Indian country. All the children were then divided out among the Indians, and compelled to work for their unfeeling masters.

Barbara was at this time 10 years old, and Regina 9. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, and another little girl of two years old whom she had never seen before, were given to an old Indian woman, who was very cruel to them. She would force the children to go out into the woods to gather fruits and roots and other provisions for her; and when they did not find enough for her to eat, she would beat them in such a cruel manner, that they were sometimes nearly killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she would kneel down under a tree and repeat the prayers and hymns which her father taught her, the little girl would kneel down with her, and repeat these prayers and hymns until she got them by heart. In this cruel captivity these children remained nine long years

till Regina reached the age of eighteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. Thus their hearts became knit together in a wonderful manner. O how often did they sit and weep and pray and sing together, and talk about home, and long to be free from their cruel bondage! They were particularly fond of singing one hymn which Regina's father and mother had taught her, which began with these words:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear."

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would some time bring them back again to their christian friends.

In 1764, the hope of these children was realized. The good Providence of God brought the English Colonel Boquet to the place where these children were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and made them beg for peace and give up all the white captives they had taken. More than four hundred captives, mostly little boys and girls, were given up to the English, and among them were Regina and her little companion. The Colonel gave them food and clothing, and brought them to the neighborhood where they had been stolen, and published in the newspapers, that all parents who had lost their children, should come to Carlisle and claim them. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came among other bereaved parents, to see if she could find her child. But alas, she could not find her. Regina had acquired the appearance as well as the language of the Indians. The mother went up and down among the captives, but by no efforts could she discover her long lost daughter, She wept in grief and disappointment. Col. Boquet said: "Do you recollect anything by which your children could be known?" She answered, that she recollected nothing but a hymn which she and her husband used to sing to their children, which had this verse in it:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Savior always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They wept, for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother.

But there were no parents or friends in search of the little girl. It is supposed they were all murdered. And thus the child clung to Regina and would not leave her. The mother, though very poor, took her home with her. And now what a blessed meeting and discovery was here brought about, and all because Regina's parents were pious and taught their children, when they were young, to fear God and sing his praise. It was a hymn that saved Regina! O mothers, teach your children to read the Bible and to sing God's praise. It may save both their souls and bodies, and your daughters will bless you for it.

How different from Regina's mother was the mother of another young person, who once lived in the State of Kentucky.

About twenty years ago, in the cabin of one of those magnificent steamers which are continually stemming the current of the mighty Mississippi between New Orleans and Louisville, lay the emaciated form of a young and fashionably educated young lady. Her pale brow, deep-seated cough and hectic flush upon her cheek, plainly told that she was in a rapid decline. She was returning from Cuba with her mother and her physician, whither she had gone in hopes that change of climate might prolong her days; but all in vain. It was evident that she could not live to reach her native city. Her end drew nigh. The flame of life flickered in the socket, and then went out.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,

Her breathing soft and low;

As from her heart the stream of life,

Came ebbing to and fro.

And still our hopes belied our fears,

Our fears our hopes belied;

We thought her dying, when she slept,

And sleeping, when she died.

But just before she died, she called her mother to her side, and said, "O mother, how wickedly you have brought me up. You had me taught to dance and to dress, to shine in the ball-room, and to mingle in fashionable circles. But you never taught me to pray, or encouraged me to read the Bible. And now if my soul is lost, you must answer for it." These last words of the dying daughter went like a dagger to the mother's heart. She burst into an agony of grief, and wringing her hands, she went out and wept bitterly. Would parents avoid that mother's anguish, they must avoid her

example. The verse of a hymn, a text of Scripture, may save a child, the want of it may prove its ruin.



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Lesson 17: Learn to Apologize



David Hill's uncle, John, wished to get up his ox-team, but as the oxen ran anywhere between the Bosque river and Comanche Peak, it was nearly a fortnight before he could collect them all. Finally the five yoke were in the lot, with the exception of old Bright.

Old Bright was a steady, stout old fellow who, when he was on the road, had almost always a wild mate to help break, besides being accustomed to pull more than double his share of the load. But this time he had made up his mind that as he had plowed all the spring he would stay out and eat grass all the summer.

Therefore, whenever he saw a horseman whom he suspected to be in pursuit of him, or even heard a cow-whip, he would run quickly to the river-bottom near by, taking care to go where it was not very easy to follow him.

His owner, knowing where he was, let him run till the last, but finally when all the other oxen were up, asked David to go and bring in old Bright.

As soon as the old fellow saw David coming he hastened to his retreat with more speed than usual, for he feared that unless he got a good start David would be more than a match for him.

And now they had it. Into the river and out again, through the deepest thickets, up the steepest banks, and at last out on the broad, open prairie. But the race had just begun. Old Bright was determined not to go home; David was equally resolved that he should go, and Smasher's views of the case perfectly agreed with his master's.

After two hours' hard riding, David got the ox as far as the small village through which he had to pass. Old Bright was very much heated, and looked around for some place in which he might escape both from David and the sun. He spied the open door of a house not far out of his course, and suddenly wheeling his heavy body, ran towards it, and plunged in.

In the room which the animal entered David's Sunday School teacher lay slightly ill. The poor lady was greatly frightened when she was awakened by an enormous ox rushing into her small room. There he stood panting, and looked, she thought, as though he would next take her on his great horns. He reached from the door to the opposite window.

I cannot tell how she managed to spring over the head of the bedstead and leave the room by another door. Some one then went to the window on the outside, and flourished a stick over Bright's head, until he thought prudent to quit the premises. The next day he was quietly engaged in hauling more than his share, as usual, of a heavy load of corn.

But what more of David? I am ashamed to tell you that as soon as he saw Bright enter the room of the teacher whom he so much loved, he put spurs to his horse and galloped home.

He went directly to his mother and told her what had happened, saying how bad he felt, and how he should never again dare to look his teacher in the face. But this did not help the matter, and was wrong. He ought rather to have followed the ox to the lady's house, expressed his regret at Bright's behavior, and driven him out of the room.

Boys, whenever you have caused any unintentional mischief, do not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge it, but apologize, and so far as you can, repair the harm you have occasioned.



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Lesson 18: Little Willie is Dead



Our little boy died yesterday, and we have just returned from the graveyard and have left him behind us.

We have left him behind us. His absence makes HOME desolate. We wander from room to room, as if in search of something that is lost. Here is the bed in which he slept. His head will not again press the smooth pillow. We open some drawer. There are the little shoes he wore; the many frocks in which he looked so lovely. We have not heart to stay longer in the room. We hasten into some other. A picture-book, the leaves of which were torn by his cunning hands, we see. All around in the closet are the toys, just in the confusion in which he left them--the little wagon, with its load of pictured blocks--the doll that the darling nursed and cared for, as though it were alive--the sword and drum, with which he marched so soldier-like about the house. Tears come too fast. We miss him so, that we have not strength to stay where he is not. We seek another room. Here is the little chair in which he sat. It was scarcely a week ago when he was sitting by our side, and asking his queer, puzzling questions, and was looking so delighted, whilst we were telling him, for the fiftieth time, the old, old nursery stories. Now the chair is vacant. He has gone from our side. It seems as if there was nothing for us to do but to sit still, and fold our hands, and count our tears. O! how HOME is desolated by the death of a child! A grown person is missed at morning and evening, and at meal times. But a child is missed every minute of the long, long day. He is missed from the mother's arms; he is missed from the father's knee. The sunlight is not more missed, when cloudy day succeeds to cloudy day. The vacant cradle, the vacated crib, the vacated nursery, are constant. The vacated bed, the vacated parlor, are occasional. Indeed, that little grave has left home dreary. We would not have courage to sleep beneath our own roof; we would exchange its hearth-stone for a stranger's hospitality; we would forsake its quiet table for the crowded hall; the roof-tree we would leave, and find another shelter; if it were not that we still loved the places which our baby-child was once familiar with; as if was not heard the Savior saying:

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."



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Lesson 19: The Resurrection of the Body



The resurrection of the body at the last day, seems to be taught by many things around us. All nature seems to have an onward and upward progress. The seeds of vegetables first rot in the earth, before they grow and blossom. The worm becomes the beautiful butterfly. The acorn becomes the lofty oak. The leafless forest, so death-like in the season of winter, when spring returns, is once more clothed in garments of green, and the little hills rejoice on every side. And why should man be an exception to this universal law of revival and reproduction.

The doctrine of the resurrection is full of comfort. How consoling the thought, that when you bury a friend, you do not part with him forever; that when you stand by the new made grave, and there commit the body to the silent tomb, you can do it in the hope of a glorious resurrection; when life shall once more animate the cold corpse, beauty once more bloom on the pale cheek, intelligence once more beam from the sunken eye, and shouts of rapture burst from the palsied tongue!

But let the hope of the resurrection be taken away, and how sad is the heart of the mourner! How melancholy the state of the world! Death is everywhere at work, cutting down our dying race. And the fairest are the first to fall. The infant is torn from its mother's arms. The maiden is cut down in her bloom and beauty; the young man, when just bursting into manhood; and the man of mature years, at the time when his family and his country most require his life. But death is cruel and deaf. He heeds not our prayers. He hurls his fatal dart. The grave opens its jaws, receives its victim, and closes over him forever. Sorrowing friends stand around the tomb, and weep and call; but call and weep in vain. No voice of comfort comes up from the tomb. No lamp lights up its darkness. Not a glimpse comes to the eye of regions which lie beyond. All is silent, and cold and comfortless.

At this sad moment of sorrow and despair,
Revelation approaches, and with a command

delightful and sublime, exclaims, "Lazarus come forth. Awake ye dead and come to life." In a moment, the earth heaves, the tomb opens; and a form bright as the sun, and arrayed in garments of beauty, rises from the earth, and stretching its wings towards heaven, enters a glorious city, whose walls are made of jasper, whose gates are of pearl, whose streets are pure gold, whose palaces are lighted up with the presence of God himself, and whose high arches ring day and night, with anthems from the lutes of Seraphims.

How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beams the closing eyes,

How gently heaves the expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away,

So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er,

So gently shuts the eye of day,

So dies a wave along the shore.

My young friends, take care of the bodies of the dead. They are very precious. They will rise again. They will live forever. Mark their resting place. Select beautiful spots for their burial. Let trees wave around them. Plant flowers over them. Visit them often. Guard them with a religious care. They contain precious dust. And at last, the blast of the Archangel's trump shall awake them from their long slumber, and they shall hunger and thirst, and weep and die no more.



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Lesson 20: The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter



A lighthouse is a high tower, or building, the upper part of which is called the "lantern," where the lamps are lit at night. The light of these lamps shines all night to guide ships on their way, and to show where danger lies. The lighthouse seems to say, "Take care, sailors, for rocks and sands are here. Keep a good lookout, and mind how you sail, or you will be lost."

Two or three persons live in the light house, to attend to the lamps. We will now look into one of these buildings on the coast of Cornwall.

Little Mary was in the lighthouse alone. The night was coming on, and a storm was rising on the sea. She heard the waves dash against the rocks, and the wind moan round the tower.

Mary's father had trimmed the lamps, and they were ready for lighting when evening came on; but, as he wanted to buy some food, he crossed the causeway which leads to the land--this causeway was a pathway over the rocks and sands, which could only be passed for two or three hours in the day; at other times the waters rose and covered it. The father intended to hasten home before it was dark, and before the tide flowed over this path to the shore.

But where was Mary's mother? She had been dead two or three years. She was a pious woman, and often sat in the lonely lighthouse with her little girl, teaching her to read from a large old Bible. Then she used to tell her of Jesus, the Lord of life and glory, and how he came into the world and died on the cross to save sinners, and how he invites the young to come to him that they may be happy.

Well, as we have said, the father of Mary had gone on shore. He had told Mary not to be afraid, for that he would soon return. But there were some rough looking men behind a rock who were watching Mary's father,

and seemed glad when they saw him go to land. Who were they?

These men were wreckers. They waited about the coast, and if a vessel was driven by a storm on the rocks, they rushed down, not to help the poor sailors, but to rob and illtreat them, and plunder the ship.

The wicked men knew that there was only a little girl left in the lighthouse, and they had a plan to keep her father on shore all the night. Some ships, filled with rich goods, were expected to pass before morning, and they thought that, should the lamps in the lighthouse not be lit, these vessels would run upon the rocks and be wrecked, and then the goods would be their spoil.

How cruel and wicked these men must have been to seek the ruin and death of the poor sailors! But we see how true it is what the Bible says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Mary's father had filled his basket with bread and other things, and had prepared to return. As he drew nigh to the road leading to the causeway, the wreckers rushed from their hiding-place and threw him on the ground.--They quickly bound his hands and feet with ropes, and carried him into a shed, there to lie till morning. It was in vain that he cried to be set free, they only mocked his distress. They then left him to the charge of two men, while they ran back to the shore.

"Oh! my sweet little Mary, what will you do?" cried the father, as he lay in the shed; "there will be no one to light the lamps, many ships may be wrecked, and hundreds of sailors lost."

Mary looked from a narrow window in the lighthouse toward the shore, thinking it was time for her father to come back. The clock in the little room had just struck six, and she knew that the waters would soon rise up to the causeway.

An hour passed; the clock struck seven, and Mary still looked towards the beach, but no father was to be seen.--By the time it was eight the tide was nearly over the pathway; only bits of rocks here and there were above the waters, and they too were soon covered over. "Oh, father, make haste," cried Mary aloud, as though her father could hear her; "have you forgotten your little girl?" But the only answer was the noise of the waters as they rose higher and higher, and the roar of the wind as it gave notice of the coming storm.

Now Mary sat down and wept. Surely there would be no lights that night, and many a vessel would be cast ashore.

While Mary wept she thought of what her dear mother used to say, that we should look to Jesus in every time of need. And in a corner of the room she knelt and prayed for help: "O, Lord, show me what to do, and bless my dear father, and bring him home safe."

The water was now some feet above the causeway. The sun had set for more than an hour. As the moon rose in the sky, black storm-clouds covered her from sight, and then not a star was seen. The wreckers walked along the shore, looking for some ship to strike on the coast. These men hoped that the sailors, not seeing the light, would think that they were not near the coast, and would be dashed on the rocks.

Just at this moment the thought came into Mary's mind that she would try to light the lamps. But what could a little girl do? She, however, got a few matches and made alight. The next thing was to carry a set of steps to the spot, and attempt to reach the lamps. But, after much labor, she found they were still above her head. A small table was next brought from below, and Mary put the steps upon it, and mounted to the top with hope and joy, for now she was almost sure she could light the lamps. But no; though she stood on tiptoe, they were even yet a little higher than she could reach. "If I had a stick," she said, "I would tie a match to it, and then I could set light to the wicks." Yet no stick, nor anything of the kind, was to be found.

The storm now became quite fearful. The sailors looked along the coast for lights. Where could they be? Had they brought their ships in a wrong direction? They were at a loss to tell, and knew not which way to steer.

All this time Mary's father was praying in the shed, that God would take care of his child in the dark and lonely lighthouse.

Poor Mary was about to sit down again and weep, when she thought of the large old Bible in the room below.--But how could she tread on that book? It was God's holy word, which her mother loved so much to read. "Yet it is to save life," said she, "and if mother were here, would she not allow me to take it?" Mary did not scorn her mother's Bible, its very covers were precious in her sight.

In a minute the large book was brought and placed under the steps, and up she got again. Yes, she was just high enough; then she touched one wick, and another, and another, till the rays of the lamps shone brightly over the dark waters.

The father saw the light, as he lay in the shed, and thanked God who had sent help, though he knew not how, in the hour of danger. The sailors beheld the light, and steered their ships away from the rocks, and were

safe.--And the wreckers, too, saw the light, and were full of rage that their cruel plot had wholly failed.

All that stormy night the lamps cast their rays over the foaming sea, and when the morning came the wreckers let the father loose from the shed. The water was again down from the causeway, and he was soon in the lighthouse, there to learn from his little girl the way which God had helped her in the hour of her trial. Brave little Mary!--May we not hope that the blessed Bible was "a light unto her feet, and a lamp unto her path" all through her life, and that it guided her to heaven, there to meet her dear mother to part no more?



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Lesson 21: Texas



If you look at the map, you will see that the Gulf of Mexico is somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe. Its opening is defended and adorned by the Island of Cuba. Commencing at Cape Florida, we find that its capes and harbors are very numerous, and are sufficient for the vast commerce of this great inland sea, and the rich territories that border it. They are Tampa, Apalachie, Mobile, New Orleans, Atchafalaya, Calcasieu, Sabine, Galveston, Brazos River, Matagorda, Corpus Christi, Brazos Santiago, Tehuantepec, Campeachy, and Sisal.

At the toe of this great shoe lies the State of Texas, reaching for a distance of four hundred miles along the coast, and embracing in its entire boundaries, two hundred and thirty-seven thousand square miles, or about one hundred and fifty millions of acres. It is four times as large as Virginia. The country along the coast is a level prairie; but as you pass to the interior, the surface gradually rises and becomes more uneven; and still further inland, it becomes hilly and mountainous. After crossing an extensive belt of timber, and reaching more than a hundred miles from the coast, you find the high rolling prairies, composed of the richest soil in the world, covered with musquit-grass, and having along the streams and valleys sufficient timber for all needful purposes.

Texas is what is called an alluvial country, and bears strong evidence of having been once under water. Very little rock is found, except in the northern part. It possesses every variety of climate and surface, and there is nothing which can contribute to the comfort and wants of man which will not grow here. Oranges and sugar-cane flourish in the south; cotton in the middle regions; wheat in the north; and potatoes, corn and vegetables flourish everywhere; while countless numbers of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs can be reared in any part of the State. In fact, there is no country on the continent better suited to become the abode of millions of contented and happy people. It is a world in itself, where nature teems with all kind of riches, and holds out all kind of attractions to people of other States to come and find homes for themselves and their children. Our only wonder is, that so boundless a

country has remained so long without being filled up with civilized people.



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Lesson 22: Indians In Texas



The Indians, from their mode of living, and the continual wars among their different tribes, were but thinly scattered over the immense country lying between the Rio Grande and Red River. The Lipans and the Carankaws lived along the lower Rio Grande and the Colorado and Brazos. They subsisted mainly upon fish. The next tribe, going east, was the Ceniz, inhabiting Buffalo Bayou, the San Jacinto Valley, and the Trinity river. On the banks of the Trinity their villages were large and numerous. Their habitations were like bee-hives, and some of them were forty feet high. As they devoted much time to raising corn, they were comparatively wealthy. They traded with the Spaniards of New Mexico, from whom they procured horses, money, spurs and clothing. The next tribe east, were the Nassoriis, living between the Ceniz and the Sabine river. These four tribes, two centuries ago, formed the original inhabitants of Texas. The landing of the colony of La Salle, was to them a new and wonderful event. The sight of ships, and the sound of fire-arms, were to them subjects of awe and astonishment. Living in the simplicity of nature, they were free from most of the diseases and vices of European nations. They were worshippers of the sun, and full of the superstitions common to other North-American Indians. They had their rain-makers, their game-finders, and their witches. Living in a mild climate, and among prairies covered with buffalo and game of all kinds, and near streams and bays abounding in fish, they obtained their living with but little effort. They were as contented and as free as people ever can become, who know nothing of the usages of civilized life.

Early and vigorous efforts were made by Catholic missionaries to convert them to Christianity. Establishments were formed called presidios or missions. Buildings were erected round a square, and consisted of a church, store-houses, dwellings for priests, officers and soldiers. Huts were erected at a short distance for the converted Indians. The ruins of many of these old presidios remain to this day. But the Indians are now all gone, and none are found except on

the northern and western frontiers of the State. One race has disappeared, and a new one is fast filling their places. The weak have yielded to the strong--the savage to the civilized; and before many years roll round, the only record of once powerful Indian tribes will be the beautiful names which still cling to some of our rivers and our mountains.



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Lesson 23: The French In Texas



The first Europeans who visited Texas were led here by La Salle, who landed near the entrance of Matagorda Bay, on the 18th of February, 1685. La Salle was a brave and gallant knight under Louis the XIV, King of France. Born of a good family, and intended for the priesthood in the Catholic Church, he had received a finished education. He was a man of great talents, of an enterprising spirit, and possessed firmness of mind which danger and adversity seemed only to strengthen. He kept his own secrets, relied upon his own genius, and bore without a murmur whatever ills befell him.

A squadron of four vessels was provided and furnished by the King, and the whole number of persons embarked in the enterprise was three hundred. The squadron first touched land near Sabine Bay, but, making no discoveries, and being unable to get any information from the Indians, they proceeded westward, and sailing through Pass Cavallo, entered the Bay of St. Bernard, since known by its present name. One of the vessels was wrecked in attempting to land. The others landed in safety, and a camp was formed on the west side, near the entrance of the Bay. The little colony was greatly refreshed by an abundance of game and fish. They were charmed with the country. The herds of buffalo and deer that were seen grazing on the prairies, the innumerable wild flowers that covered the earth, and the birds that warbled in the trees, led them to believe that they had found an earthly paradise.

But these bright prospects were soon clouded. Troubles arose with the Indians. Their chief supply of provisions was lost. Sickness began to thin their numbers. Disagreements arose between La Salle and the leading men of the colony. A captain of one of the vessels set sail for France, carrying away most of the ammunition. Finally, the settlement was abandoned, and a new location was selected on the Lavaca river, and a fort was there erected, and named St. Louis, in honor of the King.

La Salle, the leading spirit of this infant colony, being of

an adventurous disposition, and being intensely desirous of ascertaining the exact mouth of the great Mississippi river, started on the business of exploring the vast regions between Texas and Illinois; and after enduring incredible hardships, and meeting with many wild and romantic adventures, was finally murdered by one of his own men.--The Indians, on hearing of La Salle's death, attacked fort St. Louis, and killed or scattered all the colonists. This was the end of the first European colony in Texas.



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Lesson 24: The First White Man Lost In Texas



In 1720, a colony of Europeans entered the Gulf of Mexico, with the view of settling in Louisiana. Among them was M. de Belisle, a gentleman of distinction. The wind and current carried the vessel on which he was sailing into Matagorda Bay. A boat was sent ashore for water, and Belisle, with four others, went in it. As the boat had to make several trips to and from the ship during the day, these men concluded to remain on shore and go out hunting. But, overstaying their time, the boat made the last trip, and the captain becoming impatient, weighed anchor and sailed from the Bay. Being thus left alone in an unknown country, the hunters traveled westward along the coast for several days, living upon herbs and insects. Belisle had brought a young dog with him from the vessel. This he gave up to one of the men to be killed for food. The man was so weak with hunger that he was unable to kill him, and the dog escaped and disappeared. The four companions of Belisle died of starvation and despair, before his eyes; and for some days after, he continued to live on worms and insects, until at last the dog returned with an opossum which he had killed. Shortly after this, the dog was wounded by a wild beast, and he was compelled to kill him. Being thus left alone, he turned from the west, and turned his course to the interior in search of men. He found footsteps, and followed them to a river, on the opposite side of which he saw some Indians, engaged in drying meat. They soon discovered him, caught him, stripped him, and divided his clothes among them. They then took him to their village, and gave him to an old squaw, who treated him so kindly, that he soon recovered his strength. He learned their language, became a warrior, and rose to distinction among them.

After some time, a party of strange Indians visited the tribe where he was a captive, and, seeing him, remarked that they had also in their nation some men of the same color. This remark excited Belisle's feelings, and he determined to profit by it. He then made some ink of soot, and wrote on a piece of paper which he had secretly saved, an

account of his condition. One of the strange Indians secretly agreed to carry it to the white people at Natchitoches. He performed his promise, delivered the paper to Capt. St. Denis, commandant of that post, who wept on learning the fate of his white brother. As St. Denis was a great friend of the Indians, and a favorite with them, ten of their number volunteered to go after Belisle, and return in two moons. They were furnished with horses, and a horse, arms and clothing for the prisoner. They reached the village and fired off their guns, which overawed the Indians. Then delivering a letter from St. Denis to Belisle, they helped him to mount his horse, and the whole party galloped away, and reached Natchitoches in safety. From there Belisle found his way to the infant city of New Orleans, and became Major General of the Marine of Louisiana.



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Lesson 25: The Spaniards In Texas



Early in 1686, the Spaniards, who at this time held possession of Mexico, hearing of the effort of the French, under La Salle, to make settlements in Texas, determined on driving them out of the country. An expedition of one hundred men left the Spanish settlement of Monclava in the spring of 1689. But on arriving at Fort St. Louis, on the Lavaca, they found it abandoned. Going into the country, they found two of the French colonists among the Ceniz Indians, whom they took prisoners, and sent to Mexico, and there condemned to work in the mines. Returning to Fort St. Louis, they there established the Mission of San Francisco; and collecting some priests and friars, commenced their efforts to convert the Indians. The king of Spain now determined to recover the possession of all of Texas and Coahuila. A governor of the country was accordingly appointed; soldiers and priests were sent out to different points, to establish military posts and missions. They took with them cattle, and seeds for planting. They formed settlements on the Red River, the Neches, and the Guadalupe. But in a short time, all these infant colonies, and also that of Fort St. Louis, began to decline. The Indians were hostile, the crops failed, and the cattle died. So that in 1693, they were all abandoned, and Texas was once more without any European settlers.

Not much was done by the Spaniards after this to settle Texas, until the year 1715. From this year may be dated its permanent occupation by Spain. They now commenced in good earnest to found colonies, to establish missions, and by arms, agriculture and arts, to extend and establish their influence and laws over the whole country. But notwithstanding all their efforts and sacrifices, the Government was not prosperous; and in the year 1745, the entire Spanish population in Texas did not exceed 1500, with perhaps an equal number of converted Indians. In 1758, a sad scene occurred at San Saba. The Indians, in large numbers, assaulted the mission, and murdered priests, soldiers, and Indian

converts, leaving not one alive to tell the tale. This fearful butchery caused the Spanish missions in Texas everywhere to decline. They never recovered from the blow.

During the American Revolution, the Spanish possessions of Mexico and Texas remained in quiet. Texas was safe from danger. Her harbors were almost unknown; her property offered no temptation to pillage, and her scattered population could afford no recruits. The Spanish settlement at Natchez, however, had opened up a trade with Texas through Nacogdoches. This road had become familiar to many besides the Spaniards. Traders, on their return, would make known to the Americans in and around Natchez, the advantages of trade in Texas, the surpassing beauty and richness of the country, the abundance of the game, and a thousand other attractions to adventurers.--Thus the tide of travel and of trade began to set in the direction of this new country about the beginning of the present century. The town of Nacogdoches soon became a place of much importance. Many persons of wealth and education emigrated from Louisiana to that place. The old missionary station became a town. An arsenal, barracks, and other substantial buildings soon made their appearance--some of which are still standing.

Although the Spaniards held the country for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, yet little now exists in Texas to remind us of their rule here, excepting the names which they gave to the principal towns and rivers. Most of these names are still retained.



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Lesson 26: Americans In Texas



A trader, called Philip Nolan, engaged in traffic between Natchez (Mississippi) and San Antonio, about the year 1785. In October, 1800, he started on one of his expeditions into Texas, with a company of about twenty men. Among them was Ellis P. Bean, a young man of seventeen years of age, whose romantic character and strange adventures entitle him to a more extended notice. Nolan and his company, in order to avoid attracting public attention, took a new route, after crossing the Mississippi at Natchez. Occasionally they halted to kill game and refresh themselves. Before reaching Red River, three of them strayed off, got lost, but afterwards found their way back to Natchez. Nolan and his remaining men passed around the head of Lake Bistineau, and crossing Red River, came to a Cad-do village, where they obtained some fine horses. In ten days they crossed the Trinity, and immediately entered upon an immense rolling prairie, through which they advanced, till they came to a spring, which they named the Painted Spring. At the head of this spring stood a rock, painted by the Indians, to commemorate a treaty which had once been made there.

In the vast prairie around them they could find no fuel with which to cook their food. The buffalo, once so numerous here, had all disappeared, and they were compelled to live for nine days on the flesh of mustang horses. By this time, they reached the Brazos, where they found plenty of deer, elk, and "wild horses by thousands." Here they built an enclosure, and caught and penned three hundred head of mustangs. At this place, they were visited by two hundred Comanche Indians, with whom they went on a visit to the great chief Necoroco, on the south bank of Red River, where they remained a month, making many friends, and gaining much information. They returned at length to their old camp, accompanied by an escort of the natives, who managed to steal eleven of their best American horses.

The company at this time consisted of Captain Nolan, five Spaniards, eleven Americans, and one negro. As

they could do nothing without their horses, some six of the company volunteered to go after them. They went on foot, and after a march of nine days found four of the horses, under the care of a few Indians. The other horses, the Indians said, had been taken on a buffalo hunt by the balance of their party, and would return in the evening. They further stated that the one who stole the horses was a one-eyed Indian chief. In the evening, the Indians came in, bringing the horses and abundance of meat. The whites tied the one-eyed chief, and guarded him till morning; they then took such provisions as they wanted for their journey, let the Indians go, and returned to their camp in four days.

While in camp, resting themselves, a troop of one hundred and fifty Spaniards came suddenly upon them. The trampling of the horses aroused the Americans, who, seeing their danger, prepared for defence. They had built a square enclosure of logs, in which they slept at night. Into this they fled. The Spaniards at day-break commenced their fire, which was returned from the log-pen. In ten minutes. Captain Nolan was killed by a ball in the head. Bean then took the command, and continued the fight. In a short time after, two more of the little company fell. The Spaniards had brought with them a swivel on the back of a mule, with which they fired grape. At this time, Bean proposed to his men to charge on this piece of artillery, but the men jointly opposed it. It was next proposed to retreat, which was agreed to. Each one filled his powderhorn, and the remaining ammunition was placed in charge of the negro. They left the enclosure, and gained a small creek. While here engaged in fighting, the negro, with the ammunition, and one wounded man, stopped and surrendered. Bean and his party, though under a constant fire from the enemy on both sides, kept up the fight, until at last they took refuge in a ravine, and, for a short time, the firing ceased. At length the enemy began to close in upon the ravine, but were soon repulsed. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the Spaniards hoisted a white flag, and an American, who was with the Spaniards, was appointed to hold a parley with Bean. They said, all they desired, was that the Americans would return to their homes, and cease to come any more into Texas. The Americans agreed to this. A treaty was made, in which it was agreed that both parties should return together to Nacogdoches--the Americans not to surrender, but to retain their arms.

They soon reached the Trinity river, which was overflowing its banks. Bean soon contrived to make a small canoe out of a dry cotton-wood tree, and managed to carry over all the Spaniards, leaving their arms and commander on the other side. He now proposed to his men to throw the arms into the river, start the commander over, and again march for the prairies. In this, however, he was not seconded.

In a few days they all reached Nacogdoches, where they remained a month, expecting, according to promise, to be sent home. But in violation of the treaty, they were all put in irons and sent to San Antonio. Here they were kept in prison three months. They were then sent to San Louis Potosi, where they remained in prison for sixteen months. The prisoners, being without clothes, contrived means to procure them. Bean and Charles King gave themselves out as shoemakers, and were permitted to work at their prison doors, by which means they earned some money. Then they were started off to Chihuahua. Arriving at Saltillo, they were treated with more kindness. Their irons were taken off, and they were permitted to walk about the town. Here we will leave them for the present, simply remarking, that this battle of twelve Americans with one hundred and fifty mounted Spaniards, was probably the first which ever took place between these two nations, and from it we may judge of the character of each.



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Lesson 27: First American Colony In Texas



The first grant from the Mexican Government to found an American colony in Texas, was dated on the 17th of January, 1821. This grant was given to Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, and the father of the distinguished Col. Stephen F. Austin. The father dying suddenly, the son undertook the great and benevolent work of carrying out his father's plans. He accordingly explored the country watered by the Guadalupe, Colorado and Brazos rivers, and laid out the town of San Felipe de Austin, on the Brazos. The news of Austin's colony had spread over the western country, and there were many adventurers who were anxious to join him; so that the number of colonists came on faster than provision could be made for their support. The first settlers were often reduced to the necessity of living entirely on wild game, and clothing themselves with skins. They also suffered greatly for several years from the Carankaw Indians. In the year 1813, one of the colonists gives us the following account of their sufferings:

"Those of us who have no families, live with families of the settlement. A part of us are obliged to go out in the morning to hunt food, leaving a part of the men behind to protect the women, and children from the Indians.--Game is now so scarce that we often hunt a whole day for a deer or turkey, and return at night empty-handed. It would make your heart sick to see the poor little half-naked children, who have eaten nothing during the day, watch for the return of the hunters at night. As soon as they catch the first glimpse of them, they eagerly run out to meet them, and learn if they have found any game. If the hunters return with a deer or turkey, the children are wild with delight. But if they return without food, the little creatures suddenly stop in their course, and the big tears start and roll down their pale cheeks."

These were hard times for the young colony. But they were engaged in a great and good work, and met and over-came all difficulties with manly firmness. The common dress of the people was

buckskin ; and occasionally a strolling peddler would penetrate into the wilderness with a piece of domestic or calico, which was deemed of as much elegance as silk or satin is among us.

Soon after the establishment of Austin's colony, many other colonies were founded in different parts of the country. The settlement at Victoria was begun in 1825. The town of Gonzales was laid off about the same time. In 1828, Col. Austin obtained another contract to colonize three hundred families on lands near the Gulf. Texas had now become the great point of attraction to thousands of adventurers from all parts of the United States. Men of desperate fortunes and of roving habits, speculators in land, broken-down politicians, refugees from justice, as well as multitudes of a better class, who were desirous of finding new homes for their growing families, and fresh lands for their increasing slaves, swelled the tide of Texas immigration. This tide, rolling down from the northern and western States, at last excited the jealousy of the Mexican Government, and finally brought on a war with Mexico, which ended in the independence of Texas.



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Lesson 28: Galveston Island



From the discovery of this Island, in 1686, by the French under La Salle, until 1816, it remained unsettled. A few roving Indians occasionally resorted to the western end of the Island for the purpose of fishing, but there were no human habitations on it. As late as 1816, it was covered with a long green grass, on which fed herds of deer. It also abounded in serpents, and was hence called by the pirates of the Gulf Snake Island. In 1816, Don Louis Aury, commodore of the fleet of the Republics of Mexico, Venezuela, La Plata, and New Grenada, consisting of fifteen small vessels, was chosen governor of the province of Texas and Galveston Island. He immediately set out upon a cruise against Spanish commerce, and soon swept from the Gulf the vessels of the mother country. The rich prizes brought into Galveston soon enabled Aury and his little garrison to live handsomely. African slaves were also smuggled into the place, and sold at about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and sent across the country into Louisiana. In 1817, it fell into the possession of the celebrated Lafitte, who had for many years been the terror of the Gulf--a man of great accomplishments and of many crimes--who, when the war between England and the United States broke out in 1812, had his headquarters at Baratavia in Louisiana, and after refusing to join the British, offered his services to the American Government, was pardoned by the Legislature of Louisiana, and fought bravely at the battle of New Orleans under General Jackson.

After the battle of New Orleans, Lafitte returned to his former occupation, and he and his followers on Galveston Island numbered nearly a thousand men. They were of all nations and languages, and though pretending to be engaged under their distinguished leader as privateers, were actually nothing but pirates. Lafitte was a man of handsome person, winning manners, generous disposition, and had a wonderful influence over his men. He built his town on the ruins of Aury's village--erected a dwelling called the red house, and constructed a fort, a small arsenal and dock-yard. From New Orleans he was supplied with building

materials, provisions, and many of the luxuries of life. A "Yankee" boarding-house sprung up, and Galveston soon became a place of many attractions to the wild free-booters of the Gulf. But in 1820, Lafitte and his men committed some acts which brought on him the displeasure of the United States Government, who sent an armed vessel and broke up his establishment. This prince of pirates entertained the captain of the American vessel with great hospitality at the red house. He then assembled his followers, made them an address, supplied them with money, advised them to disperse, and bidding the American officer farewell, sailed out of the Bay and left Galveston forever.

Galveston, in 1822, was again desolate, and for some years it was only visited occasionally by sailors in search of Lafitte's hidden treasures. In 1836, the eastern end of the Island was occupied by some Texas troops under Col. Morgan, who had charge of some Mexican prisoners. Two years after this, when Texas had established its independence, and crowds of strangers commenced coming into the country, the town began to rise in importance. Commerce had sought out the harbor as the best in the young Republic, and responsible merchants began to make it their permanent abode. In 1838, vessels were arriving and departing daily, and the harbor presented the appearance of an Atlantic port. In the first quarter of the year 1840, ninety-two vessels arrived at the port of Galveston.



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Lesson 29: The Fall of the Alamo



In 1836, Santa Anna, who was at that time President of Mexico, determined to invade Texas, and either drive the Americans out of the country, or crush out the spirit of independence which had broken out among them. Accordingly he set out for the Rio Grande, on the 1st of February of that year, at the head of seven thousand troops, and on the 27th of the same month, he marched into the city of San Antonio. The few Texas soldiers who were stationed in that city, retired across the river in good order, and took refuge in the Alamo. The Alamo, though strong, was not properly a fort, but a presidio or mission. It had been standing for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and had been the scene of many strange and interesting events. Here, Colonel Travis, with his small force of not more than one hundred and fifty men, determined to make a stand, and conquer or die. He had only eight cannon, and was greatly deficient in provisions and ammunition. When the enemy first appeared before the place, he had only ninety bushels of corn and thirty head of cattle. But the watch-word of the little band of heroes was "Victory, or death!" Santa Anna immediately demanded a surrender, which was answered by a shot from the fort. The enemy then hoisted the red flag, and commenced the attack. They erected a number of batteries, and for several days kept up a constant skirmishing. Travis and his little band frequently sallied out and met their assailants, whom they drove back with considerable loss. On the first of March, thirty-two gallant men, from Gonzales, forced their way into the Alamo, thus swelling the force of Travis to one hundred and eighty-eight. For several succeeding days, the contest was kept up with spirit on both sides, the Texans firing but seldom, in order to save their ammunition; and the Mexicans advancing their batteries nearer and nearer to the walls. Travis succeeded in sending out, through the enemy's lines, a last appeal to his country for help in this his terrible extremity, setting forth his position, and stating that if not soon reinforced, he and his men had solemnly determined to perish in the struggle. By the same courier he wrote to a friend in Washington county, the following affecting message : "Take care of my little boy.

If the country is saved, I may make him a fortune. But if all is lost, and I shall perish, I will leave him nothing but the proud recollection, that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

Thus for one long week did this little band of heroes defend themselves against the overwhelming force of the enemy until they were completely worn down by constant watching and fighting. On Sunday morning, the 6th of March, Santa Anna determined to take the place by storm, and the Alamo was completely surrounded by the whole Mexican army. The infantry were placed in a circle nearest the fort, and the cavalry around them, so that not a single straggler might escape. At a given signal, the whole host advanced rapidly, under a tremendous fire from the Texans. Just at day-light, ladders were placed against the walls, and the soldiers began to climb up. But they were hurled down by the brave defenders within. Again the charge was sounded, and a second effort made to reach the top of the wall; but again the assailants were beaten back. For a few minutes there was a pause. A third attempt was made with more success. Some reached the top of the wall, wavered and fell; but their places were supplied by hundreds pressing up behind them on every ladder. At last, cut down, killed and wounded, the Texan defenders began to give way. Instantly the fort was filled with hundreds of infuriated murderers. The survivors within the walls, still continued the battle. They clubbed their guns, and with shouts and yells of defiance, fought from wall to wall, from room to room. Some few cried for quarter, but no quarter was given. Travis and Crockett fell with piles of dead Mexicans around them. Major Evans, in attempting to set fire to the magazine, was shot down. Colonel Bowie, who was sick in his bed, was murdered, and his body mangled. Maj. Dickinson, in attempting to leap from the wall with his child tied on his back, was instantly killed. Thus, one by one those noble heroes sold their lives; and by sunrise on that Sabbath morn, every one had perished, and all was still. But around there lay the dead bodies of over five hundred Mexicans, with an equal number of wounded.

The only survivors of this terrible conflict were Mrs. Dickinson, her child, a negro servant of Colonel Travis, and two Mexican women. The bodies of the Texans were stripped, mutilated, and then thrown into heaps and burnt.

As not one of all the defenders of the Alamo escaped, we shall never know the full particulars of that desperate struggle.

About a year after, their bones and ashes were collected, placed in a coffin, and buried with due solemnity. A small monument was made from the stones of the fortress in 1841, was purchased by the

State, and now stands in the Capitol at Austin. But the most lasting monument of the heroes of the Alamo is found in the hearts of the countrymen, who will cherish their memory, and tell each succeeding generation the tale of their sufferings, their endurance, and their heroic end.

They fell unnoticed, but undying--

The very gales their names seem sighing.



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Lesson 30: Capture and Slaughter of Fannin's Men at Goliad



The news of the fall of the Alamo, and the entire destruction of its brave defenders, soon spread throughout Texas. It now became necessary that the army of the young Republic should retreat before the advance of the large force under Santa Anna, and make a stand against him in the eastern part of the country. Accordingly, General Houston, who was at the time at Gonzales, issued orders that the scattered troops should fall back and unite at some more favorable place. In this retreat the two armies had frequent skirmishes, in some of which the Texans gained signal advantages.

Colonel Fannin, who was stationed at Goliad with three hundred men, began his retreat. Thinking that the enemy would not pursue him, he was not sufficiently on his guard, and was overtaken at the Coleta Creek, about thirty miles east of Goliad, on the 20th of March. He and his men were in an open prairie, and the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were concealed in the timber near the creek. The enemy's cavalry, coming up within a quarter of a mile, dismounted, and began to advance and fire. Fannin ordered his men to reserve their fire and to lie down in the grass. The Mexicans having now come within one hundred yards, the Texans opened a fire of rifles, muskets and artillery. Fannin here received a flesh wound in the leg.

While thus engaged with the Mexican cavalry on their right flank, they suddenly discovered the enemy's infantry, one thousand strong, advancing on their left and rear, and concealing themselves in the long grass. Whenever they would rise to shoot, and show their heads, the Texas rifles generally took them down. The battle soon became general. The Texans having no water to sponge their cannon, the pieces soon became so hot that they could not use them, and they were forced to rely wholly on their small arms. With these they kept up the fight from one

o'clock until sundown. At dusk, a party of Camanche Indians, who had joined the Mexicans, were placed in the high grass, about thirty yards from the Texans, from which they poured a destructive fire. But, as soon as it became sufficiently dark for the Texans to see the flash of their guns, they seldom flashed twice from the same place. A little after dark, the enemy drew off their troops.

The Texans lost, during the day, seven killed and sixty wounded. The enemy's loss must have been five times as great.

The Mexicans took position, during the night, in the skirt of the woods. Early in the morning they renewed the attack, and, arranging their whole force in the most imposing manner, surrounded the little band of Texans with overwhelming numbers. Fannin and his officers now held a consultation, and it was the opinion of the majority that they should surrender. A white flag was raised, and terms were agreed on. It was stipulated that the Texans should be received as prisoners of war, and in eight days should be sent to the coast and shipped to the United States. This agreement was reduced to writing in both the English and Spanish languages, read over two or three times, and the writing exchanged "in the most formal and solemn manner." The Texans immediately stacked their arms, and such of them as were able to walk, were marched back to Goliad on the same day. At Goliad they were crowded into the old church, with no other food than a little beef, without bread or salt. Some other prisoners were also brought in who had been captured at other points. Here they were kept until the 27th of the month, expecting every day to leave for the United States. The prisoners were spending the evening of the 27th in the most pleasant manner. Col. Fannin was entertaining his friends with the prospect of a speedy return to the United States; and some of the young men, who could perform well on the flute, were singing "Home, Sweet Home." Alas! how little they knew of the sad fate that was awaiting them. At seven o'clock at night, a courier arrived with an order from Santa Anna, that the prisoners should all be shot! Accordingly, on the next morning at the dawn of day, the Texans were awakened by a Mexican officer, who said he wished them to form a line that they might be counted. The men were marched out in several divisions, under different pretexts. Some were told that they were to be taken to Copano, to be sent immediately home; others, that they were going out to kill beeves; and others again, that they were being removed from the church to make room for Santa Anna and his suite. Dr. Shackleford, who had been reserved as a

surgeon for the wounded Mexicans, and was invited to the tent of a Mexican officer, a little distance from the fort, says: "In about half an hour we heard the report of a volley of small arms on the east of the fort. I immediately inquired the cause of the firing. The officer replied that he did not know, but supposed it was the guard firing off their guns. In about fifteen or twenty minutes after, another such volley was heard directly south of us. At the same time I could distinguish the heads of some of the men through the branches of some peach trees, and could hear their screams. It was then, for the first time, that the awful conviction seized upon our minds, that treachery and murder had begun their work. I then asked the officer if it could be possible they were murdering our men. He replied that it was so, but that he had not given the order, neither had executed it. In about an hour more the wounded were dragged out and butchered. Col. Fannin was the last to suffer. When informed of his fate, he met it like a soldier. He handed his watch to the man who was to kill him, and requested him to shoot him in the head, and not in the back. He then seated himself in a chair, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, bared his bosom, and received the fire.

As different divisions were brought to the place of execution, they were ordered to sit down with their backs to the guard. A young man, of the name of Fenner, rose on his feet, and exclaimed, "Boys, they are going to kill us--die with your faces to them, like men!" At the same time, two other young men, swinging their caps over their heads, shouted at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for Texas!"

Many attempted to escape; but most of those who survived the first fire were pursued by the cavalry and cut down. It is believed that twenty-seven of those who were marched out to be slaughtered made their escape, leaving three hundred and thirty who were butchered in cold blood. The dead were then stripped, and their naked bodies thrown into piles, and though an attempt was made to burn them, it did not fully succeed, and many of them were left a prey to dogs and vultures.

Peace to the ashes of these noble martyrs of liberty! They did not fall in vain. A cry for vengeance arose to Heaven. It rung through the land, and a terrible retribution overtook the cruel murderer and his army at the battle of San Jacinto.



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Lesson 31: Battle of San Jacinto



The battle of San Jacinto was the last and most important one which took place in the war between Texas and Mexico. Though the numbers engaged in it were not very large, yet the victory of the Texans was so great, that it brought the war to a close, and soon led to the independence of Texas. It was fought on Buffalo Bayou, and near San Jacinto river, in Harris county, on the 21st of April, 1836. General Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, commanded the Mexicans, and General Houston, led the Texans. The Mexicans numbered fifteen hundred men, and the Texans only about seven hundred. We need not describe the proud advance of the Mexican army, the retreat of the Texans, the burning of Harrisburg, the skirmishing on the 20th, and other incidents which took place before the battle.

General Houston called a council of war, and it was decided that they must now fight, or the Mexicans would drive them out of the country, and compel them to cross over into Louisiana. Many of the soldiers were impatient to bring the matter to close quarters, and were determined either to meet the enemy at once, or else go home and take care of their families and property, which were in danger of being destroyed by parties from the Mexican army, who were prowling over the country. It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, when Gen. Houston made preparations for the attack. The Mexicans seemed to be almost entirely unprepared for battle. They had just finished their dinner. Some were lounging about the camp. Some were playing monte, and many were taking a quiet nap. Santa Anna was himself asleep. The Texans formed their plan of attack behind the shelter of some trees, which concealed them from view. Burleson's regiment was placed in the centre; Sherman's on the left wing, and the cavalry, under Lamar, on the extreme right. The artillery, including the "Twin Sisters," was under the charge of Hockley. The whole army was soon in readiness. The "Twin Sisters" now advanced to within two hundred yards of the Mexican breastworks, and opened a destructive fire with grape and canister. Sherman's regiment rushed forward and began the attack with great fury. The whole

line then advanced, in double-quick time, shouting, "Remember the Alamo!" "Remember Goliad!"--The Mexicans fired as the Texans approached, but the latter reserved their fire until they were within pistol shot. They then opened fire along their whole line. The effect of this discharge was terrible. They made no halt. Onward they rushed, firing and yelling as they went. The Texan cavalry then charged that of the Mexicans, who immediately fled; and in a few minutes Burleson's regiment and Millard's infantry stormed the breastwork, and captured their whole artillery. In fifteen minutes after the charge, the Mexicans gave way at all points, and the pursuit became general. Some fled to the river; some to the swamp, and most of them to a clump of trees in their rear, where they surrendered. Such was their terror, and so sudden was their flight, that many of their cannon were left loaded, their money and other valuables left untouched. Those that were asleep, awoke only to be overwhelmed or killed. Those that were cooking, left their food untouched; and those that were playing monte, left the game unfinished. The swamp, in the rear of their camp, presented an awful scene. Men and horses, the dead and dying, were piled in heaps, and formed a bridge over which their terrible pursuers continued the chase. The Texans, not having time to load their guns, used them as clubs; and then, seizing their bowie-knives, slaughtered the poor fugitives like sheep. Many begged for their lives, but no quarter was given them. Their pursuers remembered the many fearful outrages committed by the Mexicans on former occasions, and they were determined to put to death all who came within their power.

At dark the pursuit of the flying enemy ceased. The prisoners, who surrendered before the flight commenced, were conducted to the Texan camp, a guard placed over them, and were furnished with provisions. The wounded of both armies were cared for. In summing up the results of the battle, it was found that 630 Mexicans were killed, 208 wounded, and 103 made prisoners. A large quantity of arms, great numbers of mules and horses, camp equipage, and the army chest, containing \$12,000, were captured. The Texans had only 8 killed and 25 wounded. General Houston received a wound in the leg.

On the morning of the 22d, detachments were sent out to scour the country in the direction towards Harrisburg, and pick up stragglers. A party of five continued their search down Buffalo Bayou. One of them, in the act of shooting a deer, saw a Mexican hiding in the tall grass, with a blanket over his head. They called to him to rise and come to them. He advanced, and, taking one of them by the hand, kissed it. They asked him who he was. He replied that he was only a private soldier. But, seeing some gold buttons on his shirt, they pointed to them. He then burst into tears, and begged to be

conducted to Gen. Houston. This prisoner was none other than the celebrated Santa Anna. On approaching Houston, he announced his name, and declared himself a prisoner of war. General Houston was reclining beneath a tree, and was suffering considerable pain from his wound. He, however, received the prisoner with due consideration. Santa Anna was much agitated, and much alarmed. Knowing the hatred entertained towards him by the Texans, because of his many former cruelties, he justly feared their vengeance. He asked for opium, some of which he swallowed, whether for the purpose of quieting his nerves, or destroying his life, we know not. But in a few minutes he recovered his usual composure, and began to display his usual vanity. He at once made application to be released from captivity. "You," said he to Houston, "can afford to be generous, for you have conquered the Napoleon of the West!" Gen. Houston distinctly informed him that he should be turned over to the civil authorities. President Burnett then took charge of him; and after detaining him for some time a prisoner, he was permitted to go to Washington City, from whence he was sent home by General Jackson, in a vessel of war, to Vera Cruz.

Thus ended the celebrated battle of San Jacinto. The brave band, under their distinguished leader, obtained a victory as glorious as any other recorded in the annals of history, and the happy consequences of it will be felt in Texas in all future generations. It shows what brave men can do when fighting for liberty against tyrants.



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Lesson 32: A Night with Santa Anna in A.D., 1836, Sam Houston, etc.



All those conversant with the transactions of the above period, will remember that Gen. Houston, immediately after the battle of San Jacinto, went to New Orleans for surgical treatment of the severe wound received on that glorious field. In the meantime, our army, under General Rusk, after following the retreating Mexicans to Goliad, and seeing them safe beyond our borders, had retraced it's steps and encamped near Victoria on the Guadalupe.

Here it was left to the vote of the army, whether, or not, Santa Anna (then under guard at Columbia, on the Brazos,) should be "brought to camp," and "tried for the murder of Fannin, and his Georgia Battalion," at Goliad. To such a height of "vengeance" had the Mexican Dictator's wholesale butcheries excited our people, both citizens and soldiers, in and out of the army, that his conviction and execution were "foregone conclusions!" Consequently a large majority of the soldiers voted, that the captive President and Dictator, of a nation of 8,000,000 people, (in contravention of well known treaty stipulations) "should be brought" to their presence, and tried as a murderer.--And a company, under one Captain Hart, was immediately despatched to escort the "culprit" to the encampment. As the subject had, however, been for sometime canvassed through the country, the news (that our army was about sitting in one vast self-constituted military tribunal, for trial of the prisoner chief,) reached Houston's ears in the "Red Lands." General Houston, who, with the few dispassionate men in the Republic, regarded Santa Anna as a "prisoner of war," and entitled to the treatment guaranteed him as such by the solemn treaty after the battle of San Jacinto, was surprised and indignant at the course pursued by the army in his absence. He also knew full well, that if the Dictator's cruelties merited punishment, Texas and her cause would be forever ruined in the eyes of all enlightened nations, by meting out that punishment to him in the irregular manner before mentioned. Houston, therefore,

on learning the steps taken by the army, immediately despatched a written protest against the high-handed proceedings, with a positive order that Santa Anna should still be "held a prisoner of war" at Columbia.

Never, in the writer's humble opinion, was Sam Houston greater than on that occasion! Never did the hero and statesman, during his long and useful life, perform a more sagacious, humane, farsighted, and independent act than this, of counteracting the mob-like ferocity of our soldiers and citizens! Alone, he threw himself into the "imminent, deadly breach," in opposition to the fury of irresponsible thousands, excited to the highest pitch of "vengeance," by men, whose better feelings were, for the time, warped by the long borne cruelties of a semi-civilized foe! In fact, this act of Houston's stands out in "bold relief" the greatest of his many great deeds. It saved Texas; it saved many of her best and greatest sons from a train of life-long self-accusations; and it gave our Lone Star Republic that character abroad for chivalry in battle, and humanity in victory, which her citizen-soldiery have ever, to the present hour, preserved unsullied!

But in rendering this poor, yet well deserved tribute to the memory of Sam. Houston, the writer has almost lost sight of that which he sat down to pen

The company under Hart had been gone long enough to have reached Columbia, when Houston's missive arrived at headquarters. Rusk could not, if so disposed, disobey the orders of his superior, and the writer was immediately selected as bearer of the dispatches from Houston, countermanding all previous action in the premises, and ordering the retention of Santa Anna at Columbia. Starting about two hours before sundown, your humble servant rode rapidly on till dark, when a violent fever came on him.--Conscious, however, of the importance of the dispatches entrusted to his care, and relieved in some degree by the cool breeze wafted over the prairie from the Gulf, after a sultry June day, he contrived, by riding all night, to reach Columbia the next day at noon just in time. For the guards who were to convey Santa Anna to camps, with Captain William Patton, who had previously had charge of him, were in the act of sitting down to their last meal, before starting with the prisoner, as the writer rode up to the tavern. Patton, with whom the writer had become acquainted in 1835, was so overjoyed at the contents of the dispatches, that he would scarcely allow the fatigued bearer to take a little refreshment, ere introducing him and his glad tidings to the Mexican President, at his quarters above town. On the other hand, many of those who were sent to escort Santa Anna, to what would have been his last scene on earth, were correspondingly depressed and enraged at seeing the doomed culprit thus snatched from their clutches.

Dinner over, the writer walked with Patton up to the quarters of the prisoner, where, after announcing the joyful news, he had the honor (if such it may be called) of a formal introduction to the ruler of the mongrel descendants of Montezuma, and the ablest tyrant that ever issued his inquisitorial edicts to that enslaved people.

Every thing had been put in readiness for a start to camp with the Mexican President, at three o'clock that afternoon. But trunks and valises were now unpacked; the farewells with his staff officers, and the last final injunctions to bosom friends were forgotten, and in the exuberance of his overjoyed soul, the "arbiter of a nation's destinies" would have clasped to his blood-surcharged bosom the humble instrument of his salvation!--if the latter had not counteracted the good intention by a dexterous "flank movement."

But to be serious. Never, in life, has the writer seen a mortal being, great or small, so bouyant from sheer joy, as was Santa Anna in his log hut that June evening, on the bank of the Brazos. Any one, however, conversant with humanity, in all its grades, would have inferred that such a man as the prisoner-President (a man who had in his eventful career alternately travelled the tortuous paths of adversity and prosperity) could have held his passions in restraint on any and all occasions, howsoever flattering they might be to his hopes. But the reader must bear in mind that (although yet surrounded by bayonets in the hands of guards, who, however, politely watched his every move) Santa Anna now saw the curtain that had so long shrouded the future from his gaze at once raised, and the haven ahead brightly lighted with the "lamp of liberty." It was to him like a reprieve under the gallows. The grave, first opened for him by Thomas Jefferson Green, and which had so long gaped ominously at his feet, was now closed. No wonder then that the "Napoleon of the West" gave way to the exuberance of his joy, and was "in great good humor with himself and all the world."

During the evening, until supper time, the now happy chieftian talked incessantly. Through the medium of Dr. Phelps, and the polite Almonte, he asked the writer many questions; some of Gen. Houston, the prospect of his recovery; others of Gen. Rusk; the army; the productions of the country, etc., interlarding them with professions of his profound respect for the two Texas Generals, and for the chivalry and hospitality of our people generally; but not a word of those whom he regarded as the authors of his late troubles. After supper, which, by the way, was a good one, Santa Anna, with his private Secretary, Almonte, and one or two others of his staff, (I supposed,) Captain Patton, Dr. Phelps, and two or three other Texans, collected in the main apartment, for the purpose of making up some

dispatches, which the former withheld, to forward to the President of the United States--Andrew Jackson.

What the particular points of those dispatches were, the writer cannot now say. But well he remembers that they were dictated by Santa Anna, whilst walking to and fro across the floor; that writing them consumed nearly the whole night; and that their chief purport was the soliciting the all-powerful intercession of Jackson in the "complicated" affairs of the contemporary--President of his "sister Republic." The writer, however, embraced the opportunity for studying Santa Anna, and forming his own opinions of the man whose bloody hand had brewed so many tears and sighs in Texas, and the country of his nativity. Here follow his conclusions; take them for what they are worth.

The Mexican President appeared to be about forty years of age; with not the smallest traces of dissipation, or hard usage; he was beneath medium size, with a large head, the back of which was remarkably prominent; black hair; "yellowish black eyes," rather deeply set, and restless; well drawn brows; high, perpendicular forehead; a firm, but not large mouth; white, even teeth; small feet and hands; with chin and throat somewhat "a la Byron;" with complexion "clear Castillian." His dress was black hose, pumps, tight fitting linen pants, and a "fatigue" round-about. All of which set off his rather small, but active looking and well knit form, to the best advantage. He wore no jewelry, save a set of gold buttons on the bosom of his fine needle worked shirt, which was left open at the throat. His manners were pleasant, and even condescending. To sum up, Santa Anna, at that day, was what the ladies would call a "handsome man," with nothing (save the form of the head, and the flashings of that restless eye,) to mark him the bloody monster his acts proclaim him.



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Lesson 33: Religion In Texas



Although many of the early settlers in Texas were immoral in their habits, yet the mass of the people entertained a great regard for religious observances. Most of them were educated in the older States, and brought with them their reverence for sacred things. The leading men among them were well aware that no people can be prosperous who do not encourage the worship of God. This was particularly true after the country became independent of Mexico. It was then that a feeling of gratitude to Heaven, for his blessing on their efforts to become a free people, seemed to pervade all classes, and Ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, were cordially welcomed to the country. It is now difficult to decide what christian sect had the honor of organizing the first church in Texas. The Methodists and Baptists both claim this distinction.

As early as 1818, the Rev. Henry Stephenson, of the Methodist denomination, preached in the Red River settlements, in Western Louisiana. In 1824, he paid a visit to Texas, and preached the first Protestant sermon west of the Brazos, near San Felipe. There were four families present on that occasion. The first camp-meeting was held in Texas in 1833, ten miles from San Augustine.--About eighty persons attended. A few individuals professed religion, and a church was organized. On the 17th of January, 1838, the corner stone of a Methodist house of worship was laid in San Augustine. Gen. Thomas J. Rusk delivered an address on the occasion. This was the first effort to erect a church building west of the Sabine.

In 1837, the Rev. R. Alexander emigrated to Texas, preached extensively throughout the State, was the means of doing a great amount of good, and still lives to see the fruits of his labors. About the same time, the Rev. Dr. Ruter, for some time President of Allegheny College in Pennsylvania, a man of practical views, sound learning, and of a truly missionary spirit, settled within the bounds of the young Republic, and labored and died in Texas.

One of the most remarkable preachers, whose name appears in the early history of the State, was Paul Denton. He was early left an orphan in Arkansas, and lived in a family where he was treated as a servant, and had to cook, wash, scour, and perform other degrading work.--Until he was twelve years of age, he was a stranger to hat and shoes. When he became older, he ran away from his oppressors, and commenced life for himself. At an early age he married, and learned to read and write after becoming the head of a family. He finally became a preacher, and soon showed remarkable powers as a public speaker.--He was a man of fine person, agreeable manners, and although without any advantages of education, displayed a high degree of eloquence. His first efforts as a preacher of the Gospel, were in the Red Lands in Eastern Texas.--He afterwards removed to the Northern part of the State. He was a man of public spirit, and was brave as well as good. He raised a company of volunteers to chastise the Indians, who had become troublesome to the white settlers, and was killed in battle. Texas has honored him in calling a county by his name.

Among other ministers of the Gospel, who came to Texas as at an early time, the Rev. Sumner Bacon is worthy of honorable notice. He arrived in the country in 1828. He was a native of Massachusetts, and was first a soldier in the United States army before he became a clergyman.--He was a man of great energy and courage. In connexion with his duties as a preacher, he distributed thousands of copies of the Bible from the Sabine to San Antonio. On one occasion he was overtaken by a band of rowdies, who seized him and threatened him with instant death. He begged his captors to first join with him in prayer. They refused to unite with him, but consented that he might first pray himself before they put their threat into execution.--He knelt down and prayed so fervently, that they all quietly left him. On another occasion, as he and some others were preparing to hold religious services near San Antonio, certain persons sent him word that they intended to come and break up the meeting. Col. James Bowie, being in the neighborhood, and hearing of their purpose, went to the place where the meeting was to be held. He made the sign of the cross on the ground, and informed them that he was Captain in those parts, and that the meeting should take place. Knowing the character of Bowie, and fearing his wrath, the opposers of the meeting withdrew, and Bacon and his friends proceeded with their services. Mr. Bacon belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.



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Lesson 34: Castleman's Cabin



Fifteen miles west of Gonzales, Texas, on the road leading from that place to San Antonio, is a creek called Sandy--in summer, the only water that the western-bound traveler will find until he reaches the Cibolo, a distance of thirty miles. Its limpid current, gently rippling over the white sand, or standing in large, deep pools, covered with bonnet-leaf--a species of water-lilly--beneath which sport innumerable multitudes of the finest trout; the thick clumps of live-oak forming, with their interwoven, moss-fringed boughs, a shade almost as impervious as the banyan of Hindostan; together with the luxurious grass along its banks, make it one of the most agreeable and inviting stopping places to be found on this old traveled thoroughfare.

This noted spot, surrounded for many miles by dry, dreary wastes, has, from time immemorial, been the terminus of a day's journey for those traveling merchants and horse-drovers who, in days of yore, made it their business to trade from the Rio Grande to the Red River. In 1833, John Castleman, a backwoodsman from Missouri, enamored with the natural advantages in the vicinity of this lonely camping ground, which, environed as it was by desolation in all its hideous shapes--no doubt appeared to his wild fancy the greenest isle of earth--erected a pole cabin on a hillock, about a hundred yards from the stream.

In the spring of the year following he took possession of the isolated dwelling, with a family consisting of his wife, four children, and an aged lady--his mother-in-law--his worldly substance consisting (independent of these treasures) in a few cattle, two horses, his rifle, and four fierce specimens of the canine race. He supported his house-hold by fishing and hunting; and accustomed, as he had been from childhood, to a life among the border Indians of Missouri, was eminently qualified to act the part of vidette for his neighbors in Gonzales. To him were they often indebted for timely information of the movements of those hostile bands that so frequently visited the valley of the Guadalupe.

Many a benighted traveler, preadvised by our hero of the danger of encamping by the wayside in the vicinity of this noted "watering place," gratuitously shared the rude hospitalities of Castleman's Cabin, and the ensuing morning "went on his way rejoicing."

On a sultry evening in July, 1835, a company of French and Mexican traders, (in all about twenty persons,) on a return trip from Natchitoches, with a number of mules, laden with dry goods, for the "trans"-Rio Grande trade, halted in the grove near the stream, in front of Castleman's domicil. While in the act of unpacking for the night, Castleman informed the traders that he had that day "seen signs" of a large body of Indians; advising them, at the same time, to come to his cabin, and keep their animals closely confined.

"Why," asked one of the company, "would we be more secure if we were in your house?"

"Because," replied he, "these wild tribes have a kind of superstitious dread which deters them from attacking a house, unless they can accomplish it by stratagem; and again, I flatter myself that with my four dogs and this good rifle I could do them more harm than all of you with those worthless escopetas."

But laughing at his admonitions, they turned their animals loose to graze, telling him in an insulting tone to take care of himself, and they would do the same for themselves.

"To-night," said he, turning from them, "you will be convinced; but too late, that John Castleman advised you as a friend."

Scarcely had Castleman re-entered the door of his cabin, when eighty or a hundred Camanches, with the speed of lightning, swooped down on the traders, and drove off their horses and pack mules. Leaving the captured animals in charge of a small party, with the yells and gesticulations of infernal furies, the main body of the savages now encircled the fated traders, who, however, forming a breastwork of their saddles, bales of goods, etc., determined to fight to the last in defence of life and property. Hour after hour the fight continued.

The Indians (as is the wonted manner with the prairie tribes) would charge up, deliver their fire, and then wheeling about on their well trained war horses, retreat beyond danger to reload. Again, and again, were these manoeuvres repeated by the dastard assailants. Until at last, finding that they were not engaged with their dreaded foe--Americans--but with French and Mexicans, armed (as Castleman had said) with "worthless scopetts," they dismounted; and seizing the opportunity when a general discharge from the traders left the latter almost powerless, they rushed in among them, and in a

moment completed the bloody work with lance and hatchet. Not one of the traders escaped, and, strange to relate, not an Indian was killed.

One hundred yards from the battle-field sat Castleman and his dogs, peeping through the portholes of the hut, anxious spectators of the changing conflict. Nothing short of the tears and supplications of the women and children, as on their knees they begged him not to fire, prevented the brave Missourian from participating in the fight.

"Oh," said he, as he looked along the barrel of his gun and his finger was forcibly held back from touching the fatal trigger, "see that cowardly chief! now, now, I could hit his eye!"

The party indicated was standing at the root of a tree, on which was fastened a paper perforated with balls from Castleman's rifle. No sooner had he, busily engaged as he was, discovered this alarming proof of the unerring aim of the dweller in the hut, than throwing a hasty glance towards the dangerous spot, he edged away to a less exposed position.

A few moments spent in stripping the clothes from the bodies, and the scalps from the heads of the lifeless traders, and the mules are brought up and packed with spoil. With savage exultation and ominous pointing of their long spears at the "castle" of our friend, as they ride by, and the victorious cavalcade are rapidly making their way towards their homes in the mountains.

But, "whither so fast, ye bloody wretches?" exclaimed our hero. As the shades of night drew their solemn mantle around the bloody scene in front of his cabin, Castleman loosed his savage dogs to protect its inmates, and with the swiftness of an eagle made his way to Gonzales.

Before the sun had again dried the dew from the grass, he and fifty well armed Texans are eagerly coursing along the broad trail of the freebooters.

The day following they came up with them, encamped on the bank of the Guadalupe, enjoying themselves by wantonly displaying on bushes around them the fine muslins and silks, or awkwardly decorating their persons with other valuable articles, of which they knew not the use.

"Now's the time, boys," said the captain; when, springing like panthers from their concealment, they soon ended the barbaric masquerade by a general butchery of the panic-stricken performers.

Out of eighty to a hundred warriors, only fifteen to twenty escaped. Many of them took to the river, where

they were shot like ducks. All the animals were recaptured, and the victors returned to pay the last obsequies to the mutilated remains of the unfortunate traders.

Twenty-one years ago the place of their interment was marked by a large mound, and a Roman cross on the body of the live-oak at which Castleman had so often tested the accuracy of his rifle. That cabin, too, which had sheltered so many weary and benighted travelers, still showed its moss-covered roof above the clustering wild vines that clambered the mouldering walls.

J.H.S.



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Lesson 35: Animals of Texas



A stranger, on first arriving in Texas, is struck with the large size and spreading horns of the cattle. Their large and superior forms are probably owing to the mild climate and the abundance of grass which yields a rich supply of food at all seasons of the year. They require no other care than occasional herding to keep them gentle and prevent their straying, and to mark the calves.

Hogs thrive admirably in Texas on grass, roots, mast and fruits. Pork is easily converted into bacon and preserved without difficulty, owing greatly to the peculiar dryness of the air.

Herds of wild horses feed on the prairies, and increase in numbers as you proceed West. They are easily subdued to the saddle. The catching of a wild horse by a Mexican is a display of skill and valor which is truly wonderful. The ranchero on horseback dashes among the herd as they rush over the prairie, and swinging about his head his lariat--a platted rawhide with a running noose at the end--he throws it with great accuracy over the neck of the wild animal, and in a few minutes he is run down and captured. Mules are also raised in great numbers, though perhaps not so good as those of Kentucky.

No country surpasses Texas in abundance of game. Immense herds of buffalo were still found, within a few years past, in the northwestern settlements. Deer flock over every prairie. Wild turkeys, the prairie hen, partridges, the delicate rice-bird, with numerous others, are found in great numbers. During the winter, the bays are alive with thousands of wild geese and

ducks. The flamingo is occasionally seen to display its brilliant plumage. The stately swan frequents the waters of the bays; and around the houses of the plantations the mocking bird sings its melodious notes.

In all the waters, fish, of the choicest kind, abound. Along the coast are oysters of the largest size and finest flavor.

The fiercest wild animal in Texas is probably the panther, though it is rarely met with. There are also bears, wolves and a few wild cats. Among the lesser animals are the opossum, rabbit and gray squirrel.



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Lesson 36: Dr. Baker Lost In a Texas Prairie



As I was passing through a wide, wild and trackless prairie, I lost my landmarks, and night coming on, I had to camp out solitary and alone, and without any weapons, on the edge of a strip of timber fringing Jones' Creek. Kindling a fire at the foot of a tree, and taking my saddle blankets for my bed, my saddle for my pillow, and my umbrella for my pavilion, I quietly laid me down and thought of Jacob at Bethel, when journeying to Padam Aram, he laid himself down to sleep and dreamed about the ladder set upon the earth, and whose top reached unto heaven. Jacob slept, and dreamed a pleasant dream; but there was no sleep, nor pleasant dream for me--for just as I was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, suddenly the wolves and panthers began a serenade, which grated horribly upon my ear. Springing to my feet, and seizing a fire-brand, I rushed towards the place whence these unwelcome sounds proceeded, and making all manner of outrageous noises, I did what I could to drive my uninvited serenaders far away. In this I partially succeeded; but did not think it prudent to sleep, as the howling of the wolf and the cry of the panther were heard at intervals during the whole livelong night; and there was danger, particularly of the panthers springing upon me when defenceless and unprotected upon the ground.

Truly, that was a long and dismal night to me; especially as towards morning it began to cloud up and threaten to rain. A few drops fell, but, happily for me, with the shades of night passed away the clouds from the face of the sky; and the next morning, early enough, your supperless missionary, taking down his pavilion, and rising from his couch, resumed his cheerless and lonely way; and now came a dark, dark time indeed. True, the sun was shining brightly, and many deer, as yet unacquainted with men, were bounding merrily and gracefully on every hand; but bewildered in the wild and trackless prairie, I was lost, lost, lost!

After wandering about in every direction, myself and horse without water for some thirty hours, I began

seriously to think that I should at last have to lie down and die in this untraveled wilderness, far away from my family and the habitation of man, without a friend to close my eyes, or dig my grave! The idea of dying in this lonely place, and then being devoured by wolves and panthers, I confess was very dismal to me. But, God be thanked, whilst I was thus bewildered and lost, and knew not what to do--whilst despair was every moment deepening its gloom around me--having turned in another direction, and nearly the opposite of that in which I was going, I saw in the distance a white flag waving upon a pole to mark the entrance of a foot-path into the timbered bottoms of the Colorado. O, that flag!--that beautiful white flag! I thought it was the prettiest thing I had ever seen in all my life. My heart leaped for joy, and I was ready to exclaim aloud, "Blessings upon the man that put it there!" It made me think very sweetly of the Star of Bethlehem; that blessed and only star of hope to a dying world. Certainly I shall not forget this matter, when, in the sacred desk, I shall speak of the Cross of Christ, which marks out to sinners, bewildered and lost, their only pathway to heaven.



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Lesson 37: La Salle - The Discoverer of Texas



The spirit of enterprise and daring which sent Columbus across the pathless ocean, burned still brighter throughout Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and extended to every grade of society. The descriptions of the New World, with its many lakes, mighty rivers, and vast resources, had inflamed still more the public mind, and caused thousands to seek the deep forests of America, in pursuit of wealth and glory. But of all the daring adventurers the Atlantic had wafted to the shores of the western world, none were more eminently fitted for a bold pioneer than Robert Cavalier, known in history as La Salle.

Born at Rouen, of respectable parents, he was placed in a seminary of the Jesuits, and educated for the church.

But his restless spirit longed for fields of greater action and his soul yearned for stirring scenes of toil and conflict, where fame and glory might be won. Prompted by such motives, he cast aside his books, and left with joy the shores of Normandy for a home in the lonely wilds of America. History has at length recorded his noble enterprises and the many trials of his forest life, and justly ranks his name among the first of great discoverers. One of the noblest and boldest of his schemes was the exploration of the Mississippi, whose fame at that time had spread throughout Europe. With a few brave spirits he launched out on the "Father of Waters," and was borne down by its rushing tide over rapid and cataract, though a wilderness in whose forests echoed the war-whoop and the wild songs of the savage. Possessed of a lofty spirit, which triumphed over difficulties, he pursued his cause, and was rewarded for his toil by discovering, on the 7th of April, 1682, the mouths of the Mississippi; and was the first civilized man who watched with rapture its waves, mingling with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Having taken possession of the vast country he had discovered in the name of the King of France, he sent a dispatch to the French Court with tidings of his discovery, which created great excitement throughout the old world. The designs of the expedition having been fully

accomplished, the party ascended the river. La Salle, after many adventures, retraced his steps to Canada, and in the autumn of 1683 set sail for France.

With his heart filled with noble aims and high resolves, he went to lay before the Ministry his plans for colonizing the beautiful country he had discovered, and to petition that he might lead the emigrants to their new homes. His zeal and eloquence crowned him with success; and a fleet of four vessels was fitted out, with men, arms, ammunition, provisions and merchandize, for the expedition. All things being ready, the fleet sailed out of Rochelle on the 24th of July, 1684, with upwards of three hundred on board, consisting of soldiers, missionaries, volunteers and women.

At first, as they glided over the waves of the ocean, all was joyous anticipation; but soon the bright scene was clouded, and a feeling of discontent manifested itself among both officers and crew. Between La Salle and Beaujeu, the commander of the squadron, there was a want of confidence and good feeling, and it soon became evident that the crew, with the exception of the missionaries and volunteers, were a band of outcasts, destitute of principle and utterly regardless of the duties resting upon them. Day after day the good ships bounded slowly over the waves towards the West, bearing with them beings whose hearts were filled alternately with hopes, joys and sorrows. Having been detained by sickness and separated by a storm, they did not enter the Gulf until the 12th of December. Their being deceived in the course of the Gulf stream, and La Salle having previously made the fatal mistake of two degrees in determining the latitude of the mouth of the Mississippi, they were led to believe they were several hundred miles east of it, and steering steadily westward, they passed its mouth unnoticed, thus causing the defeat of the whole enterprise. Still under the delusion, they sailed on and landed east of the Sabine on the 1st of January, 1685; but not being able to make any new discoveries here or determine their true position, they proceeded still farther westward, and entered Matagorda Bay on the 18th February, and were the first Europeans who ever set foot on Texas soil, or gazed with wonder and admiration on her vast prairies, fair skies and lovely waters. After a short time, they detected their error, and determined on again sailing east, in search of their first destination; but fate had decreed that the name of La Salle should be inseparably connected with the beautiful land he had discovered, consequently his plans for return were frustrated. Beaujeu, whose hostility towards La Salle had increased with time, seized this opportunity for revenge, and would listen to no plans proposed by La Salle. Thus all communication being broken off between them, the voyage was abandoned. Beaujeu prepared to return to France, which he did on the 12th of March,

carrying with him the captain and crew of the Aimable; and at last proved himself a traitor to the colony, by taking with him all of the cannon balls, so necessary in their defenceless condition. After Beaujeu's departure, La Salle was left with but a single vessel, one having been captured by the Spaniards on the voyage out, and the Aimable, another, having been wrecked on entering the bay. But La Salle was not cast down, his spirit rose triumphant above his troubles, and his cheerful words gave encouragement to his desponding followers, who were disheartened by the failure to find the mouth of the Mississippi and by the sad fate of Ory and Desloges, two of their companions, who were murdered by the Indians, theirs being the first European blood shed on Texas soil. A camp having been formed on the west side of the bay, the colonists built a temporary fort out of the wreck of the Aimable, as a protection against the Indians. And there for a while they forgot their sorrows amid the beauties of nature that surrounded them, and sometimes felt a home love for the beautiful land in which they dwelt, as they chased the wild deer, angled for the bright fish, or watched with joy the rapid growth of their grain fields beneath its genial clime. La Salle, who was still buoyed up with the hope that Matagorda Bay was one of the Western mouths of the Mississippi, took with him sixty of his men and set out on a tour of observation. Having sailed around the west end of the bay and passed the Aransas, they discovered a river, which La Salle called Les Vaches, on account of the many buffalo that roamed along its banks. Sailing up the river some six miles, La Salle was so charmed with its scenery that he determined to form a settlement upon its banks. Having selected a beautiful spot for his new encampment, near the western side of the river, on an elevation which commanded a view of the vast plains that stretched far away to the west and north, and of the bright waters of the bay towards the south, he sent an order for the colonists to join him, which they did immediately, a few being left to guard the crops, which they had planted. And there on the river which now bears the beautiful Spanish name La Vaca, La Salle planted the first colony in Texas.

After much toil and trouble a fort was erected, which they named St. Louis. There in that rude and humble home of the colonists, scenes of joy and sorrow, love and care, daily transpired; there morn and night the holy beads were told, and prayers sent up to Heaven; there bright eyes were closed in death and new graves made in the tall grass; while sometimes was heard the gay songs of the Frenchmen, as they bounded over the waters in their light canoe. Some there loved the wild sports of their new home, and admired its glad sunshine and starry nights, while others pined for the old homesteads in their native land, and for the far off chime of its village bells. There, once, the monotonous life of the emigrants was broken by preparations for a

wedding, and within the walls of their forest home was celebrated the first civilized marriage on Texas soil. After the colony was secure from the molestations of the Indians, La Salle, whose soul still thirsted for new discoveries, set out, about the last of October, to explore the country, taking with him his last vessel and about twenty men. This tour proved most disastrous to the colony. He lost his vessel and had five of his men murdered by the Indians, and after wandering as far as the Colorado, returned to the fort in the spring, to cast a deeper gloom over the colony by reporting the loss of the vessel. It was then hope died within each heart, and the country, which lay like a picture of beauty before them, ceased to charm them, while the longings for the far off homes drowned the music of nature. When the last hope the colony had clung to had vanished, then the valor and courage of La Salle rose above the gloom that surrounded him. No perils, no trials, seemed great enough to subdue his heroism or crush his hopes. Calmly and resolutely he looked into the future, and matured his plans for action. Being satisfied that they were far beyond the Mississippi, he knew there remained but one resource for the colony to obtain aid, and that was to cross the vast country to the settlements in Illinois, and from there send messengers to France for assistance. La Salle resolved to go, and after placing the fort in command of Jontel, the historian, he departed on his perilous journey, at the head of twenty men. Their course lay across the Colorado, Brazos and Trinity rivers, and with untiring energy and heroic endurance, they crossed over swamp and plain, and extended their journey as far as the head-waters of the Sabine. There, worn out with fatigue, and exhausted by sickness, with a thousand of weary miles still before them, the mournful resolution was taken to return to the fort, which they reached on the 17th of October, having only eight men left. Since landing on Matagorda Bay, the colony had been sadly reduced, and of nearly two hundred only forty remained. La Salle determined again to seek aid for this sad remnant or perish in the attempt. The preparations for his journey being completed, he left twenty persons in the fort, and after bidding them an affectionate farewell, he departed with twenty men. They had traveled nearly two months in the forest, when three of the company proved traitors, and formed a conspiracy against La Salle and his most intimate friends. Envious and jealous of the authority of others, they determined to possess it themselves, even at the cost of human life. Their scheme was well planned, and proved fatal to the victims. La Salle sent out a party to obtain provisions; this was a favorable opportunity for the desperadoes; they succeeded in their fiendish plot, and murdered in cold blood several of La Salle's warmest friends. Fearing the just wrath and vengeance of La Salle, they determined to kill him also. La Salle, who had remained at the camp, growing anxious at the long delay of the party, oppressed with evil foreboding,

went in search of them. On coming up to the place where the dead bodies of his friends were lying, Duhaut, one of the conspirators, concealed himself in the tall grass and shot him through the head.

Thus ended the eventful life of Robert Cavalier de la Salle on the 20th day of March, 1687. He fell by the hands of his own men for whose welfare he had toiled and striven for years. His dying groans were breathed out on the beautiful prairies of Texas, and he found a grave in the land he had discovered. Near the banks of the Neches, Father Anastasie laid him to rest, and with love and reverence planted the cross above his grave. Sad and mournful as was the destiny of La Salle, not less tragic was the fate of his little colony. The Indians hearing of his death attacked the fort and took it, and put to death a portion of its inmates, and carried the remainder into captivity. Thus ended the first attempt to plant a colony in Texas, and out of the whole number who landed on its shores, only five ever lived to return to their native land.

E.P.T.



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Lesson 38: The Fall of the Alamo



In the beautiful city of San Antonio, which is set like a gem in the valley of the West, stands the old fort of the Alamo. It is situated on the east bank of the San Antonio river, whose blue crystal waters flow musically beneath its dark gray walls. With the name of the Alamo is blent the holiest memories of the dead, for it is hallowed ground where heroes died, and where flowed the blood of martyrs. Many of the early trials and struggles of the Republic of Texas have been forgotten, amidst the prosperity that has since reigned throughout the land, yet the blood-stained walls of the Alamo are still a holy shrine, visited by lovers of freedom, in honor of the dead. The names of its brave defenders are household words, and the memory of their deeds

"Will brightly live from age to age,
Their country's proudest heritage."

The dawn of the new year of 1836 was a gloomy one to the people of Texas. Divided among themselves, without money, without provisions, and almost without an army, they were compelled to go forth and meet a powerful enemy, who were invading their country by thousands. A few brave spirits assembled at Goliad and San Antonio, determined to check the invader in his course, to keep inviolate their firesides, and, if necessary, to yield up their lives a willing sacrifice for their country's good. And never were truer patriots, or braver men, than Fannin, Travis, Bowie, Crockett, and their followers. That patriot band had gone forth not to fight for fame or spoils, but with true hearts and strong hands, to battle for a

nation's birth-right. Solemn was the scene within the old mission walls, when there, in the presence of high Heaven, that little band linked their hands and pledged their faith, "Never to surrender or retreat." Bright with true courage was each beaming eye, and firm was each word spoken, that told they had come there "to do or to die." It was a noble sight--that band of heroes calmly consecrating themselves to death. One of the brightest pictures of glory ever hung in the temple of Fame.

At Bexar, day after day, did those gallant few gaze eagerly to the Westward, watching for Santa Anna and his army. Night after night did the weary sentinel pause and lean forward in the darkness, listening for the tramp of steel clad men upon the plain. And thus waiting, watching and working, strengthening the walls, and preparing for defence, did that noble garrison await the onset. On the 23d of February, Santa Anna, with his army, arrived at the Alazan at noon. Proudly his banner waved in the breeze, bright flashed his lances in the sunlight, and gaily his horsemen pranced over the plains, their warrior plumes tossing in the wind. At two o'clock, in the afternoon, Santa Anna marched into San Antonio, amid the exulting shouts of his army. The Texan force within the town retreated in good order before the foe, and joined their comrades within the fort.

The Alamo had not been built for a fort, and its walls had neither battlement nor tower; yet they were thick and strong, and the Texans had planted their artillery upon them, determined there to give battle to the enemy, and resist them to the last. Though deficient in ammunition and provisions, that noble band, firm and undaunted, stood bravely at their post, each arm nerved for the conflict, and each heart true and loyal to the Lone Star of Texas, that floated above them. The invader, insolent in his pride, sent an order for them to surrender without terms. No message was returned, but the demand was answered defiantly by a shot from the fort. Then was hoisted on the church of Bexar, by Santa Anna, the blood red flag of vengeance, but the sight of its crimson folds paled not the cheeks of the heroes. By day and by night that little army stood

side by side, keeping in check an enemy ten times their number. The protecting hand of Providence was stretched above them in the hour of battle, for the shot and shell fell harmless at their feet. Each morning, as the conflict renewed, their hearts were buoyed up with the hope that friends from without would come to their help, as messengers had been sent with soul-stirring appeals for aid. Each evening the sun went down, and still no friend; yet amid the gloom that was gathering thickly around them, they never wavered or faltered. At length, on the morning of the first of March, thirty gallant men, from Gonzales, were safely conducted into the Alamo, by Captain John W. Smith. Joyous was the welcome they met with from that band of patriots; every eye was bright with new hope, every heart was fired with new faith and courage, and with a resolute spirit they took up again the midnight watch upon the beleaguered walls. For a time the presence of the new recruits cheered the hearts of the stern defenders, but each day, as they saw the ranks of the enemy swelled by heavy reinforcements, dark thoughts and dim forebodings would cast their shadows over them. Still they toiled on--the morning sun shed its light on pale cheeks, worn with the vigils of the night, and each day they battled with the foe as best they could. Hope, a faint hope, still thrilled their bosoms, and bid them not despair, for Col. Travis, on the 3rd of March, had sent a last messenger to his countrymen, telling them his situation, and urging them to come to the rescue. It was the evening before the Sabbath; another week of toil and strife had passed, and that band of brothers, each in the strength of his own brave spirit, stood calmly there, beneath the quiet light of the stars, awaiting the hour of fate. It was a night of mysteries; the air was filled with omens, and the shadows, as they played upon the walls of the old fort, took the shape of new made graves, and the winds were full of signs to those whose hours were fast pressing to their close.

It was a time for holy memories, but the many bright images of the past, with which the starlight was peopled, and the burning thoughts of home and loved ones, which then crowded on each heart, remains untold. But the low whisper of the reeds

along the river banks, and the stillness of the foes that girt the walls without, blent with the soul's forebodings of coming ill, all told that "it was a night of Fate, stamped with Almighty Will."

The stars had told the hour of midnight, and a solemn stillness brooded over all things, broken only by the step of the sentinel, or the deep breathings of a few, on whose aching eyelids sleep had fallen.

Another Sabbath morn had been ushered in, quiet and serene, but it was only the lull before the tempest, the calm before the storm. Hark! there was a stir and a hum of voices in the camp without. Nearer and closer they drew around the fort, the noise and the tumult growing louder and stronger, and soon the sky was bright with the flash of artillery, and the air was filled with the shouts of the multitude, and the shrill voice of the trumpet urging them on to battle. Calm and collected stood that band of soldiers within the fort; a lofty heroism was imprinted on each brow, and as the words "victory or death" passed along the line, the light of triumph flashed from every eye. The assault was made, and hosts of the assailants mounted the walls, but were hurled back in a mangled mass, by the unerring aim of the Texas Rangers. There was a pause, then a rush of the combatants again, hurried on by threats and bribes of their leaders. They mounted the wall, they wavered, they reeled, they fell beneath the deadly fire. Again they ascended the ladders by thousands, and though that generous, heroic band wielded their blades with Spartan courage, still they were borne down by overpowering numbers, who soon filled the fort. No quarter was asked or given, and freely flowed the life-blood in that brief struggle. Col. Travis fell near the western wall, while around him lay numbers whom he had slain. And where the strife had been thickest, where the blood had flowed most freely, where most had been dared and done, there fell the immortal Crockett, while Col. Bowie, who had been sick several days, was murdered in his bed. The morning sunlight, as it crept into the old mission walls, where once in peace the holy cross was lifted, shone on a scene of blood and carnage. There five hundred and twenty-one

Mexicans lay dead upon the spot, with a like number wounded. And scattered here and there, amid heaps of the dead, was seen the pale and ghastly faces of the brave defenders, not one of whom was left to tell the story of his daring. On the morning of the 6th of March, the Alamo fell, and with it nearly two hundred men, who thus crowned themselves with immortal fame. We praise but mourn them not, their destiny was a gift of Heaven, for

"The brightness of their names will be prolonged,

As a torch to stream through ages."

And Travis, Bowie, Crockett, Bonham and their compatriots, "through a bright forever," will be called the martyrs of their country.



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Lesson 39: Jack Hayes and His Rangers



In the first week of June, 1844, Major Hays, with thirteen of his famous old Texas Rangers, was scouting on the Guadalupe, 50 miles above Seguin. One day, whilst some of the men were cutting a bee-tree, the spies galloped up with a report of a large body of Indians near at hand, and upon their trail. The Rangers immediately mounted and made ready for fight; by which time the Indians, apparently forty-five or fifty strong, had formed in imposing order upon the level top of a hill in front of the Rangers, and dared "the little Capitan Colorado" to the fight. Nothing daunted, Jack Hays led his little band, in full charge, to the foot of the hill, which, being very abrupt, completely hid them from the Indians. Here wheeling, they swept rapidly around the base of the hill, and spurred up at a point opposite to where the foe were looking for them. The Indians had dismounted and were kneeling, with muskets ready and arrows fixed, for a deadly aim as the Americans rose the steep. By the time they discovered Hays' stratagem, his men were in their midst, and before they could right themselves in their saddles, the revolving pistols of the Rangers had carried the death-stroke to many. But these Indians were on the war path, in full paint and trappings, led by two bold and daring chiefs, bedecked with feathers, buffalo horns, and other insignia of their rank. They rallied, and with terrific yells, closed completely around Hays' band, and fought bravely. But the cool front, and unerring aim of the experienced old Rangers, and even more, to their superstitious minds, the magic working of the revolving cylinder, then wholly unknown to them, and the fall of one of their chiefs, caused a panic in their ranks, and they broke and fled, leaving twenty-three dead on the ground; and just about time the Rangers' balls were nearly all spent.

The Indians, perceiving that the Americans did not immediately pursue, and being joined by twenty or twenty-five fresh men, again showed fight, and manoeuvred to divide the Rangers. Failing in this, they formed in order, with their remaining chief dashing back and forth, on a fresh horse, gesticulating and harranguing them. The Rangers, having reloaded, now

charged the Indians impetuously, and soon broke their ranks, when a retreating fight was kept up for three-quarters of an hour. Now the chief performed prodigies of daring, and again succeeded in forming his men, who fought so stubbornly, and so well, that the Rangers were obliged to re-load whilst fighting, and were hard pressed, when Jack Hays called out, "Any man who has a load, shoot that chief," and Ad. Gillespie answering, "I'll do it," dismounted, aimed deliberately, and shot him dead with a yauger. Seeing him fall, the Indians fled in confusion, and the Rangers fell back to the settlements.

Major Hays thought them to have been Camanches, Appaches, and Mexicans, sixty-five or seventy men, intending to rob and murder some settlements on the Guadalupe or Colorado. He believed over thirty of them were killed and many wounded. Hays lost one man. Peter Fohr, killed, and four wounded--two badly, Ad. Gillespie and Sam. H. Walker, (at the time supposed mortally.) Many arrows passed through the clothes, hats and hair of the Americans, not less than two thousand having been shot into their midst.



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Lesson 41: The Battle of Galveston



All the preparations having been completed, the night of the 31st of December, 1862, saw General Magruder and his little army marching silently along the road from the bridge to Galveston city. The distance was only five miles, and as the plan was to reach the city about 2 o'clock, A. M., the party had plenty of time to make their trip leisurely. Our forces consisted of several regiments of infantry, and about eighteen or twenty pieces of artillery. The principal attack from the land was to be made by the artillery, as there were only about three hundred of the enemy in the city, and they were behind a barricade at the outer end of one of the wharves. The night was a lovely one, as many will remember. The moon looked down upon our men as they stole along as peacefully as if there was no such horrid reality as war. Perhaps it was in deference to her known prejudices on the subject that Gen. Magruder postponed the attack until she had disappeared beneath the horizon, which occurred about 3 o'clock. Be that as it may, she would have witnessed a very pretty sight if she had deferred setting an hour or two longer. The suburbs of the city were reached about half past 3 o'clock in the morning. The streets were completely deserted; the few inhabitants who had remained in the city were sleeping soundly, and had not our men awakened and warned them of their danger, they would have slumbered on until the cannon's roar had startled them. The march through the city was as quiet a procession as could well be imagined. One might almost have fancied that the men were so many ghosts, following the old year to his burial, except that ghosts in the matter of dress have a great partiality for white as a color, while the costume of our soldiers was, as you may suppose, none of the fairest. But it is not surprising that the usually noisy Texan boys were quiet. The scene, the dead hour of night, and the fact that this was to be the first battle of many of them, all conspired to make them serious. Then, too, the great heavy waves came tumbling and roaring in from the Gulf, chanting out upon the still night air, as they dashed along, something that sounded amazingly like a funeral dirge. But onward our soldiers stole, through long, lonely streets, now around this

corner, now turning that, until at length they reached the Strand. The moon was now down, and everything was enveloped in darkness. The guns were noiselessly placed in position and loaded, the men looking like so many shadows as they took their places in the gloom. There, within a few hundred yards, lay the Harriet Lane, the Owasco, the Clifton and the Sachem, with their broad-sides toward the city, and ready to open the moment the first gun from our side was fired. This was known, for the Yankees had been ashore the day before, and told the citizens that they knew we were coming, and had prepared a New Year's gift for the occasion. They were even so certain of victory that they allowed our artillery to place their guns in position without firing upon them. All being at length ready, General Magruder opened the attack by firing the first gun. In a few moments the bright flashes, the booming reports and whizzing shells told plainer than words that the action had begun in earnest. For the next hour the roar of cannon was incessant. The clear, keen crack of our little rifled guns, the duller chords of our 24-pounders, and the mighty, thundering bass of the Columbiads and Parrot guns on the gunboats, combined to form a piece of music that might well have been dedicated to the King of Pandemonium. There was a gun on one of the boats that really seemed to throw lamp-posts. Plunging through a brick house was nothing but fun for those big fellows. In they went at one side and out at the other, leaving a hole through which a Yankee peddler might almost have driven his horse and cart. As for bricks, window-blinds, pieces of plank, and such things, they flew around in the most reckless manner, evidently vieing with the shells and canister in making our boys below uncomfortable. This state of things continued for what seemed to some present about one lunar month, though the correspondents, very few of whom were there, however, assert that it was only two hours. The discrepancy probably occurred from the former measuring time by their feelings, and the latter by their watches.

Up to this hour, which was just about daylight, nothing had been heard from our boats, which were to have made the attack simultaneously with the land forces. The fight had raged furiously on both sides, and an attempt had been made by some of our infantry to storm the position of the 42d Massachusetts regiment on one of the wharves. The attempt, however, had failed. It was now becoming very evident that our land forces alone were no match for the Yankee boats with their great guns, vomiting half bushel of grape and canister at a fire. If they were the New Year presents prepared, our men, who were there, will doubtless admit that the Yankees distributed them in the most miscellaneous and lavish manner. And yet, though so much ammunition had been expended, very few casualties had occurred. This frequently happens, and is one of

those positively inexplicable things. It may possibly be attributed to the fact that a special Providence has decreed that balls should be blind. If any other observer on the subject has another or better explanation to offer, let him hand it in. And yet, some gallant spirits fell on that day, precious offerings on the altar of their country. Let their memory be cherished and their names recorded, so that those who shall come after, when they read them, may pause with gratitude and reverence, as they remember that for them and their rights those brave hearts were sacrificed.

Daylight at length appeared, and every eye looked anxiously for our boats, which ought to have been up two hours before. As was afterwards learned, they had come down within sight at about 12 o'clock, and finding all quiet, retired five or six miles, under the impression that the land attack had been postponed. There they waited until the flashing guns announced that the attack had begun. The commander of our little fleet, upon discovering this, immediately ordered all steam to be put on, and started back. A little after daylight the old Bayou City and Neptune, followed in the distance by the John F. Carr and Lucy Guinn, hospital boats, were discovered bearing steadily down upon the Harriet Lane, then lying at the end of the wharf opposite the Cotton Press. The Harriet Lane, and the rest of the enemy's boats, continued to direct their fire at them, but fortunately without effect, until our little fleet was close upon them, when a shell struck the Neptune in front, killing and wounding a large number of the brave fellows aboard, and damaging the boat considerably. The Neptune still kept steadily on, however, and in a few moments ran into the Lane amidships. Our boys soon cleared the enemy's decks with buckshot from their double-barrel guns, and would have boarded her, but it was discovered that the Neptune was rapidly sinking, in consequence of the damages she had received. She was accordingly run into shoal water, about fifty yards from the Harriet Lane, where she sunk immediately. In the meantime the Yankee crew, seeing the predicament of the Neptune, came up on deck again, and were preparing to renew the action, when the Bayou City interfered seriously with their preparations by running into the Lane's wheel-house. Another volley from our boys again cleared her decks, making the Yankee tars dodge into their holes like rats. She was then boarded, when the vessel was surrendered, and down came the gridiron, and up went the stars and bars. It was found that the Captain and first Lieutenant of the boat were killed, and about twenty-five of her crew killed or wounded.

Too much cannot be said of the gallantry of the men, each and all, who manned our boats. The enterprise, though eminently successful, was one of the most hazardous and brilliant on record. Thus the day was

won. The rest of the enemy's boats, seeing the condition of the Lane, and being still pelted with shells from our guns on shore, soon ran up white flags. They sent in a boat asking a truce of three hours, which all thought was to end in a surrender of the whole fleet. The truce was granted. The three companies of the 42d Massachusetts had also surrendered when they saw that the Harriet Lane had been captured. The rest of the Yankee fleet, viz: the Clifton, Sachem and Owasco, after waiting to within half an hour of the expiration of the flag of truce, ignominiously sneaked off with the white flag flying. They did this because they saw that the Bayou City was entangled in some way with the Lane's wheel-house. If she could have been gotten loose, the whole fleet would probably have been ours. Two of them, however, the Clifton and Sachem, afterwards met the fate they escaped there, having been captured in the gallant fight at Sabine Pass on the 8th of the subsequent September. The Westfield, a fine boat, and the flag-ship of the fleet, they were compelled to blow up, as she was fast aground. Two barques, laden with coal and provisions, also fell into our hands.

Thus ended the battle of Galveston, fought on the birthday of 1863, a day that will long be remembered as that on which the last Yankee's foot pressed the soil of the Lone Star State, except as prisoners of war.



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Lesson 42: The Capture of the Morning Light



Soon after the battle and capture of Galveston from the enemy, on the 1st day of January, 1863, an expedition was fitted out in the Bay of Sabine, and the waters entering into the Bay, for the purpose of driving the enemy from the bay and clearing the coast of the blockading fleet off the Pass.

To carry this project into execution, the steamers Josiah H. Bell and Uncle Ben were converted into gun-boats by the use of cotton bales. These cotton bales were first compressed and confined on the boats so as to form a breast-work around the boats from the lower decks up to the boiler decks of the boats, making solid works, the thickness of two cotton bales. The Bell was commanded by Captain Fowler, and the Ben by Captain Johnson. These boats were manned by Captain Odlum's company, heavy artillery, a detachment of Colonel Pyron's regiment Texas cavalry, dismounted, commanded by Captain Nolan, and a detachment of Colonel Spaight's battalion, commanded by Captain Keith, numbering in all about three hundred men, artillery and dismounted dragoons. The dismounted dragoons acting as sharpshooters. The gun-boats and men were under the command and direction of Major Watkins.

However, in the meantime, while this expedition was being fitted out, the enemy got wind of it, and taking advantage of the lesson we had taught them at Galveston the 1st of January, they left the Bay and took the old position outside to bar. But our boys were not to be thus cheated out of their fun; and though the enemy had left our waters, nevertheless they determined to have a fight.

There were but two vessels blockading the Pass, the Morning Light and Velocity, and they were six or seven miles off the bar at the mouth of the Pass.

On the morning of the 24th of January, 1863, our gun-boats were ready, manned, and the boys anxious for a chase, and notwithstanding the distance the

enemy was from the Pass, our boats steamed up, and dashed out after him, and as soon as he saw our boats approach, he took to his heels and put out to sea. Our boats pursued, and after a chase of twenty odd miles, we came up within range and opened fire on the Morning Light with our heavy ordnance. The enemy's being sail vessels, our steamers outrun them, and as our boats neared the ships we continued to pour a heavy fire into them. The fire was returned by the enemy, but with no effect. In a little while we were alongside the Morning Light, and our boys, without waiting for the second command, boarded her amidst showers of minnie balls. Without further defence, the commander of the Morning Light, Captain Dillingham, surrendered his ship, self, and crew to our commander. The magazine of the captured vessel was at once looked to by Lieutenant R. W. Dowling, who ordered the commander to conduct him to it. This being looked after and secured, the vessel was brought in, but owing to the shallowness of the water on the bar, she could not be brought into the bay, and to save her from again falling into the enemy's hands, she was set on fire, after removing all her stores, &c. Thus was destroyed one of the finest war vessels belonging to the Yankee navy. Her hull and guns now lay at the bottom of the sea, about three miles off the bar of Sabine Pass. We captured a large amount of stores, arms, ammunition, and one hundred and twenty prisoners. This was one of the most daring adventures of the war. None but the most fearless and determined officers and men would have undertaken it. The enemy was astonished at our intrepidity after they saw our gun-boats. The commanding officer of the Morning Light, Captain Dillingham, expressed his surprise and astonishment at our daring, after seeing our boats. He was of the impression we were pursuing him with iron clad rams.



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Lesson 43: The Battle of Sabine Pass



On the evening of the 7th of September, 1863, the enemy's fleet appeared off the bar of Sabine Pass, numbering seventeen vessels. The port at the time was garrisoned with only three companies; two of artillery and one of cavalry. Each of these three companies were reduced in numbers, to one-half their maximum number by details, sickness, &c. On the appearance of the fleet the little garrison was at once put in fighting order, and the men lay on their arms during the succeeding night.

The night slowly passed away; but few eyes were closed in sleep, either among citizens or soldiers.

When morning again dawned upon the city and garrison, all eyes were turned in the direction of the fleet outside the bar, which had swelled in number during the night to twenty-two vessels--consisting of gun-boats, men-of-war, and transports. Men, women and children, citizens and soldiers, line the house-tops and lookouts, beholding with an anxious gaze the array before them.

Mothers with their little ones in their arms were hurrying to and fro--here and there collecting together in little clusters--ever and anon, a soldier hurried by with a musket in one hand and his breakfast in the other, eating as he ran.

What shall we do? What will become of us? were the hasty ejaculations of mothers as they met together at houses, or on the streets.

The three companies constituting the garrison--officers and men--numbered less than one hundred. About three miles above the bar stands "Fort Griffin." Upon the fort was mounted six guns, all of short range, and not of the best quality. These six guns, and the brave officers and men that manned them were our sole dependence. Thus the brave "Davis Guards"--forty in number--and their heroic commander, Lieutenant Dowling, assisted by Lieutenant Smith, of the Engineer Corps. With these six pieces of heavy ordnance were our dependence to repel an enemy's fleet of twenty-two vessels, and an army of men fifteen thousand strong, flushed with recent

victories on the Mississippi river--the other two companies were ordered on board the gun-boat Unele Ben as artillerymen and sharp-shooters, but could do nothing in repelling the enemy's advance unless he passed the fort in a crippled condition.

Soon after sunrise the fleet commenced crossing the bar, and in less than an hour's time five gun-boats and three transports had crossed over. Immediately after crossing, the gun-boats opened fire on the fort. After firing twenty-five or thirty rounds, without receiving a reply from our guns they fell back and passed out into the gulf.

Couriers were dispatched for aid on the first appearance of the fleet, but none had yet arrived.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon they again commenced crossing the bar. Five or six gun-boats, and three or four transports crossed over. The Sachem led the van, and moved up the Louisiana channel, the Arizona and Clifton coming up the Texas channel. Soon after crossing the bar the Sachem, Arizona, and Clifton opened fire on the fort. Two other gun-boats--names not known--followed in the rear and also opened fire on the fort. The first three moved rapidly up the channels keeping up a continual fire on our fortification. The shot and shell fell thick and fast around the fort. Shells exploding and flying in every direction, frequently extending into the town to the great danger of the helpless women and children, who had no protection save their dwelling houses, several of which were struck with fragments of exploded shell.

During this din of cannonading, not a man could be seen in or about the fort. With the assurance of an easy and bloodless victory, the hasty foe advanced until his foremost vessel came within range of our guns; when, as if by magic, the smoke curled up from the six guns at the fort. The long suspense of the lookers-on at the city burst forth in exclamations of joy. A few rounds followed in quick succession from our guns, when a cloud of smoke and steam was seen to shoot up from the deck of the Sachem; when another burst of applause commingled with thanks to the God of battles, went up from the little few whose anxious eyes were fixed upon the fort and the brave men in it. The applause died away and another moment of silent suspense followed. The booming of cannon, and the explosion of shell kept up a continual roar, unsurpassed by the fiery elements of heaven. The Sachem was disabled, and settled quietly and harmlessly in the water where her guns ceased to play upon the fort.

All eyes were now turned upon the Arizona and Clifton, but the suspense was of short duration; a shot took effect in the machinery of the Clifton, which disabled her

at once. In a moment a white flag was run up at her mast-head. The firing ceased, and again the suspense burst forth in exclamations of joy and thanks to Heaven. The Arizona tacked about and ran out by the Clifton in a crippled condition and made good her escape. By this time a white flag was flying at the mast-head of the Sachem; when the haughty foe surrendered three hundred men and two gun-boats, with thirteen of their best guns to two officers and forty men.

Thus a fleet of twenty-two vessels, and fifteen thousand men, were repelled by two officers and forty men--three hundred prisoners and two of their best gun-boats captured, and not a man on our side hurt. And Texas was saved, for a time at least, from the ravages of an unmerciful and ruthless foe.



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Lesson 44: The Battle of Gaines' Mill In Virginia



I need not detain my readers with a narrative of the events and skirmishes immediately preceding the great battle of Gaines's Mill. The three or four days previous were mainly occupied in bringing the army to the situation which brought on this battle. Leaving all this, I beg my young reader's company while I transport myself back in memory to the morning of that bloody day. At 12 o'clock, A. M., our army was advancing by three roads. The immortal Jackson commanded on the left, Longstreet in the centre, A. P. Hill on the right. When our forces had approached to within a mile of the Mill, they were deployed in line of battle, skirmishers thrown forward to feel the enemy and the whole line moved slowly but steadily on. Lightly and joyously did those gallant men advance. Instead of the sober faces and silent mien that one might have expected would be worn on so solemn an occasion, everything was gay and joyous. This was owing in part to the fact that all knew that the enemy was retreating in great confusion, and few, if any, anticipated the fearful strife and bloody scenes that would take place in the next few hours. The enemy was posted in an apparently impregnable position, about half a mile beyond the Mill, which is situated on a small creek and from which the battle-field takes its name. Defiling over the little bridge that spanned the creek, our little army was again drawn out in the long line of battle, and with the same light indifference that host of gallant hearts moved on. A noble band were they. There mingled the sons of every State in our country. The orange groves of Florida and Louisiana had sent forward their offering, and the broad prairies of Texas had given

their noblest hearts. The Arkansas boys, with their famous big knives, with the trusty Mississippi riflemen by their sides, were there. Stalwart forms from the grain clad hills of Tennessee, and the white cotton fields of Alabama, were there; while from Georgia, the Carolinas, and the Old Dominion, warm hearts and true, were on that fatal ground. Alas! how many of those hearts were soon to beat their last throb in death! But little thought they of that. Nerved by the justice of our cause, and cheered by bright thoughts of the loved ones at home, for whom they were to battle, that mighty band of brothers marched on. At 2 o'clock, P. M., the firing became quite heavy between our advance guard and the enemy, and at half past two it became general all along the line. The rattle of the musketry was terrible and incessant, while the roar of at least three hundred guns formed a bass at once grand but appalling. The idea that any one man can form of a battle, from participating in it, is necessarily faint and imperfect. He sees what is going on immediately about him, but the flashing of guns, the roar of artillery, the whizzing of bullets and screaming of exploding shells, all combine to throw him into a state of excitement not the most favorable for accurate observation. In this battle our line extended from the Chickahominy on the right, across the country more than two miles to a junction of roads called Coal Harbor. Being in General Hill's division, I was on the right and in full view of the ground occupied by Hood's brigade and over which they fought. In order that my readers may the better understand and appreciate the heroic deeds of the Texans on that day, I will give a short description of the ground. There were two hills of considerable height facing one another, the one occupied by Hood's brigade and some other regiments, and the other by the enemy. The hills were about four hundred yards apart and separated by a valley of considerable depth. Through the valley flowed a small brook and along the brook ran an old snake fence. The side of the hill occupied by the enemy and confronting our line, was covered with large oak trees, which sheltered and screened them from our view. You will see the magnitude of the deeds of the Texas Brigade when I state that the enemy were

drawn up in three lines of battle. The first was in the valley and immediately behind the fence; the second was posted half way up the hill and hid from view by logs and the thick foliage; the third line was very near the summit and behind a small breastwork of earth and logs. Just in the rear of this last line, and on the highest point, were planted their batteries of artillery which played over their heads on our troops stationed on the opposite hill. General Hill, seeing the havoc made by these batteries, and knowing the importance of gaining that position, had ordered brigade after brigade to storm it, but in vain. Our troops had dashed down to the brook several times in the face of the concentrated fire of the three lines and the batteries, but decimated and broken, had been compelled to retreat, followed each time by showers of bullets and the shouts of the exultant enemy. At last came the order, at about 5 o'clock, P. M., for Hood's brigade to move forward to the attempt. It was the last brigade of A. P. Hill's division, and with their failure, would end the success of our attack on the left wing of the enemy. Never shall I forget that scene. It was a little after 5 o'clock. The sun was declining with that brilliancy peculiar to the early summer, but even his rays could scarcely penetrate the sulphurous clouds of smoke that floated here and there over the field. Amid the smoke and dust I could just catch glimpses of the line as it pressed forward into the very "jaws of death." Over the brow, down the bare sides of the hill they poured with cheers that rent the very heavens. Heedless of the leaden shower that rained upon them, the living mass sped on. The brook was reached, but they waited not. Through it they plunged, and scaling the fence, leaped right amidst the first line of the enemy. Amazed and panic stricken, the foe broke and fled up the hill with the brave Texans at their heels. The second line, confused at seeing their own men thus rushing headlong among them, and unable to fire from fear of killing their comrades, broke also and joined in the flight. Pell mell they came plunging upon their third and last line drawn up on the summit. Little time had they for explanations. With wild shouts of victory our gallant boys came on, but the Yankees waited not for the bayonet. Their whole left

wing gave way, and terrified, fled down the rear side of the hill towards the Chickahominy. Then followed a fearful scene of slaughter. Between the bullet and the bayonet many a Yankee found a grave that evening. The pursuit continued until long after dark that night, and the next day, on walking over the track of the flying foe, I saw terrible proofs that the pursuit had not been a bloodless one. Well were the gallant men who fell that day, avenged. Almost simultaneous with the rout of the enemy's left wing, old Stouewall pounced upon their right, and flanking them, drove them headlong before him. Thus was won the battle of Gaines's Mill.

Of all sad and mournful days, there is none that can compare with the day after a battle. On the morning after this fight I arose early and walked forth to view the scene of carnage. The portion of the field I visited was that over which the Texas Brigade made this memorable charge. Our victory had been dearly bought. The slope from the summit to the brook was literally strewn with the dead, while the ground from which the wheat had just been cut, looked as if ready for planting again, so tern and ploughed was it by balls. Men lay in every conceivable position and with every shade of expression on their countenances. Old and young, the hardy son of the prairie and the gentler youth of the city, were lying side by side in the sleep of death. Some, with upturned faces and clenched teeth, still grasped their muskets, as if again preparing for that bloody charge, while others reposed as easily and gracefully as if merely resting after labor. As I walked among them, gazing first at one poor fellow and then another, an inexpressible sadness stole over me. I thought of their homes in the far away West, and the dear ones who longed for their return. Perhaps some mother, some sister, or a dearer one yet, was even then breathing her morning prayer for the loved form that now laid cold in death at my feet. Alas! fair one, that form shall never meet thy eyes again; his welcome footstep never greet thy ear. "The whizzing bullet sung his sudden requiem," and the earth shall soon clasp that form in its cold embrace. Weeks, perhaps months will pass, and a letter from a comrade, or perhaps the newspapers coldly and

without comment, will announce his death. With such thoughts and feelings I wandered over the bloody field. More than a year has now passed since that day; the forms then scarce cold, have now mingled their dust with the sod of the Old Dominion. The grass is fresh and green on their graves, but not so fresh and green as the memory of their noble deeds. That grass will wither when the cold blasts of winter sweep over it, but there comes no winter for the memory of the gallant dead. Eternal spring will bloom around the names of the brave patriots who perished in the glorious charge of Gaines's Mill. When peace shall again smile on our land, let some fair monument arise within the borders of Texas to hand down their names to posterity and stimulate those who shall come after to like deeds of daring and self-sacrifice.



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Lesson 45: Battle of Fordoche



On the 28th September, 1863, at night, Mouton's, Speights' and Gen. Green's brigades, and Waller's and Rountree's cavalry, and Semmes' battery, crossed the Atchafalaya in two small flats, and bivouacked on the east bank, the rain pouring in all the time.

At 7 A. M., on the 29th, (still raining,) Mouton's and Speights' brigades, under Col. Gray, marched in single file through the muddy swamp, along a blind path, and reached the enemy's rear at 11 1/2 A. M., at a point five miles west of Morganza, on the Mississippi. Mouton's brigade was held in reserve, about a mile and a half from the enemy's position, to meet any force that might be sent from the fortified camp at Morganza. Speight's brigade, under Lieut. Col. Harrison, was sent forward to attack the enemy's infantry camp, at Mrs. Sterling's plantation, on Bayou Fordoche. Gen. Green, in command of all the forces, marched, with his brigade and Semmes' battery, by the main Morganza road, to attack the enemy's advanced cavalry camp at Fordoche bridge, one and a half miles distant from and nearer to Morgan's Ferry than the infantry camp. Stone's regiment and the Pelican battery were left on the west bank, below Morgan's Ferry, to protect the recrossing of the troops in ease of repulse.

The Federal infantry force, the 19th Iowa and the 26th Indiana regiments, and one section of a battery of light artillery, (precise strength not known,) was strongly posted at Mrs. Sterling's sugar house and negro quarters, with a high levee in front.

Speights' brigade was composed of Speight's regiment, Maj. Daniel, Hawpe's regiment, Maj. Malone, and Speights' battalion, Lieut. Col. A. W. Spaight, Texas Volunteers, and Clark's battalion, Louisiana Volunteers, Lieut. Col. Clark. The regiments were posted in line of battle, in the order named, from right to left, about four hundred yards from the sugar house. We received the first fire of the enemy from the sugar house before our line was entirely formed. We responded with emphasis, but the high sugar cane rendering our shot ineffective,

the word "forward" was passed down the line.

A new line of battle was then formed on the edge of an open field, about two hundred yards from the enemy's position, and we now had the Yankees in full view. The rattle of small arms and the shriek of the Minnie balls, were continuous and terrific. We were fighting in the open field, whilst the enemy fought under cover of the sugar house and negro cabins. Our men began to fall thick and fast. It became evident that a charge must be made, and a charge was made. Then arose from earth to sky the Texas yell, and "up and at them," was the word. The Texas brigade, careering through that field of death, looked, as I suppose would look, a thousand furies turned loose from Pandemonium.

In the transit, our loss was severe. Spaight's battalion was the first to reach the sugar house, but was immediately joined, in chivalrons emulation, by portions of Clark's, Hawpe's and Speights' regiments. The Yankees fought well, but were forced to retreat towards and behind the negro houses, closely followed by our men, yelling still, like--like--Texans. In the negro quarters, a hand to hand conflict commenced. The Yankees fought from house to house, giving back towards the levee, whilst their two field pieces, posted in gaps of the levee, let loose their destructive missiles, sweeping the streets of the negro quarters. At length the yard was ours, but it was a costly purchase, for the Yankees, now driven behind the levee, and not more than sixty yards distant, poured a deadly fire upon our men. A flank movement was attempted in order to turn their position, which could not be overcome by the front without tremendous sacrifice. Our men were jaded by the wet bivouac and long march, and had now fought more than an hour like heroes. An attack being threatened from Morganza, Monton's brigade was still held in reserve, and did not come up. Gen. Green, detained longer than was anticipated in routing the cavalry camp, which was, however, effectually routed, had not brought up his old glorious brigade. For a moment, the battle wavered, but only for a moment. The yell of Green's men (Waller's and Rountree's cavalry) was heard in the distance on the left; our men answered back with a cheer, rushed again upon the works, and the Yankees gave way. At this instant, up came Waller's and Rountree's cavalry, by the road from the left, and the enemy scattered like sheep.

The victory was won, but dearly won. Our loss, twenty-six killed, and eighty-one wounded.

Spaight's battalion, which suffered most in numbers, lost in killed and wounded one-seventh of the men brought into the engagement. Speight's regiment suffered severely, and was next in proportion.

Major Boone, commanding Waller's battalion, was dangerously wounded; and Lieut. Spivey, of Rountree's, was killed by the retreating foe.

The fruits of the victory were four hundred and seventy-five prisoners; among them two Lieutenant Colonels and thirty-four other officers, two splendid six pounder Parrot guns, a large quantity of medical stores, and a considerable number of Enfield rifles. The two regiments thus cut up and destroyed were veteran troops, who had borne a part in all the battles on the Mississippi.

Major Boone, since the battle, has been compelled to have his right arm amputated, having had two fingers of his left hand shot off in the engagement.



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Lesson 46: Early Churches In Texas



In a previous lesson it will be seen that the Methodist Church sent the largest number of clergymen, in early times, to Texas.

The first Baptist preacher who came to the country, was the Rev. Joseph Bays, who emigrated from Missouri, and preached on Peach Creek, on the west side of the Brazos, in the year 1826. In a short time he removed to San Antonio, where he continued to labor until he was ordered away by the Mexican authorities. In 1829, a number of Baptists, who came from New York, established the first Sabbath-School in the country, in the town of San Felipe. It was taught by T. J. Pilgrim, who was the interpreter of the Spanish language in Austin's colony. The same year another Sabbath-School was opened at Matagorda, and in the year following, a similar one was started at "Old Caney" by members of the same church. After this time, many members and ministers of the Baptist Church came to the country, and organized churches in different parts of the State.

In the year 1838, the Rev. Caleb S. Ives, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, arrived at Matagorda, where he collected a congregation, established a school, and built a church. He continued to labor until 1849, when he died. In the fall of 1838, the Rev. R. M. Chapman, of the same church, came to Houston, and organized a parish. In 1840, he was succeeded by the Rev. H. B. Godwin.

In the spring of 1840, the Rt. Rev. Leonidas Polk (now General Polk of the Confederate army) visited and explored the country between the Trinity and the Colorado. In 1844, the Rt. Rev. G. W. Freeman, Bishop of Arkansas, visited the churches of Texas, and continued his visits annually for several years. In 1841, the Rev. B. Eaton was sent out as a missionary to Galveston and Houston. On the 1st of January, 1849, a separate Diocese was organized for Texas, with six clergymen. Since that time the Episcopal Church has continued to grow both in numbers and influence.

The Presbyterian church was not among the pioneer churches in Texas. About the year 1838, the Rev. Hugh Wilson arrived in the new Republic. He was probably the first Presbyterian minister who settled in Texas. He organized a Presbyterian Church in San Antonio shortly after his arrival, and in the year following established one at Independence. He was a laborious and useful man, and will always stand high among the first ministers of the Gospel in Texas. The Rev. John McCulloch came to Galveston about the same time, and gathered a congregation and founded a Sabbath-School, under many disadvantages. The state of morals and religion in the Island City at that time was not very favorable to the efforts of the young missionary.

With the Rev. W. Y. Allen at Houston, and Rev. W. C. Blair, P. H. Fullenwider, I. J. Henderson, F. Rutherford, and a few others, located at different points in the State, the Presbyterian Church began, about the year 1840, to take a position among the other religious denominations in the country, and has been gradually advancing in influence and usefulness until the present time. As most of the clergymen referred to are still living, we can say but little more respecting them than merely to give their names.

The most laborious and useful minister of the Presbyterian Church, who ever lived in Texas, was the Rev. Dr. Baker, who died within a few years past at Austin. He was a man of great energy and apostolic zeal. All could see that his sole aim and purpose was to preach the Gospel, and do good to the souls of men. Coming to Texas as a missionary about the year 1840, he visited almost every part of the State, and preached most abundantly. In all weathers, and in all places, he showed himself the fearless soldier of the cross. With a fine person, a silvery voice, and often with melting eyes, he presented the great truths of salvation in such a manner as to attract large congregations, and win many converts to Christ. At last, after a long and useful ministry, he died a peaceful and happy death, in the city of Austin. The College at Huntsville owes its existence to his exertions.



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Lesson 47: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition (Part I)



In the year 1841, Texas was an independent Republic. This was five years after the battle of San Jacinto, when General Santa Anna and his army were defeated, which liberated the south-eastern portion of the country from Mexican authority. Texas claimed all the country extending from the United States on the north and east, to the Rio Grande river on the west; and the Gulf of Mexico on the South. The territory was so great, that the Government, up to that time, had in its duties provided only for the counties that were within the settlements; which did not extend west of the Nueces river or San Antonio, or north of Austin; except in the eastern district, where it was more thickly inhabited. The north-western portion of the territory was known as New Mexico, where nearly all the inhabitants were Mexicans and Indians who lived with them in their towns.

The vast country between Austin and Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, was an unexplored region of seven hundred miles; the greater part of which was known only to roving tribes of Indians, who made frequent incursions into the settlements to plunder, steal horses, and sometimes they murdered men and took women and children into captivity. These acts of cruelty were committed on the frontier, and by the time the neighbors could learn of the deed, the Indians had fled, beyond reach of pursuit, to the camps of their tribes.

Mirabeau B. Lamar, who was then President of Texas, received letters from citizens in Santa Fe, who wrote to him that the people there wanted to be under the laws of Texas and not those of Mexico, whose laws and officers then governed over them. As this could not be effected without troops, he concluded that to afford assistance to a portion of territory which was so far from the capital at Austin; could best be done by opening a road over the prairies and through the wilderness to Santa Fe. He gave out invitations to traders and merchants to take goods along, and also to volunteers for an escort guard to protect them from Indians and assist in crossing the

wagons over difficult places on the route; and for all persons intending to go, to meet together at Austin in the month of May.

There was a double purpose in the expedition: one was secret or political, known only to a few principal persons, who were appointed to offices, either military or commissioners, whose duty it was to arrange with the people of Santa Fe on their arrival at that place. The object made public, was that of a commercial or trading expedition.

In Mexico there were but few mills for the manufacture of cotton and other goods; the people depended upon imports from the United States and Europe for most of the clothes they wore, and for other supplies; which in northern Mexico were taken over on a road from Independence, a town in Missouri, to Santa Fe, by caravans of traders, who went every year with large quantities of goods. It was of great importance to Texas to obtain the trade to Santa Fe, and if the expedition succeeded in its objects, it was believed the route would be preferred to the one from Independence, which could not be traveled in the winter months on account of deep snows and impassable streams that would not be met with on the route from Texas. The goods wanted by the Mexicans could be brought from Europe, which would increase the commerce and make Texas of greater importance to those countries; while the duties paid into the treasury was much needed for making public works and improvements throughout the country.

At the appointed time, the vicinity of Walnut creek, two miles from Austin, was dotted over with camps of those assembled, preparing for the trip. They came from all parts of the settled Republic, besides a few from the United States, who joined with many others for the excitement of adventures to be met, as well as to take a tour either through Mexico or return by the northern route; many went to gain a knowledge of the trade to be used in after expeditions. Two accidents occurred at this camp: a Mr. Snow, returning from town at night was shot by a sentinel who mistook him for an Indian; and a Mr. Davis, while showing his friends a manoeuvre with his gun, it accidentally went off, killing him instantly. The camp was moved to Brushy, a stream twenty miles north, where there was better grass and water.

This being the first expedition of the kind in Texas, it took longer time in fitting out, than expected; when ready, there were six mounted companies, under command of General Hugh McLeod, the commissioners with Messrs. Kendall and Coombs as guests, the merchants and wagon drivers, numbering in all three hundred and twenty men; with one brass cannon, nearly thirty wagons and a drove of beef cattle to furnish meat. The President visited the camp, where he reviewed the

companies and made an appropriate address.



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Lesson 48: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part II)



On the 21st of June, the expedition took up the line of march in a northern direction; two companies being in advance to pilot and select camping grounds, while a portion were on fatigue duty with axes to cut down trees, and shovels to slope steep banks of streams for crossing the wagons; at some places ropes had to be used to prevent them from upsetting or being broke to pieces; some were on guard duty, while others were driving cattle. A few days after starting, they came upon a herd of buffalo; which gave sport to those who could engage in it; while others on duty could only look on, but they came in for full share of the trophy at mess time.

Crossing the Brazos a few miles below Camanche Peak, they went to Noland's river, where commenced a forest of black jack and post oak, known as the Cross Timbers. Finding the wagons to be overloaded, they burned the tent poles, reserving only one tent for hospital use; and threw away a portion of dried beef, which was taken along to be used in case of loss of cattle. Cutting their way through the timber was very laborious, on account of the underbrush and gullies; all suffered from the heat and want of water, the little each one carried not lasting to the next camp; after two weeks toil, they forced a passage out to the prairie, taking a north-westerly course, which led them to an Indian village of the Waco tribe on the Wichita.

White flags were displayed to entice the Indians to a talk, so as to learn something of the country ahead, but they fled and

were quickly out of sight. There were about forty houses which were neatly constructed, although not tightly enclosed; the place was quite cleanly and the rich lands around were well cultivated with corn and pumpkins. After a short examination of Indian husbandry and thriftiness, the command pursued its way up the fertile bottom of what was supposed to be Red River, until finding it heading too much south; the country becoming rough and broken up by hills, they continued their course; reaching a stream of fresh water--since leaving the Brazos, most of the water had been brackish. With the commissioners, there was a Mexican servant named Carlos, who professed to a knowledge of the country, and that the stream was the Rio Utan, where he had often trapped.

After making their way over a rough country that was almost impassable for the wagons, they reached a high piece of table-land with excellent grass; Carlos said the Mexicans frequently brought their sheep there on account of the pasturage; he pointed to the direction of a large spring and creek of fresh water, and described where plums which grew on bushes could be found; all which proved to be as stated; he supposed they were then about eighty miles from San Miguel, a frontier town in New Mexico. The commissioners, relying on the statements of Carlos, determined to send forward the guide, Mr. Howland, who had lived several years in Santa Fe, with Messrs. Baker and Rosenberry to procure provisions and consult some of the principal white inhabitants as to the reception the expedition would probably meet.

Carlos was now intrusted to pilot. The next day Mr. Kendall chased a buffalo some few miles to the south, where, from a high ridge, he discovered the heavy timber of a stream; which he communicated on his return; Carlos was positive there was no river near them in that direction. Captain Caldwell visited the timber, and pronounced it to be the Brazos, which was supposed by all to be a long distance to the south; continuing their course, Carlos pointed out three high peaks, which he said were the Crows, that served as a guide to the Narrows, where the supposed

Red River cut its way through the mountains; this was cheering news, for they had camped the night previous without water.

Their route was on a high prairie, where, without seeing any sign ahead of any change in their travel, they suddenly reached the brow of a precipitous bluff, some two or three hundred feet in height, which overlooked a valley of four or five miles in width. The descent in search of water was through dead cedars, along rocky ridges, and down almost perpendicular banks where they had to dismount from their horses; when, after three or four miles meandering, they found water that was more brackish than any before met with. The camp was located on the plain which was covered with coarse grass two or three feet in height. Accidentally the camp fires spread amongst it, and with such rapidity, that two wagons were consumed. It was by the greatest exertions of the men that more were not burnt up. From the Commissioner's wagon a box got broke open, from which were scattered about a number of pamphlets containing correspondence between some leading citizens of Santa Fe and President Lamar, together with an address by the President, asserting the claims of Texas; it was printed in English and Spanish.

The impassable valley changed their course to the west. As they neared what Carlos called the Crows, the travel and water became worse; Carlos, perceiving he had been greatly mistaken in the locality of the country, and fearing illtreatment from the men, he with an [Italian](#) named Brignoli, deserted. This was near the middle of August, and they were in a succession of rugged hills and cedar brakes. Working their way, they came to a branch with a salt spring, the water from which could only be drunk as it issued from the bank; if left for a few minutes to the air, it became repulsive to swallow. At this camp Dr. Brashear died, making the third death since their starting.



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Lesson 49: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part III)



Gaining the plains, the expedition took to the north-west, crossing several towns of prairie dogs, an animal nearly as large as a squirrel, which their head and teeth resembled; their bark was similar to that of a dog. One of their towns was about three miles long and one mile wide. Encamping on a stream with a little timber on its banks, which sheltered them from a cold drizzling rain, the next morning they discovered that during the night several horses had been stolen by Indians, who had cut the lariats by which some were tied within a few feet of where their owners were sleeping. Two days after, a party of three hunters met nine Indians; they understood Spanish, but would not give any satisfactory answers to questions put to them.

Again encountering high ridges of hills, through which, after severe toil, a passage brought them to a beautiful tableland covered with mesquit trees; as they advanced they came to a running stream of fresh water, where the notes of the robin, lark and blue-bird were heard, being the first they had met with on their journey. Resuming their march, which led over a broken country with a deep ravine, where the water was salt, a large party of Indians were seen driving off a drove of horses. Soon after, they discovered a stream of fresh water and an Indian camp just deserted.

A chain of rugged hills turned their course north. While stopping at a hole of muddy water, a party which had been in advance to find a road-way, returned and reported that to the north they had encountered several deep and impassable ravines. At the time, it was considered impossible to cross with the wagons the mountains on the west; and another party was sent out in a north-east direction. Lieutenant Hull, with four men, while in search of water a short distance from camp, were suddenly attacked by a large body of Indians; they were well armed, but before assistance could reach them, they were all killed and the bodies mutilated; two of their horses were also killed; the Indians being better

mounted, fled on the approach of an opposing force. Afterwards, it was ascertained that twelve Indians were killed and several wounded.

Captain Strain, with a party, after two day's hard travel, returned and reported that there was a route by which the ravines might be headed in an easterly course but in no other direction. The command returned to a point higher up on the stream they had passed, where the commissary reporting only four days provisions on hand, a general consultation of all the officers was held, and it was resolved to dispatch a party of one hundred men to the settlements for a guide and provisions; while the rest remained at that place, which was called camp Resolution. Three men were missing, and never after heard from.

On the 31st of August, the advance party, under command of Colonel Wm. G. Cooke, with five days rations, being only about eight pounds of beef which they had dried since the preceding day, left their companions on one of the head branches of Red River. Taking a north-west course and striking a very plain Indian trail leading up the steppe or mountain side, which was only passable with horses. Reaching the summit, they found spread out before them a level plain. Soon after, they killed a bear. After twenty-four hours without water for their horses, they discovered a pond which refreshed them for their onward march.

Going forward at a rapid rate, they came suddenly on the brink of a chasm or canon that was some three hundred yards across and probably eight hundred feet in depth; after fruitless endeavors to find any way down the almost perpendicular banks, they encamped for the night on its edge, where they were visited by a tremendous thunder storm. Turning to the south, to head the torrent in the bed of the canon, they struck a large buffalo or Indian trail that led to the only place where there was any chance of crossing, which, after great difficulty, was accomplished. A few days after, they encountered another chasm of greater width and depth than the former one; fortunately it was near a trail. Their descent to its narrow bed was perilous, but made without accident. On reaching the bottom they found a small stream, and rested for a short time on a spot that within a few days past, had been occupied by a large body of Indians. On the fourth day out, with rations almost exhausted, they came upon a buffalo, which, on the second day's chase, was killed.

Persevering, the broad prairie was finally closing its bounds and ended by high, steep and rugged hills, which changed their course south-west until high conical and singularly formed hills turned them westward, when they reached the banks of a beautiful river, the Mora, where they found quantities of plums and grapes. Two

of the men met Carlos and Brignoli; both said they had been lost and half starved from the time they had left them; they promised to go to camp, but never went. The next day, three mountains were seen resembling the Crows as described by Carlos. The scanty provisions of the men were consumed, and hunger compelled them to kill a horse for food.

On the thirteenth day of their wanderings they fortunately discovered a cart road, and soon after a few Mexicans at the Narrows, a ledge of rocks on the banks of the Angosturos. The Mexicans said that by going directly west from where they had started, on the Palo Duro, a good mule could travel the distance in four days, and over a good smooth road; and that San Miguel was about eighty miles distant. Three of the Mexicans were employed to go with a Mexican servant of the party, to the command, with letters. They made the trip in less than four days.



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Lesson 50: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part IV)



Captain Lewis and Mr. Van Ness, Secretary of the Commissioners, both of whom spoke Spanish, were directed to proceed to San Miguel to confer with the authorities, having instructions and letters setting forth that a large trading party of Texans were approaching and that their intentions were in every way pacific; by request, two of the principal merchants and Mr. Kendall accompanied them with a Mexican servant. On their road they came up with two Mexican muleteers, from whom they learned that their approach was known and that great excitement existed among the inhabitants in consequence of the Governor, Armijo, informing them that the Texans intended to burn, slay and destroy as they went; the Mexican servant was sent back with a letter conveying the intelligence.

Before reaching San Miguel they were suddenly surrounded by more than a hundred well armed and mounted soldiers. The leader, Salezar, stated to them with the utmost blandness, that it was contrary to their laws for bands of men to enter their territory with arms, and hoped they would have no objection to placing their rifles and pistols in his keeping, and labeled so the owner might know it again, until the business they had with the authorities might be arranged. Finding themselves completely surrounded, without the remotest chance to escape, and completely imposed upon by the apparent fairness of Salezar's conduct, they reluctantly gave up their arms.

Mr. Kendall told him that he was a citizen

of the United States and merely a traveler and handed him his passport from the Mexican Consul at New Orleans. No sooner disarmed, than Salezar ordered their pockets to be picked, which being done, he ordered twelve men to march in front of them. Mr. Fitzgerald, one of the merchants, who not only understood the Spanish language, but also the treacherous and suspicious character of the Mexicans, with fists clenched, exclaimed to his companions, "They're going to shoot us, boys; let's pitch into 'em and die in hot blood; it's much asier." They exchanged glances of singling out their men from the guard at the moment they should level their guns; at this critical moment an altercation ensued between Salezar and a Mexican named Vigil, the latter contending that the prisoners had entered the settlement openly and peaceably and had asked to converse with Governor Armijo. Vigil prevailed over the blood-thirsty coward Salezar.

A Lieutenant was ordered to march with them to San Miguel, from thence they were put on the march to Santa Fe; on the road, the Lieutenant said he was ordered to have them tied. A thousand troops passed them on their way to San Miguel. Meeting Governor Armijo, he saluted them as friends and shook each by the hand. After a short conversation he asked which of them best understood Spanish, Lewis pressed forward and offered his services. To this time he had acted in good faith towards all in the expedition; but seeing that he was completely in the power of men whom he understood and from whom he could expect neither mercy or justice, and seeing that by betraying his former associates he might gain life and liberty, he at once sundered all the holy ties of religion, honor and patriotism.

Armijo, in a pompous tone, ordered the Lieutenant to guard the prisoners back to San Miguel that night; the Lieutenant remarked that they were not able to, having walked nearly thirty miles that day. Armijo answered, "They are able to walk as much more; if one of them pretends to be sick or tired on the road, shoot him down and bring me his ears--go." About midnight they reached a small prairie six miles from San Miguel, when the darkness

and a heavy rain compelled them to stop, and lying upon the ground they slept until morning. They had hardly been placed in confinement at San Miguel, when a priest entered and told them that one who had first been taken prisoner, while attempting to escape had been re-taken and was then to suffer death. He was taken about twenty yards from where they were, and after heartlessly being pushed upon his knees with his face to the wall, he was shot in the back. They could not recognize him, but afterwards learned that it was Baker, who with his party, having been placed in prison at Santa Fe, effected his escape, and while making their way to their comrades were attacked. Rosenberry was killed, and Baker and Howland were captured.

Scarcely was this horrible scene over, when they were marched out of their prison and formed into line. Armijo, from a window in the house, pointed out the prisoners, one by one, asking of some one behind him their names and business, but they could not hear his answers. Armijo then came out and said, "Gentlemen, you told me the truth yesterday: Don Samuel (Howland) has corroborated your statements. I save your lives. Don Samuel ran away from Santa Fe, and in attempting to reach Colonel Cooke's party, has been retaken. I have ordered him to be shot in five minutes." They were marched back to their prison, while Howland was taken to the side of the body of his murdered comrade and in a similar manner met his death. He had been, by the tyrant Armijo, offered his life and liberty if he would betray his companions and assist in capturing them; the brave and noble-spirited man rejected the offer with scorn, and notwithstanding the disgraceful mode of his execution, his death was an honorable one.

The party under command of Colonel Cooke halted at Anton Checo, the nearest settlement, for the purpose of refreshment, and to await communication from their advance party. The next day some of the men, while purchasing provisions at a ranch on the opposite side of the creek, were taken prisoners by Salezar, who sent one of them back requesting the Commissioners to go over and hold a

consultation with him. They sent answer that if he wanted to see them he must come to their camp, which he did with an escort. The interview resulted in the liberation of the men. Colonel Cooke asked Salezar what had become of Van Ness and his party. He answered that he had met them and was satisfied with the objects of the mission as explained to him; he had treated them as friends and sent them to the Governor.



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Lesson 51: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part V)



On the morning of the 17th September it was determined to take up the line of march, at the same time a message was received from Salezar, stating that Governor Armijo would arrive in a few hours, and that, as an evidence of his friendly disposition he would cross over and camp near them. Salezar had been greatly reinforced and numbered about four hundred men, who marched around to the left and front of their camp. The men were formed into line, but were dismissed on perceiving no hostile movement of Salezar. In a short time they saw a party of near two hundred advancing to their right and rear, this gave cause for a suspicion of danger, and the men were formed for action. In five minutes, battle to the death would have commenced, but some one exclaimed that Captain Lewis was at the head of the party; both parties of Mexicans began to close in. Captain Lewis advanced with the nephew of the Governor. Lewis told the Commissioners and officers that the people were exasperated at their coming and were in arms; that besides the troops here, he had seen four thousand of the best equipped men he had ever met with who would be there in a few hours. He also stated that five thousand men were marching from Chihuahua; but that the Governor had commissioned him to offer, if they would give up their arms, permission to enter and trade, and at the end of eight days they would be returned to them, together with their recruited horses. He further stated that he knew this to be the custom of the St. Louis traders, and that no possible harm would result, and for the truth of his statements, Lewis pledged his honor, and to one of the officers, his Masonic faith. Lewis's countenance had undergone a great change since he had left them, and his conduct at that time aroused the suspicions of one of the officers, who proposed that they should return to their companions, and if they could not do better, walk and live on the horses that they had left. The nephew of the Governor replied that his uncle knew Americans were gentlemen and that such inhumanity could not be permitted towards them; and urged them to comply with

the requisitions made upon all traders visiting Santa Fe. A consultation of the Commissioners and officers was held. They had traveled over a thousand miles and were among strangers; they were destitute of the very necessaries of life; were two hundred and fifty miles from their companions, and there were no means on the route of supporting nature in an effort to reach them. Added to all these, they had the assurance of one of their companions, who had been considered a man of honor, that they were among friends and would be treated accordingly. It was a painful conclusion to surrender their arms, and with misgivings they reluctantly complied with the offer.

Just before dark they were ordered into line, and then Mexican faith began to show itself. Colonel Cooke, in the hearing of Lewis's new found associates, denounced him, reminding him of his pledged honor, which had been forgotten; of his plighted Masonic faith, which had been broken; and declared that but for him his former associates would have died in the ditch. After they were formed, their knives, watches and nearly every article of personal property were taken from them. They took a small purse from the writer of this article, and the fellow, feeling its contents, remarked to Salezar, "Two reals, Senor, no more." Salezar, shrugging his shoulders, told him to return it. Instead of a quarter dollar it contained a quarter eagle, for which he afterwards purchased a jacket. Carlos, who had been captured, in endeavoring to escape was pierced by a lance in the body. He had a copy of President Lamar's address. He was brought to the camp and directed to point out the different officers, and was then led away.

Armijo arrived the next day, and was much exasperated that the betrayed prisoners were not tied. By his orders they were bound, four, six and eight together, as their lariats would confine. After nightfall, a consultation was held by the officers more immediately in the interest of Armijo, as to the propriety of either executing them all upon the spot, or sending them to the city of Mexico as trophies of the valor of New Mexicans. The party in favor of the latter course prevailed by a majority of one vote.

Gen. McLeod's party had been continually harrassed by the Cayguas Indians, who had killed several of the men, and at one time rode directly through the camp and stampeded 87 horses, which were never recovered. After waiting fifteen days, without hearing from Col. Cooke's party, they determined to wait five days longer, and then, if no tidings from them, it was resolved to burn the wagons and goods, and make their way back by forced marches. Two days after, the guides reached them, and they resumed their journey. Captain Caldwell, with a small party, who had been sent in advance, were captured; and General McLeod and his party who had

reached Red Lake, about forty miles south of the Angosturos, were imposed upon by the treachery of Lewis, were made prisoners and marched to San Miguel. Two men died on the prairies. The wagons were taken to the plaza of San Miguel, and nearly a whole day was occupied in distributing the goods among the different companies. Lewis was seen standing by the side of Armijo, and frequently pointing out a box or bale of goods, which was placed in a large pile, apparently for him.

The second morning after the surrender of Col. Cooke's party, the officers were mounted on horses, and the men were tied three or four together, with one end of the lariat fastened to the saddle of the guard. They were marched through a creek and up the steep rocky sides of a spur of the mountains to a level country, over which they were taken to the road leading down the Rio Grande Valley, where the lariats were removed. At two or three times on the road, they were on the point of rising on the guard and making their way to Texas, but were restrained by considerations for their companions behind them.



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Lesson 52: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part VI)



After traveling two thousand miles, the prisoners reached the City of Mexico on the 26th of December. Ten days after, by order of Santa Anna, they were chained two together, and marched at midnight through the streets to the palace and back to their quarters. Two days after, they were sent out to work on a public road, but the amount of labor they performed was insignificantly small. On the 21st of January, Messrs. Thomas S. Lubbock and Louis Mazer effected their escape. Three days after, nearly all the officers were sent out to work. In February they were joined by portions of both commands who had been left sick on the road, together with nearly twenty Texans who were captured near the Nueces River. In April, Mr. Geo. W. Kendall was admitted, and joined in fellowship to Major Bennett by a similar chain worn by the others.

The prisoners told the Commandante that the 21st was their patron Saint's day, and requested leave to celebrate it, which he granted. Their friends in the city hearing of it, sent them some turkeys for a dinner and liquor to drink toasts. Major Geo. W. Bonnell delivered an appropriate address from a pulpit in what had generally been used for a lecture room. Several gentlemen from the city, and some Mexican officers, joined in the festivities. As the men had either broken the rivets of their chains or could easily shake them off from their ankles, they passed the evening in dancing. The gentlemen were represented by those wearing hats and the ladies by those with their heads uncovered; the evening's enjoyment closing by the liberation of Mr. Kendall and two others. One week after, ten more Texans were added to their list, and twenty others were released.

On the 13th of June, all were marched to the grand parade ground, where Santa Anna, accompanied by his staff officers, reviewed eight regiments of infantry, two of cavalry and artillery companies, with twelve pieces of cannon. The throng of carriages, horsemen and citizens

was immense. They were gathered together to witness the liberation of the Texas prisoners, which had been accomplished through the instrumentality of Gen. Waddy Thompson, who had been sent Minister from the United States to Mexico. Four days later, they were on the road to Vera Cruz, with traveling expenses furnished by Gen. Thompson.

One month after the capture of Cooke's party, the remainder of the prisoners, Gen. McLeod's party, left San Miguel. A few days after, one of their men died from hunger, cold and fatigue. The next day, John McAllister, who was naturally lame, had sprained his ankle and was unable to keep up. Salezar, rather than to let him ride on one of the led mules, or have the march delayed, ordered him to be shot, which was done, and his ears cut off as a voucher for the number of prisoners. The Rio Grande, in its descent below Fra Cristobal, makes a large bend; to shorten the distance, the road runs across, and is called the "Dead Man's Journey," being ninety miles without water. Col. Cooke's party started on it at three o'clock, and after a forced march all night, encamped for two hours at a spring of water, fifteen miles out of the way, and reached the river below on the next afternoon.

When General McLeod's party left Fra Cristobal, the night wind from the snow-clad mountains was so chilling to the weak frames of the men that the most violent exercise could not keep them warm. Next morning many were so much exhausted that they could only stagger along. One unfortunate man, named Golpin, a merchant, was shot by the rear guard, for no other reason than that he was too sick and weak to keep up. The horses of the guard requiring rest, at dark they stopped, and at ten o'clock at night were ordered to resume their gloomy march. At daylight, a man named Griffith, who had been wounded by the Indians, and who had not entirely recovered, had ridden a mule until his faculties were nearly paralyzed by cold; at daylight he jumped off and undertook to walk; he was too weak and too lame to travel and sank to the ground. A soldier ordered him to rise. He made one feeble and ineffectual effort, and cast an imploring look to the soldier, and while doing so, the brutal miscreant knocked his brains out with a musket. After forty hours, without food or water, they reached the waters of the Rio Grande, and before arriving at El Paso, a man named Gates, who was in a dying condition, was another victim to Mexican cruelty. Death no sooner ceased his sufferings, when, like the others before him, his ears were cut off, and his body thrown by the roadside.



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Lesson 53: The Texas Santa Fe Expedition - (Part VII)



El Paso del Norte will be held in pleasing remembrance in the hearts of all the Texan prisoners. Both parties had hardly been transferred from the command of Salezar to a new guard, when some were conducted to the house of the commandant of the place, General Elias Gonzalez, while others, in squads from four to eight, were billeted on the different houses of the inhabitants, where they were served with the choicest provisions, fruits, and even wines. At the departure of Gen. McLeod's party, the commandant ordered two or three cart loads of excellent bread for the use of the prisoners on the road, and sent his own teams to transport it. He also sent his private carriage for the accommodation of Gen. McLeod, with three others, as far as Chihuahua.

On the road below that city, they were conveyed through several cities and towns on a different route than that traveled by Col. Cooke's party. With the exception of the sick left on the way, out of whom eight died, they were taken to Puebla, where one portion were left, and the other sent to the fortress Perote. Both parties, however, after having witnessed the brutality of Armijo, Salezar, and their hirelings, felt grateful for the munificent acts of kindness shown them, especially by the women. From San Miguel throughout their whole route to Vera Cruz, they were alike characterized by acts of benevolence and mercy. The English at the mines through which they passed, as also the Americans, cheerfully contributed to their relief.

Those at Puebla and Perote suffered similar treatment to those in the City of Mexico. At Perote several succeeded in effecting their escape; and at Puebla, Major Howard and Captain Hudson, both afterwards in disguise, visited the most public places in the City of Mexico, and at a time when a heavy reward was offered for their apprehension.

At the time they were nearing the coast, the yellow fever was prevalent. Two died from it at Puerta Nacional, and

at Vera Cruz, two, besides three of the Nueces party. On the 27th of July, with the exception of about thirty who remained in the country, the balance went on a Mexican vessel, chartered to take them to New Orleans. When ready for sailing, a courier arrived from the City of Mexico, and immediately an embargo was placed upon the port, where they remained until the 12th of August, when they took their departure from Vera Cruz. The vessel was bound for New Orleans, but on the 21st they were off Galveston, and the officers gave the Captain of the vessel a written certificate that he was compelled to land his passengers at that port. The next day they landed, and were welcomed home, after their eventful journeys and imprisonments of nearly seventeen months.



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Lesson 54: Something Very Much Like Death



There have been instances in which persons, to all appearance dead, have suddenly come again to life. Graves have sometimes been opened, and it has been discovered that the corpses buried in them had actually changed their position after being interred. This teaches us the importance of not being too hasty in burying the dead. Persons may faint, or swoon away, and still be alive. Cases of suspended animation may last for hours, and consciousness again return. We then should be slow and cautious in committing our dead to the tomb. How terrible the thought of consigning a living friend to the darkness of the sepulchre!

Many years ago a young man named William Tennent, came to reside in the city of New Brunswick, (N. J.,) with the view of completing his education as a minister of the Gospel. Intense application to study affected his health, and brought on a pain in the heart and a slow fever. He soon became so emaciated, that he had the appearance of a skeleton. His life was now threatened. He was attended by a young physician who was attached to him by the strongest ties of friendship. One day, in the absence of his medical friend, as he lay conversing with his brother in Latin, on the subject of religion, his voice failed, his pulse stopped, and life apparently ceased. His body was laid out, a coffin was ordered, and the neighbors were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the meantime, his friend and physician returned from his visit to the country, and was affected beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that he was dead, and hung over the corpse in an agony of grief. He imagined that he perceived something strange about the body. Upon examination he thought he felt an unusual warmth under the left arm. By dipping his hand in warm water to make it more sensitive to the touch, he repeated his examination, and declared that he could detect a slight trembling of the flesh. Others felt the place, but could detect nothing of the kind. At his earnest entreaty the funeral was postponed, and the body was restored to a warm bed. To this the brother objected, inasmuch as the eyes were sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body

cold and stiff. He, however, yielded to the physician, who at once commenced rubbing and bathing the body, in the hope of discovering some symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived and no signs of life appeared, though the Doctor had continued his exertions day and night. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The Doctor still objected, and confined his request for delay to one hour, then to half an hour, and at last to a quarter of an hour. He now discovered that the tongue was much swollen, and threatened to crack. As he was softening it with some oil upon a feather, the brother came into the room, and supposing the Doctor to be trying to feed the dead man, became much vexed, and exclaimed, "It is shameful to be feeding a lifeless corpse!" and demanded, with great earnestness, that the funeral should at once take place. At this critical moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end at once to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was now used to restore animation. In about an hour after, the eyes again opened, another deep groan was uttered, and then all again was still. In another hour, life seemed to return with greater power, and in a short time a complete revival took place, to the astonishment and joy of family and friends; and all were now loud in their praises of the physician for his obstinate perseverance.

Mr. Tennent, however, continued so weak and low for six months, that great doubts were entertained of his final recovery. But after that period he recovered much faster, and in the course of a year he was completely restored.

One Sunday afternoon, after he was able to walk about his room and to take notice of what was passing around him, his sister, who had staid from church to watch him, was reading the Bible by his side. He suddenly turned to her and asked her what she was doing. She replied, "I am reading the Bible." He exclaimed, "And what is the Bible?" This affected the sister so much, that she burst into tears, and told him she was grieved to think that he should make such a remark respecting a book which he once loved so much.

Upon the return of the family from church, it was ascertained that he had actually forgotten everything he ever knew, and was profoundly ignorant of all things which had happened before his sickness. He could not read a single word, nor recall a single event of his past life. His mind was a blank. As soon as it was prudent, he was taught to read and write, as children usually are. Afterwards he began the study of the Latin language, in which he was once an accomplished scholar. One day, as he was reciting a lesson to his brother, in a well-known Latin book, he suddenly started, and

clapped his hand to his head, as if something hurt him. After pausing for a few minutes, and looking again on the book, he exclaimed, "Brother, I have certainly read this book before!"

From that moment all his former knowledge seemed to return, and he soon could converse as fluently in Latin as he had done before his sickness.

Mr. Tennent in a short time completed his studies, became a distinguished preacher, lived to an advanced age, and his remains are now buried near an old church, which stands on the field where was fought the celebrated battle of Monmouth in the American Revolution.

The facts above related are as true as any well known event of history.



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Lesson 55: The Last Inauguration of the Old Union



On the 4th of March, 1861, occurred an event which, in the tremendous consequences that have followed, has scarcely been surpassed in magnitude in modern or ancient times. Little did the gay and happy throng who pressed to witness it, imagine what scenes of horror, what untold suffering and infamous deeds that day's proceedings were to inaugurate. Had "coming events cast their shadows before," and revealed the thousand scenes of carnage, the bloody fields, the desolated homes and burning towns, to the gaze of the astonished crowd, how would the gilded pageantry that attended the last inauguration of the old Union have sickened on their sight!

Inauguration day had always been a gala day in Washington, but on this occasion it was determined to celebrate it with unusual splendor. The day itself was a lovely one. The sun rose unobscured by a single cloud, and the fresh young leaves, which were just peeping out from their buds, seemed almost to leap forth to meet his rays on that glorious spring morning. Though it was a painful and humiliating thing to see such a creature as Lincoln ascending the chair of State that had been dignified and adorned by a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, and a Monroe, yet who could feel sad or gloomy on such a day as that, when all nature smiled? The city was literally crowded with visitors--all, with but few exceptions, Black Republicans, who had come to witness the first triumph of their infamous party.

At 11 o'clock in the morning the procession was formed on Pennsylvania Avenue, just below the President's House. Those who have visited the City, will remember that the Capitol and the President's House are at opposite ends of the Avenue, and distant from each other about one mile. Neither labor nor expense had been spared in the preparations. At the head moved an immense triumphal car, drawn by twenty-four horses, which was decorated with all manner of devices, and upon which rode thirty-three young girls, dressed in

white, and representing the States of the old Union. After this, came an immense procession of firemen, in their fancy dresses, and soldiers, both regular and volunteer. Little did those soldiers, as they stepped proudly along in their gaudy attire, dream that they were escorting a tyrant to his throne, and that many of them should fall sustaining that tyrant's will. Last of all, rode Lincoln in an open carriage, surrounded by a body-guard of cavalry. President Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney occupied the carriage with him, while Gen. Scott and his staff rode at his side. Amid waving of flags and strains of martial music, the throng moved down the Avenue towards the Capitol. On arriving there, the procession halted, and opened ranks, while the President's cortege passed slowly down between the two lines to the front. The President then alighted, and accompanied by a large number of his friends, ascended the Capitol steps, passing through to the east side of the building where a large platform had been erected. The procession and crowd moved around in front of the same place. It had been rumored that Lincoln would be assassinated during the delivery of his address, and for his safety the military were drawn up around him several ranks deep. Just before he appeared on the platform, quite an amusing incident occurred, apparently corroborating the above rumor. A lunatic had escaped from one of the neighboring asylums the day before, and, like everybody else, wishing to see and hear the new President, had contributed his presence to the scene. The crowd being very dense, and he rather short, the poor fellow was probably unable to see what was going on with satisfaction to himself, and accordingly thought to better his condition by climbing a large elm tree that stood facing the platform, and only twenty-five yards distant. He accordingly began to ascend, and from the agility with which he went up, it was very evident that his confinement had not materially lessened his activity. Upward and upward he clambered, from limb to limb, until he comfortably seated himself about midway in the tree. While thus innocently enjoying himself, some wag below started the rumor that the man had a pistol about him, and intended shooting Lincoln down when he appeared. Like wildfire, it ran from mouth to mouth, few believing it, but repeating it merely as a joke. The report soon reached the ears of two policemen, who, ignorant of their customer, undertook to make the man come down. Their first attempt was a peremptory order, but our celestial friend, with provoking gravity, quietly continued to direct his gaze at the platform, as if watching for his victim's appearance. The policemen, of course, soon became furious at the contemptuous silence with which their orders were treated, and to the great amusement of the crowd, who now became interested in the scene, the two started up the tree in pursuit. The stranger quietly watched their operations as with difficulty they labored up towards him, but said not

a word. When they had ascended to within a few feet of him, not fancying a closer acquaintance, he nimbly ran up about ten feet higher. This act was greeted with roars of applause by the crowd, who of course took the stranger's side. The policemen thus foiled, halted, and held a council of war, which resulted in one of them remaining where he was, to "protect the rear," and "keep open communication," while the more daring one continued the pursuit. Upward he climbed, but his enemy had his pickets out, and upon notice of the approaching danger, again "fell back," upwards, with the success of a Bragg or a Lee. The poor policeman, in despair, now halted, and began to parley. He reasoned and expostulated, and finally endeavored to frighten, by pointing out his adversary's danger, which really was great, for the fellow had crawled out almost to the very verge of the tree, and every one was expecting to see him fall. But all in vain. The lunatic leisurely stretched himself out on the bending limb, and fastened his eye upon the platform again. Wearied out at length, his pursuer retreated, and left him to watch undisturbed the inauguration of Abe, and shoot him if he chose. In a few moments Lincoln appeared, accompanied by Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, who was to administer the oath, and by General Scott, Seward, and many others. A loud murmur ran through the multitude, but gradually subsided into the deepest silence, as the new President moved forward to the front and prepared to address them. He began in a loud, clear voice, and delivered his address with considerable ease and grace. It was received with mingled hisses and applause. As to the subject matter of it, of course no mention need be made here, as it was published to the world, but unfortunately for its author, only to show how totally he failed in carrying out his threats of coercion and conquest.

After he had finished his inaugural, the venerable old Chief Justice advanced, with trembling steps, and administered the oath to support the Constitution, and raised the Bible to the traitor's lips. History will record to Lincoln's everlasting infamy how he kept that oath. Never was there a man offered so grand an opportunity of preserving "peace and good will" among men, by throwing his influence into the scale in favor of a peaceful separation, and thus handing down his name to posterity as a benefactor of the human race; never was there a man who so miserably failed in availing himself of it. There is but little doubt that Lincoln could have prevented the war. What a fearful responsibility, then, rests on that man's shoulders, whose ambition and lust for power, combined with his weakness of mind, induced him to hurl his country into the most tremendous revolution that the world has ever seen. The blood upon a hundred gory fields, the ashes of ten thousand desolated homes, the groans and tears of innumerable wives, mothers and sisters, and the faded glory of his nation's flag and honor, will ever cry aloud to

Heaven for vengeance on the traitor's head. When ages shall have rolled away, sweeping into forgetfulness generation after generation, and burying the crimes and misdeeds of ordinary villians in oblivion, the memory of this wretch will still survive the lapse of time, and stand out in all its original blackness, as the greatest tyrant, and the meanest creature, that ever cursed a nation, or disgraced the name of man.



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Lesson 56: The First Inauguration of the Southern Confederacy



Very different from the last inauguration of the old Union was the first of the Southern Confederacy. The one was performed with all the "pomp and circumstance of state" that might have attended the ascension of a monarch to his throne; the other with the dignity and simplicity befitting a truly republican form of government. Mr. Lincoln took his seat amid the glitter of muskets and the exultant shouts of fanatics; Mr. Davis amid the prayers and strong resolutions of a people determined to be free. Unlike the 4th of March, which smiled so brightly on the inauguration of the former, the 22d of February, 1862, was one of the gloomiest of gloomy days. The morning broke mid clouds, rain and wind, and shower after shower followed one another from daylight until dark. Truly was the day a fitting emblem of the feelings of our people then. Our reverses in Tennessee, which were the first serious blows that we had received, and which gave the enemy possession of almost the entire State, had fallen with stunning effect upon the minds of all, and cast a gloom over the whole country. All, even the most cheerful, were sad, and many weak-hearted and almost fainting in spirit. Until the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, our arms had scarcely known a defeat, and, without exaggeration, it might have been said that we had met the enemy only to conquer. But the scales had turned at last. It was at this desponding period, which doubtless all remember, and on such a day as the one described, that Mr. Davis was officially and publicly inaugurated as the first President of our young Confederacy. The ceremony was short and simple. A platform was erected on the north side and immediately adjoining the splendid equestrian statue of Washington. The statue stands in the State Capitol grounds, and not more than fifty yards from the Capitol itself. By 10 o'clock, in defiance of wind and rain, a large crowd had assembled, and with dripping dresses, dropping bonnets, rain above and mud beneath, the scene was quite a varied one. Besides the crowd in the grounds, a large number of spectators sat comfortably ensconced in carriages, hacks, omnibuses, and every other

description of vehicle, and being too distant from the platform to hear, amused themselves by watching and laughing at their unfortunate foot neighbors as they splashed along through the mud. At 11 o'clock, the President, accompanied by his Cabinet and a number of other friends, including many of the most prominent men of the country, came out from the Capitol and advanced to the appointed place. An awning had been stretched over the platform to protect the party from the rain, which was mercilessly descending. Mr. Davis, in a few moments, arose, and in a calm, impressive and deeply earnest manner delivered his inaugural address. It was, as all know, short, but feeling and appropriate, and every way worthy of the occasion, the man, and the situation of the country. He was then sworn into office, and in a few moments more the crowd dispersed. Thus quietly and without parade our President took his seat. How he has filled it and met its thousand arduous duties will be the part of history to record. It will tell how through sunshine and clouds, success and adversity, his steady hand has guided the destinies of our country. How, when the mighty host of our enemy was within sight of our Capital, the same quiet determination, the same cool and collected action distinguished him as when, flying, that host was driven from the confines of Virginia. It will tell how in every emergency his iron will and unflagging spirit has sustained the hearts of our people and the determination of our armies. That he has faults, all will admit, but who is free from faults? That he has committed errors who will deny, but where in the history of our race do we find but one infallible man? Let us then not ask "has he failed in nothing?" but has he not done as well, aye, far better than any other man we could have chosen? His task has not been an easy one. To organize a revolution as vast as ours; to overlook the innumerable wheels in the intricate machinery of government; to supervise the operations of our armies; to build up a navy; to regulate and sustain a currency. These vast duties, though not devolving solely upon his shoulders, yet all have felt his influence and bear the impress of his mind. Our success thus far, in the mighty struggle for liberty, has excited the wonder and admiration of the world, and to no man does the world attribute so much of that success as to the man who now presides over the destinies of our country. Throw, then, the mantle of charity over his faults, and look only upon the many bright qualities that adorn his character.

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1863.



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Lesson 57: Battle of Elkhorn, Arkansas - (Part I)



This battle was begun on the 6th and ended on the 8th of March, 1862. On the 16th of April, the news reached us that the Federals were coming down on Gen. Price in large force, that he was falling back upon Fayetteville, so that he might be reinforced by McCulloch and McIntosh. As soon as Gen. McCulloch received the above intelligence, he hastened with all speed to the relief of Gen. Price with his entire force, which consisted of the following regiments and battalions: Colonels Greer's, Sims', Young's and Stone's regiments of Texas Cavalry; Majors Whitfield's and Brook's battalions; Colonels Standwaite's, Drew's and Cooper's Indian regiments, all of which were under the command of Gen. Pike, of Arkansas. Colonels Churchill's and Embry's regiments, together with Whitfield's battalion, were dismounted. Then came the regular infantry regiments, under the following: Colonels Hebert, (pronounced Ha-bear,) Mitchell, Rector, McNair, McCray and Hill, all of whom, except Col. Hebert, are from Arkansas. All told, I think, makes sixteen regiments, numbering in the aggregate about ten thousand men. Gen. McCulloch's division embraced four batteries under Capt. Good, of Texas; Hart, Province and Davidson, of Arkansas. The infantry and artillery were in winter quarters in the region of Cross Hollows. Col. Young's regiment also was not a great ways off. These were the first forces to join Gen. Price. Gen. McCulloch joined Price at Cross Hollows, eighteen miles from Fayetteville, where it was agreed they would make a stand, and await the attack of the enemy. But our scouts and spies reported the Federals to be flanking to our right with their entire force, aiming to occupy Fayetteville. This news forced our Generals to fall back to Boston Mountain, fifteen miles below Fayetteville. This was McCulloch's favorite position. Before abandoning Fayetteville, Gen. McCulloch had all the Government property, such as houses, provisions, &c., burnt.

Some one may ask why did not McCulloch agree to fight

him at Fayetteville and save the place? Because he knew with the forces he then had, he could not sustain himself in so unfavorable a position, without running a most dangerous risk. Again, the Federals were reported to be advancing so rapidly, that it was believed, and everything indicated it, that, in their hot and eager pursuit, they would follow us into Boston Mountains, where victory would have crowned our efforts, even though a hundred thousand had come against us. Besides, if he had made a fight at Fayetteville, the entire place would have been destroyed. Gen. McCulloch burnt the provisions because the enemy were reported to be so close he had no time to remove them. He fell back upon Boston Mountains because he knew, and everybody knew, they afforded an invincible position. While there we were reinforced by Gen. Pike's brigade of Indians. Notwithstanding, Gen. Price threatened to assume the whole command and march upon the enemy. Gen. McCulloch declared his purpose to remain in the Mountains until sufficiently reinforced, or ordered away by Major General Van Dorn. All anxiously expected and desired the arrival of Gen. Van Dorn. At length, on the evening of the 1st instant, he reached our camps. And on the 4th instant, we took up the line of march for the Federal camp. To this movement, I am informed, McCulloch was most bitterly opposed, contending it was better to remain there until sufficiently reinforced to insure victory beyond a doubt. But Gen. Van Dorn, it seems, gave all attention to Gen. Price, and heeded not the wise and timely remonstrances of McCulloch. Our first day's march was through the heaviest snow storm known to this country. That night we slept all night. The next day was an excessively cold one. We marched till after dark, and camped at Elm Springs, slept about four and a half hours, and again we were on the solemn march and before day it commenced snowing on us again; still, onward we pressed, nothing daunted. That evening we came upon part of Gen. Siegel's command, seven thousand strong, at Bentonville. Gen. McIntosh, who had command of our cavalry force, ordered Colonel Young's regiment and one regiment Missouri cavalry that had fallen in with us, to remain in front of the town and make some demonstrations, while he, Gen. McIntosh, would take Colonels Greer's and Sims' regiments and Major Brooks' battalion, and go around the town and cut off their retreat. We moved off to the left of the town, three hundred of our men, under Lieutenant Bogges, acting as advance guard. We intersected the road they were retreating on, four miles from Bentonville, but were about half an hour too late, for they had learned of our intentions, and accordingly formed themselves in ambush above and below where our road intersected theirs, having not less than seven thousand secreted there in the hills, whilst we had less than two thousand five hundred. Some fifteen or twenty of the Federals exhibited themselves on horseback; one of them rode

down in front of our command and demanded us to lay down our arms, whereupon T.J. Lacy discharged at him the contents of his shot-gun. Immediately Gen. McIntosh ordered a charge. We all raised the Texas war-whoop and rushed ahead, but soon a most galling fire of small arms, followed by the thunder of artillery, opened our eyes and closed our mouths. We discovered that we had been most egregiously taken in, and every man looked out for himself. It was in vain the officers endeavored to rally them. Captain Cumby, with his company and Sims' regiment, who had just come up, made the second charge, but were instantly repulsed. Capt. Cumby's company was in advance, and daringly did it lead the charge, rushing into the ambush, where it lost the only two men killed on the field, Messrs. Isam and Honey.



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Lesson 58: Battle of Elkhorn, Arkansas - (Part II)



General McIntosh, it seems, committed a great blunder in not forming his men and notifying the respective commanders of his design to charge. We were all marching by twos, and were stretched out for a mile or more along the road that wound around the hills. When the order to charge was given, I seriously doubt whether over two hundred men heard it, and those two hundred knew not, neither did the officers know, where nor what they had to charge, except those few men that had shown themselves; but we soon found out where they were, and that too, before two-thirds of our men knew anything about what was going on. We could have formed ourselves, and by a little manoeuvring, kept them at bay until Gen. Price could have marched upon their rear, he being only a mile or two behind. Col. Young and the Missouri regiment had, while we were going around, driven out what were left in the town. This may be said to be the commencement of the fight. That evening a part of our artillery came up with a part of theirs and exchanged a few salutes. We killed several more of them in our charge than they did of us; besides they left four wounded at a house close by. We slept none that night, but marched to within four miles of the enemy by daybreak; and about half after nine the fight commenced in earnest. Van Dorn and Price engaged the first division, under Gen. Curtis, near the Elkhorn tavern, on the telegraph road leading from Fayetteville to Springfield. There the fight first commenced on the 7th. Van Dorn and Price had gotten above the enemy, and we were ordered to come up on their rear. But suddenly, as we were going around, and just as we entered an old corn-field, the solemnity of the hour was broken in upon by the quick and lively tune of "Yankee Doodle" from a brass band. This was not in the least agreeable to the ear, which has been so long accustomed to hear with delight the patriotic song of "Dixie." But this Yankee Doodle, altogether disagreeable, was soon followed by another far more so, and which creates within those who hear no disposition whatever to dance.

The bass of this music is like unto mighty thunder, and the other notes are produced by balls, shell and shot passing in close proximity to one's head or person. As soon as this terrific instrument, known by the name of a battery, has sounded its first notes, the brave and daring McIntosh shouted out, charge! and then there was one of the most sublime and gallant charges that Mars ever feasted eyes upon. All our cavalry force was in this brilliant charge, except Col. Greer's regiment, which was ordered to remain for the protection of our batteries. This battery, with all its supporting forces, were secreted in a dense thicket of second growth, or old field, to our right; while our forces received their heavy firing in an open corn field.

In consequence of all the horses being killed that belonged to the battery we took it was burnt. For a while all was silent until our batteries were moved up to an effective position. And then commenced a most rapid and furious cannonading. Col. Greer's regiment was now ordered by Gen. McCulloch to flank one of their batteries and charge it, but while moving around to carry into execution this order, the battery was ascertained to be farther off than at first supposed, and we were ordered to halt till he (McCulloch) could ascertain its exact locality, and whilst reconnoitering he fell a victim to the fatal shot of a party of skirmishers. While impatiently waiting the expected orders from Gen. McCulloch, all the cavalry received orders to dismount. Col. Greer's regiment was ordered to ascend and hold possession of a high hill, called Round Mountain, which was the most advantageous position on the battle ground, and to which the enemy directed their whole efforts and bent every energy to obtain. Shortly after we reached the top of the mountain, the sharp, rapid and destructive fire of the small arms, joined in with deep-toned thunder of the cannon, and for hours the dreadful storm of battle raged most furiously. All nature seemed to be impressed with the awful sublimity, the dreadful grandeur of the passing hour.

The enemy bravely and desperately contested every inch of ground; but they were forced gradually to fall back before the onward and steady advance of our destructive and blazing column. Here the enemy deserted another battery, but soon being reinforced, they rallied and recaptured it, the left wing of our infantry first giving way to a body of cavalry; then they came down with a combined and irresistible force upon the bravest of the brave, Col. Hebert's Louisiana regiment, who occupied the centre. It was during this dreadful storm that the heroic and gallant son of Georgia, Gen. McIntosh, lost his life. Afterwards, the fearless and gallant Col. Hebert was taken prisoner, his horse having been killed under him. By this time it was growing late, the sun as if sick of beholding the terrible and bloody conflict, was fast hastening to his golden couch,

beneath the Western hills. Gen. McCulloch had for several hours been cold in death. Gen. McIntosh's fearless and noble heart had been pierced through by a fatal ball. Col. Hebert, the senior Colonel of the infantry, was in the hands of the invaders. Thus cruelly and sadly bereft of our Generals, with none to assume their places, our troops began slowly, sullenly and mournfully to fall back upon the ground we had first occupied in the morning. Our cool and brave Col. Greer here assumed command, and with his own regiment went over the battle-ground and brought off a battery. He then had the artillery planted in the field, and formed his men in the timber close by and silently and coolly awaited the coming of the enemy till darkness spread his silver mantle over the wearied warriors. Both armies struck up their camp fires within three hundred yards of each other. About midnight we received orders from Gen. Van Dorn to move over on the telegraph road, near where Gen. Price was encamped, some few miles distant. Generals Van Dorn and Price, with the brave and hearty sons of Missouri, had successfully engaged the enemy from half past nine in the morning until an hour in the night, having driven them back some nine miles. All day long until late at night, the cannon's roar was heard; and the next morn, with the coming of the sun, comes the cannon's thundering peal summoning the weary and hungry soldier to the bloody battle again. For four hours there was one long and tremendous roar of artillery and an almost unremitting shower of small arms. Suddenly all was hushed, and then began, as I before remarked, our mysterious retreat, Col. Greer's regiment bringing up the rear, we moved off slowly and in perfect order. We camped about eight miles from the battle ground the first night of our retreat. The retreat occupying eight days, during which time we lived mostly upon broiled meat; occasionally we could get a little bread baked; sometimes we could get a little meal, which we baked upon thin, flat rocks. Thus ended the fight of the 6th, 7th and 8th of March, 1862, in the region of Elkhorn Tavern, Benton county, Arkansas.



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Lesson 59: Battle of Elkhorn, Arkansas - (Part III)



Our forces, some 20,000 strong, went into the fight hungry and worn out, having marched for two days and nights through the severest weather, with not as much as one good meal all told the whole time. In this condition our gallant men engaged in a contest against a force of twice their numbers, rested, well fed, and well armed, many of them being able to shoot twenty-four times without reloading; besides they fought upon ground of their own choosing. Against these mighty odds, against these great disadvantages, for three days our soldiers struggled on, and bravely breasted the furious storm of battle, thinking of home! liberty! and victory! Notwithstanding we had every disadvantage to contend against, still victory would have been ours had it not have been for the untimely fall of Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh. If either of these had been spared us, we would have driven the ruthless invader from our soil. Still another cause of our defeat consisted in at least one-third of our force never being called into action. And although our forces had fought for two days without anything scarcely to eat, still they left the field with reluctance, believing that then we could conquer.

Capt. Russell, of Col. Greer's regiment, was sent back with his company to perform the last duty for our gallant dead. He reports that he could only find seventy-four men. Our wounded were not numerous; our loss in prisoners is reported less than three hundred, while we have fully that many of theirs, including several Colonels.

The loss of the enemy is supposed to have been very heavy, greatly exceeding ours. At any rate they would not allow Capt. Russell to go where they had buried their slain. Still another evidence that we had damaged them most severely is, that they attempted no pursuit. We came off with three pieces of cannon more than we had at the beginning, besides we captured twenty-four

wagons, burnt, spiked and destroyed fifteen pieces of artillery. So, upon the whole, we got decidedly the best of the fight, and still we retreated. During the fight on the 7th, a detachment of the Federals were sent down to burn our train, but the gallant Gen. Green, of the Missouri army, and Major Crump, of Texas, who were left to guard the train, proved to be rather too much for them. The Louisiana regiment suffered the most of any regiment in the battle.

The fall of Gen. McCulloch brought grief, deep grief to the heart of every soldier in his command. A gloomy cloud of sorrow settled upon every face--a feeling, not exactly of despair, but rather of mournful sadness, seemed to pervade every bosom. The sad intelligence was communicated, not in a loud, hurried and news-like style, but it went from one to another in a low, mournful voice, scarcely above a whisper, "McCulloch is dead!" I have mixed much with his soldiers since the battle, and all express the deepest grief for the loss of their sagacious and brave General. Many think they can never be satisfied as well again under any other. They say not another can be found in whom they can place such an abiding faith, nor under whom they can march to battle with such high hopes and brilliant prospects of victory. His courage none ever doubted. And his entire military career, and more especially during this war, will prove to every candid and impartial judge, that he was endowed with a clear and superior judgment, with quick decision, and a remarkable degree of shrewdness. He always acted upon the sure plan--well he knew it was not our true policy ever to run any risk in a battle. Long and loud have been the clamors of the impatient, great and innumerable have been the bitter censures heaped upon the head of our lamented General. How low, how mean, how conscience-stricken, must the intermeddling, stay-at-home, false accusers, and base calumniators of this pure patriot, the noble self-sacrificing General, feel, when time, the unerring witness, comes forward and vindicates his entire course.

I am credibly informed that on the night of the 6th, he went to Gen. Van Dorn, before marching, and remonstrated with and entreated him "for God sake to let the poor, worn-out and hungry soldiers rest and sleep that night, then march up near the enemy and camp in a favorable position, reconnoiter the enemy, and then attack the next morning." Many wanted McCulloch removed from his command, but they knew not the great and wicked folly of their desire. Now he is most unfortunately removed forever, they can partially estimate his value. The enemy told Capt. Russell, they dreaded McCulloch more than any other. How unfortunate it is in human affairs we never know the worth of a true man until he is gone. Although our noble General is dead, ever fresh will be his memory in the hearts of his soldiers. Never will they forget his noble

deeds of heroism, nor fail to speak of them with pride and pleasure--never will they forget his fatherly and Washington-like care and sympathy for his confiding soldiers.

Notwithstanding the bitter and incessant clamor against him, not a word of murmur escaped his lips, but he quietly, nobly, and zealously struggled on for his country's liberty. Wherever liberty and justice is loved and cherished, there will the name of McCulloch be held dearest. Let Texas robe herself in her deepest mourning, for she has lost her most faithful and gallant son. Let the Nation toll her mightiest bells, and sound their mournful knells, for one of her mightiest has fallen. Let Liberty bow her head and weep for very grief, for her most devoted worshipper and faithful servant--the Hero, Ben McCulloch--sleeps in death!



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Lesson 60: The Hero of Alexandria



The old saying that "it is sweet to die for one's country," when repeated, comes oftener from the lips than the heart. Life is the dearest boon of God to man, and no matter how holy be the cause for which its sacrifice is demanded, or how desirable the end to be obtained, there are very few, who, if put to the test, calmly and deliberately would part with the precious gift. And this is perfectly natural. Life is not only sweet because it surrounds us with a thousand tender ties and pleasures, but because death and the future are to most men shrouded in uncertainty and gloom. All nature, animate and inanimate, seems to shrink from the grave. The fair and delicate maiden, the hale and strong man, and the aged and decrepit on whose brow time's finger has traced a hundred wrinkles, all tremble at the foot-fall of grim Death. The beasts of the field dread him, and fly in terror even from their own species when dead. The trees too and the flowers seem to know him. When the warm suns and the pleasant breezes of Summer have kissed them a last farewell and the chilly winds of Autumn creep over them, how mournfully they seem to droop and fade. If this be true, we can appreciate in some measure the extent of the sacrifice a man must make when he sits calmly down and determines to die for his country's good. The strength of will that such a resolve requires is very different from that which impels a man to risk his life on the battle-field. In the one case, death certain and inevitable stares him in the face; in the other, a probability only, while there is a greater probability of escape. Viewing the death of the hero Jackson in this light, History records no nobler or sublimer instance of exalted courage and self-sacrifice. But let the facts speak for themselves. At the time of the secession of South Carolina, Jackson was living in the city of Alexandria, Va., and was the proprietor of the Marshall House, an excellent hotel. He had always been violently opposed to the Black Republicans and a strong advocate of secession from the day of Lincoln's election. No sooner had the Southern Congress met and adopted a flag for the new Confederacy, than Jackson declared his determination to hoist it upon his house and never allow it to come down while he lived. He accordingly had

a large and splendid Confederate flag prepared, and amid the shouts and huzzas of the citizens its broad folds were given to the breeze. This was about the first flag of the South raised in Virginia. There, for weeks and even months, it floated proudly within seven miles and in full view of the Capitol at Washington. We may well imagine that it was a grievous eye-sore to the Lincoln dynasty, thus to see the emblem of what they were pleased to call treason, flaunting in their very faces. Its position was so conspicuous and its size so large that it could be seen from any point in the city, and was peculiarly prominent to the vessels of war that daily steamed up and down the Potomac. Time flew on, bringing in its flight the secession of Virginia, the fall of Sumpter and the call by Lincoln, for the first seventy-five thousand, who were with poor old Scott at their head, to march in triumph over the conquered South. Yet still the flag of Jackson floated over his roof as defiantly as ever. Regiment after regiment poured into the city of Washington, and daily the seizure of Alexandria was anticipated. Well knowing how obnoxious Jackson had rendered himself to the Lincoln authorities, his friends used every effort to induce him to quit the city with his family. To persuade him to lower his flag they knew would be impossible. But their efforts were in vain. "No," said he, "I mean to stay where I am, and protect that ensign of liberty even at the risk of my life." At last, towards the end of May, 1861, the anticipated seizure came, and it found the hero true to his word and his post. The advance guard of the enemy reached Alexandria about day-break, and by sunrise several regiments were in the city. So quiet however were their proceedings that Jackson did not awake, the first intimation of the state of things being given him by a faithful servant, who rushed into his chamber, and told him that the soldiers were taking down his flag. Without saying a word in reply, he immediately arose, put on his pants, and without coat or shoes walked to the foot of the narrow stairway which led to the roof. He took his faithful shot gun, which he had kept carefully cleaned and loaded in anticipation of such an occasion, with him to his post. The servant had told the truth. Colonel Ellsworth had surrounded the hotel with his Zouaves, and taking a body guard with him had quietly proceeded to the top of the house, taken down the flag, and was coming down the narrow stairway with its ample folds wrapped in triumph around his body. The stairway was a winding one, and hearing them coming, Jackson coolly cocked his gun and awaited their approach. The Colonel with his prize was the first that came in view, unfortunately for his welfare, for Jackson, taking deliberate aim, poured the contents of one barrel of his gun into his breast; killing him instantly. Almost at the same moment, a soldier behind the Colonel fired at our hero. The ball struck him, and as he fell, he discharged the remaining barrel at the soldier, but missed him, the load taking effect in the upper part of the door frame. In

an instant the guard rushed on Jackson, and though dying they ran him through repeatedly with their bayonets. Not satisfied with killing him, like savages, they continued to beat and abuse his dead body. It was afterwards taken in charge by some of his friends, and quietly interred, while Ellsworth's remains were escorted back to Washington with great parade and ceremony, there laid out in state, and bedewed by the tears of the whole Yankee nation. The news of this daring resistance and its desperate end spread like lightning through the whole country, teaching the North what terrible opposition it was to meet, even on the threshold of its invasion, and stirring up to greater intensity the fires of patriotism in every Southern heart. The moral effect of this sacrifice was immense, both at the North and the South, and though some may consider it an act of rashness, there is but little doubt that this man, by his heroic example and death, did more for our cause than many a regiment in the field. It came at a time when there was a necessity for some such glorious example to show the world that we were in earnest in our struggle for independence. It sent an electric thrill through the whole length and breadth of the land, which was felt in every bosom, and told plainer than words, that our people had counted the cost, and were determined to gain the prize even at the sacrifice of life itself.

In manner, Jackson was pleasant but plain and unassuming. In person, he was tall and of a powerful frame. There was nothing remarkable in his face except the mouth, which was finely chiseled and highly expressive of the unflinching determination that had always distinguished him in life, and in death crowned his name with the wreath of immortality. He needs no monument to tell posterity of his fame. Though different in kind, his memory will be as imperishable as that of the immortal Stonewall Jackson. As long as exalted patriotism, heroic courage and genuine unselfishness are appreciated and honored among men, the Hero of Alexandria will be remembered and honored, as one who proved by his example that he thought it "sweet to die for his country."



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Lesson 61: An Account of Our First Iron Clad, The Virginia



There had been building in the Navy Yard at Norfolk a strange nondescript kind of sea-monster, which had by turn excited the fear and ridicule of our enemies. Wonderful accounts of what it was to be and do had from time to time appeared in both the Northern and Southern newspapers. But month after month rolled by, and still inactive slept this monster, a dull, dead, inanimate mass. At length, tired probably of occupying one position so long, and desirous of enlarging its experience of life, the creature one fine morning slipped its cables and glided quietly into the river on whose bank it had so long peacefully reposed. As a matter of course, this change of position was the signal for renewed descriptions and surmises, while all unconscious of the hubbub it was creating, the stranger floated lazily to and fro in its new and watery home, evidently pleased with the change and content to remain where it lay. But days and weeks passed on, and time, which changes all things, wrought curious changes in this creature too. Its appearance, from being light and irregular, had become black and smooth, while at intervals along its sides gaped ugly holes which the curious and speculative asserted must be mouths. Its appetite, too, was singularly varied. On some days, those who had it in charge would feed it exclusively on great black balls, which, though indigestible in appearance, were readily assimilated by its wonderful organs. On other days, it swallowed great long black-looking articles resembling huge lamp-posts, which, it was said, had

been prepared expressly for its palate. But time would fail to enumerate the numerous articles of its diet. Suffice it to say that its wants were attended to with the greatest care. Thus, in the quiet enjoyment of its existence and the natural development of its organs and powers, the monster passed many days. The world still talked and commented, sometimes with ridicule and sometimes with terror. But this creature began at length to grow restless, as if weary of inaction and longing for another change. At times, it would heave and sigh as if for liberty, and in its groanings breathe out great volumes of discolored air, which in appearance resembled smoke. Thus the days passed by until about the 11th of March, 1862, when, one calm afternoon her cables were cut, and the "Virginia," for it is our first iron-clad that we have been describing, steamed forth on her terrible errand. As to her construction, little need be said, as repeated descriptions have, from time to time, appeared in the papers. Suffice it to say that she was the hull of the steamer Merrimac, which had been burnt to the water's edge, repaired and remodelled so as to present the appearance of a long, narrow, floating ark, whose eaves extended beneath the water. Her smoke stack, steam-pipe and pilot-house were the only things visible above the roof, if we may give it that name. She was entirely encased in an iron armor composed of plates six inches wide and four and a half inches thick. Her armament was ten very heavy guns, and her bow was provided with a huge iron nose or ram. The shore of the river was lined with spectators as she steamed down toward Newport News, off which point lay the Cumberland and the Congress, two of the enemy's first-class ships. The Cumberland carried 22 guns and the Congress, 44. The distance between Norfolk and Newport News was about ten miles, and as the Virginia moved but slowly, she was several hours in reaching her antagonists. When within a few miles of them, everything on board was seen to be making ready for the reception of their ugly visitor. The men were beat to quarters, the decks cleared for action, and the guns loaded and run out. It was afterwards learned from several of the prisoners that they looked with contempt upon the Virginia as she moved

sluggishly along, and that jest after jest went round at her expense while she was approaching. When within a mile of them, both of the ships and the batteries on shore opened upon her at once. Many of the shot and shell struck, but glanced harmlessly from her sides. Onward she bore in silence, not returning a single shot, until, under a perfect storm of balls, she had approached to within two hundred yards of the Cumberland. She then opened upon that vessel with her immense bow gun, the shell striking, and passing diagonally through her. After another shot from the same gun, the Virginia, keeping steadily on, ran into the Cumberland's bow, driving her iron nose into the enemy with terrible effect. Though the ship was surrendered immediately after this catastrophe, her injuries were so great that she sunk in about ten minutes, carrying down with her nearly all of the ill-fated crew. Having thus effectually dispatched one, our gallant vessel turned her attention to the other of her antagonists, the Congress, whose crew, terrified at the fate of their comrades, had run her ashore, and were escaping as rapidly as possible. The Virginia opened upon her with a broadside, and the white flag was immediately run up. While our noble ship had thus been contending with these two, a third vessel, the Minnesota, almost the finest steam frigate of the Yankee Navy, had been pouring in a heavy fire at the distance of about a mile. The Virginia now gave her the honor of a few moments consideration. Unfortunately the water was so shallow that our boat could not approach nearer than a mile, but, as the Minnesota was aground, our gunners had a fine mark. They fired until they had completely riddled the Minnesota, and finally ceased, leaving her almost a wreck. She would have sunk had she not been aground. Night was now fast drawing her sable curtain over the scene of destruction, but that scene was soon to be illuminated again. With their usual disregard for the obligations imposed by the white flag, the enemy, under the cover of night, set fire to the Congress as she lay near the shore, and she was soon wrapped in flames. The old frigate made a glorious bonfire, the wild flames leaping from rope to rope, and spar to spar, as if exulting in their work of ruin. The light was

seen for miles and miles around. Many of the guns were left loaded by the crew in their hurry to escape, and as they became heated, one by one they boomed forth with sullen roar their last and farewell salutes over the wreck of the burning ship, and the watery grave of the Cumberland's crew. Thus perished the Congress and the Cumberland. But the night wore on, and shortly after daybreak a small but peculiar looking vessel, resembling in shape a flatboat with a huge Dutch cheese upon it, was seen steaming in towards the Virginia, from Old Point. It proved to be the first of the monitors, which had arrived, luckily for the enemy, the evening before. Though leaking badly from a twist of her iron nose, the effect of the tremendous blow she had given the Cumberland, the Virginia had no idea of declining the challenge thus boldly given, and slowly advanced to meet her adversary. Neither fired a gun until within a few hundred yards of each other, when they opened almost simultaneously. Their iron sides fairly rang as the huge projectiles dashed against them. Closer and closer they drew until there was scarcely thirty yards between them, and yet, though sustaining such a terrific fire, neither was materially injured. The pilot-house of the Monitor was partially crushed, killing several, and putting out the eye-sight of the commanding officer, who was in it at the time, while, on the contrary, a shell from the Monitor entered one of the Virginia's port holes, killing and wounding eight or nine persons. It was evident that the pair were quite equally matched, and after a fierce contest at the closest range, they drew off, mutually satisfied. The Monitor steamed back to Fortress Monroe, and the Virginia returned to the Norfolk Navy Yard for repairs. Our whole loss during the series of engagements was trifling, being not more than twelve in killed and wounded. Thus ended the first practical experiment with iron-clad vessels. The experiment was eminently successful, and the result has been to cause a complete revolution in the art of building ships of war.



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Lesson 62: The Prisoners of Perote



The struggle for Texan independence began at Gonzales, October 1st, 1835, and terminated at San Jacinto, April 21st, 1836, in the complete rout of the Mexican forces under Santa Anna. This contest, though short, left neither side in a condition for the speedy renewal of hostilities. Texas had enjoyed her independence for six years in comparative security, during which time she suffered very little on her Western frontier from the enemy. But now, bands of Mexican rabble began to make incursions into the State; and depredations began to be committed by them, when a proclamation was issued by President Sam Houston, asking for volunteers to go immediately on an expedition to chastise the audacity of the enemy. A band of eight hundred was quickly raised, and started from San Antonio, October 10th, 1842, commanded by Brigadier General Sommerville. On reaching the Rio Grande, they took several little Mexican towns without resistance, but the capture of these small places resulted in but little or no benefit to the Texans; and the men, not liking the movements of their leader, openly expressed their dissatisfaction. He, seeing the discontent that was brewing, permitted all who wished to return home to do so, and soon after he considered their decision the part of wisdom, and himself retraced his steps, thus deserting the cause in which he had embarked. A brave little band of only three hundred remained, commanded by Colonel Fisher, an officer who had distinguished himself in the battle of San Jacinto. These Texans, as brave as any who had ever wielded sword in defence of of country, having determined that the expedition should not prove altogether fruitless, proceeded down the river in search of adventure. When within four miles of Mier, which is situated upon a small stream, about three miles from its confluence with the Rio Grande, a captured Mexican reported the town to be defended by only two hundred men, under General Ampudia. This falsehood was devised by Ampudia himself, and sent to the Texans by this Mexican, who suffered himself to be captured in order to lure the Texans to destruction. The unsuspecting party attacked the town, and took possession of a building in the center. There they rested

during the remainder of the night; and with returning light, the struggle was renewed. Only a few Texans fell, while hundreds of Mexicans were made to bite the dust. At 12 M., Ampudia sent a flag of truce, demanding immediate surrender. Fisher, knowing that with his handful of men, destitute of provisions, he could hold out but a short time against a siege, determined to comply, though many of his men would have preferred death rather than surrender to an enemy so faithless. They were all then marched out and crowded into three separate houses, with little regard to comfort. After remaining here six days, they were ordered to take up the line of march towards Matamoras, under a guard of six hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry, the whole commanded by Ampudia. As they passed through the towns and villages on the route, the prisoners were subjected to treatment such as only ignoble captors are capable of inflicting.

The lower classes hissed at them as they passed, and on entering the towns they were marched around several times for the inspection of the citizens, while on every side flags were hung out, with mottoes inscribed upon them complimentary to the invincible Ampudia. The 3rd of January brought them to Matamoras. There they received the kindest treatment from many of the citizens, principally foreign merchants. One German merchant especially showed great benevolence and goodness of heart in furnishing them with shoes and various other articles of clothing, of which they stood greatly in need. After being detained a week in Matamoras, they were ordered to march towards the city of Mexico, contrary to the pledge given in writing by Ampudia himself, to use all his influence against sending them into the interior. He, like a true Mexican, disregarded his pledge, and the poor disheartened captives were marched out and commenced their wearisome journey, on foot, towards the city of Mexico, with many a gloomy foreboding of future suffering.

Taking a north-westerly direction, the distance of two hundred miles brought them to Taceta, on the San Juan river. Even this distance was not accomplished without much suffering on the part of the prisoners. Being scantily furnished with the most indifferent kind of provisions, they were expected to travel as far as well-fed men, and at night, weary and foot-sore, they were driven into a corral, or pen for cattle, with naught for a couch save the hard ground, or for a covering save the star-gemmed canopy above. At Taceta, they formed a design to make their escape, but by some means it proved ineffectual.

Thence they continued their march to Catereta, the beauty of which sank into every soul. As they approached, streams of the softest music were poured forth to greet them, and the inhabitants received them

kindly, and treated them with great humanity. After being detained here a few days, they proceeded on their way to Monterey. As they marched along the valley through which the San Juan winds its course, they were enchanted with the beautiful and picturesque character of the scenery. A few days march brought them to Monterey, where they were received and treated most kindly. Here Canales, to whom Ampudia had given his command over the prisoners when they left Matamoras, gave up also his command to Colonel Barazan, an arrangement that delighted the captives. They proceeded from Monterey to Saltillo, and from thence on towards San Luis Potosi. On the fourth day's march from Saltillo, having arrived at Salado, they again determined here to make their escape at all hazards. Having chosen as leader, Capt. Cameron, a brave Scotchman, they, at a given signal, disarmed the guard at early dawn, put the the cowardly Mexicans to flight, and most of them, having secured horses, they all set their faces towards home, each heart overflowing in glad songs of home and freedom. The majority, after one or two day's travel, fearing lest they should be pursued and retaken, compelled those who differed from them to seek refuge with them in the neighboring mountains. This proved to be their great and fatal mistake; for the want of water threatened them with a horrible death. After making every effort to procure it, they divided into little squads, scattering in all directions, hoping that by this means they might the sooner come upon some little spring or brook at which they could slake their distressing thirst. Thus they wandered without food and without water for six days, when, mistaking the camp-fires of the enemy to be a signal from their own men, they entered his camp, and were immediately retaken. Several of the Texans perished in the mountains, and the remainder were all soon recaptured, and as soon as sufficiently recovered, were made to set out on their march towards the city of Mexico. On arriving again at Salado, a terrible storm, which seemed to portend some evil, bursted upon them in all its fury. Soon after it had passed over, an officer entered the shelter under which they had sought protection from the tempest, and read an order from the supreme authority to the effect that every tenth man should die. They were then made to draw for their lives, and it fell the lot of seventeen innocent men, who, scarcely having time to breathe on high a single petition, were marched out and shot, kneeling upon their coffins like felons. From Salado they pursued their way southward, and on the 26th of April, just four months after they had surrendered at Mier, they arrived at Santiago, a little village on the northern environs of the city of Mexico. Though worn down and despondent, they were almost spell-bound at the majestic beauty of the scenery that rose up before them, nor did they cease to drink in its beauties until the walls of an old convent shut it out from their vision. They were well fed

in this old convent, and were soon very much recruited. But a few weeks had elapsed, when, heavily fettered, they were marched out about six miles from Santiago to Tacubaya, a village in which was Santa Anna's favorite country residence.

Here the prisoners were set to work upon a paved road, which, after some weeks, they finished, and being fettered as before, they set off again, and soon learned their destination to be Perote, the Mexican Bastile. After marching through towns and villages and winding around the rugged mountain sides, and traversing fertile valleys and plains, they arrived at length, on the 8th of September at the noted tower of Perote. Now, enclosed within its gloomy walls, all hopes of being speedily released forsook them. At first, their treatment was not so cruel, but afterwards, as the months rolled on, they were tasked with the hardest kind of work, and were scantily provided with the coarsest food. Thus they languished, their treatment becoming more and more rigorous, until they sent a petition, dated July 28th, 1844, to the British Minister, beseeching him to use his influence in their behalf. Soon after, they were all liberated, by what means it has not appeared. During the war between the United States and Mexico, a company of Texans brought with them the bones of the unfortunate seventeen, and buried them in Texas soil. They now repose on a high bluff opposite La Grange, in Fayette county. By the liberality of the people of Fayette, a suitable monument has been erected over their remains, upon which their names are inscribed, as also the circumstances of their death, being at once a monument of their innocence and of the bloody and perfidious deeds of Santa Anna.

L. A. N.



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Lesson 63: Battle of the "Powder House"



As few histories of Texas and her revolution give an account of this--the first of the series of battles fought around San Antonio in 1835--I offer the following brief, but truthful history of the achievement, with the assurance to our young readers, that I was a participant in the affair; and with the impression that of the three hundred old Texans, who, on that almost forgotten October evening, chased the red coated lancers of Mexico down the long declivity and into the Alamo, but now and then one remains to tell the tale.

Gen. Stephen F. Austin, the father and founder of Texas, had just returned from his long imprisonment in the dungeons of Mexico; when, finding the colonists had taken up arms, and fixed on him as their leader, he, with many misgivings as to his qualifications, accepted the command of all the troops raised, or to be raised, for besieging the Mexican army under Gen. Coss (General Coss was brother-in-law to Santa Anna, the Mexican President.), at San Antonio. Save the small bands of "brave hearts," settled sparsely on the most inviting spots in the colony, history records no instance of a people (we could not be called a nation) embarking in so perilous a revolution, with such inadequate resources as Texas then afforded. With the exception of Gen. Sam Houston, there was probably not a single professional soldier in the colonies. All were tillers of the soil and herdsmen. Our arms were the rifles that supplied our tables with venison and the large "hack-knives" with which we cut our way after bruin through the dense cane-brakes, with a sheath-knife suspended to the belts, or fastened to the shot-bag strap, for skinning game or scalping Indians. As to artillery, there were not a dozen pieces in Texas, besides those in the possession of our Mexican foes. Every man disposed to fight for his freedom, (and but few were laggard,) had to furnish his own gun, hors, powder and other equipments for the campaign; and, before starting, the corn had to be put in the cribs to feed the animals during our absence. Consequently, the month of October was well advanced before the colonists had collected, in any considerable numbers, around the lone star banner,

unfurled for the first time, on the Salado (In the battles prior to this period, we had no flag. During the campaign of 1835, and subsequently, however, we had.), four miles east of San Antonio.

The writer, in company with General Sam Houston, was among the first to arrive at the encampment. The few days to elapse before the meeting of the "Consultation," of which General Houston was a member from Eastern Texas, could not, he thought, be better spent than by gracing the grand enterprise with his presence in camps.

While there, General Houston was most earnestly solicited by General Austin to assume the command in his stead, pleading his own incapacity and unfitness for the position, and arguing the palpable necessity of military experience in conducting the campaign to a successful and early issue, before General Coss should be reinforced and render Santa Anna impregnable. The military ability of General Houston was, at that time, but little known or appreciated in Texas, for he had been but a short time among us; at all events, he could not exchange the civic office with which the people of the Redlands had invested him for the military one so ardently pressed on his acceptance by the people's favorite.

The campaign of 1835, therefore, began with favorable auspices, under as good a man as ever God created, but who had never "set a squadron," or seen a "stricken field" in life.

Our pickets were active and vigilant, and frequently came in collision with those of the enemy in sight of San Antonio, in the environs of the old "powder-house." These picket skirmishes continued for a day or two, when General Summerville contrived a plan for entrapping the wary foe. Some of our mounted men were, accordingly, sent forward to entice the enemy by firing on them, and then retreating in apparent confusion. By this ruse, it was hoped the whole of the Mexican cavalry, some 400 or 500, might be induced to charge over the crest of the ridge, behind which our riflemen lay in ambush. But, as the best laid schemes "of men and mice" often fail, so ours, on this occasion, was in a great measure frustrated by some of our raw Texans firing too soon. For a time, however, on came the scarlet-coated horsemen, firing at random with their scopetts, and then fixing their long lances in rest, as if for the charge, when the imprudence of a few in our ranks warned them of their danger. Never, however, did a cavalry charge meet a more sudden check, or a band of horsemen spur so vigorously down that long declivity toward the Alamo as did the lancers of Coss, pursued by scores of Texans, striving who should be foremost in the race. Our fire, however, being delivered at long

range at the moment the enemy was wheeling about in retreat, was by no means as effective as it would have been but for the accident before noted. Our boys chased them up to the very walls of the Alamo, when the cannon on the wall compelled them to retreat. In retracing our steps over the battle-ground, if such it may be called, three or four of the enemy were found dead, while several horses were caught, and a few worthless scopetts and lances were picked up. Our own loss was nothing, not a man scratched save by the mesquite and prickly pear thorns. So unimportant was this affair at the "powder-house," that, but for its being the first blood shed in the campaign of 1835, the writer would not have noticed it. It perhaps, too, merited a passing note on another account, which I will here mention.

So enraged was General Coss that his boasted troopers should be thus disgracefully routed by the despised colonists, that, the morning of the more important battle of Concepcion, of which I will next give you a sketch, he swore, that, if his troops failed to capture, kill or destroy the whole of our little force, he would severely punish every officer in command. How his myrmidons performed his orders you shall learn in the next chapter. That Coss carried out his threats was proven by one of his best officers deserting to our side on account of bad treatment, not long after.



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Lesson 64: Army Marches to Estrada - Battle of Concepcion



The army, now increased to about 1200, remained but a few days on the Salado after the affair of the Powder-House, taking up the line of march for the old ruinous mission of Espada, on the river San Antonio, eight miles below the city. In our ranks were now many men, whose names afterwards became household words with old Texans, and some of whose deeds thrilled the world with admiration and wonder.

In addition to the three patriots, Houston, Austin and Summerville, mentioned in my sketch of the battle of the Powder-House, there were the following, (Many members of the "consultation," left at the Salado; but some went with the army to Espada.), viz: James Bowie, William B. Travis, Branch T. Archer, William T. Austin, (the present incumbent of the marshalship,) Frank W. Johnston, the brave but unfortunate Grant, the gallant but ill-fated Fannin, (then Captain of a company from Fort Bend, called the "Brazos Guards,") Edward Burleson, Capt. Coleman, the after wards noted spies, Deaf Smith and Henry Carnes, and, if my memory serves me, the two Whartons, John and William--the latter the father of the illustrious young General, who has so greatly distinguished himself in Kentucky and Tennessee--with many others whose names are equally dear to old Texans, but whose deeds are less known to fame.

The ruins of the Mission Espada offering but little protection to our troops, and being too far distant from San Antonio, the scene of our contemplated operations, and the corn on the irrigated bottom lands being more abundant higher up the river, volunteers were called for to look out a place of encampment for the army nearer the city. In a short time eighty two mounted men from different companies, but now under the nominal command of Bowie and Fannin, were on the march up the river, with orders to select a good camping ground within a short distance of the city and Alamo, but out of range of the enemy's artillery on the walls of the latter.

As we silently wended our way along the narrow road that followed the serpentine course of the stream, we caught occasional glimpses of the mounted sentinels of the enemy, each of whom, after taking a hurried glance at our cavalcade, would dash off into the musquite bushes that lined our way on one hand or the other, and be out of sight in an instant. All thought these alert horsemen were but the out-riders of a large force that would presently attack us at some favorable spot on the route. But, pressing steadily on, and passing through the dilapidated walls and thatched hovels that surrounded the Missions of Saint Joseph and Saint John, we reached, by noon, without molestation, a remarkable bend of the river, five hundred yards west of the venerable Mission Concepcion, and a little over a mile below the city and the Alamo. About two o'clock that evening, a Mexican, in citizen's garb, entered our encampment, leading a mule laden with pelencies, (Sugar put up in one and two pound cakes for convenience of carriage, and tastes much like maple sugar.) to barter to our men. Many of us suspected that this Mexican was a spy, sent in by Coss to ascertain our numbers and position, and some communicated their thoughts to our officers. But, as the fellow told a plausible tale, and had brought a couple of bottles of muscat wine, a present, as he represented, from a Roman Catholic priest in the city to his friend, General Austin, and as our orders were not to molest friendly citizens, he was permitted to return unharmed, so soon as he had disposed of his sugar. In one hour after this emissary left, our camp was beset in front by the Mexican cavalry, and light skirmishing was kept up between them and our sharp-shooters until dark. At night a consultation was held, at which it was determined that our situation was extremely perilous, hemmed in as we were by unknown numbers of the enemy. In this emergency it was evidently necessary that Gen. Austin, with the main body of the army at Espada, should be apprised of our situation. It was a dangerous undertaking to run the gauntlet of the enemy's horsemen in the dark. Several, however, offering their services, one Colonel McComb was eventually chosen for the seemingly hazardous and forlorn enterprise. Bidding us all a solemn farewell, the gallant soldier mounted his steed, and, crossing the river at a ford just below the bend in which we were encamped, he arrived safely at headquarters at midnight.

Our mess-fires being extinguished, horses tied up, and sentinels posted, each man laid on his arms, or, with rifle in hand, sat at the foot of a tree and nodded until day-break. At this hour, however, there was so dense a fog, that a man could not be seen at the distance of forty feet. Under cover of the fog, the enemy suddenly dashed in near our tents, and drove off fifteen or twenty of our horses that had been turned loose to graze. It

was at this moment that Henry Carnes performed the unequalled feat of killing three of the Mexican cavalry at one discharge of his fowling piece. He was on guard at the bend of the river above camps, toward the Alamo; and as the squadron charged past him, he gave them his "broadside," and, by dint of hard running, through the bushes on the river bank, he got safely into camps, with his clothing, however, riddled with balls, and his powder-horn split wide open by a bullet striking it on the head.

So soon as the fog lifted a little, three of the men were sent across the mesquite plain in our front, with directions to station themselves on top of the Mission Concepcion, and, with flags, to give us warning of the movements of the enemy, or the long-wished-for approach of our army from Espada. (These three men remained in the cupola of the mission during the whole of the fight, without being discovered by the enemy.) From these look-outs, we soon ascertained that a large force of infantry, with one piece of artillery, were at the rancho across the river, in our rear, preparing to attack us. At this moment, also, four or five hundred cavalry came thundering down the road from the Alamo, and very deliberately took position, in two lines, across our front, and between us and our three friends in the cupola of the mission. Young reader, would you not have thought that we were a band of old Texans nicely caught in the toils of an artful and savage foe, with seven hundred infantry and artillery, and an unfordable river, save at the point commanded by the enemy, in our rear, and a forest of lances in our front? Be patient, however, and you shall soon learn what a few determined men can, with the help of God, accomplish in a good cause against, apparently, overwhelming numbers.

The cavalry had but barely posted themselves in our front, with their crimson flags now seen dancing in the morning breeze, and their bright lance points glittering in the rising sun-light, when our comrades in the cupola (Four or five of the enemy were shot in the back by these men in the cupola.) telegraphed us that the force in our rear was moving toward the ford before mentioned. In order to meet this demonstration of the enemy, our line was extended in open order from the camp down toward the ford, where the stream ran straight. By this change of position, our line was brought parallel with, and in twenty paces of that of the foe whenever he should cross and face toward the point of the bend where their spy had left us the previous evening. That is, we moved down the stream, and our enemy would soon be marching in the contrary direction--up the stream--past us, toward the spot where they imagined we were yet encamped. The Mexicans would be in the open prairie. We were posted at the edge of the timber and prairie, behind a kind of second

embankment of the river, and were invisible to our foes, although they were, presently, marching parallel with us, and in fifteen or twenty paces of the muzzles of our concealed rifles. With our hack-knives we soon cut away the vines and bushes that covered our natural breast-works, and dug steps in the earthen wall, that we might the more easily reach the top to fire. In this position, we quietly awaited the enemy's advance, with orders from Bowie to reserve our fire until the head of the Mexican column should pass the lower end of our line, when he would give the signal to fire. The brave Fannin also addressed the men in cheering words, cautioning us to "keep cool," and take deliberate aim. While the gallant little Coleman, and other experienced Indian fighters, charged us to aim at the enemy's officers and artillery men, and to bear in mind that it was victory or death.

These dispositions of our men were barely made, when the foe was seen crossing the river, with the cannon in front, unlimbered, (Field artillery are mounted on four wheels. When going into action, they are "unlimbered," that is uncoupled, the gun remaining on the hind wheels, and the caisson, or ammunition box, in the rear, on the fore wheels, the ammunition being taken to the men at the gun, now in front, by what is called the powder monkey--a man, or boy, very often.) and ready for action, while the infantry behind, formed in what seemed a square, as fast as they reached our side of the stream. Raising a sort of Indian yell, on they came--infantry and artillery--past the lower end of our line, all the while pouring an incessant fire into the encampment we had just left. The piece of artillery had probably reached the center of our line, halting at intervals, and sending its tempest of grape past us into the bend, when the signal was given, and our shot-guns and rifles poured their leaden showers into the ranks of the astounded enemy.

The Mexican infantry was instantly thrown into confusion by the first scathing volley, and by the time our boys had given them three more, equally deadly and well-directed, their ranks were almost irretrievably disordered. O! for one single charge, at that moment, of the thousand brave horsemen we had left at Espada, and whose banners we had vainly expected to see fluttering over the hills, behind the old mission, every minute during that long--long morning. But they came not in time, and we must fight the battle without them.

The Mexican nine-pounder, being manned by veterans of the celebrated Tampico regiment, still advanced, and sent its canister hurtling into the bend, with the caisson drawn by six mules, with a rider on each, a short distance in the rear of the gun. In less time, however, than you could count twenty, every rider was shot dead from his mule. So complete was the confusion of the

infantry, the riderless animals, now frantic from wounds, wheeled about with the caisson, and at headlong speed dashed through the already deranged ranks, killing and maiming as they went, and cutting a clean, wide lane through the living masses. Several of the Mexican artillerists had by this time fallen, and in ten minutes after the mules ran off with the caisson. sixteen out of seventeen of that brave band were prostrated. The seventeenth and last, in attempting to spike the gun, was also instantly shot down, falling across the trail of the piece, with the spike grasped in his hand. Now, young reader, for the first time in life, the writer heard a genuine Texas yell. We had hitherto fought in silence, but now, as we rushed to take possession of the unmanned gun, and turned its muzzle on the infantry, by this time retreating toward the ford they had crossed, one long, loud yell spontaneously broke forth from all, its sound reverberating through the dark corridors of the old mission, startling thousands of bats (At that day, these nondescripts were to be found in tens of thousands in those deserted churches.) that nestled in their crevices; and being taken up by our three comrades on the top, were echoed and re-echoed along the line of river timber till they died away in the distance.

The battle was now evidently over. The cavalry were, however, still in our front, but as they had been placed there merely to transfix us with their long lances, when we should be driven to the plain by the artillery and infantry, they took no part in the fight save a harmless fire at long range, from their scopetts. (The young reader is no doubt, by this time, anxious to know what sort of a fire-arm the scopett (I spell it as generally pronounced by old Texans) is. It was a short, large bored gun, made for horsemen; and the lock, after the old Moorish fashion, resembled steel traps more than the gun locks of this day.) If ammunition had been left with the cannon, we might now have driven off these redoubtable lancers also with loss; but on examination but three round of grape were found with the gun, and these we reserved for use in case the discomfited enemy should rally again to the fight. Very soon, however, those showy horsemen were very glad to scamper off the way they came, and leave us alone in our glory, for the rear of their infantry had scarcely recrossed at the ford when a cloud of dust and the waving of the Lone Star Flag on the high hill back of the mission, the spot to which our little troop had so often looked for help that morning, announced the rapid approach of our army from Espada. At full speed, on came the dark squadrons, the solid plain tremulous, as it were, with the galloping of the thousand steeds, and vengeance flashed in the eyes of every rider. They had heard the Mexican cannon, and no commands could restrain them from rushing on to avenge, as they supposed, the massacre of the little band that had left the previous evening. In a moment, they were among

us, as much surprised as ever men were at seeing the captured gun with its blood-stained wheels, and the ground strewn with dead and wounded Mexicans. Now, again the yell that has so often stricken with fear the hearts of freedom's foes, burst forth in tenfold fury, from over a thousand throats, and smote the ears of our dispirited foes as they hastened to gain the shelter of the Alamo. Many of the enemy's dead were borne off the field, three being found in the ford of the river, drawn thither, with ropes about their feet, by their comrades. Still, several wounded, and sixty or seventy dead were left on the ground. A Roman Catholic priest, the same man that sent the wine to General Austin, (That Mexican, with his wine and sugar, was sent by Gen. Coss, as we afterwards found out, the priest knowing nothing of the present to Austin, etc.) came in that evening, with a flag of truce, and carts for the dead. This priest reported the Mexican loss at one hundred and twenty killed and wounded. Our loss was only one man (Andrews) killed, and four slightly wounded. A ball passed through Fannin's hat, grazing the scalp, and knocking him to his knees, but he rose again with a cheer, and continued the fight.

Had Austin left the Mission Espada one half hour earlier, that pleasant morning, Coss's army would have been annihilated at a single blow, and the subsequent campaign, of nearly three months, ended. The writer has never been informed of the cause of this palpable military blunder. Many of the men, however, laid all the blame on Austin, but as Texans were then a wild, ungovernable set, uninured to war and discipline, it is reasonable to conclude that a better general than the "father of Texas" confessed himself to be, would have found it impossible to get them away from camps in time to aid their comrades.



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Lesson 65: Army Leaves Concepcion



In order to present the reader with a continuous series of events that transpired during the campaign of 1835, the writer begs leave to digress a little from the main story. Just previous to the battle of Concepcion, the gallant Col. Milam, with a small force from the Colorado and Old Caney, captured the main provision and ammunition depot of the enemy at Goliad. By this fortuitous stroke of generalship, the enemy's line of communication with his base on the Gulf was cut, and he was never able to restore it during the campaign. We will now return to the story we set out tell you.

After remaining two weeks on the battle-ground of Concepcion, our army marched round on the hills by way of the powder-house, to the next camping ground near the head of the river, on its eastern bank, same side with Concepcion, about two miles above the city, challenging Coss to battle in the open field as we moved past in sight of his quarters, which, however, he declined. We camped at this place about one week, when, striking our tents, we crossed the river to the same (western) side with the city, and for the fourth and last time, pitched camps at a new position, at the "old mill," nine hundred yards north of the main plaza (public square) of the town, and six hundred and fifty north-west of, but across the stream, of the walls of the historic Alamo. All this while, however, we had not been idle, our men keeping up a continued skirmishing with the enemy, night and day, and, on one occasion, demanding the unconditional surrender of the city, which, however, was indignantly refused. Here, at the "old mill," we were joined by two companies of volunteers from the United States--one, from Mississippi, under the lamented Peacock; (Captain Peacock was killed at the storming of the city. His fall was greatly lamented. The company he commanded was cavalry.) the other, the celebrated New Orleans Grays, under, I believe, Captain Cook. Here, too, the eminent jurist and patriot, William H. Jack, joined the army. Never, perhaps, did soldiers and horses fare more sumptuously, and with less cost to the government, than ours at the old mill. We were

stationed in the midst of thousands of acres of the finest corn; beef was found in abundance and of the best quality; and, to perfect our bill of fare, the sugar, flour and coffee, taken by Milam at Goliad, now came to us in unrecorded quantities. Still, as is always the case with soldiers, some grumbled. But we are again "off the trail" of the story in hand. While at the mill, we were informed by a lieutenant, (mentioned in my sketch of the battle of Concepcion,) of Coss, who deserted to us, that a large reinforcement, with a convoy of \$20,000 or \$30,000 in specie, was expected daily by the enemy in the city. (The writer cannot call to mind the name of this lieutenant. He was, however, as gallant a man as ever lived; fair, with blue eyes, and a European Spaniard. He piloted one division of our storming force into Bexar. He deserted on account of cruel usage from Coss.) To cut off this reinforcement and "pocket" the dollars was now the main object of our ragged Texans. The writer, had, one day, just returned from a trip to the Nueces in search of this prize, in company with Carnes and Deaf Smith, (Deaf Smith was an American, but had resided among the Mexicans many years; he married a Mexican woman and had a large family of children. The writer saw a niece of Smith's a year since, a sister's child however. On the breaking out of the war, Smith left San Antonio and joined our army. He was probably as good a spy as ever followed a trail. A monument of marble should be erected over his exposed ashes at Fort Bend.) when the ubiquitous Deaf, who had been left some distance behind, came dashing into camp, crying "to arms! to arms!". "Ugartachaie! Ugartachaie!" (Ugartachaie (don't know whether the orthography of this, or any other name is correct) was the officer who commanded the Mexicans at the bloody battle of Velasco. The Texans were led by John Austin. Ugartachaie succeeded in throwing this expected reinforcement into San Antonio the night previous to the surrender.) with "the convoy is coming--is coming, back of the old grave-yard" The summons, of course, flew like an electric spark from center to circumference of the encampment. In five minutes we were going--some, at a double-quick; others, more fortunate, in having their horses near, at full gallop--toward the scene of action pointed, out by Smith, three quarters of a mile west of the city.

As we thus confusedly made our way toward the battle-field, every manoeuvre could be plainly seen by the Mexicans in town. Coss, therefore, hurried out all his available forces to the aid of the party we were about attacking. Bowie, at the head of our mounted men, however, regardless of the number of the foes, rushed forward to prevent the junction of the two bodies, and fiercely attacking the troops from town, held them in check until our footmen came up to the attack of the party striving to reach the place. Furiously now, for a few moments, raged the two distinct conflicts on the

same field--Bowie, with the horsemen, contending with the infantry and artillery from the city, and our infantry with those endeavoring to get in. The latter forces of the enemy, eventually, posting themselves in a deep gully, formed by the washing out of an old road, Burleson, Jack Coleman and others ordered us to charge them. We were in the thick mesquite bushes, in twenty paces of the concealed foe, when the word was given, and, as they no doubt heard the dread command, but few staid to see it executed. As we dashed up to the brink of the gully, the enemy, with few exceptions, was seen in full retreat on the opposite bank; but many of them were made to bite the dust, as they ignominiously fled from a position in which we could have defeated ten times our number of them. On the retreat of the Mexicans from the gully, Bowie was still closely engaged with the force nearer the city, dismounting his men, and fighting them Indian fashion in the chapparal. So soon, however, as the refugees from our part (the gully) of the field began joining the body with which Bowie was engaged, and our infantry flocked to the aid of the party under the latter, (Bowie,) the dastardly foe commenced a retrograde movement towards the town, although he outnumbered us by two hundred, with two pieces of artillery, while we had not a single cannon on the field. So again, young reader, they left us alone in our glory" on another won battle-field. Judge, however, our inexpressible surprise and mortification, when, on winding up our banners, and striding back victors of the day and heirs of the spoils, we found not the convoy of Mexican dollars reported by Smith, but two or three hundred half-starved mustangs, laden with neatly packed bales of fresh cut grass. We had kept the Mexican army so closely shut up in town that their horses died by scores, and to preserve a portion of them, Coss was in the habit of sending out large parties in the night to cut grass on the Modina. It was one of these foraging parties that Smith had mistaken for the convoy under Ugartachaie, and whose precious (to them) load we had so unceremoniously rifled. From this circumstance, the affair has always borne the name of the "Grass Fight." Ignorant annalists have often, however, attributed its name to far different circumstances. But to sum up. Our loss was one missing--a man who ran to Gonxales, seventy-five miles from the scene of action, and reported our army defeated and cut to pieces (Years after the battle, the writer heard this identical man relating his own brave deeds, in the Texas revolution, to a company of greedy auditors, fresh from beyond the Sabine.)--four slightly and one seriously wounded. Many horses, arms, Mexican blankets, etc., were left on the field in our hands.



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Lesson 66: Shot at But Not Killed



On the 14th of October, 1806, the great battle of Jena was fought by the French and Prussians. The French were victorious, and the Prussians lost sixty thousand men and six hundred cannon. The city of Berlin, the capital of Prussia, fell into the hands of the French. Although the battle was over, there was not yet an end to the horrors of war. Through clouds of cannon smoke, were heard in all directions shrieks of fear, yells of rage, and cries of pain and lamentations. Villages were burned, and the innocent inhabitants were seen fleeing in every direction. Davoust, the Marshal in command of the French, and called by the Germans, the "Butcher of Hamburg," took up his quarters for the night in one of the most convenient houses to the battle-field. Having given all proper directions for the morning, he had taken his cloak, and was just retiring to a room to take some sleep, when an officer entered, and said, "Pardon me, General, but here is a case which demands attention. These German dogs must be taught to respect us. The soldiers of one of our companies, who went to stay in the village of Waldorf, have been driven away by the people, and two of them have been very much injured." Davoust's cold eye glittered with rage, and, stopping for one moment at the door of his bedroom, he exclaimed: "Send a lieutenant and twenty men; pick out any ten of the vagabonds, and shoot them down!" Having said this, he went to bed. Of course his order had to be obeyed.

The next morning, at sunrise, Lieutenant Lamotte, with twenty men, marched over the hills to seek the village of Waldorf. It was a disagreeable business, and the sooner it was over the better; and in fifteen minutes more, the French soldiers marched into the village.

Halting in an open space between the church and the two principal beer-houses, the officer summoned the inhabitants together. The whole village was already awake, for they slept little the night before. Their ears were still stunned with the din of yesterday's battle, and visions of burning houses and fleeing people still danced before their eyes. At the command of the

Lieutenant, the soldiers seized all the male inhabitants, and forcibly placed them in a line before them. The women and children stood off at a little distance, waiting in terrible anxiety, for no one understood the words that were spoken, but all imagined that something terrible was about to happen.

Just at this time, the son of the village pastor made his appearance. He was a young man of twenty, who was studying theology, with the view of becoming his father's successor, and fortunately knew something of the French language. The appearance of things at once told him that his help was wanted, and immediately addressing himself to Lieutenant Lamotte, he begged him to give him some explanation of these strange proceedings. "I am ordered to punish this village," answered the Lieutenant, "for your treatment of our soldiers last night. The Marshal orders that ten of you be instantly shot. The only thing I can do is, that you draw lots among yourselves, or else point me out the persons who were guilty of the outrage."

"But!" exclaimed the young man, "your General has been misinformed. No French soldiers have visited our village before you. There are two other villages of the same name, called Upper and Lower Waldorf which lie farther down the valley. You can soon satisfy yourself that this village is entirely innocent, and I entreat you not to shed the blood of our harmless people!"

"There is no time for investigation," said the officer, "I was ordered to proceed to Waldorf, and here I am; and I am ordered to shoot ten of you. I wait until you make choice of that number, and so soon as my soldiers shoot them, I will return to headquarters. I must obey orders."

By this time, the people learned the fate that was in store for them. The women, with tears, and employing gestures, crowded around the Lieutenant, begging him to spare their sons and husbands; the men stood silent, with pale faces and dumb imploring eyes. The scene was evidently painful both to the officers and soldiers, accustomed as they were to deeds of war and blood. They were anxious to put an end to the matter, and leave. But the clergyman's son, determined, if possible, to save the lives of his innocent neighbors, continued to urge his plea with all the zeal and eloquence in his power. Lieut. Lamotte struggled awhile between his sense of duty and his sense of humanity. At last, he consented to wait until he could send a note to headquarters, and ask the General what he should do in the difficult case; for it seemed to him very unjust to punish the people of one village for the sins of another.

Meanwhile, the inhabitants waited, in the most painful suspense, for an answer to the note sent to

headquarters. The Lieutenant and his soldiers, having had nothing to eat that morning, now became very hungry.

"The air is keen, and the walk before sunrise has sharpened our appetites," said the Lieutenant, "can you give us any refreshments from your hidden supplies?" As soon as this request was made known to the people by the pastor's son, many of the women brought the coffee which they had prepared for their own breakfasts, with mugs of beer and two or three small cheeses, of which the soldiers partook with a keen relish. The company of victims looked on in silence, and even some of them whispered in their own language, "We are feeding our executioners."

"Even if that should be true," replied the pastor's son, "we are merely doing what Christ has taught us to do--we are feeding our enemies. Let us show them that we are Christians." This rebuke had its effect. The supplies of food were increased, and the soldiers eat to their full satisfaction. As the stomach fills, the heart enlarges; and the soldiers began to say among themselves, "It is a pity that these good fellows should be shot by mistake."

Just at this time, the messenger returned with the word from the commanding General, Davoust, which contained these words; "Waste no time. I care not which village is punished. An example must be made. Do your duty, and return instantly!" O what a cruel answer!

"Choose your ten men," cried the Lieutenant, "and be quick about it!" And now lamentations burst forth on all sides. The women clung around the men, and the men, overcome with terror, uttered loud cries and prayers for mercy. Here the pastor's son stepped out, and, falling on his knees before the villagers, and addressing the Lieutenant in French, said: "I do not kneel to you, but I am going to pray to God that he may remove this slaughter from your soul!"

As the officer met his eyes, full of sublime calmness and courage, his own suddenly filled with tears. He turned to his men who stood drawn up in line behind him. They looked at him, but not a word was spoken. Their hands were on the locks of their guns, ready to aim and fire, and waiting only for the word of command. Here the officer turned suddenly to the young man, who was still kneeling and praying, a few steps before him, and, beckoning him to approach, whispered to him in an agitated voice, "My friend, I will save you by a stratagem. Choose ten of your most courageous men; place them in a line before me, and I will order my men to shoot them through the head. At the instant I give the order to fire, they must all fall flat to the ground. My soldiers will aim high, and none will be injured. As soon

as the volley is fired, I will give the order to march, but none must stir until we get out of sight."

These words were instantly translated to the people, but so great was their panic that no one offered to move. The pastor's son took his place on the line, in the vacant space before the line of soldiers. "I offer myself," said he, "as one, trusting in God that we shall all be saved, and I call upon those of you who have the hearts of men in your bosoms to stand beside me."

Young Conrad, a sturdy farmer, and just married, joined him, casting a most tender look upon his young wife, who turned deadly pale, but spake not a word. One by one, eight more walked out with tottering steps, and took their places on the line. The women shuddered, and hid their eyes; the men looked on in terror; the children gazed on and clung to their parents in silent wonder. The place was as still as death, and none knew what a moment would bring forth.

Again the Lieutenant surveyed his men. "Take aim!" he commanded, "aim at their heads, that your work may be well done." Then came the last command--"Fire!" but, in the moment which passed between the word of command and the ringing volley the ten men were already falling. The crack of the muskets, and the sound of their bodies as they struck the ground were heard at the same instant. Without pausing a moment, the Lieutenant cried, "Right about--face--forward march!" and the measured tramp of the soldiers rang down the narrow village street, and they were soon gone out of sight.

The women uncovered their eyes and gazed. There lay the ten men, motionless, and, to all appearance, dead. With wild cries, all gathered around them, but, in a moment their cries of despair were turned into shouts of joy. Then followed weeping embraces, and as all rose from the ground, there was clapping of hands, and dancing, and hysterical laughter and sobs, all combined. The pastor's son, uncovering his head, knelt down, and while all reverently followed his example, he uttered a most eloquent prayer of thanksgiving to God for their strange and merciful deliverance.

What this young man had done, was not suffered to go unrewarded. A blessing rested on his labors and his life. In the course of time he became a clergyman; filled for a while his father's place; and afterwards, seeking a wider field of usefulness, became a Doctor of Divinity, and a distinguished leader in the political and religious changes of modern Germany.



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Lesson 67: Stonewall Jackson



I can think of no sublimer picture than Jackson, whose prowess was felt and acknowledged over a whole continent, nay, over all Europe, whose prestige with his troops was overawing, almost to superstition, coming down to the common sympathies of the private soldier, and into the common prayer meetings of the common saint--the humblest and most childlike of them all--an incarnation of kindness and humility. Now, uttering the word of command to the mighty hosts amid the tempest of battle, and anon breathing out the unction of pious faith as an elder at the sacramental table. Now executing the most marvellous combinations of military strategy and power, and anon expending his ingenuity in making a wounded soldier's bed a little softer. Now, unblanched amid the thunder of battle, riding serene and unanxious amid exploding bombshells and a hail of shot, while huge armies make the earth tremble with their tread, and anon speaking in tears to the tempted young soldier in his tent, and breaking the tempter's snare by recalling the pious counsels of sister and mother to his memory. Now stern as a stoic--no tremor, no shudder--not a muscle moves, not a riddle is upon the quiet surface of his deep spirit, although he heads the charge, storms the foeman's works, and rushes as an avalanche over the fortifications of the routed foe like a thunder cloud with a tornado in its womb, and anon you may see him at the prayer meeting, speaking words of tender cheer to the broken-hearted, and weeping tears of joy over the prodigal's return.

It was fitting that our young nation should be moulded under such an impress, and that its young affections and aspirations, as well as its memorial fame, should be made to cluster about such a model; that the nursery should find its richest songs, and the school-room its choicest "Lessons" in perpetuating such marvellous virtues of such a wonderful man.

When Lee and Jackson could spare an hour, they met in the prayer circle. They also met in "the councils of war." It is difficult to say which was most affecting and sublime--the penitent worshippers breathing fervent

supplications where all were equals, or the mighty chieftains planning campaigns where the annals of time scarce affords their equals; but, in both places, alike consciously fulfilling a great mission appointed them by God.

Who wonders at the prowess and the divine interventions revealed in the history of that army? To these two great men--to their own souls, these holy convocations were refreshing showers on a thirsty land; to others gathered there, they were like "two full spring-tides coming down at once" upon a winter of solitude and frost.

With the prestige of their great names and greater deeds, and the awe which filled all those hearts, so long accustomed to move at their nod as to the fiat of fate, what must have been the solemnity and awe, the love and veneration the inspiration and encouragement awakened in their bosoms by the penitential prayers poured out by such men on a common level with the poorest soldier, imploring, at a common Father's throne, a common blessing upon themselves and their devoted troops! How must their hearts have leaped within them when, after battle and victory, (for what else could befall such men and such armies,) these great heroes called their hosts together and

"With souls as strong as the mountain river,

Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,"

lost themselves in the majesty of God, and hid themselves behind His glories ! While half a continent were wailing over their prowess in defeated armies and routed cohorts, and the other half were sounding peans to their honor for such wonderful deliverances by their valor, and all Europe was lauding their stupendous achievements, these men, "Princes in Israel," bent amid the brave cohorts by whom God had given the victory, saying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be glory," and turning away their thoughts from adulations next to idolatrous, offered so sincerely by the people they loved so well, they bent the earnest ear at the altar of their God with only one great desire--"Lord, what wilt thou have us Now to do?"

Other heroes may imbibe the unctuous laudations of joy-drunk flatterers, and turn from the victorious battlefield to the voluptuous feast and bowl, to the dizzy mazes of the midnight revel, and to guiltier orgies which follow, alas! too often, in their train, till desolate homes groan out their anguish, and revenge howls after the voluptuary; but our Jacksons and our Lees, our Cobbs and our Hills, our Polks and other Christian warriors, content with their all in God, and seeing God in all, have ever satisfied themselves in prayer and preparation, faith and fighting, and after victory, thanksgiving,

opening the way for new preparation, more vigorous faith and fighting.

Look over the history of this war, over fields of unexampled heroism! Where does the sunshine of Jehovah gleam, and "the ark of God rest?" Where are the signs of the divine withdrawal? Can you not see where proud and desperate godlessness has said, "WE will go up," but the ark of the Lord went not with them? Where are the scenes of disaster and mortifying defeats, but where there are few chaplains and little prayer, much profanity and frolicking revels! so true does nature respond to its own instincts, and God endorse and defend His own reign! Let loose from the arm of God, and given over to vice, the intellect will not, cannot, be clear, nor the heart truly strong; while, in the wide distribution of agencies, some will always be found in a "godless crew," who, when the crisis comes, will fail in their part of the program, foredoomed by their vices to defeat at the very crisis of victory.



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Lesson 68: A Story of a Great Heathen



One warm December afternoon, Edward lay in the shadow of the live-oak behind the house, deeply engaged in his book. The children, full of merriment, came running to him, but he did not hear them until they were close by. "Look! you young book-worm," cried Anna, holding her apron full of pecans, "see how many I've got."

"And these belong to the company," said Henry, as he swung a well filled sack from his shoulder.

"Yes," said little Mary, "one-third is mine, and another Sarah's, and another Willie's, and another Henry's." Her brothers and sisters laughed so heartily over Henry's share that Mary resolved in future to try harder than ever to learn her arithmetic lessons.

"Now," asked Anna, "don't you wish you had gone with us instead of poring over that old history?"

"No," answered Edward, "I can get pecans any day, but it is not often that I can borrow such a book as this. I would not give what I have learned about Alexander the Great for all your pecans."

"O Edward!" said Henry, "tell us a story about Alexander, and we will each give you fifteen pecans, now that's a good offer. How many in all, Mary?"

"Seventy-five," answered Mary, promptly and proudly.

The children sat down on the dry grass before Edward. He began by asking who could tell anything about Alexander. Henry thought a few moments and replied. "Alexander the Great lived between three and four hundred years before Christ. He was ruler over Macedonia and Greece, and was so successful in war that in ten years he had made himself master of half the world. He died in the thirty-third year of his age from the effects of a drunken frolic."

"Did he conquer people because they had bad rulers, and he wanted to make them freer?" asked Willie.

"No indeed, he conquered them to increase his own power and glory," replied Henry.

"Now I call that selfish, I don't call that great," said little Mary.

"Gen. Stonewall Jackson fought from very different and infinitely higher motives," remarked Anna, "but of course he was not a great man in the least, compared with Alexander." Mary looked puzzled.

Edward told her of the immense wealth Alexander took from the nations he subdued, and the magnificence in which he lived upon it.

"O! I see," cried Mary, brightening, "he was a great jayhawker." The boys laughed, and Edward commenced the story.

"Alexander had an old officer called Clitus, who, years before, had served under his father, Phillip. Clitus was the brother of Alexander's nurse, whom he tenderly loved, and moreover, had, with his own hand, saved the young king's life.

"One night, at a feast, at which Clitus was present, Alexander drank a great deal too much--"

"What! a great man drink a great deal too much?" asked Mary.

"Why, certainly," answered Henry, "didn't I tell you that he died from the effects of a drunken frolic? Do keep still, Mary,"

Edward continued; "Alexander drank too much wine, and began to brag of his own great and mighty deeds."

"To brag," whispered Mary.

"He said that Philip, his father, was not near so great a soldier as men had thought; that the most famous victory which Philip had been said to win, had been gained by himself; that his father was, however, too mean to give him the honor of it; that once, in a fight, his father, in order to save his life, fell down as if dead, and that he, Alexander, covered him with his shield, and with his own hand killed those who would have killed Philip. He added, that his father was never willing to give him the credit of having saved his life, and he said many other similar things."

"Had he ever learned the commandments--the one that says 'Honor thy father and mother?'" asked Mary.

"Whoever heard of a drunken man caring anything for the commandments?" said Anna.

Edward explained to the younger children that Alexander knew nothing of true religion, and was, therefore, much less to blame for doing wrong than we are.

"Go on with the story," said Henry.

"Well, Clitus was much displeased to hear Alexander speak thus of his father, a brave and skillful general, and he began, in a loud voice, to relate to those who sat around him Philip's wars in Greece, and to say that no one had fought so well, or acted so nobly.

"As Clitus also had been drinking too much wine, he proceeded to insult Alexander, saying what he knew would offend him most. At last, the king, who I think controlled himself, for a while, very well, commanded Clitus to leave the table. 'He is in the right,' said Clitus, rising up, 'not to bear free-born men at his table, who can only tell him the truth.' And he added other and ruder words.

"Alexander could no longer restrain his anger, but snatching a javelin from one of his guards, would have killed Clitus then and there had not the friends of the latter thrust him out of the hall. However, he came immediately back by another door, singing verses which bemeaned and ridiculed Alexander.

"As soon as he had come within reach, the king, striking him with his javelin, laid him dead at his feet. But the moment he saw that he had killed Clitus, his rage left him, and he was seized with the deepest remorse. Throwing himself upon his friend's body, he drew out the javelin, and would have killed himself with it had it not been wrested from him by one of the guards.

"For several days, he lay speechless and in tears on the floor of his chamber. He had determined to starve himself, and it was with great difficulty that his friends persuaded him to eat. To comfort him, the Macedonians passed a decree that he had killed Clitus justly."

"Others flattering him ought not to have comforted his conscience," said Anna. "Well, taken altogether," she added, "it is the old story of the ruin and folly that is likely to come from getting intoxicated. Boys, I do pray that you may never learn to drink."

"In what way was Alexander great?" asked Mary.

"Why, as a conqueror," answered Henry.

"I have read his history pretty carefully," said Edward, "and I cannot see that he was truly great. He used his talents only to promote his own selfish ends, and he sadly abused his naturally generous spirit. He was great in a wicked, heathen way, instead of in a Christian way.

Such men can never--"

"Be great in the kingdom of Heaven," said Anna.



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Lesson 69: Geneva, or the Spring Lock



In searching the relics of olden time,
I have found a subject for modern rhyme.
The story is one which I wish to tell,
Of a sad mishap which once befell
A maiden fair, in days of old,
In times of knights and barons bold.
This lady fair, on her wedding night,
Had decked herself in raiment white,
That she might stand before the priest,
And marry the man whom she loved best.
The hour had come, when friends and all
Had gathered within the castle hall.
The hearth did blaze and the lamps did shine,
And festoons and flowers their [charms](#) combine.
O 't is pleasant to think of the happy throng,
Which moved with grace, those halls along.
There were rustling silks and nodding plumes;
Ladies and knights, and gay-clad grooms.
And some did smile, and some did stare,
As, trembling, advanced the maiden fair;
And by her side, a youthful band,
And the bridegroom tall, who held her hand.
And now, hushed is the sound of voice and foot,

And all gaze, and all are mute
As the holy priest did raise his voice,
And, addressing the man and the bride of his choice,
Did charge them both, in the sight of God.
To join their hands, and plight their word
To cherish, to honor, and each befriend,
With mutual love, till life shall end.
The words are said; the prayer is o'er,
And all on the bride their blessings pour,
And, gathering round, they eagerly seek,
T' imprint a kiss on her blushing cheek !
O ! who more happy ! who could share
A heartier greeting than this young pair!
Then, out pealed the laugh, and round pass'd the wine,
And the organ's note and the dance combine
To add their charms to the brilliant sight,
Which graced the old hall on that wedding night.
At length, when music and dance had ceased,
And they had eaten the marriage feast,
A contest brisk, but kind arose,
How they should, now, the evening close--
Whether with mask, or play, or song,
They still might yet their mirth prolong.
And various plans were then proposed,
And some are applauded, and some opposed,
When at last the bride, in mirthful freak,
Arose and cried, "Let us hide and seek."
Her word was law, and one and all,
Arrange themselves around the hall;
And some are bandag'd, while the rest depart,
With noiseless tread, to do their part;

Creeping about, with silent pace,
Till each had found a hiding place.
Then sallied forth, the seekers bold,
To rouse each lurker from his secret hold.
And now, what mirth and shouts abound;
And all are searched, and all are found.
And are all found? "O no! O no!
The bride! the bride! where did she go?"
No one has seen her; no one knew
The place where she lay concealed from view.
The hall is searched, and the presses round,
And no where yet can the bride be found;
And the bridegroom trembl'd, and his cheek grew pale,
And the stoutest heart began to fail;
And all is alarm, where late rang loud
The merry peal from that gay crowd.
And still a hope did some possess,
That she might yet herself confess,
And, bursting forth from her snug retreat,
With a bound and a laugh, her friends would greet.
But yet the search goes briskly on
From the castle top to the deep donjon,
And press, and closet, and secret door
Are searched again, as they were before;
And some go forth, and loudly call;
And some descend to the servant's hall;
And the garden is search'd, and the forest round,
But no trace is seen--no bride is found.
And the bridegroom wail'd, and tore his hair,
As he sallied forth in the midnight air,
And through the forest began to roam,

And cried full oft, "O my bride! come home!"
But no voice answered--no sound is heard
Save the distant cry of the lowing herd,
Or his own lone voice, on the air so still,
As it echoed back from the distant hill.
O! who can tell, or what pen describe
The midnight search for that missing bride!
But all was in vain, and the morning came,
And men still searched, but searched in vain;
And the bridegroom now, to madness driven,
Bemoans his fate, and curses heaven;
And mounting his steed, he rushes forth,
And, wandering far from home and hearth,
He sought the battle; and fighting, fell
'Mid the turbann'd ranks of the Infidel.
But the doating father, O who can describe
The sadder woes which him betide?
For, left alone in the midst of life,
Bereft, long since, of son and wife,
His brain is crazed, and roaming wild,
He enquir'd of all for his missing child.
With bending form and streaming hair,
He asks of all for his daughter fair.
With tottering step, and body bent,
And eye that peer'd with keen intent,
For many a long and weary year,
He roam'd the country far and near--
The wandering father--the maniac old--
And the touching story, to all he told,
Of his lovely daughter, snatch'd from sight

'Mid the mirth and glee of her bridal night.
And still he wander'd, and still he cried
For his daughter fair--till at last he died!
And now, men ceas'd to feel or care
For the maniac sire, or his daughter fair.
Both are forgotten, and rolling years
Had inspired new hopes, and begot new fears--
Like the rolling sea, which covers o'er
The names that are left on its sandy shore.
And that old hall, with its broad, green lands
Has pass'd, long since, into strangers' hands,
And those new owners, at last, conspire
To raise their hall, with its castle, higher.
Presses and doors are whirl'd around,
And rubbish is tumbled to the ground,
When a mouldering chest, which worms efface,
Is torn away from its hiding place.
The chest breaks open, and there appears
Something which tells of by gone years--
A golden clasp, and an emerald stone;
A locket of hair, and a human bone;
A necklace of pearl, all cover'd with mould:
And a wedding ring, and a string of gold!
And a name was on it--the name of one
That, once, in those halls of fashion shone--
"Genevra"--the name of the long lost bride--
Alas! it was here that she came to hide.
On her wedding night, in that fatal play,
Here had she stored herself away--
In this lone chest, with its secret spring--
Little she knew of its fastening.

Alas for her! none came to save,
And her hiding place became her grave!



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Lesson 70: Simplicity of Truth



I witnessed, a short time ago, in one of our high courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge; "come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir!"

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir--every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?"

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have been sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be put in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to heaven."

"How do you know?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard that they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me into her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, with a tear glistening in his eye, and his lips quivering with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first

statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony.

The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured a sham defence, but before her testimony falsehood scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy in pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother prayed for was given her--the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke was like a revelation from God Himself.



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Lesson 71: Truth



We cannot do better than devote the last pages of our little book to the impressing on the minds of our young readers the power and force of truth. To tell the truth strictly at all times is, singular as it may seem, one of the rarest virtues to be found. We once heard a gentleman of candor and probity say it was the hardest thing in the world to tell the truth. Speaking as a man of the world he was right.

I would not ask you to become a censor of your playmates, or of those in whose company you may be placed, but it would be an interesting and profitable task to listen and record all the departures from the strict truth you may hear in a single day. First, however, let me urge you to count the untruths your own tongue may utter, and so school your tongue as to utter the simple truth at all times, before you undertake to correct this fault in others.

I hope no one of my readers is in the habit of telling out-right falsehoods. None of them, I am sure, would wish to be called a liar. Of all the vile practices of which a person may be guilty, none is more wicked than that of maliciously lying. As it is vile so it is degrading in the eyes of every right minded person. To be accused of lying is deemed the most insulting of epithets. But it is not of lying that I desire now to speak so much as of Truth.

Whatsoever is not true, is false, If you repeat that which is false, even though you may do it on the authority of another, you weaken the confidence others place in you. Never, then, make a statement without knowing it to be true.

Whatsoever is more than true is false. How common it is for people to exaggerate. Exaggeration is untruthfulness. If you are very thirsty, and say you are almost dead for some water, you tell an untruth, and those who hear you will not believe you, nor will they know what to believe when you tell them anything else. If you say there are a million geese in the prairie, or a million birds in the field, no one believes you. You mean to say there are a great many, and if you should say just that, everybody would take your words for just what they mean. Those who express themselves in this manner win the respect of others by their love of the simple truth.

Whatsoever is less than true is false. If, by telling a part of the truth, you leave a false impression upon the mind, you are as guilty of falsehood as though you told that which was really false. The intent to deceive makes the untruth. When a witness in a court of justice is brought up to testify, he is sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Most people are very careful not to violate their oath, because that is an offence against the laws of men, yet how many seem careless about violating their word, or speaking falsely, which is as much an offence against God as the other. Then tell not only the truth, but the whole truth, for God takes account of every false impression you leave upon the mind of another.

But again, you may deceive by saying nothing sometimes, and then you are as guilty of falsehood as though you had expressly stated what was not true. If a person asks you a question, and you, by silence, leave him to make a false inference, you deceive him. It matters not that you have said or done nothing to this purpose. If you do not wish to give information, how much better it is to say so, and thus dismiss your questioner.

It is well to learn to describe events just as they occur, without coloring them in any way. When you have formed this habit, you will very soon be looked upon as a pattern of truthfulness, and no one will ever question any statement you may make. Do not attempt to surprise and

astonish people by wonderful stories. Their only astonishment will be at your credulity. No one readily believes a wonder unless he is very credulous. If you see hailstones as large as a buckshot, do not declare they were as large as a goose egg, because those who hear you will at once say it is impossible, and doubt the next statement you make though it be possible, and indeed true. To describe anything you have seen with a strict regard to truth is a most difficult accomplishment. We all delight to surprise our friends, and the temptation to do so in such cases is almost irresistible. It is, nevertheless, very wrong to yield to it.

It is said sometimes that politeness requires deception. I cannot think so. I do not think it at all necessary to tell a person you are glad to see him when you are not. You need not tell him that you are not glad, for that would be rudeness. There are many other forms of salutation which any one may learn to use that do not express a falsehood.

If you have ever uppermost in your mind a desire to be truthful, you may learn shortly to avoid all falsehood. When you have formed the habit of strict truthfulness, you will derive much satisfaction yourself from it, and give great satisfaction to your friends. You have heard the anecdote of the great and good Washington, who, in his youth, once hacked the trunk of a fruit tree his father prized much. On being asked if he did it, he frankly confessed the fault, though at the risk of making his father very angry with him. His father folded him in his arms and said he had rather hear the truth from his boy than have a hundred such trees. Though you may never be as great as was Washington, yet a strict adherence to the simple truth at all times will make you as much beloved and respected in your sphere as he was in his.

Be then candid; be truthful; be honest, not because it is the best policy to be so, but for the sake of candor, of truthfulness and of honesty. You will have the reward of an approving conscience. God will approve your efforts to do right. With an approving conscience and an approving God, you may well afford to despise what men may

say or think. Happily, however, with these comes, almost always, the approval and esteem of those by whom you are surrounded.



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Peter Rabbit's New Year



PETER RABBIT was very happy. At first he couldn't think why he felt so happy. He just did, that was all. His heart was full of happiness, so full that it fairly bubbled over. It seemed to Peter that never had the dear Old Brier-Patch looked so beautiful. The ground was covered with soft snow, and Peter wondered if ever before there was snow so white and pure and altogether lovely. It had made even the ugliest old bramble bush so beautiful that Peter held his breath as he looked at it. The Green Meadows were white, such a glistening, sparkling white that it was hard to believe that they ever had been green. Way over beyond, only the pine-trees and the spruce-trees and the hemlock-trees retained their green needles that no one should forget that this was still the Green Forest.

"Dee-dee-dee! Happy New Year, Peter Rabbit! Happy New Year! Dee-dee-dee!" called a merry voice.

Peter looked up to see Tommy Tit, the Chickadee, hanging head down from a branch of the ugliest old bramble-bush, which was now so beautiful, and Tommy Tit looked as happy as Peter felt. Peter jumped straight up in the air and kicked his long heels together. "That's it!" he cried excitedly. "I had forgotten all about it, but that's it! That's why I feel so happy."

"What's it?" asked Tommy Tit, just as if he didn't know.

"Why, New Year's Day, of course!" cried Peter. "Everybody must be happy on New Year's day because everybody wishes good wishes, and good wishes make happiness. I must hurry and leave my good wishes with all my friends, and I'll begin with you. I wish you a very, very Happy New Year, Tommy Tit."

"Dee-dee-dee! Thank you, Peter Rab-

On the way there he stuck his head in at Jimmy Skunk's door. "Happy New Year!" he shouted.

"Too cold; altogether too cold," grumbled a sleepy voice way down below.

Peter laughed. "It's just like Jimmy to say that, but he doesn't mean it at all," thought Peter as he hurried on. In the far corner of the Old Orchard he poked his head in at Johnny Chuck's door and shouted "Happy New Year," but he didn't wait for a reply because he knew that Johnny was fast asleep and would stay asleep all winter. But he felt better for having left his good wishes there, for he and Johnny are great friends.

Down in the Green Forest Peter heard a harsh voice screaming "Thief, thief! thief!" He hurried in that direction. "Happy New Year, Sammy Jay!" he shouted. "Thi—," Sammy stopped right in the middle of a scream. Peter looked up at him and smiled. Sammy started to scream again and then looked foolish and finally grinned sheepishly. "I wish you the same," said he, and screamed no more.

So all the bright day Peter hurried around leaving his good wishes. He left them with Unc' Billy Possum and Bobby Coon and Prickly Porky, the Porcupine. He even poked his head out of a hollow log and shouted them at Reddy Fox who happened along (that was why Peter was in the hollow log) and Reddy actually changed his mind about trying to catch Peter that day and politely wished Peter the best year of his life, for you know Reddy can be very polite when he pleases.

Late that afternoon Peter once more sat in the dear Old Brier-Patch, and his heart fairly bubbled over with happiness. "I believe that wishing happiness for others is the surest way of getting happiness for oneself," thought Peter.

bit. "Dee-dee-chickadee!" replied Tommy Tit and laughed a merry laugh as he watched Peter Rabbit scampering towards the Green Forest.

And you know and I know that Peter was just exactly right.



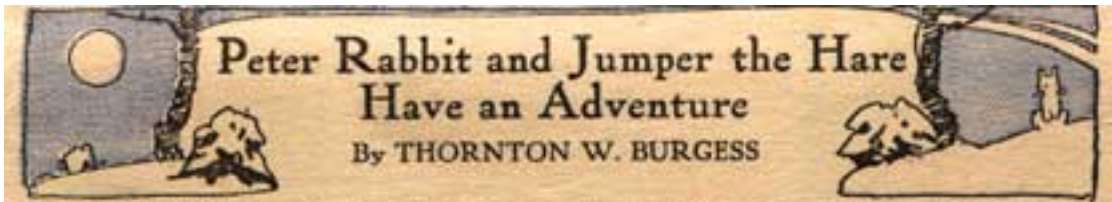
BEDTIME STORY No. 1

FOR JANUARY

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Peter Rabbit And Jumper The Hare Have An Adventure



BY SITTING perfectly still in their white coats, Jumper the Hare and Peter Rabbit had fooled Jimmy Skunk into thinking that they were two little mounds of snow.

"Now you see how easy it is to hide and still be in plain sight?" said Jumper the Hare.

"Yes, I see," replied Peter Rabbit. "We fooled Jimmy Skunk but Jimmy isn't as sharp-eyed as some folks. Besides, we weren't afraid of Jimmy Skunk. Would you dare sit that way if old Granny Fox came along, Cousin Jumper?"

Now Jumper the Hare is naturally very timid, oh, very timid, indeed. He is so timid that some folks say that he is afraid of his own shadow, but of course that isn't quite true. But when Peter Rabbit asked him that question he drew himself up and swelled himself out to look as brave as possible and said: "I'll show you, Cousin Peter! I'll show you!"

Peter said nothing more but in great admiration he followed at the heels of his big cousin, lipperty, lipperty-lip, through the Green Forest which was no longer green but white. Pretty soon they came to the edge of the forest and whom should they see coming along the Lone Little Path but old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox. Peter's heart gave a great jump of fright, but Jumper the Hare didn't seem at all frightened. Right close at hand was a hollow log just about big enough for Peter to crawl into.

"You get in there and then you watch me," said Jumper the Hare. "I'll show you that it is just as easy to fool old Granny Fox as any one else." So Peter crawled into the hollow log, where he felt perfectly safe, and then he watched Jumper the Hare squat down on the snow a little to one side of the Lone Little

his shoulders and drew his head in close and then sat perfectly still. Peter had to admit to himself that if he hadn't known that it was Jumper he would never have thought of it being anything but a heap of snow.

Down the Lone Little Path came old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox right past where Peter Rabbit was hiding. Their eyes looked yellow and hungry and made Peter shiver, for they looked so sharp that it seemed to him as if they must see right into the hollow log. Would they see Jumper the Hare? Peter held his breath. Down the Lone Little Path they trotted, stepping softly, oh, so softly, and peering under every bush and tree. Suddenly Reddy stopped and began to sniff. "I thought I smelled Hare," said he.

Old Granny Fox stopped and sniffed, too, but just then tough Brother North Wind flung a handful of snow in their faces and when he had passed there was no smell of Hare. Nevertheless Granny Fox looked more sharply than ever under every bush, and once she looked straight at Jumper the Hare sitting in the moonlight. Peter caught his breath with a little gulp. But all she saw was a little heap of snow, so on she went behind Reddy down onto the meadows.

When they were out of sight Jumper the Hare stretched and yawned and then hopped over to where Peter Rabbit was waiting.

"My, how brave you are, Cousin Jumper!" cried Peter.

"Pooh! That's nothing! That's what I've got a white coat for—to keep me safe as well as warm," replied Jumper the Hare. "And it is to keep you safe as well as warm that you've got a white coat, too," he added.

And before he got home that night



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Peter Rabbit Learns To Sit Tight



Peter Rabbit Learns to Sit Tight

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



PETER RABBIT was hopping slowly along through the snow-covered Green Forest on his way back to the dear Old Brier-Patch. Peter was hopping slowly because he was thinking. He was thinking of all that his big cousin, Jumper the Hare, had taught him that night. They had had a great time together nearly all night, and now it was almost morning and Peter was on his way home. Peter laughed aloud as he thought of how Jumper had fooled Jimmy Skunk with his white coat so that he thought Jumper was just a little heap of snow. And he laughed again when he remembered how later Granny and Reddy Fox had trotted right past Jumper without seeing him although he was in plain sight.

"My, but Jumper was brave to sit so still with old Granny Fox so near! I wonder if I could do it. Jumper says that the whole secret of fooling people is in sitting tight, and I suppose he is right. But it must be dreadfully hard, oh, dreadfully hard, to sit perfectly still and not move the teeniest, weeniest bit when danger is so close at hand," thought Peter.

And then, right into the middle of his thoughts broke a terrible sound, a sound that always made Peter shiver when he heard it even when he knew that he was perfectly safe. It was the fierce hunting call of Hooty the Owl. Somehow in this clear, frosty air it sounded to Peter fiercer and hungrier than usual. Perhaps that was because Peter was so far away from the dear Old Brier-Patch. Peter looked this way and he looked that way for a place to hide, but there was no place, no hole, no hollow log, not even one of the many white caves made by the snow-covered branches of the hemlock-trees, for these were in another part of the Green Forest.

sail slowly from the top of a tall tree to the top of another tall tree where it sat so straight and still that if Peter hadn't seen it go there he certainly would have thought it a part of the tree.

He changed his mind about running. Yes, Sir, he changed his mind, and he changed it mighty quick. He knew that that shadow was Hooty the Owl, and he knew that Hooty had not seen him yet. Into his head popped the warning of Jumper the Hare, which was to sit tight. So Peter sat tight. He crouched down as close to the snow as he could get and with his ears laid back he sat perfectly still, watching Hooty the Owl. And Hooty the Owl sat perfectly still on the top of the tall tree watching and listening after each fierce hoot.

It seemed to Peter Rabbit, sitting there with his heart going thumpity-thump, thumpity-thump, that the great eyes of Hooty the Owl were looking right at him most of the time. And every time Hooty hooted Peter had all he could do to keep from jumping. But he didn't. He sat tight and wished and wished that Hooty would get tired and go away. After a long, long time Hooty did spread his great wings and came sailing straight towards Peter. His wings didn't make a sound, as do the wings of other birds, and he seemed to drift just like a shadow straight towards Peter.

It was harder than ever to sit tight now, but Peter did, and Hooty the Owl sailed right over him without seeing him at all, although it seemed to Peter as if those fierce eyes looked right through him. When Peter was sure that Hooty was far away he once more started for home and he felt very happy for he had learned the great lesson of sitting tight.

"When danger comes I just sit tight,

Again Hooty the Owl hooted his fierce hunting call and this time it was so much nearer that Peter just got all ready to run as fast as ever he could. And then, just as he was going to make the first jump, he looked up and saw a big shadow

Wrapped in my little coat of white,
And sharp eyes come and sharp eyes go
And think I'm just a heap of snow.
I love my little coat of white
That keeps me safe when I sit tight."



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Peter Rabbit Visits the Smiling Pool



PETER RABBIT had just given old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox the slip by ducking into the dear Old Brier-Patch. He had laughed almost in their faces as he sat there safely out of reach and watched them lick their chops and try to follow him and yelp and back out as the good old brambles scratched their faces and tore their bright red coats. When they gave up trying to get him, Peter watched them out of sight as they trotted down across the Green Meadows, which were now white, and past the Smiling Pool. That reminded Peter that he had not been over to the Smiling Pool since the snow and cold weather came.

"Granny and Reddy Fox won't come back here this morning, and if they should I can run faster in the snow than they can for I do not break through as they do. I believe I'll go down and call on Jerry Muskrat," said Peter to himself.

So as soon as he was sure that Granny and Reddy Fox had really left the Green Meadows Peter sat up and looked this way and that way to make sure that fierce old Roughleg the Hawk was nowhere about. He was nowhere to be seen, so Peter kicked up his heels and with a light heart he started off, lipperty, lipperty-lip, to call on Jerry Muskrat, and as he ran he sang:

"I like the snow, the pretty snow,
That makes the world so white!
It covers every ugly thing
And hides it from our sight."

When he reached the Smiling Pool, Peter had to pinch himself twice to be quite sure that it really was the Smiling Pool. You see it wasn't smiling any more. No, Sir, there wasn't a bit of smile to it. He could hear the Laughing Brook still laughing, although its laugh

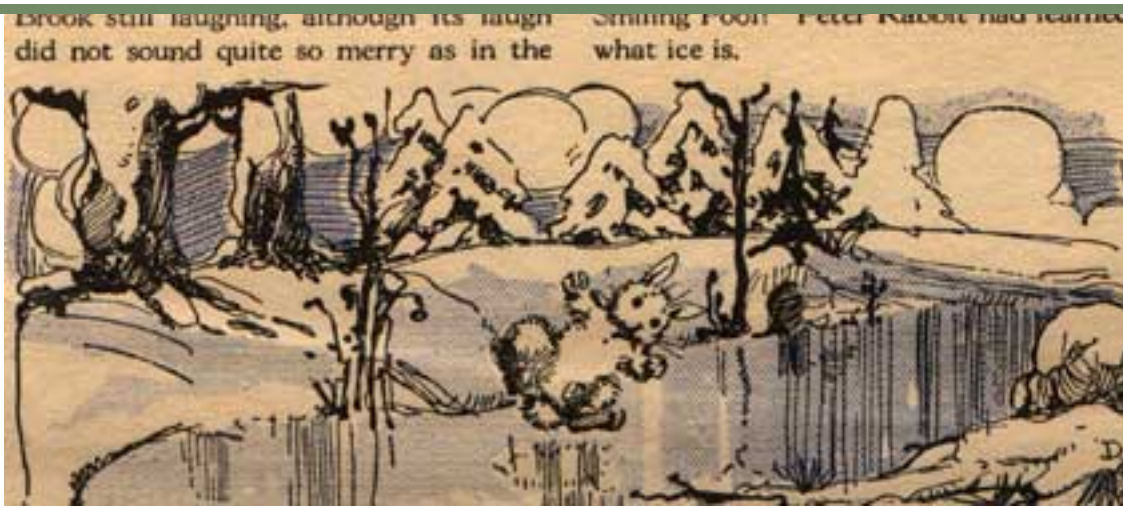
warm summer time, and when he looked over to it it didn't dimple and sparkle and gleam as he remembered it used to do. It looked black and cold, and somehow the very sound of its laugh made Peter Rabbit shiver. He looked again at the Smiling Pool and then he stared and stared with his mouth wide open in the most foolish way. What was the matter with the Smiling Pool anyway?

Something certainly was the matter. The Smiling Pool looked hard and glassy. Peter kicked some snow down the bank. Instead of sinking out of sight, as it ought to have, it slid along on the surface of the Smiling Pool. Peter stared more than ever and crept nearer to the edge of the bank. Now what happened next Peter never could explain. Perhaps he was nearer the edge than he had thought. Anyway, the first thing he knew his feet had slipped from under him and down the bank he was sliding flat on his back.

Peter closed his eyes and held his breath and waited for the plunge into the cold water. Instead he landed with a bump that knocked all the breath out of him.

"Oh!" cried Peter Rabbit, and for a full minute lay still, staring up at jolly round, red Mr. Sun, who was looking down and laughing at him.

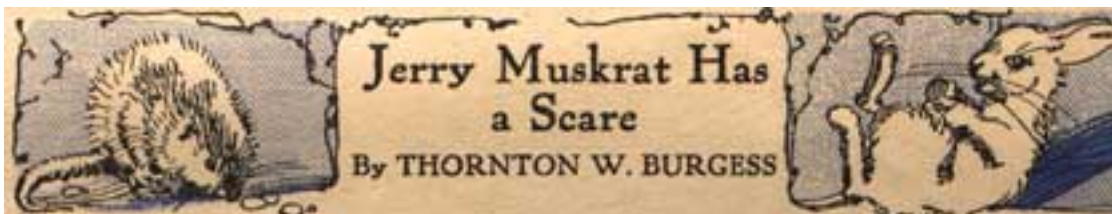
"Oh!" cried Peter again, and tried to scramble to his feet. But something was the matter with his feet! Each foot seemed to want to go in a different direction. Down went Peter again and bumped his nose. The more he struggled the more bumps he got and the more frightened he grew. Finally when he was quite out of breath he very carefully sat up. And where do you think he found himself? Why right on the middle of the Smiling Pool. Peter Rabbit had learned



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Jerry Muskrat Has A Scare



PETER RABBIT had never before in all his life felt quite so foolish as he did when, after tumbling down the snowy bank, he found himself sitting on the middle of the Smiling Pool instead of *in* it. He didn't know just what to make of it. He rubbed his head where he had bumped it and he rubbed his nose where he had bumped that, and then, very carefully so as not to get another bump, he turned around two or three times to make sure that he really was where he seemed to be.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the Laughing Brook and there was the Big Rock, and over yonder was Jerry Muskrat's house. Yes, this certainly was the Smiling Pool. But what had happened to it? Why hadn't he fallen *in* to it and gotten all wet, instead of *on* to it, and getting well bumped?

"Things are not always what they seem, I found out long ago.
How water can be turned to stone
Is what I'd like to know."

Peter didn't know that he was talking out loud, but he was.

"Go ask Jack Frost," said a harsh voice right over Peter's head. Peter looked up. There was Blacky the Crow on his way to the Green Meadows and Farmer Brown's cornfield, in the hope of finding some place where the snow had not covered up all the food.

"Hello, Blacky!" exclaimed Peter Rabbit. "What does Jack Frost know about it?"

"He knows all about it; he did it!" Blacky shouted back over his shoulder.

Peter sat still for a few minutes thinking this over and wondering how under the sun Jack Frost did it. Then his

curiosity would let him sit still no longer. All summer long he had watched Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat playing on the Big Rock in the middle of the Smiling Pool and wished and wished that he could climb up there, too. Now was his chance.

Very, very carefully Peter took a step and then another. He found that if he was careful he could even run. In a couple of minutes he was scrambling up on the Big Rock. It was splendid up there. He could look all over the Green Meadows and see way up the Laughing Brook. He played that he was Billy Mink and pretended to dive off the Big Rock. It was great fun.

But playing all alone gets tiresome after a while. Peter stopped pretending and looked over to Jerry Muskrat's house.

"Why!" exclaimed Peter as a new thought struck him. "I can visit Jerry Muskrat's house now!" No sooner thought of than off he started and in a minute was sitting on top of Jerry Muskrat's house. He liked this even better than he did the Big Rock.

"I wonder where Jerry Muskrat is?" thought Peter. And then, just because he was feeling good, he thumped with his hind feet as only Peter can. Peter thumped a second time and then he saw something queer. Something was moving down in the Smiling Pool—moving away from Jerry Muskrat's house. Peter leaned over and looked until it seemed as if his big eyes would pop out of his head. He was looking right down through the ice and what he saw was Jerry Muskrat swimming underneath the ice as fast as he could go.

"I—I believe I scared Jerry. What a joke!" cried Peter, and began to laugh.



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The Sky Parlor Of Whitefoot The Wood Mouse



The Sky Parlor of Whitefoot the Wood Mouse

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



WHITEFOOT the Wood Mouse chuckled to himself as he ran up a low alder and examined an old nest that had once belonged to Mrs. Redwing before she had moved over to the bulrushes on the edge of the Smiling Pool. He had seen that old nest times without number but he had never given it a thought until Grandfather Frog had said that if he were looking for a new home where no one would think to look for it he would move into the deserted house of someone else.

Now Whitefoot had always lived in a hollow tree or a hollow log and everyone knew it. So when Shadow the Weasel, who is a robber and worse, had started out to look for Whitefoot he had first examined all hollows in trees and every hollow log that he found. He had found Whitefoot's house while Whitefoot was out and then the latter did not dare go home again. So he had started out to build a new home.

Whitefoot picked some bits of stick and old dried leaves out of Mrs. Redwing's old nest. Then he curled himself up in a ball in the bottom just to see how it would feel. The Merry Little Breezes came along and saw him there. They didn't know that he was thinking of living there; they thought he had climbed up there just for fun. Gently they rocked the alder to and fro. In a few minutes Whitefoot was fast asleep.

When he awoke he couldn't think where he was. He was in a lovely soft bed and he was very, very comfortable. Suddenly he remembered. Once more he

chuckled to himself. "This suits me," said he. "It is my sky parlor. Whoever will think of looking in a deserted nest of Mrs. Redwing for Whitefoot the Wood Mouse? I'll just put a roof on this and then I'll have the safest, coziest, snuggest house in the Green Forest."

Whitefoot peeped over the edge of the nest. When he was sure that no one was looking he scampered down to the ground. Then he became very busy. What do you think he was doing? Why he was collecting soft, dry grass and the lining from strips of bark and little sticks and leaves. It took him all day, and just as Old Mother West Wind started for home behind the Purple Hills, Whitefoot sat down to eat his supper of berries and to rest. Hidden under the broad leaf of a skunk cabbage plant was his pile of grass and bark and stick and leaves.

When all the little meadow people and forest folk who play by day had gone to bed, Whitefoot climbed the alder once more and this time he took up with him the grass he had gathered. Up and down, up and down the alder all night long ran Whitefoot. When jolly, round, red Mr. Sun threw off his nightcap the next morning and started to climb up in the blue sky, he looked down on the alder and smiled. Mrs. Redwing's old nest was still there but it had a roof. And still it looked like nothing but an old nest.

And inside, in the softest of beds, was a little round ball of soft fur fast asleep. It was Whitefoot the Wood Mouse in his new sky parlor.





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Shadow The Weasel Goes Hunting



Shadow the Weasel Goes Hunting

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



WHILE WHITEFOOT the Wood Mouse was busy building a new home out of Mrs. Redwing's old home in the alder, Shadow the Weasel was hunting through all the Green Forest for Whitefoot, for Shadow had made up his mind that he wanted a fat little Wood Mouse for dinner. He had found Whitefoot's old house and his sharp little nose told him that Whitefoot had not been gone long.

"Probably he is out for a morning walk," thought Shadow. "I will look around and see what else I can find and then I will come back and——" Shadow did not say what he would do but he licked his lips and smiled wickedly. You see Shadow is such an active, uneasy fellow that he could not sit down and wait for Whitefoot to come back, which was lucky for Whitefoot. When finally Whitefoot returned he saw Shadow's footprints and stopping just long enough to put some food in his pockets he started out to find a new home.

Now Shadow the Weasel is very quick to think and to move and he is a robber, a very fierce robber. All the little meadow people and forest folk hate him and most of them fear him. When Shadow returned to Whitefoot's house he knew right away that Whitefoot had been back, and when he saw some food spilled on the floor where Whitefoot had hurried to fill his pockets he guessed right away that Whitefoot had run away to find a new home.

"I'll get him!" said Shadow with a snarl and putting his nose to the ground he started to follow in Whitefoot's steps.

Now Shadow has almost as wonderful a nose as Bowser the Hound and he had no trouble at all in following Whitefoot's every twist and turn. His little eyes grew red and savage. "I'll have him!" he would mutter every few minutes.

By and by Shadow stopped. He was puzzled. Whitefoot's trail had suddenly disappeared. Instead here was the trail of Johnny Chuck. What did it mean? Shadow ran around in a circle but nowhere could he find a trace of Whitefoot after the latter's track joined that of Johnny Chuck. Shadow's eyes grew redder than ever with rage. For a while he ran harder than ever along Johnny Chuck's trail but found no trace of Whitefoot. Then he gave it up for he had no desire to meet Johnny Chuck.

Shadow had spent the best part of the day trying to find Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. He was hungry and tired and so cross that he talked to himself as he ran this way and that in search of something to eat. "I'll catch that Wood Mouse if I have to look in every hollow log and every hollow tree in the Green Forest!" said he. As he said it he was running under an alder, and right over his head was an old nest of Mrs. Redwing. Over the edge of it peeped two bright little eyes and watched Shadow the Weasel out of sight.

"Go ahead and look in all the hollow trees and hollow logs; it will keep you out of mischief," said Whitefoot, snuggling down in his new home which had once been Mrs. Redwing's. "My, but I'm glad that Johnny Chuck's footsteps covered mine all up!"





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Reddy Fox Gets A Bath



Reddy Fox Gets a Bath

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



REDDY FOX turned a somersault down the little knoll where his home is. Then he jumped to his feet, brushed off the leaves and bits of grass clinging to his red coat, and started along the Lone Little Path across the Green Meadows. He had gone only a little way when he met Bobby Coon. Bobby was headed for the Green Forest and the hollow chestnut-tree which is his home.

"Hello, Bobby Coon! Where have you been?" asked Reddy Fox.

"Fishing," replied Bobby.

"Get any?" asked Reddy.

"Lots of 'em," said Bobby, smacking his lips.

Bobby Coon went on, for he was too tired and sleepy to talk any more. Reddy watched him out of sight, all the time thinking about those fish. Old Granny Fox had warned him to keep away from the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool, but now the more he thought of those fish which Bobby Coon had caught the more it seemed to Reddy that he just must go fishing himself. He looked this way and looked that way. No one was watching him. Quickly and softly he slipped through the tall meadow grass towards the Smiling Pool.

When he got there Reddy took one more hasty look about to make sure that no one saw him, and then he crept out on an old log and lay down flat where he could look right down into the water. There, almost within reach, he could see Mrs. Trout and Mr. Trout and their big family of little Trouts. Reddy's eyes sparkled and his mouth watered. A little Trout swam up within reach. Like a flash one of Reddy's little black paws shot into the water. But the little Trout merely flirted a few drops of water in Reddy's face and swam away. Then

eyes of Billy Mink. Billy and Little Joe Otter had been fishing that morning and each had a fine string of trout, for they are famous fishermen. Now from their hiding place behind the Big Rock they watched Reddy Fox and laughed until they had to hold their sides, Reddy was getting so excited.

Suddenly an idea popped into the head of Billy Mink. He whispered to Little Joe Otter and both giggled. Then Billy swam to shore and crept through the bulrushes until he reached the end of the log where Reddy Fox was fishing. So quietly that he didn't make so much as the tiniest ripple, Billy Mink slipped into the water and swam along back of the old log. Then, taking a long breath, he dived under it and waited.

The next time Reddy's little black paw came into the water Billy grabbed it and pulled. Of course Reddy lost his balance and turning a half somersault he landed flat on his back in the Smiling Pool. Such a splashing and floundering and choking and coughing! And such a looking sight as Reddy Fox was as he crawled up the bank! His beautiful red coat, of which old Granny Fox had charged him to take the greatest care, was dripping muddy water. Masses of sticky mud clung to his trousers, and the tail which he took such pride in was so heavy with water that he couldn't lift it, but had to drag it.

And for all his trouble Reddy Fox hadn't a single fish to show. No, Sir, he hadn't so much as a teeny-weeny one. More than that, Reddy was frightened. You see he didn't have the least idea what had pulled him in. So it was a very much frightened Fox who started to slink away through the meadow grass. It was then that he heard something that made him stop and grind his teeth.

"Ha, ha, ha!" That was Little Joe

another little Trout did the same thing. They were just teasing Reddy. Yes, Sir, that is just what they were doing.

The more they teased him the more excited Reddy became. He forgot he had been forbidden to visit the Smiling Pool. He forgot that he was on a slippery log. In his excitement he fairly danced up and down. It was this that caught the sharp

Otter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" That was Billy Mink

"Hee, hee, hee!" That was Grandfather Frog.

Reddy knew that they had seen and were laughing at him. More than that he began to suspect that they knew just what had caused his sudden bath.



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Grandfather Frog Has A Grouch



Grandfather Frog Has a Grouch

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



GRANDFATHER FROG sat on his big green lily-pad in the Smiling Pool. Grandfather Frog was out of sorts. In fact, he had the very worst kind of a grouch. Now, a grouch is a very bad thing to have; it makes everyone uncomfortable and no one likes to come anywhere near one who is grouchy.

So Grandfather Frog sat on his big green lily-pad and couldn't see that jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was smiling, nor that the Merry Little Breezes were playing in the meadow grass, nor could he hear the birds singing, or the bees humming. In fact, he was so grouchy that he let three foolish green flies go right past his nose. And what do you think it was all about? Why, it was just because his cousin, old Mr. Toad, had beaten him in a race the day before.

It had been a funny race, the funniest race that the Green Meadows had ever seen. Grandfather Frog's legs are longer than those of his cousin, old Mr. Toad, and Grandfather Frog had been so sure that he would win that race that even now it was hard work for him to believe that he had lost. The reason that he had lost was because Peter Rabbit had hopped up behind old Mr. Toad and shouted in his ear that Mr. Blacksnake was coming. Now, there is nothing in the world that so frightens old Mr. Toad as the thought that Mr. Blacksnake is somewhere near, and when he heard Peter shout that, he hopped so fast that he passed Grandfather Frog and won the race.

Of course, all the little meadow and forest people teased Grandfather Frog almost to death. They teased him so much that Grandfather Frog quite lost his temper, and this is the reason that he

sat on his big green lily-pad and was so grouchy that even the Merry Little Breezes kept away from the Smiling Pool.

"It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair at all," grumbled Grandfather Frog to himself. "I can beat old Mr. Toad every day in the week and he knows it."

Just then he saw his cousin, old Mr. Toad, coming down to the edge of the Smiling Pool. Grandfather Frog shook his fist. Yes, Sir, he actually shook his fist at his cousin, old Mr. Toad. And when old Mr. Toad just grinned at him, Grandfather Frog hopped up and shook both fists. Old Mr. Toad said nothing, he just grinned and grinned. The more he grinned, the angrier Grandfather Frog became.

"I'll race you again right now," shouted Grandfather Frog.

Now Peter Rabbit had come down to the edge of the Smiling Pool without being seen and when he heard Grandfather Frog say that, Peter just stole around behind old Mr. Toad and shouted just as he had the day before, "Here comes Mr. Blacksnake!"

Off started Mr. Toad, just as he had the day before, without even turning to see what was behind him. Grandfather Frog watched him go and then all of a sudden Grandfather opened his big mouth just as wide as he could and began to laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he!" shouted Grandfather Frog and held on to his sides. You see he had just realized for the first time what a joke it all was, and it tickled him so that he nearly split his sides laughing.

And that was the end of Grandfather Frog's grouch.





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The Neatness Of Bobby Coon



The Neatness of Bobby Coon

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



BOBBY COON yawned and stretched lazily. Then he climbed out of bed and stuck his head out of the doorway in the hollow tree which was his home. The black shadows had already crept far out from the Purple Hills, and looking up through the tree tops he saw a star winking at him. Bobby Coon winked back and then slowly climbed out of the hollow tree.

He had slept all day, for Bobby Coon had rather sleep through the bright day and prowl around all night. The fact is, Bobby Coon is very apt to get into mischief. Somehow he can't seem to help it. If there is any mischief to get into Bobby Coon is pretty sure to be found right in the middle of it. And because it is safer to go to forbidden places at night than in the bright light of the sun, Bobby Coon prefers to sleep during the day.

When he had come down from the hollow tree, Bobby Coon carefully brushed his handsome coat, waistcoat and trousers, and combed out his beautiful ringed tail. Then he washed his face and hands, for whatever faults Bobby may have he is always neat. Yes, Sir, there is no one in the Green Forest who is neater than Bobby Coon.

Bobby Coon looked quite the dandy as he started down the Lone Little Path to the Green Meadows and across these to the Smiling Pool. There he found Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink just returned from a fishing trip. They were just preparing for a feast as Bobby came along.

"Hello, Bobby Coon!" cried Little Joe Otter. "Come have some fish with us."

Billy Mink didn't look at all pleased at Little Joe Otter's invitation, for Billy is

inclined to be selfish and what he cannot eat himself he hides away. But he said nothing, merely reaching out for the largest fish for himself.

"Thank you," said Bobby Coon, "I believe I will."

Now Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter are not at all fussy about their food. It didn't trouble them a bit because there was dirt on the fish from dragging them up the bank, and the bits of dead grass and bark sticking to the fish they did not notice at all. But Bobby Coon did. Bobby is fussy—very fussy about his food. He took the fish given him and dragged it down the bank to the edge of the Smiling Pool.

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter stopped eating to watch him. When he had found a comfortable place on the edge of the Smiling Pool Bobby Coon began to eat, but before he put it in his mouth each piece of fish was carefully washed.

"My, aren't we nice?" jeered Billy Mink.

"Did you think that fish was poisoned?" demanded Little Joe Otter, scowling down at Bobby.

"What's good enough for us isn't good enough for him," cried Billy Mink.

Bobby Coon looked up and grinned. "Nothing of the sort," said he. "I wash all my food. It doesn't matter where I get it or what it is, if there is any water near I wash it. Honest, fellows, you don't know how much better it tastes."

"Too much work," grunted Little Joe Otter, with his mouth full.

Bobby just smiled and kept right on washing his food and when he had finished, he washed his hands and face.





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Grandfather Frog Gains Wisdom



Grandfather Frog Gains Wisdom

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



GRANDFATHER FROG sat on his big green lily-pad dreaming of the days when the world was young. His hands were clasped across his white and yellow waistcoat and he looked the picture of contentment. Presently out of the corner of one big goggly eye he caught sight of something moving. It wasn't a foolish green fly. No, it didn't act like a fly. What could it be? Grandfather Frog changed his position so that he could see better.

Just then he heard Jerry Muskrat slap the water with his tail, which is Jerry's danger signal. Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter heard it and didn't wait to ask questions. They slid off the Big Rock into the Smiling Pool and out of sight. But Grandfather Frog was too much interested in the queer thing that had caught his eye to heed any warnings. The thing was very curious, very curious indeed! It was red, a very bright red.

Now Grandfather Frog is very old and he is accounted very wise, but even age and wisdom are sometimes foolish. It was so with Grandfather Frog. Red is a color for which he has no liking. It always makes him angry. Here was this bright red thing dangling before his eyes and it annoyed him.

"Chugarum!" said Grandfather Frog, and sprang at it with his big mouth wide open. Before it could close on the queer red thing the latter was snatched away by one of Old Mother West Wind's Merry Little Breezes. Grandfather Frog landed with a great splash in the Smiling Pool.

Now, the most foolish thing in the world is for wisdom to lose its temper, and that is just what Grandfather Frog did. Yes, Sir, he lost his temper. As fast as he could climb out on the big green lily-pad he leaped for that queer red thing, and the Merry Little Breezes had all they could do to snatch it away from him each time. In vain they whispered "Danger! Danger!" in his ear. In vain Jerry Muskrat slapped the water with his tail. Grandfather Frog was deaf to everything and blind to all save that provoking red thing.

Finally he had to stop for breath. Very cautiously Jerry Muskrat swam under the big green lily-pad on which Grandfather Frog was sitting. Reaching over the edge he poked Grandfather Frog in the back.

"Look out for Farmer Brown's boy," whispered Jerry.

Then for the first time Grandfather Frog looked. Sure enough, there was Farmer Brown's freckle-faced boy on the bank of the Smiling Pool. He was reaching out with a long pole from which dangled a string and on the end of the string was a hook half hidden by a bit of red flannel.

"Chugarum!" exclaimed Grandfather Frog, and dived under the lily-pads, while the Merry Little Breezes danced happily away over the Green Meadows to look for Johnny Chuck.

And since that day Grandfather Frog has been wiser than ever, which is one reason why he is very, very fond of the Merry Little Breezes and of Jerry Muskrat.





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Grandfather Frog Fools Farmer Brown's Boy



Grandfather Frog Fools Farmer Brown's Boy

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



FARMER BROWN'S BOY had a freckled face. He wore a battered old straw hat and generally when he wasn't smiling he was whistling. He was a good-natured boy and everybody liked him, everybody but the little people of the Green Meadows and the little folks of the Green Forest. They hated him because they were afraid of him and they were afraid of him because he was always trying to frighten them. It wasn't because he was hard-hearted but because he was thoughtless. That was why he had thrown the stone that spoiled Grandfather Frog's ride on the Smiling Pool.

Grandfather Frog had not forgotten this, or how he had nearly been caught with a piece of red flannel on a hook by Farmer Brown's boy. Grandfather Frog never forgets. He was thinking of this as he watched Farmer Brown's boy fishing for trout in the Smiling Pool. Grandfather Frog had at once warned Mr. and Mrs. Trout and they had warned all the little Trouts, so of course Farmer Brown's boy was having no luck at all. Grandfather Frog grinned as he watched. Then he had an idea. It tickled him so that he laughed right out loud.

Very quietly Grandfather Frog slipped into the water and swam over to where Jerry Muskrat was hiding in the bulrushes. He whispered to Jerry for a few minutes and as he listened Jerry giggled. "I'll do it," said Jerry, his eyes dancing with mischief. Then Jerry disappeared under water.

Farmer Brown's boy was having no luck at all. He didn't understand it, for he could see the trout swimming around in the Smiling Pool. You see he didn't know anything about the warning Grandfather Frog had given the trout.

"Gee, I wish I could get just one bite."

Just then there was such a sudden pull on his line that the pole was nearly yanked out of his hands. "Hurrah! That's a whopper!" he shouted. But his hook came up empty. There wasn't even the bait. He tried again with the same result—an empty hook.

"Bet I catch him next time," said Farmer Brown's boy as he put on a new bait. But he didn't.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Grandfather Frog over in the bulrushes, and every time the hook came up empty Grandfather Frog laughed.

Farmer Brown's boy looked over to the bulrushes. "I wonder what ails that old frog," he grunted. Then he made another cast for the big fish that bit so hard. Just as before, there was a sharp pull, but this time his hook did not come up empty. Indeed, it did not come up at all. My, how excited he got!

"It's the king of all the trout!" he shouted as he tugged and pulled.

Snap! His line broke. He had been pulling so hard that when the line was released he lost his balance and fell flat on his back in the water.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Grandfather Frog as he watched Farmer Brown's boy start for home dripping water with every step.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Jerry Muskrat as he crawled out on the Big Rock and dragged the missing piece of fish line after him. At the end of it was the hook fastened tight in an old log that Jerry had found on the bottom of the Smiling Pool.

"How do you like playing fish?" asked Grandfather Frog.

"It's great fun," replied Jerry.

And Farmer Brown's boy still tells about the great trout he didn't catch.



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Peter Rabbit's Valentines



Peter Rabbit's Valentines

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



PETER RABBIT was so full of a brand new idea that he could hardly sit still. It had come to him all in a flash. Ever so many times he jumped up and kicked his long heels together, which is a way he has when something tickles him. Then he sat down in the dear Old Brier-Patch to wait for jolly, round, red Mr. Sun to pull his rosy blankets over him and go to bed behind the Purple Hills. It seemed to Peter that Mr. Sun never would go to bed. He began to suspect that Mr. Sun was staying up later than usual purposely to tease him. You see he quite forgot that Mr. Sun stayed up a little later each day at this time of the year.

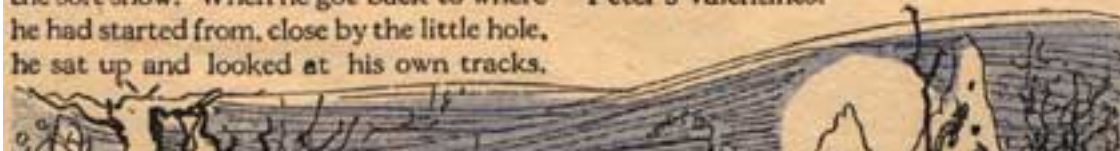
But at last with a final jolly wink Mr. Sun disappeared behind the Purple Hills, the happy little stars came out one by one and twinkled down at Peter, and then, after a little, the silvery light of the moon stole softly over the snow-covered Green Meadows and crept a little way into the Green Forest. This was what Peter was waiting for, for he dearly loves the moonlight. He kicked up his heels and away he went, lipperty, lipperty-lip. Presently he came to a little round hole in the snow on one edge of which a brown goldenrod stalk thrust its way up. Peter knew who had made that hole. It was Danny Meadow Mouse, and the brown stalk was Danny's ladder to reach the top of the snow. Peter chuckled and then he did a very funny thing; he ran around that hole of Danny's in a very queer way and with every jump he left his funny footprints, two long marks and two dots, in the soft snow. When he got back to where he had started from, close by the little hole, he sat up and looked at his own tracks,

"That will do," said Peter with a satisfied chuckle, and hurried on. Presently he came to Jimmy Skunk's house and there he ran around on the snow in the same queer way as before, and scampered off still chuckling. He did it all over again at the foot of Unc' Billy Possum's hollow tree and at the foot of Bobby Coon's tree and at the foot of the tree of Prickly Porky the Porcupine. Then he raced over to the Smiling Pool, which smiled no longer because it was frozen hard, and there Peter ran in the same queer way around the house of Jerry Muskrat, and then sat down on Jerry's roof to rest.

"It's great fun," thought Peter. "I wonder if Reddy Fox is at home. I believe I'll go see."

He hurried over towards the house of Reddy Fox and as he drew near he was very careful and watchful and ready to run his fastest if he should see Reddy. But Reddy wasn't to be seen, and presently Peter found Reddy's footprints and knew that Reddy was off hunting. Then Peter chuckled again and ran around Reddy's house in the same queer way as before, after which he scampered back to the dear Old Brier-Patch.

And in the morning when jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun climbed up in the blue, blue sky he looked down and smiled and smiled and smiled, for this is what he saw: At each place where Peter Rabbit had run in that queer way was a big heart made of Peter's funny footprints in the soft white snow. Of course he knew what they were, and you know. They were Peter's valentines.





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Little Joe Otter Has A Good Time



Little Joe Otter Has a Good Time

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



ON JERRY MUSKRAT'S house, right on the highest part of the roof, sat Peter Rabbit laughing so that his sides ached. He had given Jerry Muskrat a scare, and it is so seldom that Peter can scare anyone that it tickled him. You see Jerry Muskrat had been curled up fast asleep in the snug, warm upper chamber of his house when Peter Rabbit had climbed up on the roof. Peter had come across the Smiling Pool, which was frozen. It was his first visit to Jerry Muskrat's house, for always before it had been surrounded by water. When he had reached the top he thumped with his hind legs just for joy.

Now Jerry Muskrat, fast asleep and dreaming of warm summer days, knew nothing about Peter. Suddenly Jerry was wakened by a thumping right over his head. Jerry's heart was almost in his mouth with fright. He thought it must be Farmer Brown's boy trying to break in. Jerry slipped down to the lower chamber of his house, which is under water, hurried out of the open door and then swam under the ice way across the Smiling Pool to his secret house in the bank. And though Jerry didn't know it, Peter Rabbit, looking down through the ice, saw him go.

Long after Jerry Muskrat had reached the safety of his secret house in the bank of the Smiling Pool, and was wondering if Farmer Brown's boy was tearing his house all to pieces, Peter Rabbit sat on the roof of Jerry's other house enjoying himself. By and by Peter pricked up first one long ear and then the other. What was that noise? It sounded like—well, it sounded like someone splashing in water. Br-r-r-r! The very thought made Peter shiver. Splash! There it was again. Peter wouldn't have been

he scampered across the ice and scrambled up on the bank. In a few minutes he began to go very slowly and carefully so as to make no noise.

Splash! Somebody certainly was having a good time in the Laughing Brook just as if it were a hot summer day instead of the coldest one of winter so far. Peter very carefully parted the bushes and peeped through. There was Little Joe Otter climbing up the bank of the Laughing Brook at a place where the bank was low. Peter wondered if Little Joe had come over to see what was going on. Little Joe Otter ran along the bank to a place where it was very steep. Then he disappeared over the edge and just afterward Peter heard a big splash.

First Peter looked as if he couldn't believe his own eyes and his own ears. Then he looked a wee bit foolish, for suddenly he remembered Little Joe Otter's slippery slide made of mud on the bank of the Smiling Pool in the Summer. It must be that Little Joe had a new slippery slide. Now that he knew who it was Peter was no longer afraid, so he hopped out where he could see.

Little Joe Otter had just scrambled up the bank again and he saw Peter at once. "Come on and try my new slippery slide! It's great!" cried Little Joe, and down he shot head-first into the black, cold-looking water of the Laughing Brook. In a minute his little brown head bobbed up. "Come on in, Peter!" he shouted.

Peter shivered at the thought. "No, I thank you; I'd rather watch you," replied Peter.

"Isn't it a dandy slide?" said Little Joe Otter as he made ready for another plunge. And indeed it was. The water from Little Joe's coat had frozen on the snow and made the slide smooth and

Peter if he had sat still any longer. He just *had* to know what was going on.

The sound came from up the Laughing Brook. Half-way across the Smiling Pool Peter stopped and sat up to make sure of just where the sound came from. Then

slippery. "Whee!" shouted Little Joe, and away he went down the slippery slide, splash into the Laughing Brook. "Whee!" he shouted again as his head bobbed up and he began to swim for the bank. "Isn't winter great?"



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Bowser The Hound Gets A Cold Bath



Bowser the Hound Gets a Cold Bath

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



OLD GRANNY FOX was feeling out of sorts. In the first place she was hungry, and it always made her feel out of sorts to be hungry. In the second place she was tired and did not feel at all like a long, hard run. So, as one morning she and Reddy Fox ran across the snow-covered Green Meadows with the great voice of Bowser the Hound roaring behind them. Granny Fox made up her mind that she would fool Bowser the Hound without wasting any more time than she had to.

She sent Reddy Fox over to the Green Forest to hide and wait until she should come for him. Then she waited until Bowser the Hound was almost to her so that he would follow her instead of following the tracks of Reddy. Nearer and nearer came Bowser. He saw her now and his great voice rolled back across the meadows to the dear Old Brier-Patch where Farmer Brown's boy stood with his gun. Farmer Brown's boy smiled.

"Good old Bowser!" he cried. "That fox will have to be smarter than I think she is to fool him."

You see Farmer Brown's boy didn't know old Granny Fox or he wouldn't have been so sure. Bowser the Hound was smart, very smart indeed, but old Granny Fox is one of the smartest of all the little people who live on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest, and this very minute she was thinking of a plan to fool Bowser the Hound.

"Let me see," said Granny, talking to herself as she started to run again. "Let me see! That dog is getting very much excited and the nearer he gets to me the more excited he will get. Now excitement is very bad for any one. People who are very much excited seldom do any thinking. That often leads them into

they came in sight of the Smiling Pool, which now was all bound with ice and covered with snow, all excepting one end where the Laughing Brook came in. There was a little bit which had not frozen over. It looked cold and black. Old Granny Fox grinned when she saw it. She knew that around the edge of that open water the ice was thin, and right away an idea for getting rid of Bowser the Hound came into her head so that she almost chuckled aloud.

"Bowser is three times as heavy as I am," she thought. "I will run across where the ice is thin but strong enough to hold me. Bowser is so excited that he will not stop to think and he is so much heavier than I am that he will break through. Perhaps a cold bath will calm his excitement. Any way we will soon see."

It all happened just as shrewd old Granny Fox had planned. She allowed Bowser to get almost on her very heels. Then she ran down the bank and across the thin ice as close to the open water as she dared. She ran very fast and she heard the ice crack under her. When she had safely reached the other side, she turned just in time to see what happened to Bowser the Hound.

Bowser came roaring down the bank, too excited to look about him or think. He galloped out on the thin ice. Granny heard a great crack, there was a splash and a howl, and there was Bowser the Hound swimming for shore as fast as he could go. Granny Fox sat on the snow and laughed until her sides ached, to see Bowser crawl out shivering so that he didn't have to shake himself to get the water off. Then he started for home as fast as he could go so as not to freeze to death. Granny Fox, still chuckling,

thinking. That often leads them into trouble. I must plan some trouble for that noisy dog."

So Granny Fox ran across the snow-covered Green Meadows, and right at her heels ran Bowser the Hound. Pretty soon

trotted over to the Green Forest to join Reddy Fox.

" 'Tis bad to get excited so

You don't know where it is you go!" said she.



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The First Messenger



The First Messenger

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



PETER RABBIT was late that morning in getting over to the dear Old Brier-Patch. In fact, jolly, round, red Mr. Sun had been out of bed some time when Peter left the Green Forest and started across the Green Meadows towards the dear Old Brier-Patch. He had gone only a little way when he heard something that made him stop short, sit up as straight as he could and prick up his long ears. What was it? Why, Peter wasn't sure himself what it was. He thought, he just thought, that he had heard a whistle. But he wasn't sure of it, and the only way to make sure was to sit still and listen.

Now one of the hardest things in the world is to sit still when you are excited. Yes, Sir, it surely is one of the hardest things in the world to do. Peter Rabbit found it so. You see Peter was excited, very much excited. But somehow he managed to sit still. He listened and listened and listened and he looked and looked and looked. By and by he heard it again. It was a whistle, and Peter kicked up his heels and then turned a somersault for very joy. Then he sat up very straight again and looked this way and looked that way for the whistler.

"It's too good to be true! It certainly is too good to be true, and I really can't believe it until I see the whistler! Somebody may be fooling me. Maybe it's that smart Sammy Jay!" Peter looked about very suspiciously as he said this. But all the time he knew right down in his heart that no one could fool him with that whistle.

It was such a soft, beautiful whistle. It seemed to come from here, from there, from everywhere all at once. It sounded a long, long way off and yet Peter knew

a long way off. It really was of no use at all to try to find the whistler by his whistle.

So pretty soon Peter gave it up and instead began to look through the top of every tree within sight. But the whistler wasn't in a tree top. Then Peter remembered something. Eagerly he looked along the nearest old rail fence. Ha! there on the top of one of the fence posts was a tiny patch of the most beautiful blue. It was even more beautiful than Sammy Jay's beautiful coat. Peter's heart gave a great leap of joy and he started in the direction of the old fence post as fast as his long legs would take him.

"Hello, Winsome!" cried Peter when, quite out of breath, he reached the fence post.

Winsome Bluebird, for it was he, looked down from the fence post and smiled at Peter Rabbit. "Hello yourself, Peter Rabbit!" he cried cheerily.

"Oh Winsome, I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed Peter. "Have you really come to stay? Have you come far? Is anybody with you? Where did you spend the winter? Tell me all the news! How beautiful your coat is."

Winsome Bluebird laughed. "You're just the same old Peter; you haven't changed a bit," he said. "But I haven't time to talk now. You see I must spread the news all over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest that close behind me comes gentle Sister South Wind and with her is Mistress Spring. Do you know, Peter Rabbit, I think it is one of the most beautiful things in the world to be the messenger of good news. You don't know how happy it makes me feel. Now I must hurry on for all the world is

that the whistler might be right close at hand. Then again it sounded as if it were close by, and all the time Peter knew that just as likely as not the whistler was

waiting for me. Goodby, Peter Rabbit! Winsome spread his blue wings, whistled softly and was gone.



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Peter Rabbit Spreads The News



Peter Rabbit Spreads the News

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



PETER RABBIT was so excited that he forgot all about going home. He forgot that he had been up all night and that he ought to go home and sleep a little. Indeed, Peter was so excited that three times he stubbed his toes and nearly fell flat on his way to the Green Forest. You see Peter had news, good news, to tell, and Peter is never so happy as when he is telling news.

The first one Peter ran across was Happy Jack Squirrel. "Hi, Happy Jack! I've got some great news!" cried Peter.

Happy Jack grinned. Peter Rabbit always had great news. At least Peter always thought it was great.

"Well, what is it this time?" asked Happy Jack.

"Winsome Bluebird has just arrived!" cried Peter. "And he says that gentle Sister South Wind and Mistress Spring are close behind."

"It's too good to be true," declared Happy Jack. "Are you sure you saw Winsome Bluebird?"

"Listen!" said Peter, pricking up his long ears. Happy Jack listened. The sweetest of whistles came to his little round ears. It seemed to come from no where in particular, yet from everywhere.

"Hurrah!" cried Happy Jack. "It is Winsome Bluebird!" And round and round he chased his tail just for joy.

But Peter Rabbit didn't stop to watch him. Peter just hurried along bursting with the news. He stopped at Uncle Billy Possum's house in the big hollow tree. He knocked a long time before anyone answered. Finally old Mrs. Possum poked her head out.

"What do you want, Peter Rabbit?" she asked crossly. Peter told her the news. Old Mrs. Possum looked at Peter sharply to be sure that he was telling the

Peter hurried on to tell Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy was sleepy and cross, too sleepy and cross to believe what Peter said, so Peter hurried over to Bobby Coon's house. He knocked and he knocked at the big hollow tree where Bobby Coon lives, but the only reply he got was an occasional snore from Bobby Coon. At last Peter gave it up and started for the Smiling Pool to see if Jerry Muskrat was anywhere about. When he got there he found that the Smiling Pool was still covered with ice, and if Jerry Muskrat was there he was in his house or his castle where Peter could not reach him.

"Oh dear!" sighed Peter Rabbit. "It is dreadful to have such splendid news and not be able to tell people."

You know Peter is a great gossip and nothing pleases him quite so much as to be the first to tell a piece of news. When he told Sammy Jay Sammy just turned up his nose. "Pooh!" said he "I heard that long ago!" Now this wasn't true for he had only just heard it a few minutes before. In fact he had heard the whistle of Winsome Bluebird himself.

Peter almost ran his legs off that day carrying the news, and when finally he did get home to the dear Old Brier-Patch there was Danny Meadow Mouse worried almost to death for fear that something dreadful had happened to Peter.

"Why, I only stayed away to tell the news," said Peter sleepily.

"What news?" asked Danny Meadow Mouse.

Peter's eyes flew wide open. "Why, hadn't you heard?" he cried. "Winsome Bluebird has arrived and gentle Sister South Wind and Mistress Spring are close behind!"

Danny Meadow Mouse drew a long breath. "I must get ready right away to



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Getting Ready For Summer



Getting Ready for Summer

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



EVERYBODY was getting ready for summer. Yes, Sir, that is just what everybody on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest and along the Laughing Brook and around the Smiling Pool was doing. To be sure, it was only the beginning of spring, but the spring is moving time, you know, and it is building time, and to be nicely settled in a new home by the time summer comes one must begin to plan very early. So these were busy days for everybody, including Peter Rabbit. Not that Peter was planning a new home! Oh my, no! Peter couldn't see any use in doing that. But he was even busier than if he had been. You see if everybody moved and Peter didn't know where they moved to he couldn't go make the calls he so dearly likes to make, and if he couldn't make the calls why he couldn't gossip and that would be a terrible thing to Peter Rabbit.

So Peter was one of the busiest of all the little meadow and forest people. He hardly had time to eat. In the first place there were so many of his feathered friends returning from the South. There were new arrivals every day and Peter had taken it upon himself to welcome them back to the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. Just as he was the first one to greet Winsome the Bluebird so he was the first to hear the glad song of Little Friend of All, the Song Sparrow, and Redwing the Blackbird, and Bubbling Bob the Bobolink. Of course they all had news for him, and of course Peter had to hurry around and tell the news to Johnny Chuck and Jimmy Skunk and Jerry Muskrat and Unc' Billy Possum and all his other friends, most of whom were too busy with their own affairs to go hunting for news themselves. Peter had never been so happy in his life.

Now with so much to think about

very curious. They were at the bottom of a tall pine-tree. Peter hopped over to the first one. That little ball was made of fur and tiny pieces of bone. Peter felt a queer feeling creep up his backbone. Then he hopped over to another of the queer little balls. This was of feathers and bones. Peter felt still more queer. What could they mean and where had they come from? He looked up in the pine-tree and then Peter almost fainted from fright! There sat Hooty the Owl beside a rough bundle of sticks. Peter had found Hooty's home.

Peter sat perfectly still and held his breath, but his heart went pitapat, pitapat, with fright. Of course sitting perfectly still was just the best thing he could have done. Hooty didn't move. Neither did Peter. After a while Peter stopped shaking inside. If Hooty had seen him Hooty would have tried to catch him before this. It must be—yes, it was that Hooty was asleep. Peter held his breath and tiptoed away two or three steps. Hooty didn't move. Peter tried it again. Still Hooty didn't move. Then Peter crept a little farther. Hooty still slept. At last Peter was far enough to run. And how he did run! No frightened Rabbit ever ran faster!

Peter was so frightened that he kept watching behind him instead of looking to see where he was going. The result was he almost ran into Jimmy Skunk who was out looking for beetles for his breakfast.

"What's the matter with you now, Peter Rabbit?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

Peter shivered and his teeth chattered so with fright that he couldn't speak. He just pointed back in the direction from which he had come and then started on again for the Old Brier-Patch, lipperty, lipperty-lip!

Peter grew careless and heedless. He was hurrying through a dark and lonely part of the Green Forest early one morning when he noticed a queer little ball on the ground. Then he saw three or four more. They were very curious little balls. Peter had to stop and see what they were, for you know Peter is very.

"Peter Rabbit's afraid of his own shadow," grumbled Jimmy Skunk, who isn't afraid of much of anything. "Now I wonder what has frightened him this time. I believe I'll just have to see."

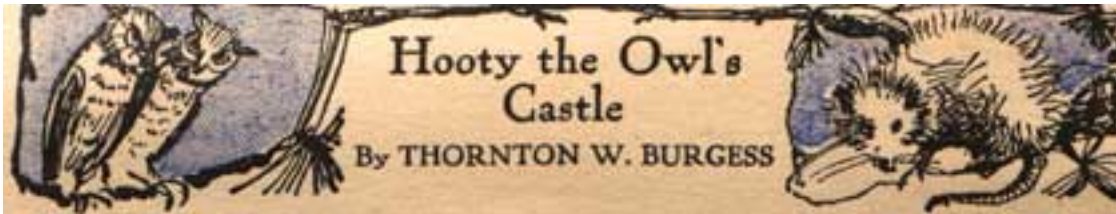
So Jimmy Skunk started off in the direction from which Peter Rabbit had just come.



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Hooty The Owl's Castle



JIMMY SKUNK picked his way through the Green Forest talking to himself, which is a way he has. He had met Peter Rabbit running and looking as if a ghost was at his heels. When he had asked Peter what the matter was Peter's teeth had chattered so with fright that he couldn't speak. He had just pointed in the direction from which he had come and then hurried on. Now Jimmy Skunk isn't afraid of much of anything, so as he didn't have anything better to do he took it into his head that he would go see what had frightened Peter Rabbit so.

"Mr. Fraidy runs away
From his shadow every day.
Shakes and shivers so with fright
He cannot even sleep at night."

"What's that yo' am saying, Brer Skunk?"

Jimmy looked up at Unc' Billy Possum, who was looking down from his doorway in a big hollow tree.

"Come on, Unc' Billy, let's go see what has frightened Peter Rabbit so," replied Jimmy Skunk, and then told Unc' Billy all about his meeting with Peter. Now Unc' Billy Possum is more timid than Jimmy Skunk but he isn't afraid until he sees something to be afraid of, so he climbed down from the big hollow tree and joined Jimmy. Together they picked their way through the Green Forest to that dark lonesome corner of it from which Peter had come, and all the time they kept their sharp eyes wide open to see what had frightened Peter Rabbit.

By and by they reached the foot of the tall pine-tree where Peter had seen the queer little balls of fur and feathers and bones. Unc' Billy saw them right away

and he didn't have to look twice to know what they were. He had seen little balls like that before. He grabbed Jimmy Skunk by the tail and put one hand on his lips as a sign to keep still. Then he backed away and drew Jimmy after him.

"What's the matter?" whispered Jimmy Skunk.

Unc' Billy said nothing but led Jimmy to a pile of brush under which he crawled, Jimmy following him. Then peeping out from this safe retreat Unc' Billy pointed to the top of the tall pine-tree. There sat Hooty the Owl and close to him was a bundle of sticks made into a rough sort of platform. Jimmy Skunk looked puzzled.

"That's the old home of Redtail the Hawk; he gave it up two years ago. What's Hooty doing there?" muttered Jimmy.

"It's his castle!" whispered Unc' Billy. "It's his home, the place where he lives. Don't yo' see those li'l' balls of fur and feathers down there on the ground? After Hooty has made a meal he rolls the fur and feathers and bones up into little balls and spits them out because they are no good for food, yo' know." Unc' Billy suddenly grabbed Jimmy Skunk in great excitement. "What's that on that old bundle of sticks?" he whispered.

Jimmy peeped out carefully. Then his eyes opened wider than ever. "It's—it's—," he paused as if he didn't know what to say.

"It's a Mrs. Hooty! Hooty the Owl has married." Unc' Billy finished for him. "Ah spects this place isn't no way safe fo' honest folks any mo'. Ah must hurry home and warn mah fam'ly to keep away from this part of the Green Forest."

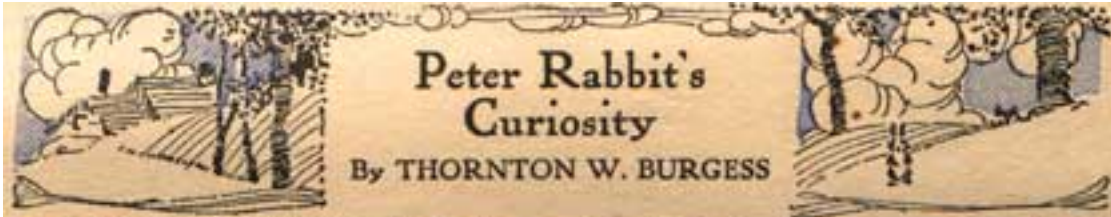




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Peter Rabbit's Curiosity



OH, THAT CURIOSITY of Peter Rabbit! Was there anything like it? It gave Peter no peace at all. No sooner had he found out about one thing than he was just bubbling over with desire to know about something else. It got him into all kinds of trouble. There was the time that he found a queer looking box setting just outside one of his runways. It had a door and the door was open in a most inviting way. Inside, way in the back, was a bit of carrot fastened to a stick. It was a queer place for a carrot to be. Peter didn't want it, not the least little bit, for his stomach was full. But he was curious about that bit of carrot. It looked like real carrot, but who ever heard of carrot in such a place as that? He must find out if it was real carrot.

So Peter stole inside the box with the inviting door and nibbled the carrot just out of curiosity and nothing more. Bang! The door had closed and do what he would Peter could not open it. So all day he sat in the dark, in a miserable little heap, so frightened that he could hardly breathe with any comfort. Then he had heard heavy footsteps coming nearer and nearer and he shivered and quivered with fright. Nearer they came. Something hit the box and knocked it over and broke the fast closed door so that Peter was able to crawl out. Peter dodged into the Old Brier-Patch, where he felt safe. Pretty soon his curiosity had led him to peep out. There lay the box in which he had been caught and Peter knew then that it was a trap. And there was one of Farmer Brown's cows who had accidentally kicked the trap over and so set Peter free. Ever since

then Peter has had a warm place in his heart for cows.

Then there was the time Peter had seen Reddy Fox carefully bury something in a sandy spot out on the Green Meadows. Of course it didn't concern Peter in the least. It was none of Peter's business what Reddy Fox might choose to bury out on the Green Meadows. But Peter couldn't rest until he had found out. So no sooner was Reddy Fox out of sight than away went Peter Rabbit, lipperty, lipperty-lip, straight over to where Reddy had been at work. It was a long way from the safe Old Brier-Patch and Peter should have known better than to run such a risk. Hardly had he reached the spot where Reddy Fox had been at work than, happening to look up, whom should he see but old Granny Fox stealing up to him through the grass. Peter forgot all his curiosity. He just started for the Old Brier-Patch as fast as his long legs would take him, and it seemed to him that with every jump he could feel the claws of old Granny Fox on the white patch on the seat of his trousers.

But Peter never seemed to learn and was just as curious as ever. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied about one thing there was something else he just *had* to know about and he's just that way today. Ol' Mistah Buzzard had no sooner finished telling how Mistah Mocking Bird had come by his wonderful voice than Peter was all ready with another question.

"If you please, Mistah Buzzard, will you tell us why your head is red?" asked Peter Rabbit.





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Peter Rabbit Learns What Easter Means



Peter Rabbit Learns What Easter Means

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



PETER RABBIT brushed his coat with care and combed out his whiskers. Peter was very fussy that morning, very fussy indeed. It was so unusual for Peter to care how he looked that Jimmy Skunk, who happened to come down the Lone Little Path, paused at the edge of the dear Old Brier-Patch and asked Peter what he was fixing up so for.

"Why!" cried Peter in the most surprised way, "Don't you know that this is Easter morning? I'm getting ready to make my Easter calls. How do I look?"

Jimmy stepped back and looked Peter all over as he turned around to show himself off, and there wasn't a trace of a smile, though there was a twinkle in his eyes as he said:

"You look very fine, Peter. Mixed brown and gray is very becoming to you, though I prefer black and white stripes, rather broad, myself. I see you still wear a white patch on the seat of your pants." For just a second Peter's face clouded over. "Y-e-s," he replied slowly. "You see I have to wear that because it always has been in the family since way back in the days when the world was young. Do—do you think it is so dreadfully unbecoming, Jimmy Skunk?"

Jimmy looked at Peter's funny little white tail and laughed outright. "Of course it isn't, Peter!" he cried. "Why, without it you wouldn't be you. No, Sir, you wouldn't be you at all."

Peter's face cleared and together he and Jimmy Skunk started on down the Lone Little Path across the Green Meadows. It seemed as if every one they met had on a new suit, and some of the suits were very handsome indeed. There was Sammy Jay's—such a wonderful blue with the whitest of white trimmings! And there Peter suddenly sat up very

and see what a wonderful black and white coat he has, with cap to match! When he left last fall he had just the shabbiest kind of a suit. Just hear him sing! I believe I could sing if I had a suit like that."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! A great singer you'd make, Peter Rabbit! A great singer you'd make!"

Peter turned to find Johnny Chuck laughing at him. Johnny had on a new suit, too. It was very plain and sober, but Johnny didn't seem to mind this in the least. In fact he didn't seem to think of it at all. "What are you thinking about clothes for, Peter Rabbit?" continued Johnny.

"Because it's Easter. What else is Easter for?" replied Peter.

Johnny Chuck scratched his head thoughtfully. "It isn't just to think about clothes; I'm sure of that," said he. "It's—it's—why, it's to make you glad that you're alive and that summer is coming and that everything is so beautiful and—and that no matter how brown and dead things look they will become beautiful again, and that

Joy and love are in the air

All around us everywhere,

and—and to try to make others feel as happy as we do," concluded Johnny Chuck.

Peter kicked his heels together happily. "I guess you are exactly right, Johnny Chuck," said he, "and I guess our new clothes are to please those who see us and not ourselves, and so I'm just going to think how nice others look and not about myself. Now I must hurry and wish everybody a happy Easter. Isn't it good to be alive? I feel as if I just love all the world, even Reddy Fox."

Peter hurried off to make his Easter calls and Johnny Chuck smiled as he

straight. "Look, Jimmy!" he cried. watched him. I guess Peter has found
"There's Bubbling Bob the Bobolink. out what Easter means," said he. And
He must have just arrived from the South. Peter knew that he had.



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Johnny Chuck Gets A Message



Johnny Chuck Gets a Message

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



IT WAS two days since Johnny Chuck had run away from home. He was beginning to get just a wee bit homesick. Jimmy Skunk's deserted old house on the hill where he had been living with Peter Rabbit was very nice and very comfortable for a "play house," but after all there is no place like home.

"Peter Rabbit," said Johnny Chuck, "I want to go home."

"Well, why don't you go?" asked Peter with a grin.

"Because I don't know the way. Won't you please take me home?"

Peter Rabbit sat up and looked across the Green Meadows. "I don't believe it's safe today," said Peter Rabbit. "I can see old Whitetail the Marsh Hawk sitting on a fence-post way down there and I bet he's just looking for young Chuck and Rabbit for his dinner. Tell you what, let's have a good time today, and tomorrow I'll take you home. Let's have a game of leapfrog."

"All right," said Johnny Chuck, "if you'll promise to take me home the first thing tomorrow morning."

Peter Rabbit agreed and led the way to a nice smooth place where they could play. "Now you give me a back," said Peter Rabbit.

So Johnny Chuck bent over, put both hands on his knees and gave Peter Rabbit a back. Over sailed Peter Rabbit in a beautiful long jump and landed with a thump. Then a surprising thing happened. Peter Rabbit jumped to his feet clapped both hands to the seat of his trousers and began the maddest dance ever seen on the Green Meadows. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" shrieked Peter Rabbit.

Johnny Chuck stood and stared, for he didn't know what to make of it. Just then he felt a sharp pain on the tip of his funny black nose and then another in the calf of one leg.

"I'll teach you young rascals not to break in an honest man's house!" cried a sharp voice right in his ear. It was Mr. Yellow Jacket, the Hornet.

Peter Rabbit had landed right on the roof of Mr. Yellow Jacket's house and Mr. Yellow Jacket, who is very quick-tempered, was giving them a taste of the sharp little lance he always carries with him. Johnny Chuck began to dance as madly as Peter Rabbit.

"Serves you right for running away from home," said a new voice. It was one of Old Mother West Wind's Merry Little Breezes. "Go put some mud on your nose and then you'll feel better."

Johnny Chuck hastened to find some mud and when he had put it on his wounds the smart ceased though they were still very sore.

"Now, Johnny Chuck, I've got a message for you" said the Merry Little Breeze. "Old Mrs. Chuck has sent me to tell you that now you are out in the world you can stay and that you had better build a home for yourself."

Johnny Chuck sat down in dismay. "Pooh," said Peter Rabbit, who had just come up with the seat of his trousers plastered with mud. "You're big enough now to take care of yourself, Johnny Chuck. Tomorrow I'll help you find a place to build a new house if this one isn't good enough."





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Johnny Chuck Decides To Build



Johnny Chuck Decides to Build

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



WELL," said Peter Rabbit, "now that old Mrs. Chuck has turned you out in the world what are you going to do, Johnny Chuck?"

"She didn't turn me out in the world," replied Johnny Chuck indignantly. "I ran away from home with you and you know it!"

Peter Rabbit giggled. "You certainly did run some when old Whitetail the Marsh Hawk got after us that morning. And I guess you've learned enough to take care of yourself since you started out to see the world. If I were you I'd just fix this old house of Jimmy Skunk's and live here. He doesn't want it any longer and it will save you a lot of work."

Now Johnny Chuck had learned a lot since he ran away from home. He had learned that a young Chuck must have his eyes wide open if he would escape all the dangers that threaten him, and that as his legs are short he must have a safe retreat. Peter Rabbit can run away from danger but Johnny Chuck must hide from it.

"Too many know about this old house on the hill," said Johnny Chuck. "I don't believe it's really safe. You know Farmer Brown's boy dropped a big stone over the back door only yesterday. I think I'll build a new house."

Peter Rabbit yawned lazily. "Some folks do like to work," said he. "For my part, I'd rather have a good time. Come on down to the sweet clover patch."

"No," said Johnny Chuck. "I'm going to hunt for a place to build a new house."

"All right," said Peter Rabbit. "Good luck to you even if you are foolish."

Peter Rabbit hopped off in his usual careless, happy-go-lucky way, and Johnny Chuck washed his face, brushed his clothes and started out to find a place to build his new house.

Pretty soon he met Danny Meadow Mouse. "Where are you going?" asked Danny Meadow Mouse.

"To find a place to build a new house," said Johnny Chuck.

"Be sure it's dry," said Danny Meadow Mouse.

A little farther on he met Jimmy Skunk. "Where are you going?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

"To find a place to build a new house," said Johnny Chuck.

"Be sure it's high," said Jimmy Skunk.

Johnny Chuck went on and pretty soon he met Striped Chipmunk. "Where are you going?" asked Striped Chipmunk.

"To find a place to build a new house," said Johnny Chuck.

"Be sure it's shady," said Striped Chipmunk.

Johnny Chuck went on. He walked and he walked and he walked. By and by he sat down to rest under an old apple-tree on the side of a little hill that overlooked the Green Meadows. It was very beautiful there under that old apple-tree. It was dry, it was high, it was shady. "Why, it's just the place I've been looking for!" cried Johnny Chuck. "I'll build my new house here."

And without wasting another minute Johnny Chuck began to dig.





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Billy Mink Loses A Race



"I'M THE FASTEST SWIMMER in the Smiling Pool," boasted Billy Mink as he lay sunning himself on the Big Rock.

"You're not either," retorted Jerry Muskrat.

"You can't beat me," said Billy Mink.

"Perhaps I can't, but I know who can," replied Jerry, stretching himself.

"Who?" asked Billy Mink, sitting up abruptly.

"Little Joe Otter!" exclaimed Jerry Muskrat triumphantly.

"He can't!" snapped Billy Mink.

"He can, too; he can swim circles around you," said Jerry Muskrat.

"Pooh! He can't swim a little bit. I could swim circles around him with my legs tied," boasted Billy Mink.

"Who's that you can beat, Billy Mink?" asked another voice.

Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat whirled about to find Little Joe Otter just climbing up the Big Rock.

"He says he can beat you swimming with his legs tied," said Jerry, pointing at Billy Mink.

Little Joe Otter laughed until he showed all his white teeth. "Perhaps you can, Billy," said he, "but I doubt it. Tell you what, I'll race you this afternoon for the championship of the Smiling Pool, and you needn't have your legs tied either."

Now Billy Mink is a fast swimmer, a very fast swimmer indeed, but for all his bragging, right down deep in his heart he didn't want to race Little Joe Otter. However, it was too late to back out so he agreed to race that afternoon. They agreed to swim from the Big Rock out to Grandfather Frog's big, green lily-pad

and back to the Big Rock, and Grandfather Frog was to be the judge.

The Merry Little Breezes carried the news all over the Green Meadows and everybody hurried over to the Smiling Pool—Peter Rabbit, Reddy Fox, Bobby Coon, Jimmy Skunk, Striped Chipmunk, Sammy Jay, old Mr. Toad and all the other little meadow people.

Spotty the Turtle was starter. "Are you ready? Go!" he shouted.

Splash! Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter hit the water together. For a minute nothing could be seen but two little rows of bubbles. Then Billy Mink's little brown head bobbed up in the lead.

"Go it, Billy!" shouted Reddy Fox, dancing up and down in his excitement.

Billy went it! He was the first to touch the big, green lily-pad on which sat Grandfather Frog. Then he started back for the Big Rock. Half way there Little Joe Otter was even with him. Then Little Joe Otter dived. A bubble came up just in front of Billy Mink's nose. Then another and another, each a little farther ahead. All the little meadow people on the bank were shouting themselves hoarse. Billy was almost to the Big Rock and nothing had been seen of Little Joe Otter.

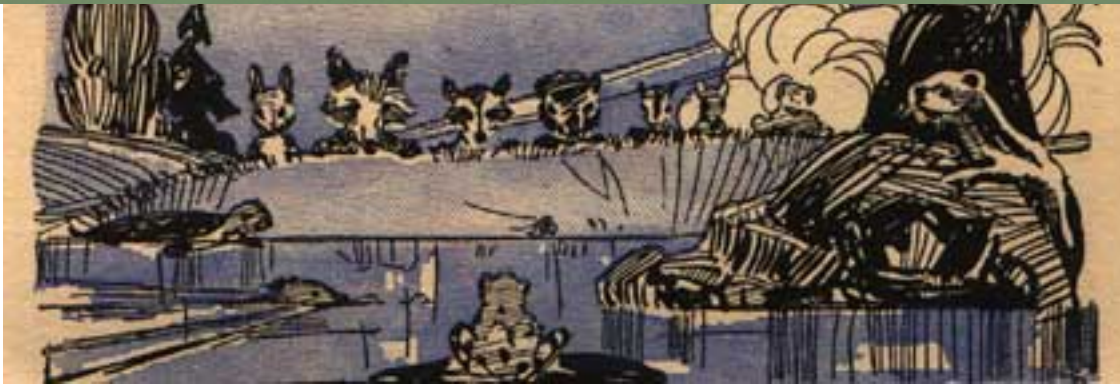
"Good boy, Billy!" shouted someone.

Everyone looked up to the top of the Big Rock. There sat Little Joe Otter kicking his heels and grinning. He had swum under water clear around the Big Rock and climbed up the back side.

"How about swimming with your legs tied, Billy Mink?" shouted Jerry Muskrat.

But Billy Mink hadn't a word to say; he was too much out of breath.





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Billy Mink Becomes A Boaster



BILLY MINK, Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat sat on the Big Rock in the Smiling Pool. Over on his big lily-pad sat Grandfather Frog. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind were playing with the buttercups and daisies on the bank and Mrs. West Wind was singing to her babies in their cradle in the bulrushes.

Billy Mink was feeling very fine, very, very fine indeed that morning. He had actually beaten Jerry Muskrat in a swimming race. He can't do it very often, but he had done it that morning, and it made him feel very important. Now when people begin to feel important the feeling grows and grows and grows. It was so with Billy Mink. He swelled himself up and began to walk back and forth on top of the Big Rock, and as he walked he began to boast. Yes, Sir, Billy Mink began to boast.

"I can swim like a fish," said Billy Mink.

"Pooh! so can I!" exclaimed Little Joe Otter.

"I can run like the wind!" boasted Billy Mink.

"Peter Rabbit can run faster," said Jerry Muskrat.

"I can follow a track with my nose," continued Billy Mink.

"So can Bowser the Hound," grunted Little Joe Otter.

"I can climb trees like a flash," bragged Billy Mink.

"So can Happy Jack Squirrel," said Jerry Muskrat, sliding into the Smiling Pool in disgust.

"I can do anything that anybody who wears fur and lives on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest can do," cried Billy Mink and strutted up and down, up and down on top of the Big Rock.

Grandfather Frog had listened and said nothing until Billy Mink had boasted that he could do anything that anybody else could do. Then he rolled his big goggly eyes up at jolly, round Mr. Sun and began to sing in a deep voice:

"The Boaster brags what he can do;
He swells his chest; his head swells, too.
Some day he'll burst, and then you'll find
He nothing had but empty mind."

Billy Mink stopped short and glared across at Grandfather Frog. "What's that you are saying," demanded Billy Mink.

"Chugarum! I say you are a foolish boaster," replied Grandfather Frog, "for it is the easiest thing in the world to find somebody who wears fur to do something you can't do."

"Who can?" "I'm not going to tell," replied Grandfather Frog.

"You can't, because you don't know anyone," sneered Billy Mink.

Grandfather Frog suddenly hopped up in the air, and caught a foolish green fly who came too near for his own good.

"I never say what I cannot prove, Billy Mink," said Grandfather Frog in his deepest voice. "I will prove it to you tomorrow night at sundown if you will agree to be here."

Of course, Billy Mink agreed. You see Little Joe Otter was listening, so he felt that he had to agree.





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Billy Mink Feels Uncomfortable



Billy Mink Feels Uncomfortable

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



BILLY MINK was feeling uncomfortable. Yes, Sir, way down deep inside, Billy Mink was feeling uncomfortable. He was beginning to wish that he had not boasted so much the night before. He had said that he could do anything that any of the other little people who wore fur and lived on the Green Meadows or in the Green Forest could do. Grandfather Frog had called him a boaster and had said that he knew someone who could do something that Billy Mink could not do, and that if Billy Mink would be at the Smiling Pool at sundown that night he would prove it. Billy Mink had had to say that he would be there, for you see Little Joe Otter and Jerry Muskrat were listening.

Now Billy Mink sat on the big rock in the Smiling Pool kicking his heels.

"I can run fast, swim fast, climb fast. I can dive deep, I can jump, I can dig. I can follow a track with my nose and I can see in the dark," thought Billy Mink, and the more he thought of all he could do the better he felt. One by one he thought of the little meadow and forest people whom he knew and what each could do. Think as hard as he would, he could think of no one who could do anything he couldn't do.

"There isn't anyone," said Billy Mink right out loud, just like that. "There isn't anyone!"

"Chugarum," said Grandfather Frog.

Billy Mink looked over to the big green lily-pad on which Grandfather Frog

was sitting. Grandfather Frog was gazing up at jolly, round Mr. Sun. There wasn't the teeniest, weeniest smile about Grandfather Frog's big mouth, and yet Billy Mink felt that way down inside Grandfather Frog was laughing at him.

All at once Billy Mink felt more uncomfortable than ever, and he didn't feel a bit better when Grandfather Frog turned his back to him and began to sing in a deep voice that seemed to come from the very bottom of his stomach:

"Bragging tongues, so I've heard say
For discomfort pave the way."

"Now what do you mean by that?" snapped Billy Mink.

Grandfather Frog turned around and seemed very much surprised to see Billy Mink.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing at all I was just talking to myself."

Billy Mink looked at him very hard but Grandfather Frog looked as solemn as ever.

"Huh!" said Billy Mink and slid down into the Smiling Pool. He swam over and started up the Laughing Brook, and as he went he heard Grandfather Frog singing once more. He stopped to listen and this is what he heard:

"Pride runs on before a fall,
And doesn't mind its feet;
The one who wins a race keeps still
Till after he has beat."

"Huh!" said Billy Mink, but just the same he felt more uncomfortable than ever.

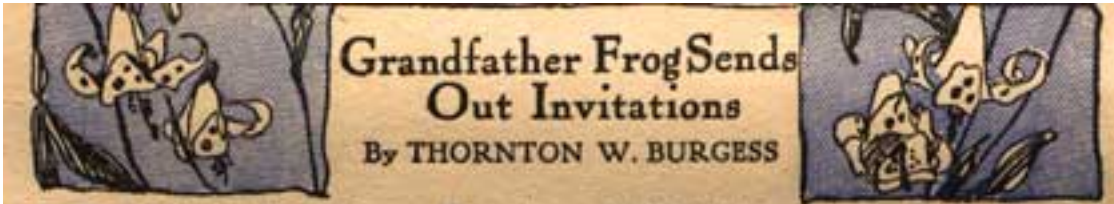




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Grandfather Frog Sends Out Invitations



Grandfather Frog Sends Out Invitations

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BILLY MINK had gone off up the Laughing Brook feeling most uncomfortable. Grandfather Frog had watched him go. When Billy Mink was out of sight, Grandfather Frog suddenly smiled to himself, then he opened his big mouth very wide and laughed and laughed without making a sound.

Pretty soon Grandfather Frog beckoned to the Merry Little Breezes who were playing on the bank. At once they stopped teasing the butter-cups and daisies and hurried to gather around Grandfather Frog as he sat on his big, green lily-pad in the Smiling Pool.

"Chugarum!" said Grandfather Frog. "How would you like a story?" The Merry Little Breezes clapped their hands and danced for joy.

"Ever and ever and ever so much! Oh, ever so much, Grandfather Frog!"

"All right you shall have it if—" Grandfather paused and his eyes twinkled.

"If what, Grandfather Frog?" cried one of the Merry Little Breezes, anxiously.

"If you will do a favor for me," replied Grandfather Frog.

"Of course we will, Grandfather Frog! of course we will!" shouted the Merry Little Breezes all together.

Then Grandfather Frog whispered to the Merry Little Breezes and sent them hurrying over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest.

One found Happy Jack Squirrel. "Grandfather Frog invites you to be at

the Big Hickory Tree by the Smiling Pool at sundown tonight, and he said to be ready to climb your fastest," said the Merry Little Breeze.

Happy Jack smiled. "I will be there!" said he.

Another Merry Little Breeze hunted until he found Peter Rabbit. "Grandfather Frog invites you to come to the Smiling Pool at sundown and be ready to show how fast you can run," said the Merry Little Breeze.

"I will be there!" said Peter Rabbit with a chuckle.

A third Little Breeze invited Johnny Chuck to come and show how he can dig, and a fourth Little Breeze invited Jumper the Hare to come and show how he can jump. The other Merry Little Breezes invited all the rest of the little meadow people and forest folks to be at the Smiling Pool at sundown, and, of course, everybody agreed to come.

All this time, Billy Mink knew nothing of what Grandfather Frog and the Merry Little Breezes were doing. He had boasted that he could do anything that any of the others could do, and Grandfather Frog had said that he could find someone who could do something that Billy Mink couldn't do, and had called Billy Mink a boaster.

Now Billy Mink was waiting for sundown, and feeling very uncomfortable as he waited. He would have felt more uncomfortable had he known of Grandfather Frog's invitations.





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What Happened At The Smiling Pool



What Happened at the Smiling Pool

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



JUST as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun went down to his home behind the capped purple hills, Billy Mink came down the Laughing Brook to the Smiling Pool. When he came in sight of the Big Hickory Tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool, he stopped. What do you think he saw? Why, there were all the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest—Johnny Chuck, Happy Jack Squirrel, Striped Chipmunk, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, Reddy Fox, Jimmy Skunk, Bobby Coon, Danny Meadow Mouse, Unc' Billy Possum, Prickly Porky, Old Mr. Toad, Digger the Badger, Jumper the Hare, Sammy Jay, Blacky the Crow and Old Mistah Buzzard. And on the Big Rock in the Smiling Pool sat Little Joe Otter, Jerry Muskrat, and Spotty the Turtle, while on his big green lily-pad, smiling at everyone, sat Grandfather Frog.

They seemed to be waiting for someone and Billy Mink knew that that someone was himself. How he did wish that he hadn't boasted of what he could do. He would have run back home, but just then Old Mistah Buzzard's sharp eyes saw him.

"Here he comes!" cried Old Mistah Buzzard.

So Billy Mink had to go on.

Everybody set up a great shout when he climbed up on the Big Rock, and though he felt just a little foolish he tried not to show it.

Grandfather Frog made a little speech. He told what a wonderful fellow Billy Mink is, or thinks he is, and how he had boasted that he could do anything that anyone else who wore fur could do. Then he invited Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter to show how they could swim.

It was a great race, yes indeed it was a great race, and though Little Joe Otter

won, Billy Mink proved that he can swim very fast indeed. Then Peter Rabbit and Billy Mink ran a race, and though Peter was first Billy Mink almost beat him and proved that he can run very fast indeed. After that Happy Jack Squirrel showed how fast he could climb a tree, but when he reached the very tip-top, Billy Mink was right at his heels.

Jumper the Hare made some wonderful jumps; Billy Mink jumped too. Of course Billy didn't jump nearly so far as Jumper the Hare, whose legs are long and meant for jumping, but he jumped very well indeed. Then Billy Mink proved that he can follow a track with his nose just as well as Reddy Fox. He dug a hole to show that he can dig. Everything that anyone else did, Billy Mink did, and with each success he felt better, for all the little meadow and forest people clapped their hands and shouted: "Hurrah for Billy Mink!"

Billy Mink looked down at Grandfather Frog and grinned. "Where's that fellow that can do something that I can't do?" demanded Billy Mink. "Where is he? I want to see him." Billy swelled himself up and began to strut back and forth on the Big Rock.

Grandfather Frog looked around at all the Little Forest People, and first winked one big goggly eye and then the other. Just as he did so, a funny little squeaky voice, that seemed to come right out of the air, said:

"Here I am, Grandfather Frog."

Everyone but Billy Mink looked up. Billy didn't need to, for as soon as he heard that voice, he knew who it is that wears fur that can do something that he cannot do. He had forgotten all about him when he boasted. Who was it? Why Flitter the Bat, of course.





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Peter Rabbit's Foolish Wish



Peter Rabbit's Foolish Wish

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



OF COURSE BILLY MINK had felt very foolish when Flitter the Bat had come sailing over the Smiling Pool. Billy wished that he hadn't boasted that he could do anything that anyone else who wore fur could do. When he had made that foolish boast he had not once thought of Flitter the Bat. Of course, Grandfather Frog had chuckled and chuckled when he saw how foolish Billy Mink felt.

Peter Rabbit had laughed and laughed with all the other little meadow and forest people at the look in Billy Mink's face when he first caught sight of Flitter the Bat. Then into Peter's head popped a funny little rhyme:

"Doesn't like the sunshine;
Hangs up by his heels;
On the edge of darkness
Flitter darts and wheels."

Peter Rabbit often had wondered and wondered how it happened that Flitter the Bat is the only one of all the little animals who can really fly. Now as he watched Flitter cutting up monkey-shines over the Smiling Pool, Peter Rabbit suddenly gave a great sigh. Everybody heard it and turned to look at Peter.

"Hello, Peter! Do you feel as badly as all that?" asked Bobby Coon.

"No," replied Peter Rabbit. "No, I don't feel badly. I was just wishing—just wishing a foolish wish, that's all."

"You're foolish most of the time, aren't you, Peter?" asked Jimmy Skunk.

Peter Rabbit made a face at Jimmy Skunk, a good-natured face, you understand. "Anyway I don't spend half my time wishing I could find some beetles and bothering everyone I meet by asking if they've seen any," replied Peter.

It was Jimmy Skunk's turn to look a little foolish, but he laughed with the

others. Then he slapped Peter Rabbit on the back.

"Tell us, Peter, what that foolish wish is?" he cried.

Peter Rabbit smiled. "It's too foolish to tell," said Peter.

"Come on! Out with it!" shouted Johnny Chuck.

"Well, if you must know, I'll tell you," replied Peter Rabbit. "I was wishing that I could fly like Flitter the Bat."

Everybody began to laugh as they tried to picture to themselves how Peter Rabbit with his long ears and long legs would look flying, and Peter laughed, too.

Now Reddy Fox, who is very, very sly, as you all know, had been watching Peter Rabbit all this time and gradually working nearer and nearer. "Peter will never suspect danger here," thought Reddy Fox, and crept a few steps nearer. While everyone was laughing at Peter's foolish wish, Reddy Fox crept up behind a bunch of tall meadow-grass just behind Peter Rabbit. Reddy began to lick his lips, for at last he had Peter Rabbit within reach. Just as Reddy prepared to spring, something black passed over his head and close to Peter Rabbit. A funny, squeaking little voice cried in Peter's ear, "Jump, Peter Rabbit! Jump!"

Peter jumped. He didn't wait to ask why. He did what he was told to do without waiting, and as he jumped, Reddy Fox landed right where Peter had been sitting. Then Reddy Fox started after Peter Rabbit, but somehow everyone seemed to get in his way. He bumped into Bobby Coon, and had to jump over Jimmy Skunk and was tripped up by Digger the Badger.

Meanwhile Peter Rabbit had safely reached the dear Old Brier-Patch.

Who had told Peter to jump? Why, Flitter the Bat, of course.



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Fun At The Smiling Pool



Fun at the Smiling Pool

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



LITTLE JOE OTTER and Billy Mink sat on the Big Rock in the Smiling Pool planning mischief. Over on the end of an old log sat Jerry Muskrat eating his breakfast of fresh-water clams. His back was to the two little scamps in brown bathing suits watching him.

Very quietly Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink slid down the Big Rock into the water. Then each drew a long breath and disappeared. Jerry Muskrat hadn't noticed them at all. As he sat on the end of the log his tail hung down in the water. The clams tasted good, and Jerry was feeling very happy and contented. Suddenly his tail was pulled so hard that he lost his balance and tumbled backward with a great splash into the Smiling Pool.

Jerry came up spluttering and blowing. He looked this way and looked that way, but he could see nothing unusual. Grandfather Frog still sat on his big, green lily-pad dreaming of the days when the world was young. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was looking down and smiling just as he had ever since he got up that morning. Over on the Green Meadows the Merry Little Breezes were playing tag. Jerry didn't know what to make of it. It was very strange, very strange indeed! He climbed back on the old log and this time he took care to tuck his tail under him.

Then Jerry Muskrat made a discovery. All his nice sweet clams had disappeared! Not one could he find anywhere. Then for the first time Jerry suspected that someone had been playing a joke. He settled himself comfortably and pretended to go to sleep, but all the time his bright little eyes were watching every part of the Smiling Pool.

Now all this time Peter Rabbit had been sitting behind a clump of tall grass

on the bank of the Smiling Pool, and he had seen all that had been going on. When Billy Mink had pulled Jerry's tail Billy had dived deep and had swum under water after Little Joe Otter to the far side of the Smiling Pool, where the two little scamps hid among the bulrushes. Peter Rabbit, peeping over the bank, could see the two little brown heads just beneath him and hear them chuckling as they watched Jerry Muskrat. Suddenly Peter had a happy thought. He looked about him. Close to the edge of the bank was a big stone. Peter got behind it and pushed. It was hard work to budge it. Peter braced himself and pushed harder.

The stone moved a little. Once more Peter pushed. This time the stone rolled so suddenly that Peter fell flat on his face and almost followed it into the Smiling Pool. Splash! The big stone fell right between Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink. It frightened them so that they sprang clear out of water and then scrambled through the bulrushes as fast as ever they could.

Of course Jerry Muskrat heard the splash and saw the fright of the two little scamps. As soon as he saw them he knew who had pulled his tail and stolen his clams. "Oh, you Billy Mink, bring back my clams!" shouted Jerry when he could stop laughing.

Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink looked up to see where the big stone had come from and of course they saw Peter Rabbit grinning down at them. Then they knew a joke had been played on them, and they grinned, too, though it was a sheepish grin. Then they showed Jerry where they had hidden his clams, and afterward all three swam over to the Big Rock to play.

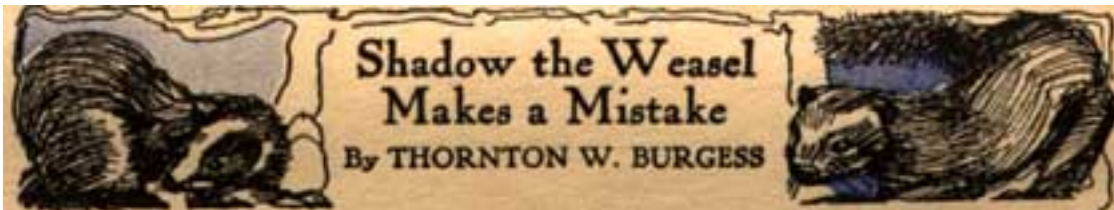




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Shadow The Weasel Makes A Mistake



Shadow the Weasel Makes a Mistake

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

SHADOW THE WEASEL was true to his name. He stole through the Green Forest so swiftly and so quietly that he hardly seemed more real than a shadow. All the little meadow people and forest folk who saw him fled as fast as they could go for they were afraid. Shadow the Weasel is a bold, bad robber, very bad indeed, and no one loves him. But Shadow doesn't care. No, Sir, Shadow doesn't care. He doesn't want to be loved. So he stole through the Green Forest and not so much as a single leaf rustled. From tree to tree and log to log he stole, peeping from behind each in the hope that he might find someone on the other side. Then Sammy Jay saw him.

Now because Sammy Jay can fly he has no fear of Shadow the Weasel, but he has no love for Shadow. So at once he began to fly along just over Shadow and scream at the top of his lungs. "Thief! Thief! Thief!" Shadow looked up and snarled at Sammy Jay. "Keep still, can't you?" he asked fiercely. Sammy Jay kept right on calling louder than ever.

Sammy Jay is a thief himself and everybody knows it. Perhaps that is the reason that he delights in calling some one else a thief. Anyway he kept it up until Shadow hid in a hollow log. Sammy Jay hung around until he grew tired. Then he flew off and once more Shadow came out to hunt for something to eat. Of course it was of no use to hunt around there after Sammy Jay's warning to all the little forest folk, so he hurried over to the Laughing Brook.

Pretty soon he smelled something that made his mouth water. He sniffed and sniffed again. It was fish. "All I've got to do is to follow my nose," said Shadow to himself, and smiled as he thought of

the feast he would have. "Must be that someone has had more fish than they wanted and has left some. How fortunate for me!" thought Shadow, as he followed his nose.

Pretty soon his nose brought him to somebody's storehouse. Shadow's hopes fell. He didn't need to be told whose storehouse it was. He knew. It was the storehouse of his cousin, Billy Mink.

For just a minute Shadow hesitated. He looked this way and looked that way. No one was in sight. Shadow began to dig. How he made the leaves and dirt fly! In a few minutes he had uncovered three nice trout which Billy Mink had put there that morning. Shadow pulled one out. Before he began to eat he once more looked all around. No one was in sight. Of course he could run away with this one but then he would have to leave the others. No he would eat this first and take away one of the others.

My, how good that trout did taste! Shadow forgot all about everything else. He just stuffed himself greedily. And then he heard a noise just behind him. He whirled like a flash and there was his big cousin, Billy Mink, and the look on Billy's face wasn't pleasant to see.

"What are you doing with my fish?" demanded Billy Mink.

"Are they your fish? I didn't know it. I found them here and thought some one had dropped them," said Shadow the Weasel.

"Well, you made a mistake," said Billy Mink grimly. And then things happened that made the leaves and the dirt and the fur fly. In a few minutes Shadow limped off as fast as he could.

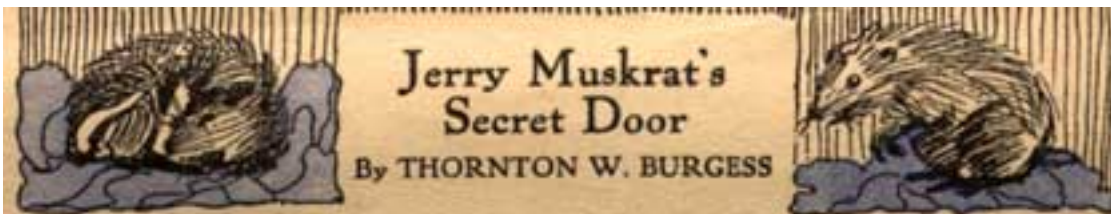
"I made a mistake," he sobbed.



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Jerry Muskrat's Secret Door



JERRY MUSKRAT'S new house was growing. Yes, indeed, it certainly was growing, with so many helpers to cut alder and willow shoots and bulrushes and to bring them to him. Jerry was very busy just building. It was no time at all before the walls of Jerry Muskrat's new house showed above the water and then they grew higher and higher and higher.

Jerry Muskrat worked and worked and worked with might and main. You see no one could help him actually build his new house for winter, because no one but himself knew just how it should be built. He put willow and alder shoots just so. He placed rushes and grass just where they were needed, and then he kept them in place with mud.

"That's a queer looking house," said Sammy Jay. "It looks to me like nothing but a pile of old rubbish."

"Just you wait," replied Jerry Muskrat, as he climbed up to place more bulrushes on the roof.

So Sammy Jay waited, for there was nothing else to do, and the house grew and grew and grew. By and by the roof was on and Jerry Muskrat sat on top of it to rest and eat his supper of fresh water clams which he had brought up from the bottom of the Smiling Pool. Sammy Jay cocked his head on one side.

"Pooh!" said Sammy Jay. "That's no kind of a house! It hasn't any door."

Jerry Muskrat just grinned and said nothing. He was too busy opening a

fresh water clam to talk. Sammy Jay began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked his cousin. Blacky the Crow.

"I am laughing at Jerry Muskrat. He's built a new house, and it hasn't any door. Ha! ha! ha!" replied Sammy Jay.

Blacky the Crow flew close down to Jerry Muskrat's new house and looked it all over; that is, he looked at all that he could see. Sure enough, he could find no door. Then Blacky the Crow began to laugh, too, and flew over on the Green Meadows to tell the little meadow people about the great joke on Jerry Muskrat—how he had built a house without any door.

But Jerry Muskrat didn't seem to mind, not the teeniest, weeniest bit. When he had finished his last fresh water clam, Jerry washed his face and combed his hair, and his eyes twinkled as he shouted to Sammy Jay:

"Some folks believe just what they see
And think that nothing else can be.
But some folks don't know all they
might—
My door is hidden out of sight."

Splash! Jerry Muskrat had dived into the Smiling Pool. Two minutes later he was making his bed of soft grass in the upper room of his new house. You see he had a secret door down under water.





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Jerry Muskrat Has Another Secret



Jerry Muskrat Has Another Secret

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



ONLY BILLY MINK and Little Joe Otter had found the secret door to Billy Muskrat's new house. Billy Mink had watched Jerry dive from the top of his new house, and Jerry had not come up again for a long, long, long time. Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter had put their two little brown heads together and decided that Jerry Muskrat's secret door must be way down under water, so one day when Jerry Muskrat was off hunting for fresh water clams Billy Mink proposed that they hunt for Jerry's secret door.

"I'll beat you down to the bottom of the Smiling Pool," cried Little Joe Otter. Splash! The two little rascals were under water and there was nothing but a great big ripple to tell where they had gone. It didn't take them long to find Jerry Muskrat's secret door, for really it wasn't secret at all, as the little people of the Smiling Pool, Grandfather Frog's grandchildren, the polywogs, knew all about it; so did Mr. and Mrs. Trout. Billy Mink peeped inside, then Little Joe Otter peeped inside. Then they swam back to the Big Rock and climbed up on it to dry off.

"Let's not say anything about it to Jerry Muskrat," said Billy Mink. "We'll get him to play hide and seek. Of course, he'll hide in his new house. Then we'll give him a surprise by finding his secret door."

So as soon as Jerry Muskrat came in sight, Billy Mink shouted to him: "Hi, Jerry Muskrat! Bet you can't hide where we can't find you?"

Jerry Muskrat's eyes twinkled. "Will you give me two minutes to hide?" he asked.

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter agreed. Jerry Muskrat took a long breath and then dived out of sight. Little Joe Otter nudged Billy Mink and they both chuckled as they watched Jerry Muskrat disappear. They waited two minutes.

"Now we will give Jerry Muskrat a surprise," said Billy Mink as they prepared to dive into the Smiling Pool.

Grandfather Frog, sitting on his big, green lily-pad, chuckled to himself as he watched them. "Chugarum!" said Grandfather Frog. "Somebody is going to be surprised, sure enough, but I'm not so sure that it will be Jerry Muskrat."

Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter swam straight to Jerry Muskrat's secret door and slipped inside. They were in the nice little room Jerry had built under water, and right up above was the passage to Jerry's bedroom. It was so easy that they wanted to laugh, but they couldn't because they were under water, you know, and had to hold their breath.

Up the passage they scrambled, and in a minute were in Jerry Muskrat's snug little bedroom which is warm and dry because it is above water.

"Didn't fool us this time, did you, Jerry Muskrat?" shouted Billy Mink. Then Billy blinked both eyes. Jerry Muskrat wasn't to be seen. No, Sir, Jerry Muskrat wasn't to be seen! They pulled his soft, warm bed of grass to pieces, but no Jerry Muskrat.

Where was he? Perhaps if you ask Grandfather Frog or write to him he will tell you, for this is Jerry Muskrat's other secret, and Grandfather Frog is the only one who knows it.

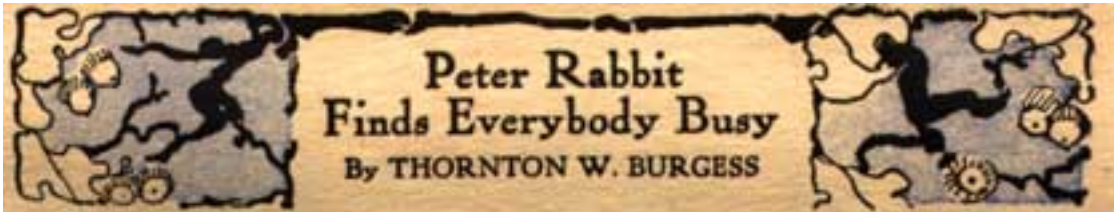




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Peter Rabbit Finds Everybody Busy



PETER RABBIT actually felt lonesome. He had nothing in particular to do and he wanted to play, but there was no one to play with. Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk were so busy that they couldn't even stop to talk, to say nothing of play. They were getting ready for winter. Even Whitefoot the Wood Mouse was doing the same thing. Peter watched them a while but it actually tired him to watch them run back and forth so fast.

"I'll just run down to the Smiling Pool again and see if perhaps after all Grandfather Frog was fooling when he said that he would see me again in the spring, just as if he wouldn't see me until then," thought Peter, and started off down the Lone Little Path, lipperty, lipperty-lip.

When he had reached the Smiling Pool he looked eagerly for Grandfather Frog. There was the big lily-pad on which Grandfather Frog had sat all summer, but it was bare and forlorn-looking. Somehow it gave Peter still more of a lonesome feeling and a queer little lump crept up in his throat. He was just about to turn back to the Green Meadows when he saw a little brown head in the Smiling Pool. Peter's face brightened.

"Hello there, Jerry Muskrat!" he shouted.

Jerry didn't say a word. He couldn't for you see his mouth was full of sweet flag root. Instead he dived right close to his splendid big house. A minute later his little brown head bobbed up again.

"Hello, Peter Rabbit!" said he. "What makes you look so sober? You look as if you had lost your last friend."

"I haven't yet and shall not as long as you are here," grinned Peter. "But I seem to be losing them pretty fast," he added sadly.

"How is that?" asked Jerry, climbing up on the roof of his house.

Then Peter poured out all his troubles to Jerry Muskrat. He told how Johnny Chuck had disappeared down in the ground, and Grandfather Frog had disappeared in the Smiling Pool, and Old Mistah Buzzard had disappeared in the blue, blue sky, and how each had promised to see him in the spring. Then he told how Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk were so busy getting ready for winter that they couldn't stop to play or even to answer questions.

"And I don't understand it at all," Peter ended.

Jerry Muskrat looked at the troubled face of Peter Rabbit and laughed.

"You're just the same old Peter, worrying about something that doesn't concern you in the least, aren't you?" cried Jerry. "If you don't have to prepare for winter you ought to think yourself very lucky. Now, I do. That is the reason that I built this house and that is the reason that I have got to go after some more flag root right now."

Splash! Jerry Muskrat had disappeared and once more Peter Rabbit was sitting all alone on the bank of the Smiling Pool. Peter waited a little while but Jerry did not return. Then slowly Peter Rabbit hopped away across the Green Meadows to the dear Old Brier-Patch where he sat and thought and thought all the rest of that day.

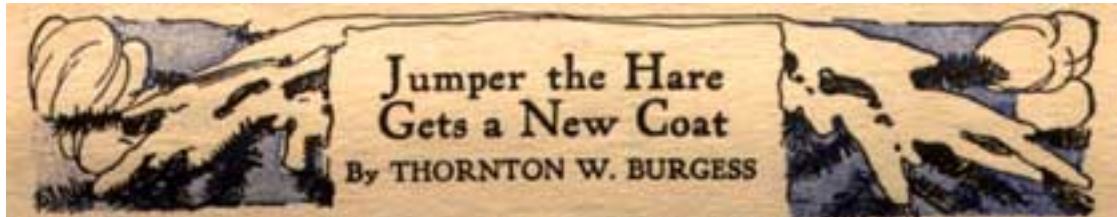




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Jumper The Hare Gets A New Coat



NOW THAT SNOW covered all the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, Jumper the Hare was worried. Jumper isn't much given to worrying but after two or three narrow escapes from fierce old Roughleg the Hawk who had come from somewhere up north to spend the winter on the Green Meadows, and after he had found that though he was safe enough from old Granny Fox when he was in the dear Old Brier-Patch she could still see him as she prowled around the edge, Jumper began to worry a little.

In the summer he had a thousand hiding places, but now that the leaves were gone his hiding places were gone, too, that is, most of them were. Then, once he was really in the Old Brier-Patch he was hidden from everybody, but now sharp eyes could look all through the Brier-Patch. It hadn't been so bad when there was no snow on the ground for Jumper's coat was so nearly the color of the dry leaves that covered the ground that when he sat still it took very sharp eyes indeed to tell him from a little bunch of those same brown leaves. But now that everything was white, Jumper's brown coat gave him away and every time he went out for a walk he felt as if he looked as big as an elephant.

So Jumper began to worry and lost his appetite. You know when Jumper loses his appetite there must be something very wrong with him. And he lost all his curiosity, and when Jumper loses both his appetite and curiosity something is very, very wrong. He kept very, very close to the Old Brier-Patch and he grew thin for there was very little to eat in the Old Brier-Patch. Jumper had begun to think that winter wasn't so fine after all.

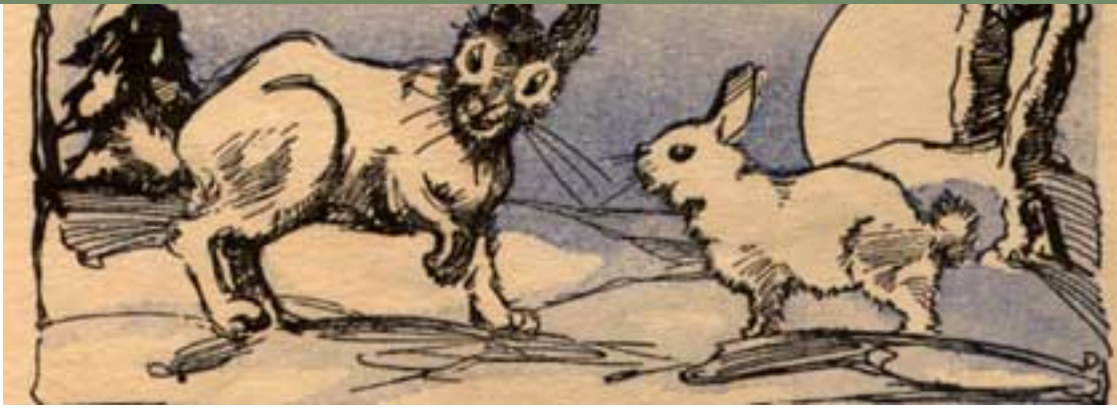
One morning he got ready to start out for his breakfast. As usual he began to brush his clothes, for when he happens to think of it Jumper can be very neat. The back of his coat was quite white and Jumper, supposing that it was snow, brushed and brushed.

"What's the matter with it?" growled Jumper, brushing away as hard as ever he could. But the tail of his coat remained as white as ever, and finally Jumper looked at it more closely. There was no snow on it! The whiteness was in the coat itself! Jumper's big eyes opened wider than ever as a great hope grew and grew. What if his whole coat should turn white? It seemed too much to really hope for.

But Jumper did hope, and every morning the first thing he did was to look at his coat, and every morning it seemed to him that his coat was a little bit whiter. Pretty soon he was sure of it. Then his trousers and his waistcoat began to grow white also, and even his face and long ears. Finally Jumper was so white that when he ran the white patch that he had always worn on the seat of his pants didn't show at all, for, you see, the whole seat of his pants was white, too. And when Jumper sat still all humped up he looked for all the world like nothing but a little mound of snow.

Then did Jumper find once more
That he could hide, just as before,
And Jumper felt his heart grow light
Because his suit was now of white.
He jumped, he hopped, he skipped, he
danced,
And forth once more he gaily pranced.





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Old Roughleg's Eyes Are Fooled



Old Roughleg's Eyes are Fooled

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



OLD ROUGHLEG the Hawk sat on the topmost branch of a tall, dead maple-tree in the middle of the Green Meadows. As far as he could see the world was white, and old Roughleg can see a great distance for his eyes are very sharp. Rough Brother North Wind whooped and shouted across the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest. He snapped off the branches of trees just to show how strong he is, and caught up great handfuls of snow and tossed it in the air and blew it before him with icy breath.

But old Roughleg the Hawk minded him not at all, for he is fierce and strong himself and fears nothing but the dreadful gun of Farmer Brown's boy. So he sat on the top of the dead maple-tree without moving. So still he sat that he seemed a part of the old dead tree itself, but his wonderful, keen eyes never blinked and they never ceased watching the smooth, white blanket that covered the Green Meadows. So sharp were they that it seemed to Danny Meadow Mouse in his warm nest of grass down underneath the snow that they could see right through the snow itself and he shivered at the thought and decided not to take his usual morning exercise in the little tunnels he had made through the snow. You see he had peeped out very early that morning and had seen old Roughleg when he came to the dead maple-tree, and he knew just what old Roughleg was sitting there so still for. He was waiting for his breakfast.

Yes, Sir, that is just what old Roughleg was doing—waiting for his breakfast. He was hungry, was old Roughleg, and the longer he waited the hungrier he grew. But long ago when he was young he had learned to be patient. He had learned that so long as he sat perfectly still, careless little meadow people were apt not to notice him at all, or if they did they soon

themselves and then—why old Roughleg never went hungry for very long.

But this morning he had made up his mind for a particularly good breakfast. He would have Hare—Jumper the Hare. For days and days he had watched Jumper hopping about safe in the protection of the dear Old Brier-Patch. He knew that Jumper often roamed abroad at night and that usually he came back to the Old Brier-Patch before daylight. But this morning Jumper was not yet back. Old Roughleg was sure of it for his sharp eyes had looked through and through the Old Brier-Patch and Jumper was not in any of the places where he usually sat. So old Roughleg chuckled to himself and snapped his cruel hooked beak, which is his way of smacking his lips, and waited and waited.

But the longer he waited the hungrier he grew and the harder it was to be patient. Out on the meadows was a little mound of white, a funny little mound. He wondered what could have made it. "Must be a little bush underneath the snow," thought old Roughleg. By and by he could stand that hungry feeling no longer. "It's of no use," he muttered. "It must be that that Jumper isn't out this morning and I shall have to go hunting for my breakfast, after all."

So he spread his broad wings and sailed out over the meadows, right over that little mound of white, at which he looked sharply as he passed, and finally way out of sight beyond the Green Forest. No sooner was he out of sight than the queer little white mound came to life and stretched.

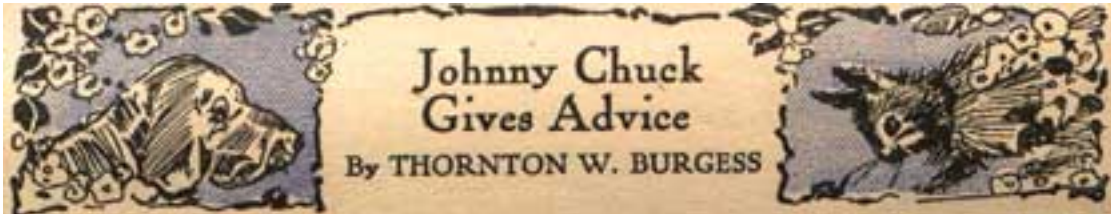
"My, I thought he never would go!" said Jumper the Hare, and scampered over to the Old Brier-Patch where he settled himself for a nap. "This white coat of mine is pretty nice; it fooled the sharp eyes of old Roughleg that time!" he



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Johnny Chuck Gives Advice



GOOD morning, Johnny Chuck." Johnny Chuck looked up. Then he stopped digging and wiped his hands on his overalls. "Good morning, Peter Rabbit," said he.

"What are you doing?" asked Peter.

"Building a new house," replied Johnny Chuck.

Peter Rabbit grinned. "What's the use? Why don't you do as I do, use one of the empty houses someone else has left? There are plenty of them around," said Peter.

Johnny Chuck shook his head. "Not for me, Peter Rabbit, not for me! Most of these empty houses are dirty and have only one door. I wouldn't live in a house with only one door."

"Pooh! you're a 'fraid-cat!" broke in Peter. "What's the good of two doors? You can't use but one at a time. Come on and play."

Johnny Chuck shook his head. "No," said he. "Work first and fun afterward. When I get my house done I'll play all you want to."

Peter Rabbit laughed and then jumped over his own shadow; at least he tried to. "You're a silly, Johnny Chuck; you're a silly!" he said. "This is too fine a day to work."

Johnny Chuck began to dig once more and made the sand fly to make up for lost time. Peter stretched out in the sun and yawned lazily while he watched Johnny. Peter Rabbit is lazy and shiftless. Yes, Sir, Peter certainly is shiftless. By and

by Johnny Chuck stopped to get his breath. Peter looked so comfortable that Johnny was tempted, very much tempted to stretch out beside him. But the new house was a long way from being finished so he just sat down on the doorstep for a few minutes.

"Peter," said he, "What would you do if Bowser the Hound should come along?"

Peter laughed. "I'd lose him in the Old Brier-Patch," said he.

"But suppose you couldn't lose him in the Brier-Patch?"

"Then I would just slip into that old house of Jimmy Skunk's up on the hill," replied Peter.

"But the back door has got a stone over it. I know for I have been up there," said Johnny.

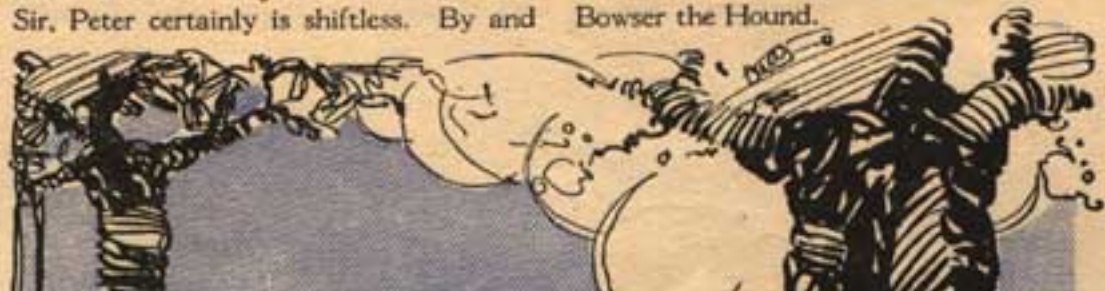
"What difference does that make?" asked Peter. "Bowser the Hound can't get in the front door because it is too small."

"You take my advice and build a house with two doors. You never can tell what may happen," replied Johnny Chuck, once more making the sand fly.

"Pooh! I'm not afraid of Bowser the Hound," boasted Peter. "I wish he'd come along just for some excitement."

"Bow-wow-wow," roared a great voice right behind Peter.

Peter didn't stop to look around or to say "Good-bye," but started for the Old Brier-Patch as fast as his long legs could take him, and right at his heels was Bowser the Hound.

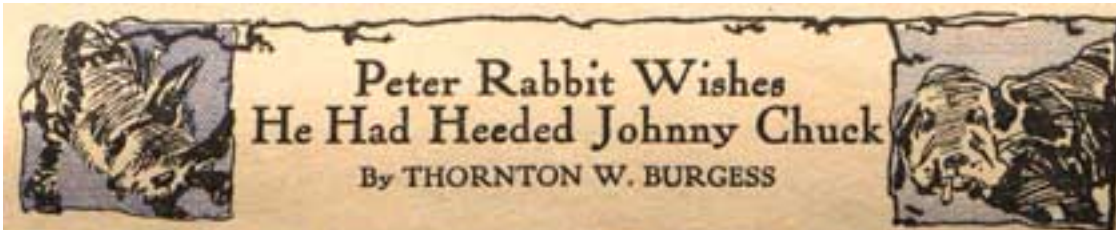




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Peter Rabbit Wishes He Had Heeded Johnny Chuck



PETER RABBIT plunged into the Old Brier-Patch and dodged this way and dodged that way, trying to lose Bowser the Hound. But twist and turn and jump as he would he couldn't fool Bowser the Hound. The friendly briars tried to help Peter. They caught Bowser's tender ears and tore and scratched him until he yelped, but always he kept his nose in the tracks of Peter Rabbit, and where Peter went Bowser followed.

Peter Rabbit began to be worried. He had boasted bravely to Johnny Chuck, but right down in his heart he was very much afraid of Bowser the Hound, and now that he found he couldn't lose Bowser he began to think very hard.

Where could he go for safety? There was Jimmy Skunk's old house on the hill. It was a long way off and he must cross the open meadow, with no friendly briars to hold back Bowser the Hound. Peter peeped out from the Old Brier-Patch and wondered if he could get there before Bowser could catch him. Already he was tired and a little out of breath.

First he would puzzle Bowser all he could. So Peter ran around in circles and jumped this way and jumped that way to mix his tracks all up so that it would take Bowser the Hound a long time to untangle them. Then Peter started for the Lone Little Path up the hill to Jimmy Skunk's old house.

Johnny Chuck, peeping from the door of his own snug new house, saw Peter Rabbit's white tail disappear in the broken

down doorway of Jimmy Skunk's old house and he gave a sigh of relief, for he is very fond of happy-go-lucky, shiftless Peter Rabbit. He would have felt better still, however, if he had not remembered that a big stone closed the back door of Jimmy Skunk's old house.

Late that afternoon Johnny Chuck sat on his doorstep when up limped Peter Rabbit. Such a looking sight as Peter was! His coat was torn and full of burrs and yellow sand. His feet were so sore that he could hardly walk. Peter dropped down on the ground and panted.

"Oh," groaned Peter, "I've had such a narrow escape!"

"Tell me about it," said Johnny Chuck.

Peter hesitated and looked a little confused. "Bowser the Hound tried to dig me out of Jimmy Skunk's old house on the hill," said he.

"And what did you do?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"I tried to get out the back door," said Peter, "and then I remembered the big stone you had told me about. So I had to dig a new back door. Oh dear, my hands are so sore! Anyhow Bowser the Hound dug a big hole for nothing, for all he got was three hairs out of my tail."

Johnny Chuck looked at the funny little bunch of cotton Peter calls a tail, and whistled. "My, but that was a narrow escape!" said he. "Peter Rabbit, you take my advice and build a house with two doors."

Just then someone cried "Thief! thief!" It was Sammy Jay.

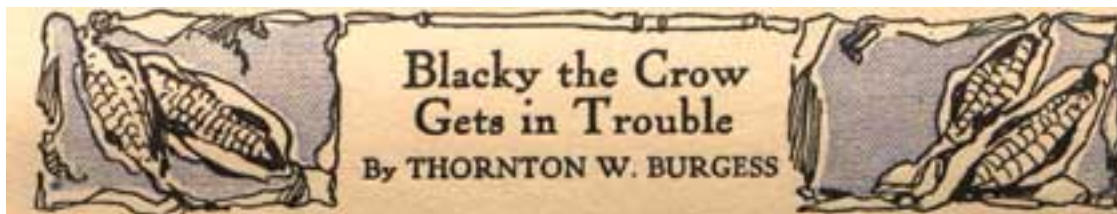




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Blacky The Crow Gets In Trouble



BLACKY THE CROW awoke early in the morning and he was very, very cross. He had had a dreadful night, for Hooty the Owl had given him a terrible fright. He looked very much as he felt, and everyone on the Green Meadows knew that Blacky the Crow was out of sorts. Breakfast was hard to find that morning and this made Blacky crosser still. His temper was so short that none of the little people on the Green Meadows dared speak to him. Finally he met Johnny Chuck coming up the Lone Little Path.

"Good morning," said Johnny Chuck. Blacky just croaked grumpily.

"I've just come from Farmer Brown's cornfield, and his corn is coming up beautifully," said Johnny Chuck.

Blacky the Crow began to smile. "That's the best news I've heard for a long time," said he. Then he shook out his coat, spread his wings and sailed swiftly over towards the cornfield. Just before he reached it he met Jimmy Skunk. Jimmy was poking along slowly, looking for beetles for his breakfast.

"Hello, Blacky," said Jimmy Skunk. "Where are you going?"

"It's none of your business," replied Blacky, for he was still out of sorts.

"That's all right," replied Jimmy Skunk. "I just wanted to say that there is danger over in the cornfield."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Blacky. "I guess I don't need any warning from you, Jimmy Skunk! I am smart enough to take care of myself. When I need your advice I will ask you for it."

Jimmy Skunk chuckled to himself, for Jimmy seldom loses his temper. Then he stopped looking for beetles and ambled over to a secret hiding place behind the fence where he could see all that happened in the cornfield.

Now Blacky the Crow pretended not to care for Jimmy Skunk's advice, but Blacky is very crafty—very, very crafty indeed. First he flew very high, where he could look all over the cornfield. Everything looked safe, then he came down and sat for a long time on a fencepost watching to see if anything would happen. The longer he watched the emptier his stomach seemed. He could see the tender young corn just coming up through the brown earth.

"Jimmy Skunk doesn't know what he is talking about," said Blacky to himself, and then he spread his black wings and sailed over to the greenest spot in the field. My, how good that corn did taste! In five minutes Blacky had forgotten all about danger and was just pulling corn and stuffing himself as fast as ever he could.

Suddenly he felt something clutching at his feet. He tried to take a step and couldn't. What could the matter be? He tugged and fluttered and pulled, but it was no use. Blacky the Crow had been caught in a snare! And over in the fence corner Jimmy Skunk was rolling over and over and holding on to his sides as he watched Blacky the Crow, for Jimmy was tickled almost to pieces to think that the wise bird of the Green Meadows had been so easily fooled.





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Jimmy Skunk Provides A Good Fellow



Jimmy Skunk Proves a Good Fellow

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



JIMMY SKUNK laughed and laughed and laughed until his sides were sore. Johnny Chuck, sitting in his doorway under the apple-tree, saw Jimmy Skunk rolling over and over in the fence corner by Farmer Brown's cornfield, and became so curious that he finally hitched up his trousers and started down the Lone Little Path to find out what it all meant.

"Hi, Jimmy Skunk, what are you laughing at?" shouted Johnny Chuck. Jimmy Skunk stopped laughing long enough to beckon to Johnny Chuck to come over in the fence corner.

"Look over there in the cornfield," said Jimmy Skunk, rubbing his sides, they were so sore from laughing.

Johnny Chuck looked. What do you think he saw? Why, there was Blacky the Crow flopping about helplessly and squalling at the top of his voice, for Blacky was caught in a snare and he was too frightened to think. Johnny Chuck grinned, for Blacky the Crow is not loved by the little people of the Green Meadows. He is such a practical joker and such a tormentor that all the others are delighted to see him in trouble. So Johnny Chuck and Jimmy Skunk just sat and laughed. Then suddenly Johnny Chuck remembered something. He stopped laughing.

"Jimmy Skunk!" he exclaimed, "Farmer Brown's boy is coming down with a gun; I saw him from my doorway."

"What do we care?" replied Jimmy Skunk. "We'll just hide in my old house over yonder, and he will never know anything about it."

"Well, what about Blacky?" asked Johnny Chuck.

Jimmy Skunk grew very sober. "It certainly would serve him right if Farmer Brown's boy should find him there," said he. "But Blacky isn't such a bad fellow, after all. We must do something to help him," he added.

"I don't dare go out there in the middle of that field," said Johnny Chuck. "for it is such a long way from home, and I am afraid that Bowser the Hound would catch me."

"I am not afraid of Bowser the Hound," said Jimmy Skunk, "for Bowser doesn't like my little bag of scent. You stay here and watch, and I'll go see what I can do for Blacky."

So Jimmy Skunk for once in his life hurried. As fast as he could he ran over to where Blacky was still flopping about helplessly. Blacky was caught in a noose.

"Farmer Brown's boy is coming with a gun," said Jimmy Skunk, and grinned maliciously as he saw the fright grow in Blacky's eyes.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" cried Blacky in distress.

"If I were you I would fly away," said Jimmy.

"I can't! I can't!" sobbed Blacky.

"Just try and see," said Jimmy Skunk.

Blacky spread his wings and sure enough he was free, but a long string dangled from one of his feet. Jimmy Skunk had bitten it off close to the stake to which it was tied.

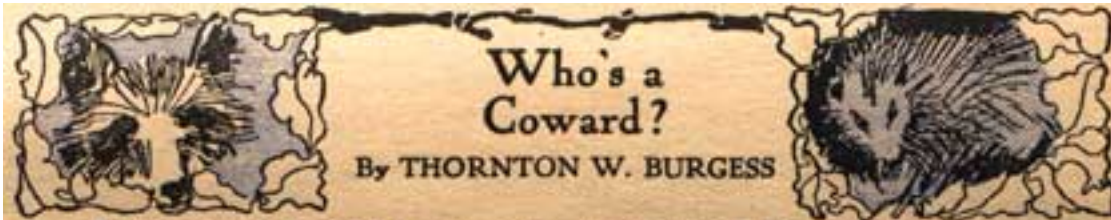




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Who's A Coward?



UNC' BILLY POSSUM had made a lot of friends in the Green Forest and on the Green Meadows. It was getting so that most of his neighbors smiled whenever they saw the rough coated little old fellow coming their way. This was partly because he had learned politeness in his old home way down in "ol' Virginny" and partly because he attended to his own affairs. He never interfered with other people. Sammy Jay, who is quite a dandy, used to make fun of Unc' Billy because he never brushed his hair or kept his coat smooth, and Reddy Fox always sneered at Unc' Billy if he had a chance. But Sammy Jay and Reddy Fox haven't any friends anyway, so this really didn't matter. Nobody paid any attention to him until one day Reddy Fox said that Unc' Billy was a coward. Jimmy Skunk heard him and walked right up in front of Reddy, for though Reddy is much bigger Jimmy isn't the least bit afraid of him.

"What do you know about it?" demanded Jimmy.

"I—I—well what does he hide so all day for?" asked Reddy weakly.

"Because he sleeps days and hunts nights," replied Jimmy. Then he shook his fist in Reddy's face. "He isn't half as much a coward as you are, Reddy Fox!"

"Pooh!" said Reddy. "It's easy enough for you to say that he isn't a coward but he's got to prove it before I'll believe it."

"He probably doesn't care whether you believe it or not," said a voice from a

little way up the hill. Reddy looked up to see Peter Rabbit grinning at him. Now Reddy is quick tempered and he sprang at Peter, but Peter wasn't there. He had ducked into a hole between the roots of a tree and the entrance was too small for Reddy to get in.

"Reddy Fox is fine to see;
Bright his coat is as can be!
But his heart is black, I fear,
So watch out when Reddy's near!"

Peter certainly was saucy and it made Reddy all the angrier to have Jimmy Skunk laugh. But when he heard a cracked little "Tee-he-he," and looked up to see Unc' Billy Possum grinning down at him, Reddy was so mad that he fairly danced up and down.

"Come down here, you coward!" he shouted, shaking his fist at Unc' Billy.

"Who's a coward?" demanded Unc' Billy.

"You are!" shouted Reddy.

Just then there was a patter of feet up on the hill and all looked up to see Bowser the Hound coming from that direction. Unc' Billy grinned.

"Now, Sah, we'll see who's a coward. Yo' alls can run faster than Ah can, but Ah'm going to come down out of this tree right smart and we'll see who dares wait longest for Bowser the Hound!" And suiting the action to the word Unc' Billy dropped out of the tree right beside Reddy Fox.





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What Happened To Unc' Billy Possum



What Happened to Unc' Billy Possum

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



REDDY FOX had called Unc' Billy Possum a coward. Now that is a very dreadful thing to call anyone. No one respects a coward and no one likes a coward. But Unc' Billy Possum had just grinned as he dropped down from the tree beside Reddy Fox and invited Reddy to wait for Bowser the Hound who was coming down the hill. Reddy didn't know what to do. There was Bowser in plain sight and Reddy was afraid, very much afraid. But if he should run before Unc' Billy Possum did, he would prove that *he* was the coward. And of course all the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows would know all about it, for Peter Rabbit and Jimmy Skunk had heard Unc' Billy and at that very minute were watching from safe hiding places.

"Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser the Hound in his deepest voice.

Reddy shivered and began to back away. Unc' Billy just grinned. "What makes yo' alls so uneasy?" he asked.

"Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser again and began to run straight toward them with his mouth wide open.

Reddy could stand it no longer. "I—I—I really would like to stay with you, Mr. Possum, but Granny Fox is waiting for me and I simply cannot stay any longer. Granny wouldn't like it." Reddy shouted the last words over his shoulder as he started for the Green Meadows at the top of his speed.

"Now who's a coward?" shouted Peter Rabbit and Jimmy Skunk together. Reddy Fox gritted his teeth, but he kept right on running. He didn't even turn to see what became of Unc' Billy Possum.

Now when Reddy started to run Unc' Billy might have climbed a tree, but he

didn't. What do you think he did? Why he just fell over in a heap right in front of Bowser the Hound! Jimmy Skunk almost stopped breathing when he saw him fall and Peter Rabbit clasped both hands over his eyes as Bowser the Hound stopped by Unc' Billy Possum. He didn't want to see what was going to happen to Unc' Billy.

Bowser the Hound stopped and sniffed at Unc' Billy. "Who's this? Who's this?" said Bowser, for he had never seen Unc' Billy Possum before.

Unc' Billy lay there just as if he were dead. Yes, Sir, there didn't seem to be any life in Unc' Billy at all. He lay there with his eyes closed and just as limp as a rag. Bowser rolled him over and pulled him this way and pushed him that way, but still Unc' Billy didn't move.

"Huh! Must have frightened him to death," said Bowser. "I'll go on and teach that Reddy Fox a lesson and then I'll come back and take this fellow home to show my master."

So with one more sniff Bowser the Hound started on after Reddy Fox. Peter Rabbit and Jimmy Skunk came out of their hiding places and stood looking down at Unc' Billy.

"Poor old Uncle Billy," said Peter Rabbit and shed a few tears!

"Don't drop salt water all over my nice clothes," said a voice as Peter wiped his eyes.

Peter was so startled that he almost knocked Jimmy Skunk over. There lay Unc' Billy grinning at him and slowly winking one eye.

"Did yo' see me fool him?" asked Unc' Billy as he scrambled to his feet. And to this day Bowser the Hound wonders what became of Unc' Billy Possum.





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Why Jumper The Hare Is Timid



Why Jumper the Hare is Timid

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



JUMPER the Hare had come a long distance to visit his cousin, happy-go-lucky Peter Rabbit. He had come out of the Great Woods of the North, in fact, the very same Great Woods out of which Prickly Porky had come. But the little meadow people and those who live in the Green Forest on the edge of the Green Meadows knew nothing about where he came from nor what kind a place it was. They simply saw that Jumper the Hare, who was twice the size of Peter Rabbit, was twice as timid as he, and everyone knows that Peter has been known to try to run away from his own shadow.

So while everyone was polite to Jumper the Hare, they smiled behind their hands when he passed and called him a coward. He jumped at every shadow and at every little noise. If anyone spoke to him unexpectedly he would jump so that it seemed as if he might really jump right out of his skin. Even Peter Rabbit had to admit that appearances were very much against his cousin—that Jumper seemed very, very much like a coward. Finally Peter told Jumper the Hare what the others thought of him. Jumper just smiled.

"Peter, who are you afraid of?" he asked.

Peter thought for a few minutes. "Farmer Brown's boy when he has a gun, and Granny Fox when I am a long way from the Old Brier-Patch, and old White-tail the Marsh Hawk if there isn't a hiding place handy."

"Is that all?" asked Jumper.

"Yes," said Peter.

"And usually you can see them a long time before they can get near you," said Jumper.

"Yes," replied Peter.

Jumper munched a mouthful of sweet clover. "No wonder you don't understand," said he finally. "Why if that was all I had to be afraid of I wouldn't—why I just wouldn't be afraid, that's all. Now up in the Great Woods where I come from live Mr. Panther and Mr. Wolf, and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Bear and Tufty the Lynx, and each is very fierce and strong. Each would rather eat a fat Hare than anything else under the sun. So while some of them try to catch me by day the others spend their nights looking for me. So I have had to live always ready to jump at the least sound, hiding in dark places most of the time, and with my heart in my mouth whenever I came out into the open. Here on the Green Meadows it is all open and I have not got used to it. Every sound I hear I think is Mr. Wolf or Mr. Fisher stealing up and I jump. No one is a coward, Peter, who runs away from those bigger and stronger than he."

Peter thought it all over. Then he hastened to tell Johnny Chuck. Johnny told Jimmy Skunk and Jimmy passed the story along. But still there were a few who still called Jumper the Hare a coward and one of these was Reddy Fox.

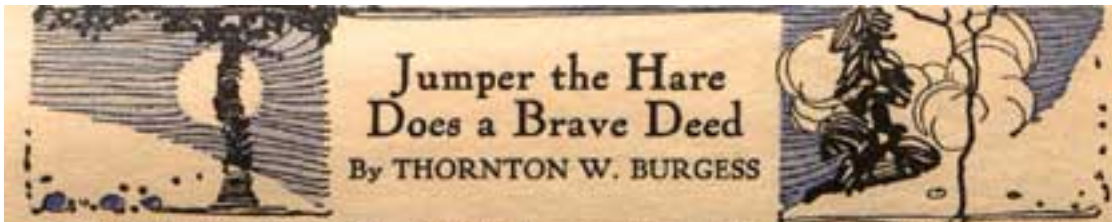




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Jumper The Hare Does A Brave Deed



CARELESS PETER RABBIT! His curiosity had led him so far from the safety of the Old Briar-Patch that it was of no use to him now. He was far, far out on the Green Meadows with not so much as a bush behind which he could hide. He knew that Granny Fox saw him and he was sure from the way that she grinned that she had fully made up her mind to get even with him for the tricks he had played on her.

What should Peter do? There wasn't even an old house for him to dodge into. Peter's heart sank way, way down to his very toes. Of course his long legs would keep him out of reach of Granny Fox for a while, but there was Reddy Fox coming down the Lone Little Path and between the two Peter felt sure he must be caught.

Not very far away was Peter's big cousin, Jumper the Hare. Jumper would be safe anyway, for his legs are so long that not even two Foxes could catch him. But perhaps he didn't know that Granny Fox was out hunting. Peter would warn him.

Thump! Thump! Peter hit the ground hard with his hind legs, for that is the way that Peter Rabbit signals.

Thump! thump! thump! That was Jumper's reply. It meant, "I see her. Come over here."

Peter scurried over as fast as he could and in a few words he told Jumper the Hare of his great fright and of how foolish he had been to get so far away from shelter.

Now everyone on the Green Meadows thought Jumper the Hare a coward

because he jumped nervously at every little sound, so Peter expected to see his big cousin run away as soon as he saw the danger. Instead of that Jumper told Peter to sit right down behind him and keep still. Peter did as he was told, but his heart almost stopped beating, he was so frightened.

Granny Fox grinned wickedly when she saw Peter Rabbit hide behind Jumper the Hare. "Now I wonder what he thinks a coward can do for him?" said she to herself. "Why Jumper the Hare will run the minute I say 'boo' to him."

But Jumper the Hare did not run. He kept right between Peter Rabbit and Granny Fox. Finally Granny Fox lost patience. She showed all her teeth and then she made a rush at Jumper the Hare. The next instant she was flat on her back with all the wind knocked out of her body and Jumper the Hare was sitting looking at her as innocently as if there were no such thing as a terrible kick in those big hind legs of his.

When Granny Fox had regained her breath her temper was worse than before, and she rushed again only to be met by those big hind feet of Jumper's, and be sent sprawling again. Twice more she tried and then she gave it up and started for home so sore that she could hardly walk.

And since that day none of the little meadow people have called Jumper the Hare a coward.





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Whitefoot Grows Suspicious



Whitefoot Grows Suspicious

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



WHITEFOOT the Wood Mouse sat thoughtfully pulling his whiskers. Once or twice he looked behind him uneasily. Very carefully he studied the little wee, wee path that led up to the hollow log where he was making his home at present. Someone had been over that path since he went out for his usual morning walk. He was sure of it. He peeped in at his doorway and sniffed. Someone had been in there too.

"Hello, Whitefoot!" shouted Striped Chipmunk, coming up behind him on tiptoe.

Whitefoot jumped so that he lost his balance and toppled off his doorstep. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Striped Chipmunk. "You must have been asleep. Supposing that I had been Shadow the Weasel, what would have happened to you then?"

Whitefoot grew pale at the very thought. "You—you don't suppose that Shadow the Weasel is anywhere around, do you?" he whispered.

"Don't know," replied Striped Chipmunk. "And I don't care. No, Sir, I don't care, for he doesn't know where my house is. I tell you what it is, Whitefoot, there is nothing like feeling safe. It gives one a good appetite. It certainly does. You take my advice and the next time you build a house you build it where no one will suspect it is. Well, I must skip along now. Look out for Shadow the Weasel."

Whitefoot was more uneasy than ever. He trotted along the wee, wee path which he had made just for his own use and looked for footprints. By and by he

found one and for just a second his heart stopped beating. It was—yes, there could be no mistake, it was the footprint of Shadow the Weasel.

Whitefoot was sure now that Shadow the Weasel had visited his house, and if he had been there once and found no one at home he certainly would come again. You see Shadow the Weasel is a robber and worse. He is feared by all the little people of the Green Meadows and Green Forest and hated by all those who are big enough not to fear him. He is so slim and short of legs that he can slip into almost any hole that little people like Striped Chipmunk or Danny Meadow Mouse or Whitefoot can.

Whitefoot was thinking of this as he sat with his hands folded and wondered what he had best do. It certainly wouldn't do to stay there. Shadow the Weasel might catch him asleep. With a sigh Whitefoot arose and went into his house in the hollow log. He filled his pockets with food and then he started out to look for a new home. And as he slowly traveled he kept thinking of Striped Chipmunk's advice. But how could he build a home so that no one would find it? A sudden noise behind him made him stop to listen. Then he ran up to the branch of a pine-tree from which he could look back to his old home. Someone was just coming out of his doorway. It was—yes, it was Shadow the Weasel!

Whitefoot waited to see no more, but ran as fast as his legs would take him.





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Whitefoot Seeks Advice



Whitefoot Seeks Advice

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



WHITEFOOT the Wood Mouse was tired and frightened and homeless. Early that morning he had been frightened from his home in a hollow log by Shadow the Weasel. He had started out in the world to build a new home and he had walked and walked and walked, but nowhere had he found a place that looked really safe. Whitefoot had not forgotten the advice of Striped Chipmunk to build his house where no one would think of looking for it. But how could he find such a place?

Pretty soon Whitefoot met Johnny Chuck. "Hello!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck in surprise. "Aren't you lost, Whitefoot?"

Whitefoot shook his head. "No," said he. "I'm not lost because I haven't any place to be lost from."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Johnny Chuck.

"I mean that my old home is no longer my home, for Shadow the Weasel has found it and I do not dare go back there. So now I am looking for a place to build a new home. Oh, Johnny Chuck, do you know of any place where no one would think of looking for a home of mine?"

Johnny scratched his head and thought very hard, very hard indeed, for Johnny Chuck is a very obliging little fellow. "No," said he slowly. "I don't believe I do. I tell you what, let's go over and see Grandfather Frog. He is so old and wise that he is sure to know."

Whitefoot agreed, so off they started for the Smiling Pool. Whitefoot had never been there before and he kept close

to Johnny Chuck's coat tails all the way there. They found Grandfather Frog sitting on his big green lily-pad just as usual. He heard them coming through the bulrushes.

"Hello, Johnny Chuck! What brings you down here today?" asked Grandfather Frog.

Johnny Chuck explained Whitefoot's difficulty. Grandfather Frog listened very attentively.

"Now what would you do?" concluded Johnny Chuck.

"Chugarum! How should I know?" replied Grandfather Frog in his deepest and gruffest voice. But all the time there was a twinkle in his big goggly eyes as he watched Whitefoot's face fall.

Just then a foolish green fly came within reach of Grandfather Frog. His big mouth opened wide, the fly disappeared and Grandfather Frog patted his white and yellow waistcoat as if something inside felt very nice indeed.

"It seems to me that if I were in the habit of living in hollow trees or logs and wanted to make a new home where no one would think to look for it, I'd hunt up some old house that is supposed to be deserted and I'd move in and not let anyone know that I was living there," said Grandfather Frog, and as he spoke his eyes were fastened on one of Mrs. Redwing's old nests in the rushes.

Whitefoot saw the nest and a great idea came to him. "Thank you, thank you, Grandfather Frog!" he cried. "I'm going to do just that thing."

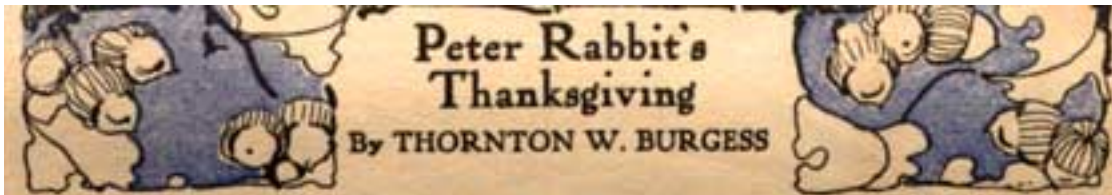




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Peter Rabbit's Thanksgiving



PETER RABBIT sat in the dear Old Brier-Patch, and Peter was out of sorts. Yes, Sir, Peter was feeling quite out of sorts. Here it was Thanksgiving, and if Peter wanted a good dinner he had got to go hunt for it, and it did seem to him as if he ought not to have to hunt for a dinner on Thanksgiving Day. You see he had quite forgotten that it was his own fault. Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Striped Chipmunk and Jerry Muskrat and Paddy the Beaver, even little Danny Meadow Mouse, had plenty because all through the fall they had worked hard and stored away food while Peter had just had a good time. But happy-go-lucky Peter didn't think of this.

"I don't see what I have got to be thankful for," grumbled Peter as he looked out over the bare, brown meadows.

Just then he saw old Roughleg the Hawk sailing over towards the Smiling Pool. It reminded him of the time he had just escaped Roughleg by dodging into the old stonewall. Peter chuckled. "That was the time I fooled him, but I guess if it hadn't been for the old stonewall I wouldn't be here now," thought Peter.

Far over the edge of the Green Forest Peter saw a little spot of red. "There's old Granny Fox," said he, talking to himself. "She won't have Peter Rabbit for her Thanksgiving dinner, that's sure!" Then he chuckled again, for he was thinking of the time when she surprised him out on the Green Meadows and he got away by crawling under a tangle of

barbed wire where she couldn't get at him.

And that set him thinking of other narrow escapes. There was the time that Reddy Fox had chased him into a hollow log. "It's lucky that log was right where it was or he would have caught me," thought Peter. And there was the time he had been caught in a box-trap set by Farmer Brown's boy and Bossy the Cow had come along and kicked it over, setting him free. And there was the time that Bowser the Hound had chased him until he was almost ready to drop and he had found one of Jimmy Skunk's old houses just in time. And there was the time that he had known enough to sit perfectly still when Hooty the Owl came sailing right over him in the moonlight and hadn't seen him. If he had moved so much as one of his long ears it would have been the end of him.

Dear me! Dear me! When he came to think them over it seemed as if there were no end to the narrow escapes he had had. "Why," said Peter, as a sudden thought popped into his head, "I ought to be thankful that I'm alive!"

"Dee, dee, dee, chickadee! Of course you had, Peter Rabbit! Of course you had!" cried a cheery voice right over his head. "Everybody has something to be thankful for."

Peter looked up. There was Tommy Tit the Chickadee. "I guess you are right, Tommy. I *know* you are right," replied Peter. And with that Peter started off happily to hunt for his Thanksgiving dinner.





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Jerry Muskrat's Winter Home



ALL THE TIME that Peter Rabbit and Jumper the Hare and Reddy Fox and old Granny Fox and other little forest people were running about on the beautiful white snow when it was frozen, and through it when it was soft, and all the time that Johnny Chuck and Striped Chipmunk and Grandfather Frog and old Mr. Toad were sleeping the long winter away, Jerry Muskrat was living in a little world of his own. Where was he? Oh, he was right at home in the Smiling Pool.

Jerry thought it was a very nice little world. Perhaps that was because he had done so much himself to make that little world what it was. You know we always enjoy things most when we have done our share to get them. There was his house which he had built in the fall. Jerry was very proud of that house. He spent a great deal of his time curled up in the warm bed in the snug upper bedroom. He didn't care how cold it was outside or how snowy it was or how rough Brother North Wind might blow. He just didn't know anything about it. So he would lie there and dream dreams until he grew hungry, and then he would yawn and stretch and slip down to his doorway and out into the Smiling Pool to dig up a stout lily-root.

It was a queer, dim world down there under the ice of the frozen Smiling Pool, but Jerry liked it. In the first place it wasn't very, very cold one day and ever so much warmer the next day. It was always just the same. Peter Rabbit would have thought it dreadfully cold because, you know, Peter's coat would have wet through. But Jerry Muskrat's

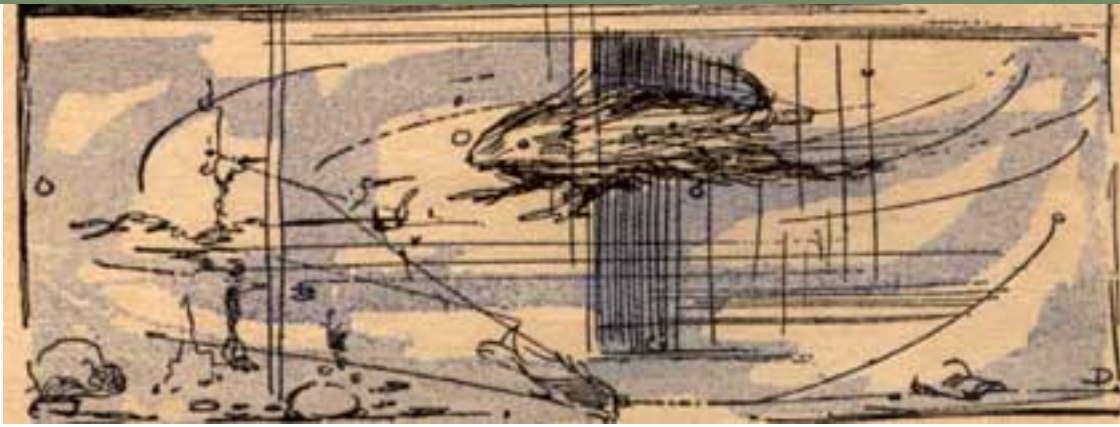
coat was waterproof and very, very warm, so Jerry enjoyed swimming almost as much as he did in summer. Close up under the banks were places where he could get air when he needed it. Best of all he had a secret home way up under the roots of the Big Hickory Tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool. It was warm and snug and dry and no one knew anything about it, not even sharp-eyed Billy Mink. A long tunnel led up to it and Jerry had so carefully hidden the entrance to this that no one had found it yet. He had many tunnels, had Jerry Muskrat, and the opening to this one was so far away from the snug home high in the bank that if you had found it you never, never would have thought that the tunnel could possibly run way, way over to the Big Hickory Tree.

Jerry called that home in the bank his castle. He had food stored there, and if anything should happen to his home in the Smiling Pool he had a place where he could feel perfectly safe.

Let winds blow high or winds blow low,
Come old Jack Frost with ice and snow,
No little bug within a rug
Was never warmer or more snug
Than Jerry Muskrat, for, you know,
He'd everything to make him so.

Yes, Sir, it seemed as if Jerry Muskrat really didn't have a thing to worry about. But everybody has troubles, even Jerry Muskrat. They came to him just when he least expected them and then he was glad, oh, so glad that he had been shrewd enough to build his castle.





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A Stranger Visits Jerry Muskrat's House



A Stranger Visits Jerry Muskrat's House

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



ONE MORNING Jerry Muskrat awoke earlier than usual. You see Jerry was very lazy these days. He had worked very hard in the summer and fall to build his splendid big house in the Smiling Pool and his secret castle under the roots of the Big Hickory Tree, and now that it was winter and the Green Meadows were all white with snow and the Smiling Pool was covered with hard ice, Jerry felt that he had a right to be lazy. So he used to sleep late in the snug, warm bedroom in the upper part of his house in the Smiling Pool. He had stored there a goodly supply of roots of the yellow water lily and so didn't have to get up for breakfast unless he felt like it.

But this particular morning Jerry Muskrat awoke early and for no reason in particular he didn't feel like lying abed. So instead of eating breakfast in bed, like the gentleman of leisure that he could be if he wanted to, he decided to slip out and dig a fresh lily-root and take it over to a snug little place he knew of where there was the nicest little air chamber close under the bank.

He was sitting there munching away on his lily-root and as happy and contented as could be when he saw a brown body moving swiftly through the water in the Smiling Pool. Jerry knew right away what that brown body was. It was a Mink. Jerry dropped his lily-root and stared at the swiftly moving brown body until it had disappeared. It wasn't Billy Mink. He was sure of that, because it was a great deal bigger than Billy Mink. Jerry grew very thoughtful. If it wasn't Billy Mink it must be a stranger and if it was a stranger—Jerry felt that little cold, sinking feeling inside which is fear. You see Jerry knew that sometimes in the winter when food is scarce and Minks grow hungry and fierce, if they are big enough they sometimes kill and eat

going? Jerry wanted to follow and see, but something inside whispered for him to sit still right where he was and wait. So Jerry waited and waited and the longer he waited the greater grew that little cold, sinking feeling inside. By and by Jerry saw that swift moving brown thing coming back. It moved just as swiftly as before and it passed him without seeing him and disappeared in the direction of the Laughing Brook.

Jerry's heart went pit-a-pat-a-pit-a-pat! Oh, so still and hardly breathing Jerry sat. Right inside him grew a feeling that was queer;

Jerry knew that it was something folks call fear.

After a long, long time Jerry felt sure that the stranger had gone away. He drew a long breath and then as fast as he could swim he started for his house. He hurried in at the doorway down under water and scrambled up into his snug, warm bedroom. My, my, my, what a sight! His bed was torn to pieces. His store of fat lily-roots had been pulled this way and that and were scattered all over the remains of his bed. Jerry sniffed once. Then he sniffed again. There was no mistaking that strong smell—it was Mink. The stranger had been to his house and Jerry knew what for. He had expected to find Jerry asleep there and if he had—Jerry shivered at the thought.

"This is no place for me," said Jerry as he sadly looked about at the ruin of his bedroom. "It's a good thing I built that castle under the roots of the Big Hickory Tree and the sooner I get there the better for me!"

And without waiting another minute Jerry Muskrat hurried to the hidden entrance to the long tunnel that led to his secret castle under the roots of the Old Hickory Tree.



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Jerry Muskrat Fights For His Castle



Jerry Muskrat Fights for His Castle

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



JERRY MUSKRAT had not been near his house in the Smiling Pool for a whole week. In fact, he had not been there since that never-to-be-forgotten morning when he had found that a stranger, a big, fierce Mink, had been there while he was out. He thought about his house a great deal. Indeed, he didn't think of much of anything else as he lay snugly curled up in his castle under the roots of the Big Hickory Tree on the bank of the Smiling Pool, his secret castle of which nobody knew.

It was very snug and comfortable, was Jerry Muskrat's secret castle, and Jerry felt very safe there. But it wasn't quite so nice as that dear house he had worked so hard to build and of which he had been so proud. Sometimes Jerry, who had grown very big and strong, felt just like going out and fighting that fierce stranger, who had driven him from his house, but whenever he felt this way a little still voice inside him would repeat an old saying of Grandfather Frog's:

"If you go hunting 'trouble
You'll find trouble right at hand;
It's folks who hunt for trouble
Who bring trouble to the land."

And right down in his heart Jerry knew that big and strong and brave as he felt, the stranger was even bigger and very much quicker and just as brave. So then Jerry would think of another saying of Grandfather Frog's:

"When you knew trouble's hanging 'round
Just you keep out of sight,
And then if trouble finds you out
Just show how you can fight."

So Jerry Muskrat would sigh and snuggle down in his bed and try not to think about his house in the Smiling Pool. But at the end of a week he could stand

a noise, a very little noise somewhere in front of him. Jerry stopped and listened as hard as ever he could. There it was again! Someone had found his secret tunnel and was creeping along as if not quite sure of where it might lead.

Jerry didn't wait to hear any more or to see who his visitor might be. No, Sir, Jerry didn't wait! He just hurried back to his castle and made ready to fight right in his doorway. Did Jerry Muskrat feel afraid? Perhaps he would have if he hadn't felt so angry that anyone should dare to come stealing through his secret tunnel. He was too angry to feel afraid.

Jerry didn't have long to wait. He had hardly made himself ready when there in the tunnel right in front of him appeared a big, strange Mink. His little eyes were red with the desire to kill and his lips were drawn back from his white teeth. But Jerry Muskrat's lips were drawn back, too, and those great long front teeth of his, with which he gnaws, looked so dangerous that the stranger paused. Then he made a spring for Jerry's throat. But Jerry was too quick for him and he had a chance to feel how sharp those long teeth of Jerry's are. There wasn't much room in that tunnel and Jerry so blocked up the doorway to the castle that the stranger had no chance to get in, so that all that the stranger could do was to keep trying to spring at Jerry's throat, and every time he did he felt Jerry's sharp teeth.

Now, if he could have gotten inside where there was room to twist and dodge, this might have been a different story. But there in the tunnel the stranger could do little. But Jerry was quite at home there, and little by little he drove the stranger back and back, clear to the entrance of the tunnel where the stranger turned tail and swam off towards the

it no longer. He felt that he just had to know what was going on in the Smiling Pool. So he started down the long, secret tunnel from his castle to the middle of the Smiling Pool. Half-way there he heard

Laughing Brook, the worst whipped Mink who ever crossed the Smiling Pool.

"And then if trouble finds you out
Just show how you can fight."



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How Christmas Came To The Green Forest



How Christmas Came to the Green Forest

By THORNTON W. BURGESS



IT WAS CHRISTMAS morning. Happy Jack Squirrel sat in his doorway looking out at a white world, for the Green Forest and the Green Meadows were green no longer. You see the snow lay deep over them and even the great pine-trees, which keep their green leaves all through the winter, were white. It was all very beautiful, very beautiful indeed. Everything sparkled and glistened in the rays of jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun.

"Merry Christmas!" roared rough Brother North Wind as he swept past.

Happy Jack shivered and buried his hands in the fur of his waistcoat to keep them warm. The fact is, Happy Jack didn't feel merry a bit. It is hard work to feel merry when one is hungry and there is nothing to eat. And Happy Jack was very hungry that Christmas morning. You see he hadn't had a good meal for several days. The snow that made everything so beautiful had covered deep the nuts he had hidden in the fall, and then the surface of the snow had frozen so hard that he couldn't dig through it. The nuts he had hidden in a hollow tree had been found and stolen by someone. And so Christmas morning found Happy Jack anything but merry.

He knew that there were others no better off than himself. He had heard Chatterer the Red Squirrel scolding and complaining, for all he could find to eat were a few seeds in the pine cones which still clung to the trees. He knew that Peter Rabbit was living on bark, and having hard work to get that because the young tree-trunks were coated with ice. Mrs. Grouse was forced to go up to the Old Orchard for apple buds because there was nothing else to eat. Tommy Tit and Drummer the Woodpecker were almost starving because the ice coated the trees

eggs and grubs of insects, which, you know, are their chief food.

"Well, sitting here won't get me anything to eat," muttered Happy Jack, and started down the tree. Half way down he saw something at the foot of the tree that made him stop and rub his eyes. Could it be? Could it really be? Yes, it was a little heap of nuts and bright yellow corn! In a twinkling he was down and stuffing himself as fast as ever he could. When he could eat no more he started out to look for his cousin, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and when he found him he found that Chatterer had also had a present of nuts and corn.

By and by, along came Peter Rabbit and Peter was feeling very fine. He had a wonderful tale of a pile of cabbage leaves, a carrot and a turnip he had found on the edge of the dear Old Brier-Patch. Then who should come along but Mrs. Grouse, and she told of finding wheat and corn scattered all about one of her favorite hiding-places.

"Dec, dee, dee, chickadee!" Tommy Tit's voice hadn't sounded so merry for days. They hurried to the edge of the Old Orchard. There were Tommy Tit and Drummer stuffing themselves from a great piece of fresh suet tied to one of the old apple-trees. A noise over towards Farmer Brown's house made them all look that way. There on the doorstep stood Farmer Brown's boy and he was smiling as he looked towards the Old Orchard and the Green Forest. "Merry Christmas!" cried Farmer Brown's boy.

Then they knew where all the good things had come from, and though he didn't know it each one wished him the very merriest Christmas he had ever known.

And this is how Christmas came to the Green Forest.



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An Exciting Meeting



OLD GRANNY FOX and Reddy Fox had been paying a visit every evening to the Old Brier-Patch with the hope that they might catch Peter Rabbit or Danny Meadow Mouse outside. But their visits were of no use whatever. Peter and Danny always were safely inside the dear Old Brier-Patch and always on the watch for Granny and Reddy Fox.

"I tell you what it is, Reddy, we must surprise them. We must go over there when they don't expect us and are not looking for us," said Granny Fox as she and Reddy stole back to the Green Forest one evening. "We'll go very early tomorrow morning."

So very early the next morning Granny Fox and Reddy Fox started out for the dear Old Brier-Patch. About the same time some others started for the dear Old Brier-Patch. They were Bowser the Hound and Farmer Brown's boy. Now they were coming from one direction and Granny and Reddy Fox were coming from the opposite direction, so of course the dear Old Brier-Patch lay right between them, and neither party saw the other.

But Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse, peeping out from the Old Brier-Patch had seen Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound coming from one direction and Granny and Reddy Fox coming from the other, and they hugged themselves for joy as they thought of the things that were likely to happen right on the edge of the Old Brier-Patch pretty soon.

Farmer Brown's boy walked just as softly as he knew how right at the heels of Bowser the Hound, for they wanted to surprise Peter Rabbit. Reddy Fox trotted just as softly as he knew how right at the heels of old Granny Fox, for they wanted to surprise Peter Rabbit. And

safe in the dear Old Brier-Patch Peter Rabbit nudged Danny Meadow Mouse and clapped both hands over his mouth to keep from laughing aloud as he watched.

Along one edge of the Old Brier-Patch stole old Granny Fox and Reddy Fox, their minds full of Peter Rabbit. Along the opposite edge of the Old Brier-Patch stole Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound, their minds full of Peter Rabbit. All at the same time they turned the end of the Old Brier-Patch and came face to face.

Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound stared at Granny Fox and Reddy Fox and Granny Fox and Reddy Fox stared at Farmer Brown's boy and Bowser the Hound. For a whole minute no one moved, everybody was so surprised. Then Granny Fox came to her senses and turned like a flash. Of course Reddy was right in her way and of course she knocked him over and fell sprawling herself. Of course Reddy yelled with fright and of course both scrambled to their feet in a twinkling and were running so fast that they looked just like little red streaks against the white snow, nothing more.

Bowser the Hound opened his mouth and with a great roar started after them. But Farmer Brown's boy was so surprised that he just stood and stared foolishly. He quite forgot that he had a gun until it was too late to shoot. And deep in the secretest place in the dear Old Brier-Patch, Peter Rabbit and Danny Meadow Mouse rolled over and over in the snow and laughed until their sides ached as they thought of how funny everybody had looked and how frightened Reddy Fox had been when Granny ran into him.



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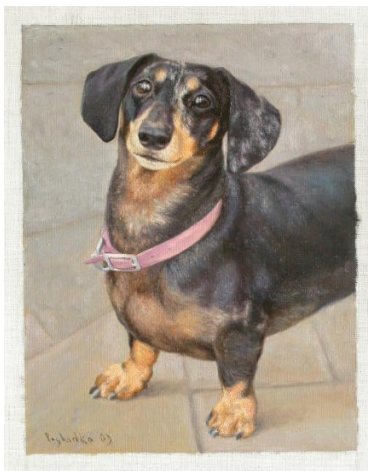
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Old Mother Goose and Her Son Jack

OLD MOTHER GOOSE lived in a cottage with her son Jack. Jack was a very good lad, and although he was not handsome, he was good-tempered and industrious, and this made him better looking than half the other boys. Old Mother Goose carried a long stick, she wore a high-crowned hat and high heeled shoes, and her kerchief was as white as snow. Then there was the Gander that swam in the pond, and the Owl that sat on the wall. So you see they formed a very happy family. But what a fine, strong fellow the Gander was!



Whenever Old Mother Goose wanted to take a journey, she would mount upon his broad, strong back, and away he would fly, and carry her swiftly to any distance.

Now Old Mother Goose thought her Gander often looked sad and lonely; so one day she sent Jack to market to buy the finest Goose he could find. It was early in the morning when he started, and his way lay through a wood. He was not afraid of robbers; so on he

went, with his mother's great clothes-prop over his shoulder. The fresh morning air caused Jack's spirits to rise. He left the road, and plunged into the thick of the wood, where he amused himself by leaping with his clothes-prop till he found he had lost himself. After he had made many attempts to find the path again, he heard a scream. He jumped up and ran boldly towards the spot from which the sound came. Through an opening in the trees he saw a young lady trying to get away from a ruffian who wanted to steal her mantle. With one heavy blow of his staff, Jack sent the thief howling away, and then went back to the young lady, who was lying on the ground, crying.

She soon dried her tears when she found that the robber had made off, and thanked Jack for his help. The young lady told Jack that she was the daughter of the Squire, who lived in the great white house on the hill-top. She knew the path out of the wood quite well, and when they reached the border, she said that Jack must come soon to her father's house, so that he might thank him for his noble conduct. When Jack was left alone, he made the best of his way to the marketplace. He found little trouble in picking out the best Goose, for when he got there he



was very late, and there was but one left. But as it was a prime one, Jack bought it at once,

and keeping to the road, made straight for home. At first the Goose objected to be carried; and then, when she had

walked along slowly and gravely for a short time, she tried to fly away; so Jack seized her in his arms and kept her there till he reached home.

Old Mother Goose was greatly pleased when she saw what a fine bird Jack had bought; and the Gander showed more joy than I can describe. And then they all lived very happily together for a long time. But Jack would often leave off work to dream of the lovely young lady whom he had rescued in the forest, and soon began to sigh all day long. He neglected the garden, cared no more for the Gander, and scarcely even noticed the beautiful Goose. But one morning, as he was walking by the pond, he saw both the Goose and the Gander making a great noise, as though they were in the utmost glee. He went up to them and was surprised to find on the bank a large golden egg. He ran with it to his mother, who said, "Go to market, my son; sell your egg, and you will soon be rich enough to pay a visit to the Squire." So to market Jack went, and sold his golden egg; but the rogue who bought it of him cheated him out of half his due. Then he dressed himself in his finest clothes, and went up to the Squire's house. Two footmen stood at the door, one looking very stout and saucy, and the other sleepy and stupid.

When Jack asked to see the Squire, they laughed at him, and made sport of his fine clothes; but Jack had wit enough to offer each of them a gold piece, when they at once showed him to the Squire's room.

Now the Squire, who was very rich, was also very proud and fat, and scarcely turned his head to notice Jack; but when he showed him his bag of gold, and asked for his daughter to be his bride, the Squire flew into a rage, and ordered his servants to throw him into the horse-pond. But this was not so easy to do, for Jack was strong and active; and then the young lady came out and begged her father to release him. This made Jack more deeply in love with her than ever, and he went

home determined to win her in spite of all. And well did his wonderful Goose aid him in his design. Almost every morning she would lay him a golden egg, and Jack, grown wiser, would no longer sell them at half their value, to the rogue who had before cheated him. So Jack soon grew to be a richer man than the Squire himself. His wealth became known to all the country round, and the Squire at length consented to accept Jack as his son-in-law.

The Old Mother Goose flew away into the woods on the back of her strong Gander, leaving the cottage and the Goose to Jack and his bride, who lived happily ever afterwards.

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The Story of Blue Beard

A LONG time ago, there lived a man who was very rich. He owned vast tracts of land, and lived in a splendid castle, that stood upon a high, steep hill, from whence he could see for miles around.



But this man had the misfortune to be very ill-looking, and had a beard which, from its color, caused him to be called Blue Beard.

Not far from his castle lived a lady who had two very pretty daughters. Blue Beard asked

her for one of them in marriage, leaving it to her to choose which it should be. But both girls, when his offer was reported to them, refused him, not only on account of his beard, but because there were stories afloat that although he had already been married more than once, nobody could tell what had become of his wives.

Blue Beard, thinking, to overcome the objections of the sisters, invited them to make a visit at his castle. They went and spent a week there, during which there were constant feasts and balls. In fact, Blue Beard managed so well that before the end of the week, Fatima, the youngest of the sisters, outgrew her dislike for him, and became his wife.

A month was given up to festivity in honor of the marriage, and the time passed away like a dream. At the end of it, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to leave her for a few weeks, as he had some affairs to attend to in a distant part of the country.

"But my dear Fatima," said he, "you can enjoy

yourself in my absence, in any way that you please. You can give dinners, and invite your friends to visit you, for you are the sole mistress in this castle. Here are the keys to all the rooms in the house. This small key belongs to the Blue Closet, at the end of the long hall, on the ground floor. I give you leave," he continued "to open or do what you like, with all of the castle, except this closet; but this, my dear, you must not enter, nor even put the key into its lock. Now, do not forget, for if you fail to obey me, you must expect the most dreadful punishment."

Fatima promised not to forget, and Blue Beard, after kissing her in a tender manner, stepped into his coach and was driven away.

As soon as he was gone, Fatima sent word to her sister Anne, and to several friends, to come without delay and make her a visit. She also sent a note to her two brothers, both officers in the army, asking them to obtain a leave of absence, and spend a few days with her.



Her brothers wrote to her that they would arrive the next day. So eager, however, were her other friends to see the riches of Blue Beard, that they all came within two hours. They went from room to room, showing fresh wonder and admiration at every new object they beheld.

During the day, Fatima was so busy that she never once thought of the Blue Closet, but when all the guests were gone, she felt a great desire to know what it contained. She took out the key, and went down the stairs that led to it. On reaching the door, she stopped, and began to reason with herself, and her heart failed her, for she knew that she was not doing right. But her desire to know about the closet grew stronger each moment, and at last she put the key into the lock and opened the door.

She walked into the closet a few steps, and there saw a horrible sight. She was in the midst of blood, and hanging around the walls were the bodies of the former wives of Blue Beard whom he had slain.

Fatima trembled like a leaf, and the key slipped from her fingers and fell on the floor. It was some moments before she could recover strength enough to pick it up, and fly from the place.

Observing the key to be stained with blood, she tried to wipe it off, but the blood would not come out. In vain did she try washing and scouring, the blood still remained, for the key was a magic one, the gift of a fairy to Blue Beard.

The next day, Blue Beard suddenly came home, saying that he had received word that there was no need of his making the intended journey. He asked Fatima for his keys, and she gave them to him, all except the one to the Blue Closet. He looked them over, and then asked, "How is it that the key of the Blue Closet is not here?"

"I must have left it in my room," said his wife.

"Bring it to me at once, then," said Blue Beard.

Poor Fatima went to get the key. Before going back with it, she thought she would try once more to wash off the blood-stains. But Blue Beard became tired of waiting for her, and, coming to her room, snatched the key from her hands. He looked at it a moment, and then burst into a terrible rage.

"Pray, madam," said he, "how came this blood to be here?"

"I am sure I do not know," said Fatima, turning very pale.

"You do not know?" said Blue Beard, in a voice like thunder. "I know full well. You have been in the Blue Closet. And since you are so fond of prying into secrets, you shall take up your abode with the ladies you saw there!"

Almost dead with terror, Fatima sank upon her knees and entreated him in the most piteous manner to forgive her. But the cruel Blue Beard, deaf to her cries, drew his sword and bade her prepare for death at once.

She begged that he would at least allow her a short time to pray. "I will give you half an hour," said Blue Beard, in a harsh voice, "and no more." Then he left the room.

As soon as he left her, Fatima ran to her sister, and told her as well as she could for her sobs,

that she had but half an hour to live, and asked her to go to the top of the tower and see if there were no signs of their brothers' coming.

Her sister did so, and the poor trembling girl below cried out from time to time, "Sister Anne, my dear sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?" Her sister always replied "No, I see no one; I see naught but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which is green."

At last they heard the angry voice of Blue Beard, who cried out, "Are you ready? the time is up." Fatima begged for five minutes more, which he, knowing she was wholly at his mercy, granted. Fatima then called again to her sister "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?"



Her sister replied as before, "I see nothing but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which is green."

Quickly the five minutes sped away, and then the voice of Blue Beard was heard calling "Are you ready

yet?"

Again she begged for a brief delay, only two minutes longer. Then she called, "Anne, sister Anne, do you not see some one now?"

"I see," said her sister, "a cloud of dust on the left hand side of the road, not far off."

"Do you think it is our brothers?" said the wife.

"Alas, no, dear sister," said Anne as the cloud of dust drew near; "it is only a flock of sheep."

Once more Blue Beard's voice was heard, and the poor wife begged again for a minute's delay. Then she called out again, for the last time, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming yet?"

Her sister quickly answered, "I see two men on horseback but they are still a great way off."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Fatima, "it must be our brothers. Make every signal in your power, dear sister, for them to lose no time."

Blue Beard now cried out so loudly that his voice shook the whole house. His poor wife came down and knelt at his feet, crying for mercy. Blue Beard seized her by the hair, and was just about to cut off her head, when a noise at the castle gates made him pause. Footsteps were heard coming, and in a few moments Fatima's two brothers rushed in with drawn swords, and, when they saw what Blue Beard was about, quickly put an end, to him.

Fatima had fallen into a faint at the time Blue Beard seized her by the hair, and she lay so pale and lifeless that one would have thought that she was dead too, but she soon recovered her senses, and then she could scarcely believe that she was safe, and that her cruel husband had met the death he so richly merited. But there he lay, stark and cold, and by her side were her sister Anne, and her dear brothers whose coming had saved her from a horrible death.

As Blue Beard had no relations, all his riches went to Fatima. She gave each of her brothers money enough to enable him to live in comfort, and to her sister, who was married shortly afterward, she gave a large dowry. She herself became in due time, the wife of a young nobleman, whose kind treatment soon made her forget Blue Beard's cruelty.

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Rip Van Winkle



*NEAR to the town, in a
cottage small,
Lived RIP VAN
WINKLE, known to all
As a harmless,
drinking, shiftless lout,
Who never would
work, but roamed
about,
Always ready with jest
and song-
Idling, tippling all day
long.*



*"Shame on you, Rip!"
cried the scolding
vrows;
And old men muttered
and knit their brows.
Not so with the boys,
or they would shout,
and follow their hero, Rip, about,
early or late--it was all the same,
they gave him a place in every game.
A ball he was ready to throw or catch;
Marbles, too, he was quite their match;
In many an urchin's face grew bright,
When Rip took hold of his twine and Kite.
So he frittered the time away--
"I'm a natured enough," they all would say.
The village parson heaved a sigh
When in his cups, went reeling by,
Silly and a drunken leer--
His dog Schneider always near.
Fond of his rod and line,
Every day a time, when the day was fine,
He would wander out to some neighb'ring stream,
With his dog, would sit and dream;
An hour, would he dozing wait,
Till the fish that touched his bait.
The gam of his life ran sometimes rough,
And "Vrow" gave him many a cuff,
Never a gentle dame,
A toper, and much to blame.
Rip Van Winkle care
For his home--he was seldom there--
He would drown his cares to drown;
His wife, with her threat'ning frown,
For he was sure to see--
Rip, "is no place for me."
He would never to drink his rum,
Nor be with some red-nosed chum,
But he knew that there
Was a lass and a vacant chair,
Who liked his fun,
And his dog and gun.
It was a sorry life,
But he loved his wife;*

*But he would tittle both day and night,
And she would scold him with all her might
Thus Rip Van Winkle had many a grief,
And up 'mongst the mountains sought relief.*

*For lowering clouds or
a burning sun
He cared but little; his
dog and gun
Were his friends, he
knew; while they were
near*

*He roamed the forests,
and felt no fear.*

*If tired at last, and a
seat he took,*

*And his dog came up
with a hungry look,*

*He had always a crust
or bone to spare,
And Schneider was
certain to get his
share.*



*And then if a squirrel
hanced to stray*

*in range of his gun, he would blaze away,
and he held it too with a steady aim--*

and never was known to miss his game.

And over his ills he would sometimes brood,

and scale the peaks in a gloomy mood;

and once he had climbed to a dizzy height,

and when the sun went down, and the shades of night

came up from the vale, and the pine-trees tall,

and the old gray rocks, and the waterfall

gloomy and dim, and faded away,

and lay, like a pall, on the mountain lay.

For many a mile he had strayed that day,

and in the mountains had lost his way;

and there he must stay through the gloomy night,

and sit and wait for the morning light.

And of the stories, strange and old,

the graybeards down in the village told;

and "said he, "if the tale were true

and heard so oft of a phantom crew,

and the Catskills, all night long,

and revel with wine and song."

And a voice from a neighb'ring hill

cried, "Winkle!" and all was still

and he looked above and he looked below,

and saw nothing but a lonely crow.

And "Winkle!" the voice still cried,

and he skulked to his master's side.

And from a thicket a man came out--

and stout and his body stout,

and a Dutchman in days of yore,

and a sword and buttons before;

and with an iron grip,

and he helped to the gazing Rip.

And he sat at last complied,

and on the mountain side;

and when a thunder-peal

and tremble, Rip would steal.

And he said never a word

and the queer old man was heard.

***Up, up they clambered, until, at last,
The stranger halted. Rip quickly cast
A glance around, and as strange a crew
As ever a mortal man did view
Were playing at nine-pins; at every ball
'Twas fun to see how the pins would fall;
And they rolled and rolled, without speaking a word,
And this was the thunder Rip had heard.***



*Their hats looked odd, each with sugar-loaf crown,
And their eyes were small, and their beards hung down,
While their high-heeled shoes all had peaked toes,
And their legs were covered with blood-red hose;
Their noses were long, like a porker's snout,
And they nodded and winked as they moved about
They tapped the keg, and the liquor flowed,
And up to the brim of each flagon glowed;
And a queer old man made a sign to Rip,
As much as to say, "Will you take a nip?"
Nor did he linger or stop to think,
For Rip was thirsty and wanted a drink.
"I'll risk it," thought he; "it can be no sin;
And it smells like the best of Holland gin;"
So he tipped his cup to a grim old chap,
And drained it; then, for a quiet nap,
He stretched himself on the mossy ground,
And soon was wrapped in a sleep profound.
At last he woke; 'twas a sunny morn,
And the strange old man of the glen was gone:
He saw the young birds flutter and hop,
And an eagle wheeled round the mountain-top;
Then he rubbed his eyes for another sight--
"Surely," said he, "I have slept all night."
"Ie thought of the flagon and nine-pin game;
"Oh! what shall I say to my fiery dame!"
He, faintly faltered; "I know that she
Has a fearful lecture in store for me."
He took up his gun, and strange to say,
The wood had rotted and worn away:
He raised to his feet, and his joints were sore;
"Said he, "I must go to my home once more."
Then, with trembling step, he wandered down,
Amazed, he entered his native town.
The people looked with a wondering stare,*

*For Rip, alas! was a stranger there;
He tottered up to his cottage-door,
But his wife was dead, and could scold no more;
And down at the tavern he sought in vain
For the chums he would never meet again;
He looked, as he passed, at a group of girls
For the laughing eye and the flaxen curls
Of the child he loved as he loved his life,
But she was a thrifty farmer's wife;
And when they met, and her hand he took,
She blushed and gave him a puzzled look;
But she knew her father and kissed his brow,
All covered with marks and wrinkles now;
For Rip Van Winkle was old and gray,
And twenty summers had passed away--
Yes, twenty winters of snow and frost
Had he in his mountain slumber lost;
Yet his love for stories was all the same,
And he often told of the nine-pin game.
But the age was getting a little fast--
The Revolution had come and passed,
And Young America, gathered about,
Received his tales with many a doubt,
Awhile he hobbled about the town;
Then, worn and weary, at last laid down,
For his locks were white and his limbs were sore--
And RIP VAN WINKLE will wake no more.*

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Jack the Giant Killer

(Part 1)

IN the days when King Arthur ruled in Britain, there were many giants in the land--huge, fierce monsters, who kept folks in constant terror. It was at this time that our hero, Jack, was born. He grew up a brave, fearless, little fellow; and before he was ten years old, he had made up his mind to gain a name for himself by ridding the land of some of the giants.



Of all those in Jack's part of the country, no giant was dreaded more than one named Cormoran, who dwelt on a hill called St. Michael's Mount, which rises out of the sea near the coast of Cornwall. He was so tall that when the tide was low, he could walk through the sea from his cave over to Cornwall, and this he did quite often--never going back without carrying along some poor farmer's cattle or sheep.

Jack set his wits to work, and at last thought he had a plan by which he would be able to put an end to the misdeeds of this monster. He took, one evening, a pickaxe and shovel, a lantern, and a horn, and getting on a raft, paddled over to St. Michael's Mount. He went to work at once and dug a deep pit in front of the giant's cave. Next he placed sticks across the top of the pit, and on the sticks spread straw, while over the straw he strewed loose earth until all looked like solid ground.

By this time day had dawned; so Jack stepped back a short distance, and blew a loud blast upon his horn. It awaked Cormoran, who came out to see what it meant, and when he beheld Jack was in a great rage.

"You saucy little imp," said he "just wait a moment, and I'll broil you for my breakfast."

With this he came running to catch Jack; but the pit was right in his way, and the instant he set foot on the earth covering it, the sticks broke, and down he crashed, over his head into it.

"There, Mr. Cormoran," said Jack, "you see it is sometimes a bad thing to be in too much of a hurry for your breakfast."

At this the giant began to make frantic efforts to climb out, so Jack ran up with his pickaxe and gave him a blow

on the head which killed him.



Jack returned home, and when the news spread of what he had done, the people were full of joy, and made a great hero of Jack, giving him the title of **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**; while the Duke of Cornwall made him a present of a sword and belt, upon which, in golden letters, were the words:--

"This is the gallant Cornish man
Who slew the Giant Cormoran."

But this only made Jack crave for more glory; so he started for Wales, where the number of giants was very great indeed. One day, as night fell, he came to a fine large house where he thought he would ask for lodgings. He knocked at the door, and was startled when a giant with two heads came to answer. He was civil, however, and asked Jack in, and gave him his supper and a bed; but Jack did not trust him altogether, and made up his mind not to go to sleep. The giant seemed to have a habit of talking to himself--as would be natural to one having two heads--and presently he began to sing a kind of duet, some of which Jack was able to make out. First, one head sang, in a soft tenor voice:

"Although with me he stays this night,
He shall not see the morning light."

And then the other head growled, in a deep bass:

"For as he lies asleep in bed,
With my trusty club I'll smash his head."

"Oho!" said Jack, "that's your game is it, Mr. Giant? Now for a plan to fool you."

Jack thought a moment, and then went to the fire-place, where he found a log of wood. He put this in his place in the bed, covered it up well, and then crawled under the bed.

In the middle of the night the giant stole into the room with a club in his hands. Drawing near the bed, he raised the club and gave the log of wood a number of terrible whacks. Then, thinking Jack must surely be dead, he

went away.

When Jack appeared in the morning, without a sign of hurt upon him, the giant could hardly believe his eyes.

"How did you sleep?" he asked. "Did anything disturb you during the night?"

"Oh, at one time I thought I felt a rat switch me with his tail," said Jack, "but for the rest, I slept very soundly."

The giant went to get breakfast ready; and while he was away Jack caught sight of a leather bag in a corner of the room. He thought of another trick to play on the giant; so he put the bag under his coat, which was quite loose. The giant brought in two big bowls of porridge, to which he and Jack sat down. The giant took a spoon in each hand, and began to feed both mouths at once, which made his porridge go pretty fast; but not any faster than Jack's did, for he was stowing his away in the bag. The giant was so busy feeding that he did not take much notice of Jack until he had finished his bowl, when he looked up and was greatly surprised to find that the little fellow had emptied his also. While he was still wondering, Jack said:--

"Now I'll show you something strange. I can cut off my head or legs, or any other part of my body, and put them on again a good as ever. Just see this, for instance." And he took a knife and cut the bag, so that all the porridge tumbled out on the floor.

The giant's conceit had already been very much hurt as being outdone by such a little chap as Jack, and now he lost his wits completely. "Ods splutter my nails," said he, "I can do that myself." So he took the knife, and stuck it in where his porridge was--and dropped dead on the floor.

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Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves



THERE once lived in a town in Persia two brothers, one named Cassim, and the other Ali Baba. Cassim had married a rich wife, but Ali Baba was poor, and made his living by cutting wood, which he brought upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day when he was in the forest cutting wood, he saw a troop of horsemen coming toward him. Fearing they might be robbers, he climbed a tree to hide. Near the tree there was a steep bank formed of solid rock. When the horsemen came up Ali Baba counted them and found they were forty in number. They dismounted in front of the rock, and one, who seemed to be captain, said the words, "Open, Sesame," when instantly a door opened in the rock. Then they all passed through, and the door closed after them.

Ali Baba stayed in the tree, and after awhile the door opened again, and the robbers came out. Then the captain closed the door by saying, "Shut, Sesame," and they all rode away.

When they were out of sight Ali Baba came down, and, going up to the rock, said, "Open, Sesame." The door at once opened, and Ali Baba, entering, found himself in a large cave, lighted from a hole in the top, and full of all kinds of treasure--rich silks and carpets, gold and silver ware, and great bags of money. He loaded his three asses with as many of the bags of gold as they could carry; and, after closing the door by saying, "Shut, Sesame," made his way home.

When he got there and told his wife of their good luck she was overjoyed, and wished to count the gold to see how rich they were. "No," said Ali Baba, "that will take too long. I must dig a hole and bury it at once." "You are right," said she, "but at least let us form some idea how much there is. Let me measure it while you dig the hole."

But as she had no measure of her own, she ran to Cassim's wife to borrow one. Now Cassim's wife was very inquisitive, and wished to find out what they were going to use the measure for, so she covered the bottom of it with suet. When Ali Baba's wife had done with it she carried it back, but did not notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the suet. When Cassim's wife saw the gold she wondered greatly--knowing Ali Baba to be so poor--and told her husband about it. He went to Ali Baba, and persuaded him to explain how he had become rich enough to have to measure his money, and when he heard the story, he made up his mind that he, too, would get some of the treasure.



So he started for the forest with a lot of mules the next

morning. He opened the door by saying, "Open, Sesame," and when he went in, it closed after him. He began to pile up bags of gold near the door, but when he was ready to go he found that he had forgotten the magic words which opened it, and before he could recall them, the robbers returned. The moment they caught sight of him they rushed upon him with their swords and killed him, and then cut his body in four quarters and hung them up in the cave.

When night fell, and Cassim had not returned, his wife was greatly alarmed and ran to Ali Baba. He tried to comfort her; but when morning came, and Cassim did not yet appear, he set out for the cave with his three asses. When he reached there, and saw his brother's body, he was struck with horror at the sight, but he quickly wrapped up the pieces and carried them home on one of the asses loading the other two again with gold.

He now wished to get Cassim buried without letting anyone know that he had not died a natural death. Cassim's wife had a slave named Morgiana, who was very quick-witted, and Ali Baba took her into his confidence, and got her to assist him. She went very early in the morning, to an old cobbler named Mustapha, and bribed him to come and stitch the body together,

tying a handkerchief over his eyes as she led him to and from the house, so that he would not know where he had done the work. Then it was given out that Cassim had died, and the funeral was held without betraying the secret of his death.

The customs of the country allowed a man to have more than one wife, and it was also usual when a husband died that his brother should marry his widow. So, in order that he might enjoy his good fortune and live as a man of wealth without causing remarks to be made about his sudden rise in life, Ali Baba married Cassim's widow, who was known to be rich, and went to live in her house.

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The Story of Robinson Crusoe (Part 1)

I WAS born in the city of York, in England, in the year 1632. My father was a man of some wealth, able to give me a good home and send me to school. It was his wish that I should be a lawyer but my head began to be filled very early with thoughts of rambling, and I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. My father gave me strong and earnest counsel against it, but with little effect. One day, being at Hull, I met a school-fellow who was about to sail for London in his father's ship, and he prompted me to go with him, and in an evil hour, without asking God's blessing or my father's, I went on board.

On the way to London, a storm arose, the ship was wrecked, and we barely escaped with our lives. I went on foot to London, where I met with the master of a vessel which traded to the coast of Africa. He took a fancy to me, and offered me a chance to go with him on his voyages, which I gladly accepted.

A great storm came up, and the ship was tossed about for many days, until we did not know where we were. Suddenly we struck a bank of sand, and the sea broke over the ship in such a way that we could not hope to have her hold many moments without breaking into pieces. In this distress we launched a boat. After we had been driven four or five miles, a raging wave struck us so furiously that it upset the boat at once. Though I swam well the waves were so strong that I was dashed against a rock with such force that it left me senseless. But I recovered a little before the waves returned, and, running forward, got to the mainland safely.

Then I began to look about to see if any of my comrades had escaped, but I could see no sign of any of them.

The night coming on, I climbed into a thick, bushy tree to sleep, not knowing but that there might be ravenous beasts there. When I awoke, next morning, the sea was calm, and I could see the ship about a mile from the shore; and when the tide ebbed, I swam out to her. I found that all the provisions were dry, and being very hungry, I filled my pockets with biscuit, and eat as I went about other things; for I saw that I must lose no time in getting ashore all that I could from the ship. I first threw overboard several spare yards and spars. Then I went down the ship's side and tied them



together, and laying a few short pieces of plank upon them, I had a raft strong enough to bear a moderate weight. Next I lowered upon it three seamen's chests, and filed them with provisions. After a long search I found the carpenter's chest, which was a great prize to me. I lowered it upon the raft, and then secured a supply of guns and gunpowder. With this cargo I started for the shore, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in landing it safely.



My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place to stow my goods. I knew not yet where I was, whether on the continent or an island. There was a hill not over a mile away, very steep and high; and I climbed to the top of it, and saw that I was on an island, barren, and as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited.

Every day, for twelve days, I made a trip to the vessel, bringing ashore all that I thought would be useful to me. The night of the twelfth day there was a violent wind, and when I awoke in the morning the ship was nowhere to be seen.

Then I gave my thoughts to providing myself with a safe habitation. I found a little plain, on the side of a hill, whose front towards the plain was very steep, and had in it a hollow place like the door of a cave. Here I resolved to pitch my tent, which I made of sails that I had brought from the ship. Around it I drew a half circle, and drove two rows of piles into the ground, making a kind of fortress. I left no entrance, but used a short ladder to go over the top, and when I was in, lifted it over after me. Then I enlarged the hollow place I have spoken of until I had made quite a cave, which served as a cellar for my house, which I called my castle.

I had found aboard a dog and two cats. I carried the cats ashore on the raft, but as for the dog he swam ashore himself, and was a trusty servant to me for many years. Besides the company of these pets, I had that of a parrot which I caught, and which I taught to speak; and it often gave me much amusement.

I went out every day with my gun to hunt for food. I found that there were goats running wild on the island, and often succeeded in shooting one. But I saw that my ammunition would in time all be gone, and that to have a steady supply of goat's flesh, I must breed them in flocks. So I set a trap to take some alive, and succeeded in catching several. I enclosed a piece of ground for them to run in; and in course of time, had a large flock, which furnished me with all the meat I needed.

I saved the skins of all the creatures I shot, and dried them; and when my clothes were worn out, replaced them with garments made of these. Then, at the expense of a great deal of time and trouble, I made an umbrella, also of skins, which I needed much to keep off both sun and rain.

For a long time I brooded over the idea of making a canoe of the trunk of a tree, as the Indians do, and at last set to work at the task. I cut a large

tree, and spent over three months shaping it into the form of a boat. Then I found it too large to move to the water. I afterwards made a smaller one, and succeeded in launching it, and set out to make a tour around the island in it. But when I had been out three days, such a storm arose that I was near being lost. At last I was able to bring my boat to the shore, in a little cove; and there I left it, and went across the island, on foot, to my castle, not caring to go to sea again in such an unsafe vessel.

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Jack the Giant Killer

(Part 2)

Jack continued his journey, and fell in before long with the son of King Arthur, who had come into Wales to deliver a lovely lady from a magician who held her captive. Jack offered his services and the prince was glad, of course, to accept them.

They came to the castle of a giant who had three heads, and by his own account could whip five hundred men. Jack told the prince to stay behind while he went to ask for lodging. He knocked loudly and the giant roared: "Who is there?" "Only your cousin Jack come with news," was the reply.

The giant, as Jack happened to know, had, so many cousins that he could not keep track of them, so he said: "Well, what news cousin Jack?" "Dreadful news, dear cousin," said Jack. "King Arthur is coming with ten thousand men to kill you."

The giant was really an awful coward; and, if he did have three heads, was not gifted with very much brains. When he heard this news he trembled so that his heads began to knock one another very hard, at which Jack could scarcely help laughing in his face-I should say in his faces.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall I do?" said the giant. "I'll go and hide in the cellar until they are gone. Here are my key-cousin. Lock me in, and let me know when it is safe to come out."

So off he went to hide, and Jack, after he had locked him up, led the prince in. They stayed all night, and in the morning Jack opened the giant's treasure-room, and helped the prince to a good share of the treasure, after which he started him on his way. Then he went and told his "cousin" that the

coast was clear, and took great credit to himself for helping him to escape. The giant was very grateful, and told Jack that he would give him something precious for a reward. He brought forth a coat, a sword, and a pair of shoes, and said: "When you put on the coat no one can so you, the sword will cut through anything, and with the shoes you can run with the speed of the wind."

With the help of these useful articles, Jack and the prince soon found the magician, and overcame him, and set the lady free. The prince led her to his father's court, where he married her; while Jack, for his gallantry, was made a Knight of the Round Table.

But Jack would not be idle while there were any giants left; so he soon set out once more to do battle against them. One day as he passed through a wood he saw a giant dragging a knight and a handsome lady along by their hair. Jack put on his magic coat of darkness, and drawing his sword of sharpness, thrust it into the giant's leg, and gave him such a wound that he fell to the ground, upon which Jack cut his great ugly head off.

The knight and his lady invited Jack to their castle, but he said that before he went he wished to see the giant's den.

"Oh do not go near it!" said the lady. "He has a brother there fiercer and stronger than himself."

But this only made Jack more determined to go. He found the cave easily enough, for the giant was sitting at the mouth of it, with a great spiked club in his hands. Jack ran up and gave him a stab with his sword. The giant could see nobody, but began laying blows all about with his club. Jack easily kept out of the way, and, meanwhile, continued slashing him with his sword until he killed him. Then he cut off his head, and sent it along with his brother's to the king, in a wagon--and a good big wagon-load they made.



Then Jack went to the castle of the knight and the lady. While he was there the news came that Thundel, a savage giant, and a cousin of the two others, was coming to avenge their deaths. Everyone except Jack was filled with terror. He assured them that he would dispose of Thundel, and gave orders that the drawbridge over the moat around the castle should be sawn nearly through, so that it would barely stand, and that a rope with a loop at the end should be made ready. Then, after putting on his shoes of swiftness, he went out to meet the giant. As soon as he came within hearing, Jack began to taunt him, and when the giant started in chase, he ran back to the castle and over the drawbridge, which remained strong enough to support his light weight. But when the giant followed, it crashed beneath him, and down he went in the water. As soon as his head bobbed up, Jack threw the loop of the rope over it, and drew him to the bank and cut his head off.

After spending a few days with the knight and his lady, Jack set out again. He met with an old hermit who told him of a giant named Galligantus, who lived on a hill near by, and whose destruction would be a task worthy of him.

"He is a magician," said he, "and

always goes about with a great owl on his shoulder. He has an enchanted castle, in which he holds captive a number of knights and ladies, whom, by his magic, he has turned into beasts. The means of breaking the enchantment is engraved on the inner doorway of the castle, and may be read by anyone who can pass the outer gates; but these are guarded by two griffins who dart fire from their mouths, and have destroyed all the brave knights who have yet tried to enter. But with your coat of darkness you can safely pass them, and once in, you will easily manage the rest.

Jack promised to do his best, and started the next morning for the top of the mountain. There he saw the two fiery griffins, but as he had on his magical coat he passed between them unhurt. Then he came to the inner doorway, where hung a golden trumpet, under which was written:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

Jack seized it and blew with all his might. It rung out loud and clear, and the doors flew open with a crash. The giant ran trembling to hide when he heard the trumpet, knowing that his enchantments would no longer avail him. But Jack found him, and with his sword of sharpness quickly put an end to him. The captives were all changed back to their own shapes when the trumpet sounded, and now Jack went through the castle and set them free. Among them there was a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a duke, and Jack thought he would see her safely to her father's castle. Upon the way he fell deeply in love with her; and finding that she returned his affection, he asked her father's consent to their marriage, and it was given. King Arthur, for his great services, made him a baron, and gave him estates and a castle, in which he and his fair wife lived long in content and happiness.

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Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

Thieves

(Part 2)

Meanwhile, the robbers had again visited their cave; and finding that the body had been removed, saw that somebody knew their secret, and resolved not to rest till they found out who it was. One of them proposed to go into the town to see if he could find a clue, and the captain allowed him to do so. He fell in, by accident, with old Mustapha, who told him of how he had been hired to sew up a dead body. The robber at once felt that he was on the track of the one he was looking for, so he offered the old man a large piece of gold to show him the house where he had done the sewing. Mustapha explained that his eyes had been covered on the way, but the robber thought that if he were again blindfolded he might remember the turns he had made, and so find the place. They tried this plan. Mustapha walked on and at last stopped before a house which was, indeed, Ali Baba's. The robber marked the door with chalk, and returned to his comrades.



Shortly after, Morgiana came out of the house and saw the mark, and thinking it might mean mischief, she marked two or three doors on each side in the same way.

The robber, in the meantime, had reported his success, and the captain ordered all

to go into the town, separately, and meet together at a certain place, where he would join them. He took the robber who had found the house, and went with him to look at it, and see what had best be done. The robber led him into the street where Ali Baba lived, and when they came to one of the doors which Morgiana had marked, he pointed to it, but the captain noticed that the next house was marked in the same way, and on looking further found five or six more. He saw that they were foiled, and

ordered his men to return to the forest. When they got there, they put to death the robber who they thought had deceived them--a fate which he admitted he deserved for not taking more pains.

Another of the troop then said he would try the task. He went and engaged Mustapha to lead him as he had the first one, and when he stopped at the house, he put a mark with red chalk, in a place where he thought it would not be seen.

But it did not escape the eyes of Morgiana, and she marked the other houses in the same place and manner.

The robbers went to the town as before, but when the captain and the robber came to the street they found that they were baffled again. So all returned, and the second robber was put to death for his failure as the first had been.

Then the captain went himself, and got Mustapha to conduct him in the same way he had the others; but he did not put any mark on the house. Instead, he looked at it so carefully that he would know it when he saw it again. He then sent his men to buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight leather oil-jars, one full of oil and the rest empty. When they had brought them to the cave, he put a man in each of the empty jars, and loaded all the jars on the mules, and set out for the town so as to reach it about dark.

He led his mules through the streets till he reached the house of Ali Baba, to whom he applied for lodging; saying that he was an oil merchant who had just arrived, and could not find a place to stay. Ali Baba was hospitable and allowed him to drive his mules into his yard, where he unloaded them, and set the jars in rows, whispering to his men that when they should hear him throw a stone out of the window, they must come out of the jars, and he would join them. He then went into the house and was shown to a room.



Now it happened that Morgiana needed some

oil, and as it was too late to buy any, she thought she would take a little out of the jars in the yard. So she went out with her oil-pot and drew near one of the jars to help herself, when, to her great surprise, she heard a man's voice within it say, softly, "Is it time?" Startled as she was, she did not lose her presence of mind, but answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went in this way to all of the jars, answering the same until she came, last of all, to the jar of oil.

She at once saw the danger to which her master was exposed, and laid a plan to avert it. She filled a great kettle from the jar of oil, and set it on the fire till the oil was boiling. Then she took it and poured enough into each jar to kill the robber inside. After that she went into the house; and, putting out her light, watched through a window to see what would happen.

She had not waited long before the captain, hearing no one stirring, opened his window and began throwing stones at the jars. But as no movement followed, he became alarmed and stole down into the yard, where he found that all of his men were dead. Full of rage and despair, he climbed over the wall of the yard and made his way off to the cave.

When Morgiana saw him go, she went to bed well pleased to have succeeded in saving her master and his family. The next morning she told Ali Baba of what she had done, and he and one of his servants dug a trench in his garden in which they buried the robbers.

The captain soon laid a plot to be revenged on Ali Baba, whom he now hated worse than ever. First changing his looks as much as he could, he went to the town and rented a warehouse, to which he took a lot of silks and other stuffs, and set up as a merchant under the name of Cogia Hassan.

Now Ali Baba's son was a merchant, and, as it happened, had his warehouse near that of Cogia Hassan; and as Ali Baba often went there, the captain soon discovered their relationship. So he set himself to get into the friendship of the son, and succeeded so well that he was soon invited to Ali Baba's house to dine.

He went, and carried concealed, a dagger with which he intended to kill Ali Baba at the first chance. At the table he took no salt, for among the Persians, even the wickedest think it wrong to kill a man whose salt they have eaten. Morgiana, who was serving, noticed this, and it

caused her to suspect him. On looking at him more closely, she was sure that he was the false oil merchant. She saw his purpose, and thought of a bold scheme to defeat it, and relieve her master of all further danger from him.

She was a fine dancer, and often danced before the guests of Ali Baba; so, after the meal, as Ali Baba and his son and their guest sat smoking, she came to give a performance. She carried a tambourine in one hand, and in the other a dagger, which, in dancing, she pointed playfully at the breast of each as though that were part of the dance. When she was through she went from one to another with her tambourine, according to the custom, and Ali Baba and his son each put in a piece of gold. Then she came to Cogia Hassan, and, while he was reaching his hand to put in a coin, plunged her dagger into his heart, and he fell dead.

Ali Baba cried out with horror; but when Morgiana told him who his guest was, and, opening his garment, showed him the concealed dagger; his feelings changed to joy at his escape, and admiration for Morgiana's shrewdness, courage, and fidelity; and it seemed to him that he could not say nor do enough to thank her.

They soon disposed of the captain's body by burying him in the garden with his comrades, and as the robbers were now all dead, they were free from further danger. After awhile, Ali Baba's son married Morgiana, and they lived long in peace and happiness.

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The Story of Robinson Crusoe (Part 2)

Thus years and years passed away. Although I had, to some extent, become contented with my solitary lot, yet at times a terrible sense of loneliness and desolation would come over me. Many times I would go to the top of a hill where I could look out to sea in hopes of catching sight of a ship. Then I would fancy that, at a vast distance, I spied a sail. I would please myself with the hopes of it, and after looking at it steadily, till I was almost blind, would lose it quite, and sit down and weep like a child, and thus increase my misery by my folly.



But one day I saw a sight which turned my thoughts in a new channel. It was the print of a naked foot upon the sand near the shore. It filled me with fear, for it showed that the island must sometimes be visited by savages.

One morning, going out quite early, I could see the light of a fire about two miles away. I went to the top of the hill and looked in the direction of the fire. I saw that five canoes were drawn up on the shore, while a swarm of naked savages were dancing about the fire. Presently they dragged two poor wretches from the boats. One of them was knocked down at once, and several of the savages set to work to cut him up. They were evidently cannibals, and were going to hold one of their horrible feasts on their captives. The other captive was left standing for a moment, and seeing a chance to escape, started to run. I was greatly alarmed when I saw that he was coming directly toward me, but when I saw that only two pursued him, and that he gained upon them, I made up my mind to help him. When they were near enough, I took a short cut down the hill, and placed myself between pursuers and pursued. Then I advanced on the foremost, and knocked him down with the stock of my gun. The other took his bow and was going to shoot me, when I fired at him and killed him. Then I made signs to the poor runaway to come to me, and he did so in fear and trembling, kneeling at my feet and setting my foot upon his head, as a sign that he was my slave.

I had now a companion, and in a short time I began to teach him to speak to me. First I let him know that his name was to be Friday, for that was the day I saved his life. Then I taught him everything that I thought would make him useful, handy, and helpful. I clothed him in a

suit made of goatskins, and he seemed to be greatly pleased to be dressed like myself.

After some time had passed over, Friday came running to me one morning to say that there was a ship in sight. Welcome as this news was, I thought I would not show myself until I could learn what had brought the ship there, and it was well that I did not. I watched in concealment and saw a boat leave the ship and make for the shore. Eleven men landed, and I saw that three of them were bound as captives. They were laid upon the ground while the rest dispersed about the island. I approached the captives and questioned them, and found they were English, that one was the captain, and the others were the mate and a passenger, and that there had been a mutiny on the ship, and that the men, as a favor, instead of killing them, were going to leave them on the island.



I offered to aid them to recover the ship, and going back to the castle, I brought guns and gave them to them. When the men returned to the boat we shot two, who the captain said were the leaders, and the rest, taken by surprise, yielded to us. The captain made them swear that they would obey him faithfully, and then returned to the ship. Those on board were equally surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and when one of the worst was killed, were glad to return to their duty. Then the captain came back to the island, and told me that the ship and all that he had was at my service, in return for what I had done for him. I told him that all I asked was a free passage for Friday and myself back to England. To this he gladly assented. He provided me with clothing from his own wardrobe, and after I had arranged all my affairs, Friday and I went aboard. Thus, I left the island, twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days after I had landed upon it.

Three days after we set sail, we saw a great fleet of small boats, full of savages, come paddling toward us as if to attack us. I told Friday to go on deck and speak to them in his own language; but he had no sooner spoken than they let fly a cloud of arrows at him, three of which hit him, and the poor fellow fell dead. In a rage, I ordered the ship's guns to be fired into the fleet. Half of the canoes were destroyed, while the rest scoured away so fast that in a short time none of them could be seen. Poor honest Friday we buried in the sea, with all the honor possible. So ended the life of the most grateful, faithful, and affectionate servant that ever man had.

And now there is little more to tell. I arrived safely in England, glad to be back in my old home once more, and desiring nothing but to spend the rest of my days in

peace and quietness.

[< Back to Robinson Crusoe \(part one\) >](#)

[< Well known adventure stories for children >](#)

[< About this site >](#)

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The Beautiful Trees

All about the Palm Trees, Oak Trees, Pine Trees, Willow Trees, Maple Trees and More!

Info about Palm Trees, Oak Trees, Pine Trees and other tree is what this web site is devoted to information about trees. We have information on big trees and small! We hope that this information is useful and always welcome input on how to improve it.

TREES are universal favorites. The Palm Tree sways in the tropics, the mighty Pine Tree towers boldly in winter. The exhilarating verdure of the fruit tree in spring, the grateful shade of the oak tree in summer, the colored variety of the maple tree in autumn, and even the delicate tracery of their branching when exposed, leafless, in winter, endear them not only to the artist and the poet, but to us all. Dwellers in towns, though perhaps familiar with fewer kinds than are those whose lot is thrown amid rural scenes, certainly value trees at least as highly. Their many associations have interests alike for the historian and the moralist, for the student of literature, or of folk-lore or those interested in botany.

Here are lengthy descriptions of some of the most familiar trees. Included are excerpts from the great poets, describing in their own words, these same beautiful trees.

[Acacia Trees](#)
[Alder Trees](#)
[Apple Trees](#)
[Ash Trees](#)
[Aspen Trees](#)
[Beech Trees](#)
[Birch Trees](#)
[Box Trees](#)
[Cherry Trees](#)
[Chestnut Trees](#)
[Cypress Trees](#)
[Elder Trees](#)
[Elm Trees](#)
[Fir Trees](#)
[Hawthorn Trees](#)
[Hazel Trees](#)
[Holly Trees](#)
[Holm Trees](#)
[Hornbeam Trees](#)
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[Spindle Trees](#)
[Spruce Trees](#)
[Sycamore Trees](#)
[Walnut Trees](#)
[Willow Trees](#)
[Weeping Willow Trees](#)
[Witch-Elm tree](#)
[Yew Trees](#)

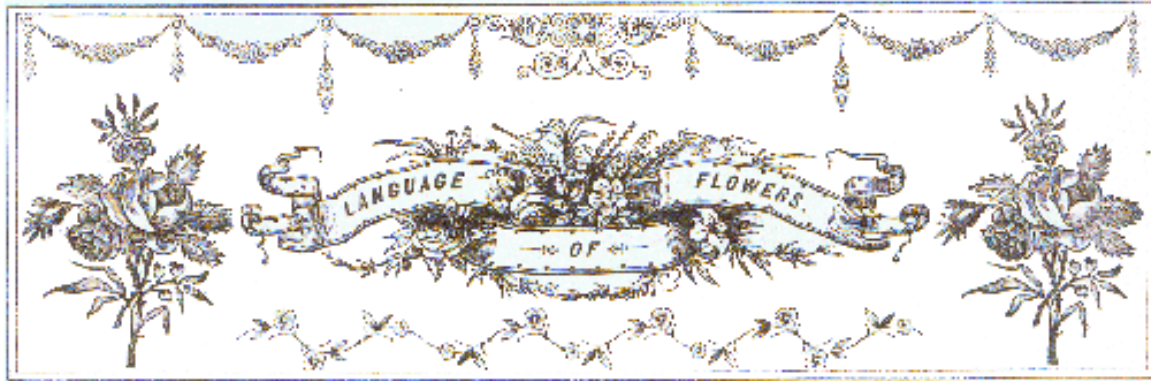
Other Great Tree Sites:

[Wonderland of Trees](#)

[< About this site >](#)

Suggestions for improving our site? Email info@2020site.org

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From time immemorial sentiments of various kinds have been associated with particular flowers, and flowers have been held to denote certain human attributes, or expressions of feeling.

Learn what feelings and emotions different flowers represent...

[Floral Love Letters](#)

[Vocabulary of Floral Sentiments](#)

[Flowers Encyclopedia](#)

[Wedding Flowers](#)

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King Arthur's Legends

King Arthur is one of the most familiar figures of Western lore to ever exist. Literature, art, stage, and screen have all paid tribute to this mysterious figure seen as the saviour-king of Britain.



Many historians believe that Arthur very likely did exist, if not quite as the romantic hero he has become.

Since many of the early Dark Age heroes were real men upon whom mythical ability and position were often thrust by storytellers, it is very likely that Arthur was a Dark Age warrior, perhaps even a petty king or war-leader of the Celts upon whom all the rest of the mythological superstructure was formed.

Here are a selected few of *King Arthur's Legends*.

[The Lady Guinevere](#) | [Establishment of the Round Table](#) | [Lady of the Lake](#)
[Merlin](#) | [Queen Morgana Le Fay](#) | [The Excalibur](#)

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Socrates - A Biography Of Socrates Life

[Biography of Socrates Life](#)

[Personal Characteristics of Socrates](#)

[The Eccentricity of Socrates](#)

[The Accusations Against Socrates](#)

[Socratic Method and Doctrine](#)

[The Socratics \(After Socrates\)](#)

Socrates - Greek philosopher

The ancient Greek philosopher Socrates is best known today through his appearance in the Dialogues of Plato. Socrates left no writings behind him, and indeed was by his principles precluded from dogmatic exposition. The only records we have of the life Socrates are through the previously mentioned Dialogues, and the records and works of Xenophon, a noted Ancient Greek historian. Xenophon having no philosophical views of his own to develop, and no imagination to lead him astray is an excellent witness. Plato, though he understood his master better, is a less trustworthy authority, as he makes Socrates the mouthpiece of his own more advanced and even antagonistic doctrine.

Yet to all appearance *The Apology* is a careful and exact account of Socrates's habits and principles of action; the earlier dialogues, those which are commonly called "Socratic," represent Socrates' method; and if in the later and more important dialogues the doctrine is the doctrine of Plato, echoes of the master's teaching are still discoverable, approving themselves as such by their accord with the Xenophonean testimony. It is in the face of these two principal witnesses that The Life of **Socrates** may be constructed.

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Titian: A Biography of Titian

This biography of Titian covers his childhood, family and works. Tiziano Vecellio, or Vecelli, one of the greatest painters of the world, and in especial the typical representative of the Venetian school, was commonly called during his lifetime “Da Cadore,” from the place of his birth, and has also been designated “Il Divino.”

Titian was not in any sense a Venetian of the lagoons and Adriatic, but was native to a country, and a range of association, perception and observation, of a directly different kind. Venice conquered Friuli at a date not very remote from the birth of Titian; and Cadore, having to choose between Venetian and imperial allegiance, declared for the former. Approaching the castle of Cadore from the village Sotto Castello, one passes on the right a cottage of humble pretensions, inscribed as Titian’s birthplace; the precise locality is named Arsenale. The near mountain, all this range of hills being of dolomite formation, is called Marmarolo.



At the neighboring village of Valle was fought in Titian’s lifetime the battle of Cadore, a Venetian victory which he recorded in a painting. In the 12th century the count of Camino became count also of Cadore. He was called Guecello; and this name descended in 1321 to the podesta (or mayor) of Cadore, of the same stock to which the painter belonged.

Titian, one of a family of four, and son of Gregorio Vecelli, a distinguished councilor and soldier, and of his wife Lucia, was born in 1477. But of late years a subsequent date, 1489-1490, has been suggested, so as to make Titian, at the time of his death, not so singularly long-lived a man. As to this interesting point one should remember that Vasari in one passage (at variance with some others) says that Titian was born in 1480; while Titian himself, writing to Philip II. in 1571, professed to be ninety-five years old.

[Titian - His Childhood](#) | [The Story of Titian](#) | [Titian - His Family](#) | [Titian - His Works](#)

Titian was considered one of the founders of modern day portraiture. [Love Portraits](#) has more information on portrait paintings.

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Trojan Wars

Trojan Wars: The Story

The Story of the Trojan War in mythology is told through passages from Homer's *Illiad* and the works of other classic poets.

The war was waged against Troy by the Greeks and lasted for ten years. The war was caused by the abduction of Helen by Paris.

The war ended with the destruction of Troy.



[The Origin of the Trojan War](#)

[Iphigenia in Aulis](#)

[Protesilaus and Laodamia](#)

[The Trojan War in Homer's Illiad](#)

[The Enlistment of the Gods in the Trojan War](#)

[Agamemnon Calls A Council](#)

[Paris Plays the Champion](#)

[Trojan Battles - The Two Days' Battle](#)

[Neptune Aids the Discouraged Greeks](#)

[The Fall of Troy:](#)

[The End of the Illiad](#)

[The Death of Achilles](#)

[Paris and CEnone](#)

[The "Trojan" Wooden Horse in the War](#)

[The Death of Priam and Results of the Fall](#)

[Achilles and Patroclus in the Trojan War](#)

[The Deaths of Sarpedon and Patroclus](#)

[The Reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles](#)

[The Death of Hector in the Trojan War](#)

[Priam in the Tent of Achilles](#)



Helen Persuaded

*. At length I saw a lady within call,
Stilller than chisel'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.*

*Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
The starlike sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.*

*"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity."*

(From Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*)

[< 2020 Site - Trojan War Parent site >](#)

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History of Opium

Opium is a narcotic drug prepared from the juice of the opium poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, a plant probably indigenous in the south of Europe and western Asia, but now so widely cultivated that its original habitat is uncertain.

The medicinal properties of the juice have been recognized from a very early period. It was known to Theophrastus and appears in his time to have consisted of an extract of the whole plant, since Dioscorides, about A.D. 77, draws a distinction between it and an extract of the entire herb derived from the capsules alone.

From the 1st to the 12th century the opium of Asia Minor appears to have been the only kind known in commerce. In the 13th century opium is mentioned by Simon Januensis, physician to Pope Nicholas IV., while meconium was still in use. In the 16th century opium is mentioned by Pyres (1516) as a production of the kingdom in Bengal, and of Malwai. Its introduction into India appears to have been connected with the spread of Islam. The opium monopoly was the property of the Great Mogul of Persia and was regularly sold. In the 17th century Kaempfer describes the various kinds of opium prepared in Persia, and states that the best sorts were flavoured with spices and called *theriaka*.

These preparations were held in great estimation during the middle ages, and probably supplied to a large extent the place of the pure drug.



Opium Poppy (*Papaver somniferum*)

History of Production by Country & Region

[Turkey](#) | [India](#) | [Europe](#) | [China](#)

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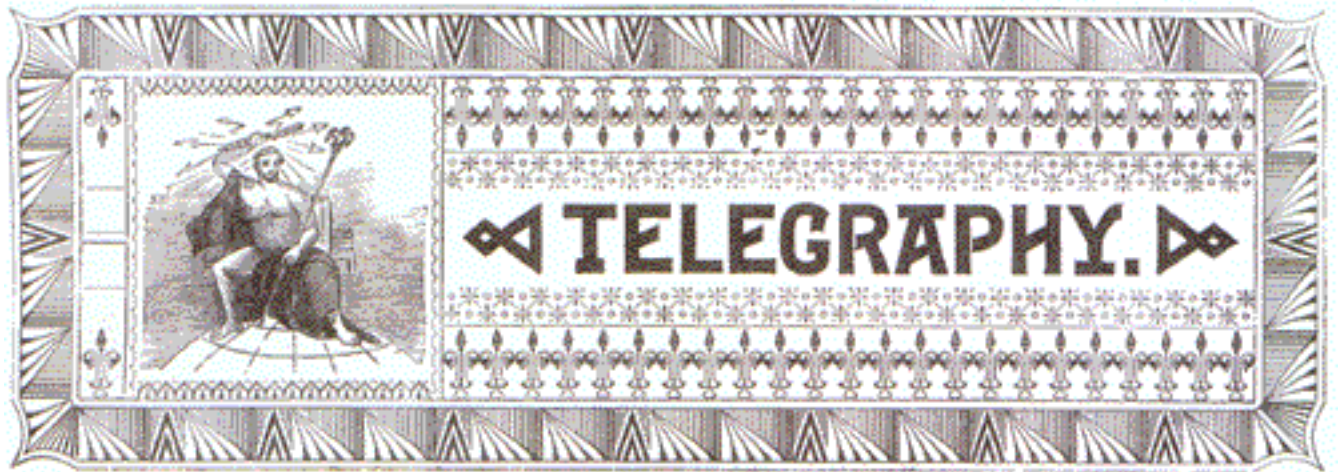
History of the Telegraph

The History of the telegraph is a colorful one. Never before in the history of man had an application of electricity contributed more towards advancing the convenience and comfort of man than the invention of the Electric Telegraph. On May 24, 1844, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the telegraph sent the first message: "What hath God wrought!," and with those words, human communication would forever be changed. The telegraph had the power to convey thoughts with immeasurable rapidity over land and under sea, enabling communication with friends and places in distant lands. For the first time in human history, the merchant, sitting at his desk, was able to quote to his customer the prices of the hour in cities thousands of miles away ; the statesman, pondering over some knotty question of political economy, turned for reference and assistance to speeches and opinions delivered perhaps but a few hours previous by diplomats in another part of the globe. Millions of dollars were invested in lines of telegraph, and thousands of persons were employed in its construction and operation. To circumscribe the power of electricity and the value of the telegraph were to attempt the impossible ; it vanquished thought in speed, annihilated distance, and moved faster than time itself.

[Invention of the Electric Telegraph](#)

[The Morse Telegraph System](#)

[The Science of Telegraphy](#)



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History of Early American Taverns

[Introduction](#)

[The Puritan Ordinary](#)

[Old Time Taverns](#)

[The Tavern Landlord](#)

[Tavern Ways](#)

[Tavern Fares](#)

[Signs and Symbols](#)



The early taverns were not opened wholly for the convenience of travelers; they were for the comfort of the townspeople, for the interchange of news and opinions, the sale of solacing liquors, and the incidental sociability; in fact, the importance of the tavern to its local neighbors was far greater than to travelers.

[Introduction](#) | [The Puritan Ordinary](#) | [Old Time Taverns](#)
| [The Tavern Landlord](#) | [Tavern Ways](#) | [Tavern Fares](#) |
[Signs and Symbols](#)

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History of Alcohol in America

[Introduction](#)

[Rum](#)

[Scotchm](#)

[Flip](#)

[Punch](#)

[Ale](#)

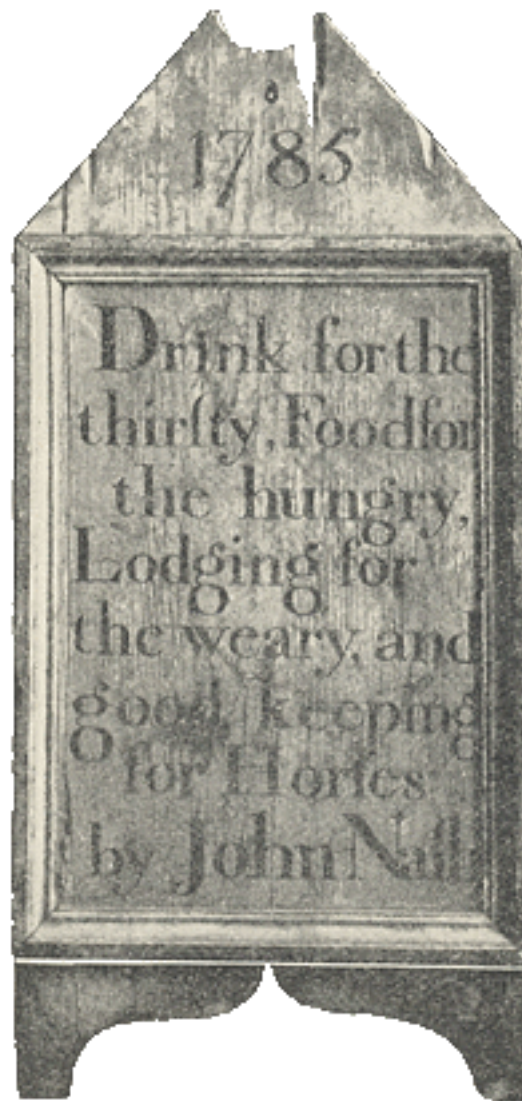
[Cider](#)

[Beverige](#)

[Sack](#)



ANY account of old-time travel by stage-coach and lodging in old-time taverns would be incomplete without frequent reference to that universal accompaniment of travel and tavern sojourn, the most American of comforting stimulants-rum



Drinks:

[Rum](#) | [Scotchm](#) | [Flip](#) | [Punch](#) | [Ale](#) | [Cider](#) |
[Beverige](#) | [Sack](#)

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[More from Pagewise's Food & Drink section](#)

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Acacia Tree



Acacia Tree

FEW exotic trees have been so much discussed, or have undergone such vicissitudes of popularity and neglect as has the species commonly known as the Acacia tree (*Robinia pseud-Acacia*, L.).

Acacia Tree Origins

Originally a native of North America, its seed is said to have been first introduced into Europe either, in 1601, by Jean Robin, herbalist to Henri IV., whose "*Histoire des Plantes*" was published in 1620, or by his son Vespasian, who grew it in the Jardin des Plantes in 1635. Parkinson, in his "*Theatrum Botanicum*" (1640), speaks of it as grown "to an exceeding height" by the elder Tradescant at Lambeth, he having possibly received it direct from Virginia, through his son. This tree was still standing when Sir William

Watson examined the remains of Tradescant's garden in 1749. Evelyn, in his "*Sylva*" (1664), says of it: "By reason of its brittle nature, it does not well resist . . . our high winds; and the roots, which insinuate and run like liquorice under ground, are apt to emaciate the soil, and, therefore, haply not so commendable in our gardens as they would be agreeable for variety of walks and shade. They thrive well in His Majesty's new plantation in St. James's Park." These particular trees were, however, felled before the year 1712. John Ray, the contemporary of Evelyn, mentions the species as growing in Bishop Compton's garden at Fulham; whilst by 1731, as recorded by Philip Miller in his "*Gardener's Dictionary*," it had become common, and was known as ripening seed in this country.



Acacia Tree Uses

It had long been valued as a timber tree in the United States, and in Virginia and New England was used for treenails in shipbuilding, being hard, strong, inelastic, and durable. Much attention was directed to it in Europe for this and other purposes in 1762, in 1786, and at subsequent dates. It was described as suitable for axletrees, cogs, or wedges, as being a good fuel, and even as capable of cultivation as

green forage for cattle; and in 1791 a Mr. Ebenezer Jessup proposed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that ten thousand acres in the New Forest and Forest of Dean should be planted with this tree for the purposes of the navy, stating that he knew posts made of its wood to last from 80 to 100 years.

William Cobbett, while farming on Long Island, between 1817 and 1819, was struck with its utility, and on his return to England brought home some of its seed, which, from 1823, he cultivated on an enormous scale at Kensington and Barnes. He wrote of the tree in terms of the most extravagant eulogy, styling it the "tree of trees," and prophesying that it was destined to speedily replace most of the hard-wood trees in cultivation. Ignoring the fact that the *Robinia* was already well known in England under the name "Acacia," not only to botanists but also to nurserymen, he popularized the American name "Locust," and obtained so large a sale for it, though at a price more than six times its ordinary market value, that he not only imported the seed by tons, but even bought up plants raised from English seed to sell again at fancy prices.

Confused in the 17th century with the Acacias of Egypt and Arabia, which it resembles mainly in foliage and fruit, and by the American colonists with the Carobbean, Locust, or St. John's-bread, of South Europe (*Ceratonia siliqua*), whence its French name, "Carouge des Americans," this tree was named by Linnaeus after its introducer, and in reference to this confusion, *Robinia pseud-Acacia*, the *Robinia*, or False Acacia.

Acacia Tree Family

All three trees belong to the great family *Leguminosae*, the Pea and Bean tribe; but the pea-shaped blossoms of the *Robinia*, which are generally white, as distinguished from the small, many-stamened, yellow,

bottle-brushlike flowers of the true Acacia, have given to the former the popular names of White Acacia, or "Acacia blanc."

Robinia is allied to the Restharrow (Oncnis), and to the Brooms and Laburnums (Cytisus), belonging with them to the section Loteae of the sub-order Papilionaceae. The members of this sub-order take their name from the supposed resemblance of their pea-like blossoms to a butterfly, and are further characterized by having ten stamens in each flower. In the section Lotea the pod-like fruit or "legume," which gives its name to the whole order, is not divided up into joints; and the seed is occupied by an embryo, or young plant, the primary rootlet, or "radicle," of which rests against the edges of its two leaves, or "cotyledons," whilst these cotyledons are themselves flat, and in the process of sprouting or germination rise above ground as the two first foliage-leaves of the plant. In this last respect the seed resembles that of a bean more than that of a pea, in which the cotyledons, remaining within the seed, act merely as storehouses of reserve nutriment, and the next pair of leaves produced are the first to rise above ground.

The genus *Robinia* is distinguished by its pods being flat and being furnished with a projecting flange externally along that margin to which the seeds are attached internally--the margin termed "ventral"--and also by its leaves being made up of several pairs of leaflets with an odd terminal one. The distinctive characteristics of the species known as the False Acacia are its scented flowers, generally white, and hanging in a loose raceme or cluster, like that of the Laburnum, the egg-shaped leaflets, and the pair of prickles at the base of each leaf representing the "stipules." These appendages are very variable in different plants, being often absent altogether or but small and fugacious, represented by large leaf-like structures as in the Pea, or performing

the entire function of the leaves, as in some Vetches.

In some of the true Acacias they are also thorns, but are hollowed out so as to furnish lodgings for tribes of ants, which protect the shrub from other species of the same group of insects who would despoil it of its leaves; but the function of the solid prickles in the False Acacia is not so obvious--not, at least, when the tree is fully grown. From these prickles and its pod-like fruits this species derives its German name, "Schotendorn."

Growing the Acacia Tree

This tree can be raised either from seed, from cuttings, or by grafting; it will grow in any soil that is not too wet, and is a quick-growing but short-lived plant; but the quality of its timber undoubtedly varies according to the character of the soil in which it is grown. It may reach a height of seventy or eighty feet, with a diameter of two, three, or, in Kentucky, as much as four feet; and even in the neighborhood of London it has been known to reach forty feet within ten years, sometimes making shoots eight or ten feet long in a single season.

The wood of the best varieties, when well grown, is hard, strong, and durable, takes a good polish, and is prettily veined with brown. Besides its use in ship-building and for agricultural purposes, it is employed in America for the sills of doors and windows, for cabinet work, and in the making of toys. When quite dry it weighs forty-eight pounds per cubic foot, being, in fact, heavier, harder, stronger, tougher, more rigid, and more elastic than English Oak. Speaking absolutely, however, it is an inelastic wood, to which quality, coupled with its hardness, it owes its value for treenails. Acacia wood is somewhat twisted in its growth, and liable to crack, while the branches break off in a brittle, splintery manner. It must, moreover, be noted that the

good qualities ascribed to this timber belong only to the variety known in America as the Red Locust.

The species has a latitudinal range from Canada to Carolina, and is very variable, especially when grown from seed, no less than sixteen varieties being described by Loudon. Some of these may be geographical races. Among them is one with yellow flowers, three destitute of prickles, and others with the leaves curled or with nearly erect or very pendulous branches; but the most important distinctions are those based on the color of the wood, which may be only the result of differences in soil and climate. Of these there are three varieties recognized in the United States: the Red Locust, with red heart-wood, the most beautiful and durable timber of the three; the Green Locust, with a greenish-yellow center, which is the commonest; and the White Locust, which is the least valuable. It is stated that a post made of Red Locust will outlast two made of the White.

The bark remains smooth for ten or fifteen years, but then becomes longitudinally furrowed--in old trees to a considerable depth. The branches rise slightly when first springing from the nearly cylindrical main stem, but then spread out horizontally, giving off an abundance of secondary branches, which take a similar direction.

The leaves consist of from four to nine pairs of egg-shaped leaflets and a terminal one, in all eight, nine, or twelve inches long, the individual leaflets often exceeding an inch in length. Their late appearance and early fall is one of the chief drawbacks to the planting of the tree for ornamental purposes; but they have the countervailing advantage of being so smooth that the least shower cleans them of what little dirt can adhere to them, so that in the metropolis, or other large towns, they appear fresh and verdant in July and August, when most other foliage has become dull and

soot-begrimed. The leaflets, like those of so many of the *Leguminosa*, close at night or in wet weather in what is termed "sleep," being then folded in a vertical plane, as when in the bud.

It is not to be supposed that much folk-lore should be associated with a tree of such recent introduction into Europe as the Acacia; but it is in connection with its clusters of pure white blossoms that this tree enters into the symbolism of the aborigines of its native land. The North-American Indian presents a blossoming branch of the Acacia to the lady of his choice as a declaration of his love. The botanist describes these blossoms as consisting of five sepals, five petals, ten stamens, and a single carpel. Of the five small green sepals, two at the back of the flower, i.e., nearest to the main stalk of the inflorescence, support the large, upright petal known as the "vexillum," or standard. At the sides are the smaller wings, and below are the remaining two petals, which in their partial union suggest the keel of a boat, and are, therefore, known technically by that name. This arrangement of the petals, which are elaborately molded over one another at their bases, and that of the ten stamens--the nine lower ones united into a tubular investment to the ovary, while the uppermost one is unattached--is, no doubt, connected, as is the honey and the perfume, with the visits of insects, to secure at least an occasional cross-pollination. In San Domingo an excellent liqueur is prepared from the blossoms. The flowers are succeeded by pods, about three inches long, each containing from five to six brownish black seeds, which ripen readily in this country.

Acacia Tree Enemies

The tree has but few enemies, though in America its timber sometimes suffers considerably from the ravages of a larva (*Cossus robiniae*) allied to our

own goat-moth. Hares and rabbits devour the bark when young, and cattle are fond of the leaves, which they manage to eat, when within reach, in spite of the prickly stipules. The Acacia will not, however, serve as a cover for game, being intolerant either of shade or of the drip of other trees. Its moist, quick-growing sap-wood and succulent foliage, however, have caused the Acacia to be strongly recommended for the planting of railway embankments in forest areas, so as to intercept the sparks before they can spread to more inflammable timber-trees, such as the firs.

Though it becomes straggling from a habit of dying piecemeal when by no means an old tree, the airy lightness of its sprays of pure green foliage certainly renders the Acacia one of the most desirable of town trees.

Acacia Tree Pictures:

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Alder Tree

(Alnus glutinosa)

THE small order of catkin-bearing trees, the *Betulaceae*, includes only the two genera *Betula*, the Birches, and *Alnus*, the Alders. These are mainly distinguished by the character that, whilst in the Birch the scales constituting the fruit-bearing catkin are thin, and fall off simultaneously with the fruit itself, in the Alders these scales become thick and woody, and remain on the tree as a minute cone after the fruits have been discharged.



The few species constituting the genus *Alnus* are shrubs or trees, seldom reaching a large size, and range from Japan through Asia, to the north of the Himalayas, throughout Europe, North Africa, and North America, and along

the Andes into Chili; and one representative of the group is confined to the Old World. Its distinctive feature is its leaves, which are roundish, with a wedge-shaped base, a wavy and slightly-toothed margin, and a short stalk, whilst they are hairy and glutinous when young--whence the specific name, *A. glutinosa*--and glossily dark olive green on both surfaces later on.

Though it may grow to a tree of considerable size, even reaching a height of seventy feet, and more than nine feet in girth, it does not usually exceed thirty or forty feet in height, or six feet in circumference, and is so commonly treated as coppice that it is most familiar to us in rounded clumps of a bushy habit, with several stems, none of

which exceed half that size. Then it is that what beauty it possesses is revealed, as it grows, either with Willows or isolated, on the banks of streams in our midland or northern counties. Gilpin indeed speaks of it as growing in perfection on the banks of the Mole; but there are far finer specimens by many more northern streams. "He who would see the Alder in perfection," he writes, "must follow the banks of the Mole, in Surrey, through the sweet vales of Dorking and Mickleham, into the groves of Esher. The Mole, indeed, is far from being a beautiful river: it is a quiet and sluggish stream; but what beauty it has it owes greatly to the Alder, which everywhere fringes its meadows, and in many places forms very pleasing scenes, especially in the vale between Box Hill and the high grounds of Norbury Park."

In such situations our attention has often been called to the beauty of its rich masses of foliage as they overhang the golden beds of marsh-marigolds, or, later in the year, the foamy banks of meadow-sweet and the gorgeous magenta spikes of the loose-strife. Like all water-side plants, it retains its leaves longer than the deciduous trees of dry situations, keeping them sometimes until January; and, as they do not change color in autumn, its verdure is pleasing, even though the rigidity of its branches detracts from its gracefulness. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder justly supplements Gilpin's remarks with the observation that the Alder is as often associated with the more rugged scenery of the glens and ravines of Scotland, where it grows at an altitude of 1,600 feet, as with that of the tranquil alluvial vales of England. Some of the most striking individual trees, indeed, known to the present writer are some gnarled, crooked, and round-headed standard specimens, of no very exceptional size, in a mountain glen among the ancient Scots firs of the forest of Ballochbuie, near Balmoral.

Though it certainly flourishes best where its main roots are some little height above the water, the Alder is more tolerant of stagnant water around it than any other European tree; and from the dense



mass of rootlets which it puts out in such situations, no tree is so well adapted for holding together the banks of rivers.

The bark of the larger stems is nearly black, and is full of clefts, as was noticed by Virgil in the passage which Dryden renders--

*"As Alders in the spring the boles extend,
And heave so fiercely that their bark they rend."*

Nor is there anything noticeable in the appearance of the ascending branches, so that, when leafless, the tree is not attractive. We may console ourselves, however, even amidst the comparative absence of beauty in the season of bare boughs; for if the grouping of branches is not beautiful in itself it is almost sure to appear so when the tracery of Nature's solid beamwork, and of her delicate lacework of twigs, is crystallized with hoar-frost. When, too, we see how our exotic evergreens suffer from the cold, and how the Yew-trees on the North Downs are bent towards the east by the westerly gales of autumn and winter, we can appreciate the provision of Nature by which the trees of the colder temperate regions are, as a rule, deciduous.

When in autumn the Alder-swamps are strewn with the newly-felled stems it will be seen that the live

wood of the tree is white, but that it becomes red, as if with blood, where it is cut, and afterwards fades to a permanent pale pink. It is soft, with short fibres, giving it a homogeneous texture, and of moderate density, and is of exceptional durability if kept either perfectly dry or under water. It was used by the ancients for boats, possibly "dug-out" canoes; and Virgil stating that this tree formed the first material so employed, Professor Martyn suggests that a hollow Alder, falling into the stream on the banks of which it grew, may have given to man the first idea of a boat. Both Pliny and Vitruvius mention its employment for piles, the former also stating that it was used for water-pipes and for protecting river-banks, and the latter that the city of Ravenna was founded upon piles of its wood.

According to Evelyn, the celebrated bridge of the Rialto at Venice was similarly founded; and even down to the present day Alder-wood is used for piles in Holland. It loses about a third of its weight and a twelfth of its bulk in drying, but does not warp subsequently, so that it is suitable for turnery, carving, cabinet-making, clogs, sabots, and wooden platters. It has also been largely used for the staves of herring-barrels, and from its softness, which prevents it from splitting, it is recommended for wheel-barrows and stone-carts. Old trees with wood full of knots, when cut into planks, have all the beauty of the curled maple, with the color, though not the grain, density, nor luster of mahogany. The wood is, however, liable to the attacks of the larva of a small beetle, for which reason sabots made of this wood in France are hardened by smoking. It is also recommended to immerse Alder logs for some months in peat, to which lime has been added, and to varnish any furniture made from them. Being rich in tannin, the wood, if left long in peat, becomes as black as ebony, and when newly felled it takes a stain readily, so as sometimes to be used as a substitute for that wood; but it is far too soft to admit of the lustrous polish of so exceptionally dense a timber.

As fuel the Alder is far inferior in heating power to the Beech, but for this reason is useful for purposes where a slow heat is wanted. By far the chief use of the tree at the present day is for gunpowder-charcoal, for which purpose it is grown to a considerable extent, being only inferior to the Alder Buckthorn--the so-called "Dog-wood"--(*Rhamnus Frangula*) and to the White Willow (*Salix alba*). It is treated as coppice, and cut down every five or six years. The branches, which should be about four inches in diameter, are somewhat triangular in section, which gives a

characteristic form to their small pith. The charcoal of the Alder is used for powder for heavy ordnance, or for the commoner commercial kinds.

The Alder is one of the woods which has of late been to some extent employed for paper-making. A ton of green wood yields three hundredweight of fiber, which bleaches fairly well, so as to be suitable for paper of various qualities.

From the time of Theophrastus the bark of the young shoots has been used for dyeing and tanning leather. When these shoots are less than a third of an inch in diameter their bark yields no less than sixteen per cent. of tannin. They produce red, brown, or yellow dyes if used alone, and black on the addition of copperas. The natives of Lapland are stated to use the Alder as a dye for their leathern garments, chewing its bark, and then employing their saliva, which becomes red in the process.

As final recommendations of the planting of this somewhat neglected tree in our swampy meadows, it may be mentioned that its boughs, from their durability in water, are especially suitable for filling in drains in wet land, and that it is exceptional in not in any degree injuring the grass that grows beneath it, either by its shade or by its fallen leaves. This last characteristic is alluded to by Browne in "Britannia's Pastorals," where he writes--

*"The Alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him, long flourisheth."*

As in the allied Birch, the male and female catkins are in the Alder on the same tree. They appear before the leaves, the male ones being visible in autumn and the female ones being often conspicuous among the dark branches in March, whilst the leaves do not appear till the end of April or the first half of May. The male catkins are from two to four inches long, and of a dark red color, from the shield-like scales which protect the anthers and their pollen from rain and premature winds; whilst those bearing the female flowers are seldom an inch in length, and resemble miniature fir-cones of a reddish-brown hue. When the small winged fruits have been ripened and set free, the woody bracts hanging in catkins on the bare boughs still more forcibly suggest this resemblance.

The Alder can be reproduced either by layers, or by large cuttings, or "truncheons," two or three feet long. These it is recommended to leave during a winter and spring with their ends in water before planting. The tree is, however, preferably multiplied

by seed. The cones should be gathered in dry weather, when their scales are beginning to open; and the seeds are best sown in November or December, in soil not exceptionally moist, and kept covered with pine needles, or other light dry litter, until April, when the seedlings will be fairly up. These may be transplanted in the nursery when a year old, and planted out at two years old.

The glossiness of its foliage gives the chief value to the Alder in a landscape. Folded in the bud like a fan, and enclosed by two pale-colored "stipules," the leaves are at first hairy, as well as glutinous. They can thus shoot off moisture that might induce decay in the buds, or subject them to the action of frost. By retaining their hairiness for some time the young leaves may also derive some advantage from the traces of ammonia in the dew; but when their cells become choked with the waste products of their digestive processes the now darker leaves become smooth. At all times they somewhat resemble those of the Beech, but are duller and darker in hue. In fact, the dark green of the tree and its compact growth in rounded masses render it somber and heavy when the sun is not on it. The cut-leaved variety gains considerably in lightness; but, though there are many trees more valuable and more beautiful, there is yet an undeniable charm belonging to the glossy clumps of the ordinary form. When we see it overhanging some stream or pool, contrasting with the blue-gray of the iris or the reed-mace, or with the gay flowers of the water-crowfoot or arrowhead, while the dab-chick or the water-vole find a home among its roots, or a temporary shelter beneath its boughs, the Alder forms by no means an unpleasing foil to its gay surroundings.

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Apple Tree

(*Pyrus Malus*)



AMONG fruit-trees, the Apple is perhaps more characteristic of the north temperate zone than is any other. The whole genus of rosaceous plants to which it belongs, known by the Latin name of the pear, *Pyrus*, is confined, in a wild state, to the temperate and cold parts of the northern hemisphere, though Apples are now cultivated at the Cape, in Australia, and in New Zealand. The Apple species cannot be grown within the tropics or north of the Arctic Circle; but it rejoices in the dry climate and warm summers of Canada and the United States, and thus the white and pink blossoms of this tree and of its allies, the pears, services, and rowans, brightening the spring landscape in woodland and hedgerow when bare of leaves, are a peculiar glory of our latitudes.

The Apple stands possesses a colored corolla, the greater number of arboreal flora have inconspicuous flowers without any corolla at all, and the rest, such as cherry, hawthorn, thorn, elder, and guelder-rose, are of so pure a white that we often feel in spring as though we had returned to the sight of winter's snows. As the fruit par excellence of the Teutonic area, the Apple has appropriated as its popular name what was once a common Germanic term for fruit of any kind, *Appfel* being once *apl*, and often *apulder*, connected with "maple" and "mapulder," and being still extended to many totally different

fruit-bearing plants, such as thorn-apples and love-apples. The Anglo-Saxon name for the blackberry, for instance, was the bramble-apple; and that rare old traveler, Sir John Mandeville, speaking of the cedars of Lebanon, says, "they beren longe Apples, and als grete as a man's heved." Though both Apples and apples of gold are spoken of in several parts of the Bible, the tree now so called is believed not to have been cultivated by the Hebrews, the citron or some other fruit being referred to.

The Apple seldom occurs of a large size in a wild state in England, and is often exposed to the indignity of being cut down with the hedgerow. In our orchards the short stems slope in every direction, not being rooted in the ground with sufficient firmness to resist being blown to one side by the gale--an accident to which they are rendered more liable by the custom of cutting off the tap-roots to facilitate transplanting. Where the soil is poor or badly drained, or the trees are crowded, the bark is often lichen-covered, and the gnarled and knotted branches are the chief habitat, or "host," as the botanists facetiously term it, of that unwelcome guest, the mistletoe. This parasite grows as freely upon the crab-apple as on the cultivated varieties, and preying on the life-fluids of the tree, is able to maintain its own verdure all the year round, whilst it is not infrequently absolutely fatal to young Apple-trees in our western orchard counties.

Like the wild plum, the wild Apple has its branches frequently armed with thorns, and the wood of the crab is used to some extent in turnery, a crab-tree cudgel being proverbial for its hardness.



There are generally three principal branches, which spring from the trunk at an angle of from ninety to a hundred and twenty degrees, so as to produce a habit more spreading than that of the pear; and the

subsequent branches and twigs spread out from one another at angles slightly exceeding a right angle, giving the tree an irregularly rounded head which is so characteristic as to be recognizable at a distance.

The leaves make their appearance rather before the flowers, which do not generally open before May, by which time the pear has generally lost its blossoms and completed the growth of its foliage. The leaves of the Apple have at first a brownish tinge, and though individually pretty, are not effective among the flowers, whilst they subsequently become a dull darkish green, which has not much beauty. They are oblong and rounded, with an abrupt point--"acuminate," as it is technically termed--not egg-shaped and tapering gradually--"acute"--as are those of the pear.

Far beyond the pale white beauty of the pear-blossom, however, which seems cold in the yet early spring, is that of the delicately blushing, rosy and white-streaked, round buds of the Apple. Even in May, that time of flowers, when--

*"The meadow by the river seems a sea
Of liquid silver with the cuckoo-flowers"--*

that season of marsh-marigolds and cowslips, of wild hyacinths and purple orchids, of the horse-chestnut, the lilac, and the guelder-rose, of paeonies and tulips--there is no more beautiful sight than far-stretching orchards. In the exquisite folding of the petals in each short-stalked flower over its golden heart of stamens, we have a bloom far more

becoming to a bride than the ivory pallor of the exotic orange-flower. When we look for the deeper meaning of, and reason for all this lavished beauty, we must confess ourselves as yet to be much at a loss. The succession of variously-hued flowers as spring advances into summer, and summer into autumn (so that blue flowers, as a rule, precede white ones, whilst these in their turn open before the purple, yellow, and red blossoms of the summer), would seem to be due in some imperfectly explained manner to the increasing intensity of the sun's light as it travels northward from the winter to the summer solstice.

In the Apple-blossom the stigmas are, as a rule, mature before the pollen is ripe, a condition known technically as "proterogynous," so that self-fertilization cannot usually take place in this species; and by their beauty and their abundant honey the flowers attract many kinds of bees and other insects. We have yet much to learn, however, as to the individual tastes in color of the various insects, and as to whether we can connect in any way, by the theory of sexual selection, their own coloring with that of the flowers they frequent. With regard to the plant, the advantage to the species of an occasional cross has been conclusively shown.

The wealth of beauty of the Apple in flower, whether massed together in our orchards, or happened upon as a pleasing surprise in a hedgerow, or "deep in the thicket of some wood," is succeeded by another charm, perhaps not equal, but at least not despicable--that of the tree in fruit. In the wild state crab-apples are mostly of a deep red tint, as that accurate observer the poet Clare describes them:--

"Crabs sun-reddened with a tempting cheek."

There would seem, however, to be more than one variety in this respect, since crabs are occasionally found of a pure golden yellow, reminding us of Phillips' "Pippin burnish'd o'er with gold."

Whatever its form in other respects, the Apple is easily distinguished from the pear by its "umbilicus," or depression at the base to receive the stalk. Its rounded outline, with one side perchance "sun-reddened," has often caused it to suggest the plump and rosy cheeks of an English maiden; but when we ask the *raison d'etre* of this rosy-cheeked, succulent and juicy fruit, we are again met by some of the most interesting problems of modern botany. The act of fertilization or impregnation seems to have an effect comparable to that of the puncture of a gallfly in determining the flow of nutriment in the

direction of the fertilized seeds and their enclosing ovary: the petals and stamens wither and fall; and in nearly every fruit enlargement of the ovary, and often of some adjacent structures, takes place. A succulent fruit is thus produced, often having some gay autumn tint, red, gold, or purple, attractive to the bird-world by its color, and by its lusciousness when ripe. In the Apple the five ovaries are not at first united, but are subsequently overgrown and completely joined by the development of the so-called "calyx-tube," an outgrowth from the flower-stalk, which shuts in the parchment-like core, and carries up with it the withered calyx-leaves to form a crown on the summit of the fruit.

The ripe Apple falling to the ground, reminding us in its fall of the somewhat apocryphal tale of Newton and the discovery of gravitation, must often have become the prey of the wild boars, deer, and cattle of the primeval forests of Europe. Otherwise its firm skin may for some time keep the decaying pulp together so as to manure the germinating seed; and the tough dark brown skin of the seed itself offers such resistance both to damp and to the digestive process as to secure to it a fair chance of sprouting in due time and place--not too early, and away from the overshadowing of its parent tree, so that it may have a good start for success in the struggle for existence. If we have wet weather during the forty days at the end of July and in August traditionally connected with the Translation of Swithin, sainted Bishop of Winchester, whose feast is July 15th, the Apples will have the means of becoming large and juicy before they ripen.

Though it is impossible here even to enumerate the chief cultivated kinds of Apple, it may be noted that botanists distinguish two varieties of wild English crabs: *Pyrus Malus acerba*, having the young branches, calyx-tube, and underside of the leaf smooth, and *P. Malus mitis*, having the same parts downy.

The unripe fruits of the wild Apple are used in the manufacture of verjuice, now chiefly made in France, which, when fermented and sweetened, makes a pleasant drink; but in the sixteenth century the fruit was in more esteem than it now is. Christmas was then the season

"When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,"

they being served in hot ale; nor was this from any want of cultivated Apples. Even Pliny speaks of twenty-two varieties; and Shakespeare mentions, besides the crab, the pippin, the pomewater, the

apple-john, the codling, the carraway, the leathercoat, and the bitter-sweeting; whilst his contemporary, Gerard, says that in his time "the stocke or kindred of Apples was infinite." John Parkinson, in his "*Paradisus Terrestris*" (1629), enumerates fifty-seven sorts; and though Ray in 1688 only mentions seventy-eight as grown round London, his friend and contemporary, Samuel Hartlib, alludes to the existence of two hundred kinds. At the present day there are stated to be five thousand varieties in cultivation.

In many an old manor-house or comfortable farmstead, where a generation ago there was no lawn, as at present, or at most a green bowling-alley, shut in by a yew hedge, the orchard of cider-apples, in whose long grass grew winter-aconite, snowdrops, and daffodils, was planted close to the parlor windows; and even nowadays one or two separate trees, either of wild crab or of some grafted sort, might well find a place on the edge of the shrubbery or near the water-side, where its rosy petals may light up the green budding background, or pleasingly litter the surface of the water.

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Ash Tree

(*Fraxinus excelsior*)

CALLED by Gilpin "the Venus of the woods," and said by Spenser to be "for nothing ill," the Ash is certainly one of the more important of our forest trees. It is truly native in Great Britain and throughout the greater part of Europe, whilst in North America it is represented by a closely allied species. Together with the Privets, Olives, Lilacs, and a few other genera, the Ashes form the small order *Oleacea*, a group of trees and shrubs with their leaves in opposite pairs, and with the parts of the flower in whorls of four or two, and generally united. The genus *Fraxinus*, to which the Ash belongs, consists of trees with deciduous foliage, with some at least of their flowers "imperfect," i.e., wanting either stamens or carpels, and with a winged fruit, or "samara." The etymology of the generic name is very uncertain.

One common species, *Fraxinus excelsior*, was no doubt so called by Linnaeus from its loftiness as compared with other members of the order. Its distinctive characters are the absence of both calyx and corolla, and the "oblonglanceolate" form and "serrate" margin of the leaflets, of which there are generally from nine to fifteen in each of the compound leaves.

There are frequent allusions to the Ash throughout European literature, since its tough saplings were naturally chosen by both Greeks and Romans for their spears, whilst the agricultural writers of the latter nation recommend its wood for agricultural implements, a use to which it is still largely applied. In Scandinavian mythology the Ash plays a prominent part:



"The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology," says Carlyle, "I find to be impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. . . . All Life is figured by them as a tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela, or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven high, spreads its boughs over the whole universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death kingdom, sit three Nornas (Fates)--the Past, Present, Future--watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its boughs, with their buddings and disleafings--events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes--stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography--every fiber there an act or word?"

According to the Edda, an eagle rests on the summit of this mystic tree to

observe all that passes in the world, whilst a squirrel constantly ascends and descends to report those things that the eagle may not have seen. Serpents twine round its trunk, and from its roots flow two limpid streams--that of the knowledge of things past and that of the knowledge of things to come. Man himself was formed from the wood of this sacred tree.



Of traditions and superstitious associations with the Ash there is apparently no end. Evelyn mentions the still lingering practice of passing sickly children through a split made in its stem, as a charm against various disorders; and another practice was to bury a shrew-mouse, which was supposed to bewitch cattle, in a hole in the stem, when a few strokes with a branch would cure the lameness or cramps which the mouse was believed to have caused. Many a rustic, probably, to this day believes that some dire calamity will befall the Crown or country in a year when there are no "locks and keys" on the Ash--a belief

which may have only originated in the fact that probably in no year is the tree altogether without fruit, the fruit having for centuries been known in England as "keys" or "locks and keys." Popular weather-lore has various rhymes as to the probability of a wet or a dry season according as the Ash comes into leaf before or after the Oak; which, however, seem to be diametrically conflicting with one another in different counties.

It is no doubt from the green hoariness of its smooth bark that this beautiful tree derives its popular name in German and English, and few contrasts in tree coloration are more beautiful than its dead-black buds and delicately green young foliage against this ash-gray bark.

The Ash attains a height of from thirty to fifty, or even from seventy to ninety feet, with a girth commonly of five or six, but in exceptional instances of as much as twenty feet. As the old ballad says:

*"The Oak, the Ash, and the Ivy tree--
Oh, they flourished best at hame, in the north countrie."*

We see it at its best, growing in moist situations in a rich loam. If at all crowded it will form a trunk free from branches to a great height, but when standing alone it throws out large boughs, which divide into numerous branches so as to form a spreading head, whilst in old trees, especially when growing on rocky slopes, the branches acquire a downward sweep. Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," gives a characteristic description of the spray of the Ash:--

"As the boughs of the Ash are less complex than those of the Oak, so is its spray. Instead of the thick intermingled business which the spray of the Oak exhibits, that of the Ash is much more simple, running in a kind of irregular

parallels. The main stem holds its course, forming at the same time a beautiful sweep; but the spray does not divide, like that of the Oak, from the extremity of the last year's shoot, but springs from the sides of it. Two shoots spring out opposite each other, and each pair in a contrary direction. Rarely, however, do both the shoots of either side come to maturity: one of them is commonly lost as the tree increases, or, at least, makes no appearance in comparison with the other, which takes the lead. So that, notwithstanding this natural regularity of growth (so injurious to the picturesque beauty of the Spruce Fir and some other trees), the Ash never contracts the least disgusting formality from it. It may even receive great picturesque beauty, for sometimes the whole branch is lost as far as one of the lateral shoots, and this occasions a kind of rectangular junction, which forms a beautiful contrast with the other spray, and displays an elegant mode of hanging to the branches of the tree. This points out another difference between the spray of the Oak and that of the Ash. The spray of the Oak seldom shoots from the under sides of the branches, and it is this chiefly which keeps the branches in a horizontal form. But the spray of the Ash, often breaking out on the under side of the branch, forms very elegant pendent boughs."

The short, oval, black buds which distinguish our Ash from its American congener, in which they are a greenish white, have attracted the attention of the Laureate, as, in *"The Gardener's Daughter,"* he describes Juliet's hair as

"More black than Ash-buds in the front of March."

He also notes how

*"The tender Ash delays
To clothe herself when all the woods are green."*

Often, in fact, this species is not in full leaf until June, though in exceptional seasons, leaves may appear in the first week in May. Before the gracefully-cut foliage has, however, begun to burst from the black bud-scales, rich vinous clusters appear in the axils of the branches. These are the panicles of simple flowers, consisting mostly of purple-black anthers, but also bearing simple flask-shaped ovaries, surmounted by a two-forked stigma. The name "Flowering Ash," applied to the manna-yielding species of Southern Europe, is, of course, a misnomer, since the species has true flowers, though they be not the conspicuous objects popularly dignified by that title. *Fraxinus ornus*, the so-called "Flowering Ash," has a corolla of four white petals, differing from those of the allied genera, the Privets and the Lilacs, in being but very slightly united at the base. In this species also there is a small green calyx. Some Ash trees are exclusively male or exclusively female.

Like most of those trees which, from their flowering before the bursting of their leaf-buds, are termed "precocious," the Ash is probably often cross-fertilized by the wind. Its flowers appear in April and May. It is in June and July, however, that "the Venus of the woods" appears draped in her full beauty of gracefulness. Then the pinnate leaves, each consisting of from four to seven pairs of gracefully-tapered leaflets, arranged at some little distance apart along the mid-rib and at the end of a short leaf-stalk, give a light feathery grace to the whole tree. It may be merely rounded in outline or drawn up to some height, and the green of the foliage is somewhat dull and monotonous when viewed closely; but it is the transparency of the tree, and

the play of light through its entire leafage, that give its chief charm to the Ash. Much of this airy lightness is lost in the weeping variety, as the foliage then hangs downwards like the dank green locks of some river naiad; but, like all pendulous trees, the form looks well by the water.

The leaves, with their lance-shaped outlines and toothed margins, are no less remarkable for their early fall in autumn than for their late arrival in spring. They often turn of a clear lemon-yellow before they fall, but as each leaf does so separately the tree is not among our more prominent autumn beauties.

The long and narrow strap-shaped fruits or "keys" hang in dense drooping clusters, which from a glossy sap-green become gradually streaked with a blackish hue, which then colors them entirely until they follow the falling leaves. Evelyn tells us that they were formerly picked when green and pickled with salt and vinegar "as a delicate salading." Their form no doubt assists in the dispersal of the seed away from the parent shade when the wind detaches it from the bare boughs, and it may also aid in burying it beneath the ground, as it certainly facilitates the introduction of Ash seeds into crevices in rocks, in ruined walls, or in clefts of other trees.

Few trees do more harm to vegetation beneath their shade than does the Ash, from its dense mass of roots sent out horizontally but a little beneath the surface. It is, therefore, most obnoxious to the farmer in the hedgerows of his arable land. It does not, however, absolutely kill grass growing beneath it, so might often be well planted as an ornamental tree on the lawn.

The wood of the Ash is a grayish-white throughout, the sap-wood being used along with the more central portions, an advantage peculiar to but few species. It is more flexible than that of any other European tree, and its value is increased by rapid growth. Few trees become useful so soon, it being fit for walking-sticks at four years' growth, for spade-handles at nine, and when three inches in diameter as valuable as the timber of the largest tree. In the Potteries it is largely used for crate-making, and in Kent for hop-poles. Both the spokes and the felloes of wheels are made from it, and from its flexibility it is in fact "the husbandman's tree" for every kind of agricultural implement. The tree lives to an age of several centuries, but can be most profitably felled at from eighty to a hundred years old. For smaller wood it is, of course, largely treated as coppice. The roots and knotty parts of the stem are valued by cabinet-makers, and were, according to Evelyn, known as "green ebony."

The timber, when beginning to decay, becomes stained of a blackish hue at the heart, and the young shoots, like those of the holly, are very liable to the malformation known as "fasciation"--"the wreathed fascia" of the older writers--in which several branches grow together in a flattened and often spirally twisted form.

Few trees are less particular as to soil than the Ash; but perhaps the sugar which in warmer latitudes exudes as "manna" from allied species produces in the North that greater luxuriance of growth which gives us the tree in its highest beauty.

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Aspen Tree

(Populus tremula)

LIKE the Willows, with which group they constitute the natural order Salicaceae, the Poplars are so variable a series of trees as to present considerable difficulties to the systematic botanist. They are all of them deciduous trees, flourishing in moist but not stagnant soil, especially near running water, though singularly tolerant of the smoke of cities. Their rapid growth often renders them valuable as screens, and their broad and



tremulous leaves give them a cheerfulness which does not belong to the narrow-leaved Willows. This constant agitation of the foliage by the least breath of wind, owing to the unusual length and flattened form of the leaf-stalk, though common to the whole genus, is most conspicuous in the case of the Aspen (*Populus tremula*). In all Poplars the trees are unisexual; the vinous-red, caterpillar-like catkins of anthers that color the leafless trees and strew the ground in April being as conspicuous in the case of the male plants as are the thickly-packed woolly seeds in summer in that of the females.

The wood of all the Poplars is soft, light, and white or pale yellow, durable if kept dry, and with that remarkable resilience and freedom from splintering which, occurring as it does likewise in Willows and Alders, would seem to be

characteristic of the rapidly-grown timber of water-side trees.

The chief structural characters of the Aspen are that its shoots are downy, and its leaves on very long stalks; those on the suckers heart-shaped, pointed, but not toothed; those on the branches rounded, with incurved teeth; and all of them silky on the under surface when young, though generally becoming smooth later. Its buds are slightly viscid, and the flowers in the female catkins are densely crowded together. The lobed catkin-scales are fringed with hairs; the two stigmas are each divided into two erect segments; and in the male plant each catkin-scale bears generally eight stamens in its axil.

The Aspen is not usually a large tree, though Loudon records a specimen at Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, one hundred and thirty feet high, and three and a half feet in diameter, and various other examples reaching diameters of four feet, and one at Bothwell Castle, Renfrewshire, one hundred and seventeen feet in the spread of its branches. This latter tree was eighty years old; but the species is not a long-lived one, and, like all Poplars, is very liable to rot from the tearing off of boughs by wind, and to subsequent attacks by various insects. As the tree gets older its horizontal branches become pendulous. The young shoots are generally reddish, with prominent brown hairs--or both these shoots and the root-suckers may be hoary--but they are never cottony as in some other species.



Like all trees having a wide geographical range, the Aspen, though not now much esteemed as timber, has been applied to a variety of uses. In Asia it occurs mainly in the north and in Asia Minor; it is abundant throughout Russia from the White Sea to the Caucasus, and throughout Northern Africa and the South of Europe; and it is indigenous in Ireland and as far north as Sutherland. In America it is represented by the closely allied forms *Populus tremuloides* and *P. grandidentata*. The Athenian Poplar (*Populus graeca*, Ait.) is apparently also an American form, deriving its name from Athens in Georgia. Its bark has been employed in tanning, and its wood is used in turnery and cooperage, as well as for many minor purposes such as sabots, clogs, and to a small extent for gunpowder charcoal.

In the past it was valuable, provd by the fact that in the reign of Henry V. an Act of Parliament was passed (4 Hen. V., c. 3), which was not repealed until the reign of James I., to prevent its consumption otherwise than for the making of arrows, with a penalty of a hundred shillings if used for making pattens or clogs. Spenser alludes to it as "the Aspine good for staves."

Where the beaver lingers the bark of the Aspen forms its principal food; and deer, goats, sheep, and cattle are fonder perhaps of green Aspen leaves than they are of those of any other tree.

Its roots, running near the surface, are apt to impoverish the soil, and its leaves, when fallen, kill the grass; though, whilst on the tree, their constant motion so permits the passage of light as to render its shade but very slightly injurious to any plants beneath it. The profusion of suckers springing from its roots, however, make the Aspen an undesirable tree for lawns, meadows, or hedgerows. They yield an abundant supply of faggots, or poles, if the tree be treated as coppice-wood, and cut down either every seven or eight, or every fifteen or twenty years. The rapid growth and usefully-moderated shade of

this species adapt it well to act as a "nurse" in moist woodlands for the Oak, or even for the Beech; and it may be propagated either by cuttings, or more readily by seed.

It is, however, chiefly for the grace and beauty of the grey bark of its stem and its rustling leaves that the Aspen is now valued in our marshy woods and by the waterside. This rustling of the leaves, which are scarcely ever still even in the stillest air, is the most striking feature of the tree, and the point of most allusions to it in literature. Mr. Ruskin, in whose "*Modern Painters*" the Aspen is treated with such loving detail, when discussing Homer's treatment of landscape, writes as follows on the scene between Ulysses and Nausicaa:

"The spot to which she directs him is another ideal piece of landscape, composed of a 'beautiful grove of Aspen Poplars, a fountain, and a meadow,' near the roadside; in fact, as nearly as possible such a scene as meets the eye of the traveller every instant on the much-despised lines of road through lowland France--for instance, on the railway between Arras and Amiens: scenes to my mind quite exquisite in the various grouping and grace of their innumerable Poplar avenues, casting sweet tremulous shadows over their level meadows and labyrinthine streams. We know that the princess means Aspen Poplars, because soon afterwards we find her fifty maid-servants at the palace, all spinning, and in perpetual motion, compared to the 'leaves of the tall Poplar;' and it is with exquisite feeling that it is made afterwards the chief tree in the groves of Proserpine, its light and quivering leafage having exactly the melancholy expression of fragility, faintness, and inconstancy which the ancients attributed to the disembodied spirit. The likeness to the Poplars by the streams of Amiens is more marked still in the Iliad, where the young Simois, struck by Ajax, falls to the earth 'like an Aspen that has grown in an irrigated meadow, smooth-trunked, the soft shoots springing from its top, which some coach-making man has cut down with his keen iron, that he may fit a wheel of it to a fair chariot, and it lies parching by the side of the team."

From Homer to Thomson is indeed a fall; but there is true observation in the latter's description of

*"A perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall."*

The grace of the whole tree would seem more than once to have suggested the ladies to writers on the Aspen, though their remarks are hardly complimentary. Thus Gerard says of it:--"In English Aspe and Aspen-tree, and may also be called Tremble, after the French name, considering it is the matter whereof women's tongues were made (as the poets and some others report), which seldom cease wagging." Among many other allusions to this tree, Scott's address to woman in *Marmion*, as

*"Variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,"*

is one of the best known. Far more strikingly poetical is the old Scottish and English legend on the subject, so beautifully told by Mrs. Hemans:

*"--a cause more deep,
 More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
 To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves;
 The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
 The meek Redeemer bowed His head to death,
 Was formed of aspen wood, and since that hour
 Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
 A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
 Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
 Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
 The light lines of the shining gossamer."*

This quivering, to which the tree owes its French name, is explained scientifically by the length of the slender leaf-stalk and its lateral compression, so that the broad and heavy leaf is suspended on a support which is itself readily acted on by the smallest atmospheric movement. The rustling noise, as of a babbling brook, is produced by the friction of the leaves on one another. The physiological significance of the movement may be to aid in that pumping process by which moisture travels rapidly up from the roots to replace that given off in the transpiration of the leaves. Mr. Herbert Spencer has suggested that movement of branches and leaves in the wind may subserve this purpose in all cases, and it might well be specially advantageous in the case of such a rapidly-growing group of trees as the Poplars.

In March or April the bare gray boughs or brownish shoots are thickly covered with catkins, and the male ones produce a general effect of warm vinous red, until, having fulfilled the object of their existence by discharging their pollen, they fall before the gales of the equinox. When the foliage appears, associations of refreshing coolness and of irresponsible laughing mirth, suggested by the resemblance of the sound made by the leaves to the music of a brook, mingle, as we gaze at their pallid color, and as the rising wind changes the rippling laugh into a longdrawn sigh, with those of the deepest melancholy; and though, when autumn, "with his gold hand gilding the falling leaf," spreads its badge of splendid decay over each leaf in succession, the tree gains in variety of color, its rustling gives it then--in that season whose every suggestion is of death--even a more melancholy effect than it had before.

From its more spreading habit of growth the Aspen has none of the formality in landscape effect of the Lombardy Poplar, and, though useful, along with its congener the Abele (*Populus alba*), in the marshy wood, deserves a place in the foreground of the copse bordering a lake or stream. A row of Aspens in such a situation, relieving the heavy foliage of the lower-growing Alders or Rhododendrons, would prove very effective, reflecting, as it were, in their quivering leaves, the ripple of the water at their feet.

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Beech Tree

(Fagus sylvatica)



IT must surely be difficult to resist enthusiasm for trees when standing, at the close of April or beginning of May, under the young foliage of a Beech.

Belonging to the same family as the Oaks, the Beeches occur over a great part of the world. They are absent in Africa and in southern Asia; but clothe the hills alike of Japan, New Zealand, South Australia, Tasmania, Tierra del Fuego, North America, Norway, Spain, and Asia Minor, and Europe.

The name Beech is in early English *boc*, *bece*, or *beoce*; in German *Buche*, and in Swedish *bok*, and signifies either a book or the tree, the two senses being supposed to be connected by the fact that the ancient Runic writings were engraved upon beechen boards. "The origin of the word," says Dr. Prior in his "*Popular Names of British Plants*," "is identical with that of the Sanskrit *boko*, letter, *bokos*, writings; and this correspondence of the Indian and our own language is interesting as evidence of two things, viz.: that the Brahmins had the art of writing before

they detached themselves from the common stock of the Indo-European race in Upper Asia, and that we and other Germans have received alphabetic signs from the East by a northern route, and not by the Mediterranean." This last remark of the learned Doctor's refers, of course, to our old black-letter Gothic characters and not to our modern Roman alphabet. As to the name *Fagus*, it may be of Keltic origin, and in the time of Pliny the Britons, as well as the Gauls, may, as he describes, have mixed the ashes of Beech-wood with goats'-fat to make a red dye for their hair and moustaches; or this name may then have pertained to the Sweet Chestnut, to which tree Caesar may have referred when he wrote that in Britain there was every kind of timber as in Gaul, except "*fagum*" and the fir.

The Beech requires a thoroughly drained soil, and accordingly flourishes on high ground, whether calcareous or sandy. Its gray stems may thus be seen--often of great girth--throwing out their spreading roots.

Though not glossy, like that of the birch, the smooth, olive-gray bark of the Beech gives it a charm even in the winter months. Then, too, though the lower boughs are often still decked with the crisp, dead leaves of the previous year, which reflect each transient sun-gleam from their surfaces of polished

copper, we can see most clearly the splendid outlines of this king of the forests. Its roots spread far and close together to gain a firm footing that the gale can seldom overcome, and above them towers the smooth unbroken, pillar-like stem, often



seen with a girth of from fifteen to twenty feet, and reaching as many feet in height without a branch. When not pollarded, the Beech frequently bifurcates naturally, each branch, of which there may

sometimes be three or four, rising vertically, "each in itself a tree," like the clustered columns of a Gothic aisle. From the main branches sweep outwards the more knotted branchlets and twigs, bending slightly downwards, and giving to the whole tree a rounded outline.

It is in April, however, that the beauty of the Beech generally first commands our attention. The pointed, dull-brown buds assume a more glossy hue. They swell almost visibly from day to day under the influence of the genial sunshine, warmth, and moisture. As the sunlight falls on a sloping Beech-wood from a white cloud hanging in the deep blue of an April sky, it will be seen to glow like a sheet of bronze; and just before bursting, the buds will be almost red. Then on one particular tree, year after year, often on one particular branch, the first leaves burst forth as the clearest emeralds, heralds of the coming of the full spring-tide glory. As they grow in size the leaves deepen in tint. To enjoy them in their fullest beauty, we should walk under the trees when the sun is shining brightly through them, and we can then see each pellucid sunshade to be fringed with a row of most delicate silky hairs--hairs that protect it from undue moisture or the radiating cold of the late frost. When the leaves of each emerald tier of verdure lose these silky hairs, the tree has parted with one of its charms, though when more opaque, as they then are, the glossy surfaces of the leaves, reflecting every glint of sunshine, still render the tree, as a whole, anything but a heavy feature in the landscape. Then it was, in early summer, Pelleas:

"Riding at noon . . .

Across the forest call'd of Dean,

. . . saw

Near him a mound of even-sloping side,

Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,

And here and there great hollies under them.

But for a mile all round was open space,

And fern and heath: and . . .

Seem'd to Pelleas that the fern without

Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,

That his eyes were dazzled looking at it.

And o'er it crost the dimness of a cloud

Shining . . ."

The Beech generally flowers in May; but neither its long-stalked globular clusters of male flowers, nor its smaller assemblages of female ones, are conspicuous among the foliage. The male catkins hang from the axils of the lower leaves on the shoot, whilst the female inflorescences, each consisting of two or three flowers invested by a single "cupule,"

rise erect from those of the leaves nearer the growing end of the shoot. When the four-sided "cupule" of rigid bracts, covered with recurved hooks and enclosing two or three triangular fruits of a rich chestnut color, grows to a larger size and turns brown, it not only becomes conspicuous, but causes a great litter on the lawn on which the tree may chance to stand.

The closely matted roots and the dense shade, rather perhaps than any poisonous exhalations, or even than mere drip, render the Beech generally fatal to grass, and injurious even to evergreens growing beneath it. The well-drained soil in which it delights is by it drained yet more thoroughly; so that it has a marked power of holding the ground against other species, as noticed by both Evelyn and Gilpin. This has earned for it the evil reputation of symbolizing selfish ambition, the ambition of a forest prince who, in his rivalry of the monarch Oak, "bears no rival near the throne." Though its leaves enrich the soil, this characteristic renders it perhaps better suited to the grove, the wilderness, or a corner of the park than to the garden lawn. Hollies and other evergreens, bracken and brambles will grow beneath its shade, and it must not be forgotten that it is a tree which, for the development of its highest beauty, should occupy an isolated position.

In spring and summer beneath the Beech-tree's shade wander those abusers of "our young trees," who, from the time of Paris and CEnone to that of Orlando and Rosalind and onwards, have been tempted by its smooth bark to make it the medium of perpetuating their love. Well might Campbell put into the mouth of a Beech-tree the complaint that

*"Youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name."*

As the tree grows, the letters engraved upon it grow also.

As Ovid says:--

*"Incisae servant a te mea nomina fagi,
Et legor CEnone, falce notata tua;
Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt."*

*"The Beeches, faithful guardians of your flame,
Bear on their wounded trunks CEnone's name;
And as the trunks, so still the letters grow."*

The annual growth of bark strives to hide the wound

of the knife, and ultimately the inscribed name will become buried in the heart of the old tree, to remain ages after that of the lover shall have ceased to beat.

It is in autumn, however, that the beauty of the Beech stands pre-eminent. As Dr. Edwin Lees has eloquently put it, "The autumnal splendor of every other tree fades before that of the Beech, which continues the longest of all, and under particular circumstances is of the most brilliant description. This arises from its lucid leaves, which vary in hue from auburn to gold color and umber, reflecting back the level rays of the descending sun, and thus burning with pre-eminent luster, like a sudden illumination. Blazing characters irradiate the grove wherever the Beech presents, in spectral pomp, its vivid outline; and if a passing rain-cloud, shrouding for a moment the tree-tops, bear upon its purple breast the glowing Iris, with one limb intermingled with the golden foliage, the splendid effect will long rest upon the memory of the spectator."

Nor can the peculiar beauty of the reddish-leaved variety well known as the Copper Beech be here omitted. One of the earliest recollections of being struck by a contrast of colors that occurs to the mind of the present writer, is that of an escaped canary-bird alighting amid the red-purple leaves of this variety; and often since then has he spent hours, basking in the sunshine, amidst the broom on Hampstead Heath, in enjoyment of the combination of the Copper Beech and the blaze of the "Laburnum, dropping wells of fire," relieved by the bright greenery and the snowy clusters of the Guelder-rose.

The light brown, hard, and moderately heavy timber of the Beech is close and even in texture, with a fine silky grain, and, being easily worked and fairly strong and durable, is in demand for a variety of purposes.

The brown nuts or "mast," were once very valuable as a source of rustic wealth, when Gurth and Wamba pastured the swine of the Saxon Thane in the forest, and was used in France as a food for poultry and pheasants.

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Birch Tree

(Betula alba)



IF the Oak and the Beech contend for the rank of king, there is no doubt as to the right of the Birch, clad as she is in cloth of silver, adorned with emeralds, or with "patines of pure gold," to the title of queen of the woods. Often has this tree roused the enthusiasm of both the artist and the writer; but, useful as it has been in other ages, and as it still is in other lands, it is now mainly for its aesthetic value as part of some of our most beautiful landscapes that we treasure it.

The very name Birch, in its identity with "bark," "barque," or "barge," suggests the time when its silver rind formed the canoes of our early British ancestors, such as have been found buried in the gravels of the banks of the Clyde. This etymology does not seem, however, to have suggested itself to Turner, since in his "Names of Herbes" (1548) he simply says:-- "Betula--or, as some wryte it, betulla--is called in greeke, Semida; in englishe, a birch tree, or a birke tree; in duche, ein birck baum; in frenche, bouleau or beula. It groweth in woddes and forestes."



The genus *Betula*, to which the Birch belongs, includes some five-and-twenty species of shrubs and trees of medium size, confined to the northern hemisphere, and remarkable for their extension into Arctic latitudes.

The Canoe, or Paper Birch (*B. papyracea*), of North America, is a variety of the White Birch, though stunted, and only occurring in an isolated manner within the Arctic Circle, reaching 70 deg N. lat., whilst another species (*B. Bhojputtra*) grows at an altitude of 9,000 feet in the Himalayas. Our own species, *Betula alba*, ascends to 2,500 feet in the Highlands, and is widely spread over Europe, Asia, and America, extending farther north than any other European tree, but only constituting an essential element of forest scenery as far south as 45 deg. Together with the Alders, of which there are some fourteen species, the Birches form the natural order *Betulacea*, catkin-bearing trees, with not more than five stamens to each flower, and with neither "perianth" or "cupule" (like those of Oaks, Hazels, Chestnut, or Beech) to enclose their small compressed fruits. The Birches differ from the Alders in the scales of the seed-bearing catkin being chafflike, and falling together with its winged fruits, whilst those of the Alders remain as a woody cone.

The White or Silver Birch is a short-lived tree, as a rule from forty to fifty feet high, though exceptionally growing to eighty feet, with a trunk seldom exceeding a foot in diameter, conspicuous from its flaking, silvery-white bark. This flaking is produced by the formation of alternate layers of larger and smaller cells in the "periderm," or outer bark, of which the larger are the more readily ruptured under the influence of variations in the degree of atmospheric moisture. Every careful observer will have noticed that this polished silver

rind is interrupted at frequent intervals by transverse ridges of a darker color extending partly round the stem. These are the "lenticels," or breathing-pores of the bark, replacing the "stomata" of the young epidermis, and corresponding to the holes filled with powdery dried cells that extend through the cork of the Oak at right angles to its surface. As the stem or branch increases in diameter, these lenticels become stretched from mere spots into long lines.

It is when its slightly crooked stem stands alone on the slope of some river glen, brown with fallen leaves of autumn, and lit up by the varying hue of the dead fronds of bracken, with its round slender branches, of polished purple bronze, weeping in festoons eight or ten feet long, that the Birch is seen in all its beauty of outline. It is, however, when these bare boughs, or those of the smaller trees that dot the heathery wastes of Epping Forest or Bagshot Heath, begin to clothe themselves in April with their transparent foliage of fluttering brilliant leaflets, that the tree is, perhaps, at its perfection of grace and loveliness. When grouped together in numbers, a grove of young Birches in winter presents an almost smoke-like hazy effect of copper boughs and purple twigs springing round the slender silver stems; but in spring they lose all signs of somber melancholy, and seem to laugh as their leaves dance in the sunbeams which fall between them on to the dog-violets that strew the wood-side.

Linnaeus's species, *Betula alba*, includes several fairly distinct forms. Of these, *B. verrucosa*, Ehrh., is distinguished by its longer pendulous branches having white resinous tubercles on their bark, as also occasionally on the leaves, by its conical buds, by the reflexed sickle-shaped side-lobes of the scales of the fruiting catkins, and by the leaf. This is rhomboidally triangular, its long stalk passing abruptly into the blade, its veins projecting from the upper surface of the blade, and its point abruptly "acuminate," or tapering. *B. glutinosa*, Fries., on the other hand, is often a mere shrub; its buds are egg-shaped, the side lobes of the scales of its fruiting catkins are erect, and its leaf is rounded, or even heart-shaped, at the base, and has its veins projecting from the under surface, and its point acute, but not drawn out.

The northern form of this last, known as *B. pubescens*, Ehrh., differs mainly in the absence of tubercles and in the downiness of the leaves, peduncles, and twigs. In all the forms the branches succeed one another in what is termed a "cymose" manner, each axis being comparatively short; and the somewhat thick leaves on slender stalks, with

broad "stipules" at the base and doubly-toothed margins, appear before the maturity of the catkins. This takes place in April and May, but even in February the pollen-bearing catkins may be seen forming on the twigs. These "male" catkins are borne at the ends of the shoots of the previous year, and are not protected with any winter bud-scales, whilst the "female," or fruiting catkins, terminate lateral dwarf shoots, which bear a few leaves, and are enclosed by bud-scales.

The pollen-bearing catkins are often nearly two inches long, each of their scales, or "bracts," having two lateral appendages, or "bracteoles," which protect three flowers, each with two forked stamens. The female catkins are shorter, and are at first erect. In them the two bracteoles cohere with the bract to form a three-lobed scale, which, as we have seen, falls off with the three fruits that are produced from its base, and the form of the side lobes of which distinguishes the sub-species. The little fruits are furnished with a broad membranous wing, which, together with their flattened form, aids in their dispersal by the wind. Their general outline is thus nearly circular, surmounted by two small styles, an indication of the original two chambers of the ovary, each with its one pendulous ovule, reduced in the fruit stage, by an abortion frequent among trees, to one chamber and one seed.

In early times not only did the Birch provide primitive man with his canoe, but it probably roofed his rude shanty, and furnished fiber for his cable, fishing-lines, or other cordage, in districts beyond the northern limit of the Linden. Probably, too, it was at no late period in the history of civilization that man took to tapping the white trunks in the spring for the sake of the copious flow of sugary sap, and to fermenting this sap into a wine or spirit, as is still done both in Sweden and in Leicestershire. It is a remarkable fact in sociology that there is hardly a country in the world that has not some alcoholic drink, and also some more innocuous infusion containing a vegetable alkaloid, similar to the theine, caffeine, and theobromine of tea, coffee, and cocoa. Besides a beer, prepared formerly from its young shoots, the Birch yields beverages of both these classes: the wine just mentioned, and a tea prepared from the leaves, chiefly by the Finlanders.

Shakespeare refers to this beautiful tree. In "Measure for Measure," he tells how fond fathers,

*"Having bound up the threatening twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod*

Becomes more mocked than feared."

Owing to the beautiful arrangement of the cells in the outer bark, to which reference has already been made, the Birch is constantly shedding its rind in strips that go right round the stem, and is thus, together with the similarly constituted Plane, one of the species best fitted to withstand the smoke of London.

This tree is, however, peculiarly liable to the disease known as "Witch Knots," or "Witches' Brooms," a confused mass of short twigs, like an old rook's nest, produced by a very minute gall-mite, *Phytoptus*, which attacks the young buds. It is desirable to burn all parts so affected, as the mites will otherwise be carried from tree to tree by wind or birds.

The Birch is remarkable for its power of holding its own, and spreading, amongst heather, where other species are commonly stifled unless protected. Thus, formerly it was not a common tree in Epping Forest, but, from this power and its enormous production of seeds, which are scattered far and wide by the wind, owing to the little wing attached to them, it is now spreading rapidly, springing up spontaneously wherever the soil is dry, if a clearing has been made by fire or felling. Allied species in North America have been noticed as having the same faculty--as being, in fact, well equipped for the battle for life.

The Birch will grow in moist situations, but requires good drainage, and so seems to flourish best on light soils. In planting it, probably it will be best in any case to secure some dark evergreen background or contrast, effective both in spring and autumn, such as Scotch firs.

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Box Tree

(Buxus sempervirens)

RECKLESS destruction of both the commoner and the more valuable kinds of timber trees has been, and is, only too frequent in all parts of the world. In not a few cases its effects are already being experienced in an insufficient supply of wood either for general use or for some special purposes. The rapidly increasing demand for the wood of the Box, especially for engraving, and the carelessness in the past as to the Caucasian forests of this timber, have now for some years excited apprehensions among the consumers, and stimulated inquiry as to suitable substitutes for this material.

The Box (*Buxus sempervirens*) is a member of the large and mostly acridly poisonous Order *Euphorbiaceae*, an order in which the flowers are usually small and inconspicuous, destitute of a corolla, and sometimes of a calyx also, and having the sexes divided. The genus *Buxus*, is the best known representative, includes less than twenty species of evergreen shrubs, or small trees. Their juice is not milky like that of the allied Spurges (*Euphorbia*); their leaves are either opposite or alternate, leathery and glossy; and the two sexes are borne on the same plant in greenish-yellow flowers. They have a wide distribution through the warmer temperate zones.



The species (*Buxus sempervirens*) occurs in Japan, in the Western Himalayas, in Northern and Western Asia, in North Africa, and as far north as Belgium and this country, where, as we shall see presently, there is considerable reason to believe it to be either indigenous, or a denizen the introduction of which dates from a very early period. In a wild state in this country it is seldom more than twelve or fifteen feet high, or, when fully grown, more than six or eight inches in diameter; but in Turkey and Asia Minor, and even in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, trees thirty feet high and ten inches in diameter are recorded. Such specimens must, however, be at least a hundred years old, as the Box is a very slow-growing plant, rarely making shoots of more than six or eight inches high within the year, and not increasing in diameter more than an inch in ten years. The tree is not only apparently of great longevity, but is so hardy as to be the only evergreen that can withstand the continental cold of the open air of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna without protection.



The young branches, which have generally an upward direction, are downy and have a smooth, yellowish bark; but the older trunks are rough and gray. The leaves vary from "ovate" to "oblong," i.e., they may be wider across the lower third of their length, or may have parallel sides; they have very short stalks, edged with two lines of minute hairs; they vary in length from half an inch to an inch; their points are rounded or slightly notched; and their color depends considerably on their age and position. When young they are of a bright grass-green, to which the Box owes the epithets of "greener" and "youthful," as compared to the Holly, in Herrick's verses on "*Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve*," previously quoted with reference to the Yew (p. 60). This brightness also renders it acceptable, as Herrick's rhymes tell us, for house and church decorations between Candlemas and Easter.

When produced in the shade, however, or when grown older, the leaves are of a very dark shade of green, which gives groves of this tree an effect as somber as that of the Yew itself.

The minute pale-colored florets appear in April or May, forming crowded spikelets of sessile blossoms in the axils of the leaves. In each spike the lower flowers are staminate, the upper ones pistillate. In addition to minute bracts, each flower is surrounded by a calyx, which in the staminate flowers consists of two alternating pairs of sepals, and in the pistillate flowers of a larger number, commonly six, nine, or twelve, in alternating whorls of three. Similarly, while one kind of flower contains two pairs of stamens and a rudimentary ovary, the other kind has three carpels, united below into a three-chambered ovary, but with distinct spreading styles. The filaments of the stamens are comparatively long, so that the pollen is very probably carried from the extruded anthers by the wind. The ovary ripens into a dry capsule, about half an inch long, surmounted by the horn-like remains of the three styles; and, when mature, this capsule splits into three valves, each formed of two adherent half-carpels, so that each of the stylar horns splits longitudinally. There are two black seeds in each chamber of the ovary.

The largest numbers of wild Box trees in Europe occur in France, in the Forest of Ligny, at St. Claude, in the Jura, and in the Pyrenees; but in these localities it is more mixed with deciduous trees than is the case where it occurs in England.

De Candolle points out that the name of the tree, which at first sight appears so indubitably of Latin origin, has its analogues not only in Slavonic but also in Keltic and even Tartar languages. The Greek Pyxos, Latin Buxus, French Buis, and German Buchs, are at least traceable in the Illyrian Bus, the Breton

Beuz, the Calmuck Boshton and the Georgian Bsa; so that the Box may have been carried westward with the earliest migrations of the Indo-European races, or have been found indigenous by them and given a name previously used by their common ancestors.

On the other hand the Box does not occur in the Channel Islands or in Ireland, whilst in Holland, Belgium, and the north of France it grows mainly in hedgerows and in the immediate neighborhood of cultivation. Its introduction at a date which is at least remote would seem to be indicated by the fact that a sprig of Box forms the badge of the clan M'Intosh, and one of its variegated form that of the M'Phersons.

The Romans employed the Box both when growing for "topiary" work, and as timber. Both Pliny and Vitruvius allude to the clipping of the shrub into hedges ornamented with the figures of animals, whilst Virgil and Ovid refer also to the use of its wood for musical instruments, employing the word Buxus as meaning a flute. It may, therefore, well be to them that we owe the introduction of the tree into England.

The wood is remarkably heavy, being the only European timber that will sink in water; it is yellow, very hard, compact, and even-grained, so as to be susceptible of a fine polish; it is, as Dryden describes it, translating Virgil--

*"Smooth-grained, and proper for the turner's trade,
Which curious hands may carve, and steel with ease invade."*

It is still employed, both here and on the Continent, for a variety of purposes besides wood-engraving, for which art, however, the finest quality of Boxwood is mainly reserved. It is used in inlaying, for mathematical instruments, especially foot-rules, for weaving-shuttles, and other turned articles. Some of these, however, are made at St. Claude, not from the stem, but from the root, the wood of which is often beautifully veined.

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Cherry Tree

(*Prunus Avium*)

The three wild forms of cherry trees are popularly distinguished under the names Bird Cherry (*P. Padus*), Wild Cherry, or Gean (*P. Avium*), and Dwarf Cherry (*P. Cerasus*); and though they agree in their botanical characters and geographical distribution, yet there are distinctive points which are sufficiently obvious to be explained in simple language.



To take the last point first, the geographical range of the three forms is nearly the same, namely, from the Himalayas, through Western Asia, Northern Africa, and Europe; but the Dwarf Cherry seems the more restricted form, not occurring either in Scotland or in Africa, whilst the Bird Cherry occurs in the Arctic regions both of Europe and of Asia.

Strange though it may seem at first to the unbotanical reader, the Cherries are classed, owing to various details in their structure, as related to that great group of plants known as the Rose tribe. This tribe embraces, next to the Cupulifera, to which, as we saw in the

previous chapter, the Oak belongs, the greatest number of our British trees, and includes not only Roses, Brambles, Strawberries, Cinquefoils, and Meadow-sweets, but also Apples, Pears, Medlars, Quinces, and Hawthorns, besides those trees more immediately related to the Cherries--the Black-thorns and the Plums. With these last the Cherries are united by botanists in the genus *Prunus*, a group mainly characterized by the structure of its well-known fruit, which they term a "drupe." This is simply the enlarged ovary of the flower, the calyx of which has fallen with its snowy petals. It is one-chambered, and contains but one, or at most two, kernels or seeds, and is plainly divisible into an outer skin, a fleshy pulp, and a stone enclosing the said kernel or kernels.

There are two differences, however, that clearly distinguish the Blackthorns and Plums on the one hand, from the Cherries on the other; in the former the two halves of the blade in the young leaf, when in the bud, are rolled up like a scroll, whilst in the Cherries they are folded together like the two halves of a sheet of note-paper. Again, in the Plum group the fruit is covered by the beautiful and familiar waxy



bloom, that serves to shoot off the

rain-drops like the oiliness of a water-bird's feathers; but one of the most characteristic features of the fruit of a Cherry is its smooth and brilliantly burnished surface, burnished "with nature's polish."

Taking the three forms separately, the Bird Cherry (*P. Padus*) may well come first, as being in several particulars more distinct from the other two than they are from one another. It is a small tree with one main trunk, reaching but ten or twenty feet in height. Its leaves are smooth, and finely and regularly toothed; but its chief distinctive mark is the arrangement of the blossoms, which is what is technically known as a "raceme"--i.e., the flowers, which are numerous, spring singly on short stalklets from an elongated pendulous axis, as in the laburnum--an arrangement altogether different, as we shall see from that in the other two forms. The fruit is small, roundish, and black, harshly bitter in taste, and encloses a round wrinkled stone. The astringent bark of this species has been proposed as a substitute for quinine.

The Gean (*P. Avium*), (in speaking of which it should, perhaps, be noted that there has in past times been an unfortunate confusion of the English and Latin forms of the name, Bird Cherry and *Prunus Avium*, which ought to, but do not, belong to the same species) is a tree from twenty to thirty feet or more in height, and sometimes more than nine inches in diameter. It grows in dry, rocky woods, and yields a beautiful red timber, fine grained, and tough enough for tool-handles, but once valued far more than at present by cabinet-makers, especially on the Continent. The leaves are drooping, and downy on their under surfaces, and the flowers, which are produced somewhat later, are arranged in "umbels"--i.e., each on a rather long stalk springing with the others from one point, like the ribs of an umbrella. The fruit is heartshaped, firm in flesh, and not very juicy, bitter in taste, and either black or red. From it is distilled

the Kirschwasser of Germany, and it is probably the wild original of the Morella, or Brandy Cherry of gardens.

The Dwarf Cherry (*P. Cerasus*) is a bushy shrub, not more than from three to eight feet in height, with a reddish bark, and with short-stalked, erect, and coarsely-notched leaves. Its flowers, too, are arranged in umbles, and its fruit is round, red, and acid, being distinguished by this acidity and by the comparative abundance of its juice. It is believed to be the origin of our sweet garden Cherries; though, even if this be so, it does not militate against the statement that the latter are a late introduction from Asia, whilst the Dwarf Cherry appears truly wild over a large part of Europe.

No doubt the Romans first introduced the cultivation of the tree as an orchard fruit into Britain, and thus their name gave rise to the "ceris beam" of the Anglo-Saxon, and the "cherry" of our Normanised modern English; but it is also said that in the "Dark Ages" this cultivation was lost, and that the tree was again introduced about the time of Henry VIII. Certainly, though he can hardly be quoted as referring to its cultivation, Shakespeare was perfectly familiar with the Cherry, the main ideas associated with it in his mind being, to judge from "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," the close resemblance of one fruit on the tree to another--as we say, "like two peas in a pod"--and the union in diversity of the two stalks that so often separate themselves from the rest of the umbel, each bearing its cherry, like sisters growing up together, or like two ruby lips inviting kisses.

What dweller in the country is ignorant of the charms of the wild Cherry? One of the early cheerfulnesses of spring is its array of light bronzy-brown leaves waving in May over a hedge-row yet black with the thorn-boughs of winter. To the true lover of nature, who will be perforce also a careful observer of her ways, the delicate texture of spring leaves is as charming as is their

coloring. Then among the brown-green leaves clusters of snowy blossoms make their appearance, giving a festival look to the whole wood-side, and long sprays of cherry-blossoms frequently wave aloft above the surrounding coppice, to send down, after a week or so of beauty, showers of light snow upon our heads as we gather the flowers beneath the trees.

Early gales, following summer drought, often strip the tree of its leaves before they lose their mature green color; but if this is not so, there is indeed a treat in store for the sensuous lover of color, as far surpassing that enjoyed by thrushes, blackbirds, and village schoolboys in the lusciousness of the ripe fruit, as his capacity for enjoyment is more keen than theirs. The Laureate has spoken of the...

"Laburnum dropping wells of fire;"

but the autumn leaves of the Cherry far more closely resemble Pentecostal tongues of flame than do the clear yellow clusters of the favorite garden tree. The dark green shades into an infinite variety of pinks, crimsons, oranges, browns, and yellows, each little hanging leaf suggesting a piece of one of the magnificently-tinted leaves of the Muscat grape.

With so much beauty, and with valuable timber, it is strange that the Cherry should have attracted but slight attention from John Evelyn, the pioneer of English forestry; but in his *"Forest Trees,"* Selby does full justice to its merits. He points out that maraschino is manufactured from an allied species in Dalmatia and the north of Italy, and that it is also used in making ratafia; whilst he becomes quite enthusiastic on the subject of its timber. This close-grained red wood is, he says, so easily worked, and takes so fine a polish, as to be almost equal to mahogany, whilst for alternate exposure to dryness and moisture it is only inferior to the best oak or larch. It is, he states further, in request for the manufacture of certain musical

instruments, and having formed a high opinion of its value as a forest tree, he urges its more extensive planting from this point of view. Referring, no doubt, mainly to the Gean (*P. Avium*), he points out that they will readily grow straight upwards if planted close together; and, being a fast-growing tree, is therefore well adapted for planting as a "nurse" for oak--that is, for admixture with the slower-growing, but longer-lived, timber-trees, to draw them up, being subsequently felled to make room for their further development. The Cherry, when grown under these circumstances, may, Selby continues, reach a height of sixty or seventy feet in fifty or sixty years; and though it will then be felled so that the forest monarch may, for the last half-century of his useful life, rule alone in his domain, up to that time, owing to the loose and ascending arrangement of its boughs, it will require but little pruning to let in the light upon the young oaks under its sheltering care, so that it makes a better "nurse" than either beech or ash.

Single trees look beautiful even in the hedgerows of our corn-fields, though their suckers may render them as objectionable, from a utilitarian point of view, in such a situation as on a lawn. A better place, however, is in the thinly-planted woodland belt that skirts the home park; but, though several trees in the front line of such a belt will have a most pleasing effect, the best lowland position is, perhaps, a slight clearing in a coppice, where the mass of flower-decked branches, waving over a carpet of spring blossoms, their pure white relieved with the bronze hue of the young leaves, comes as a charming surprise upon the beholder.

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Chestnut Tree

(Castanea sativa)

Its name and origin of the chestnut tree are alike somewhat doubtful. It is most abundant in an apparently wild state in Southern Europe, extending eastward to the Caucasus, and occurring in the islands of the Mediterranean at moderate elevations above the sea. A similar or identical form occurs in the mountains of Virginia, Georgia, and Carolina. There are forests composed of this species in Alsace and Rhenish Prussia; and it is common, though possibly planted, in Normandy and around Paris.



The name occurs twice in the authorized version of the Bible; but there is little reason to suppose that it is rightly used, though, no doubt, its starchy nuts must have been widely used for food from the earliest times. The town of Kastana in Thessaly is generally referred to as the source of the Latin, if not of the Greek name; but, as De Candolle has pointed out, considering that names which are virtually identical are applied to the tree in all the most ancient languages of Central Europe, it is more probable that the town took its name from the trees

which surrounded it. Thus the Breton Kistinen, for the tree, and Kistin, for its fruit, and the Welsh Castan-wyddden and Sataen, are closely related to the French Chataigne, and the Latin name which is still the scientific appellation of the genus.

According to Pliny, the Greeks obtained the tree from Sardis in Asia Minor, at least five centuries before the Christian era, a statement which De Candolle doubts, since he considers the tree undoubtedly wild in Greece, where, as early as the fourth century B.C., Theophrastus, "the Father of Botany," speaks of it as covering the slopes of Olympus.

Old chestnut-trees, especially when once lopped close to the ground, seem often to exhibit a growing together or fusion of many stems into one, a circumstance that explains many of the instances of enormous circumference which have led authors, not only to assert the indigenous character of the species, but also to claim for it an almost fabulous longevity.

The largest chestnut-tree in the world is undoubtedly the *Castagno di cento cavalli* ("chestnut of a hundred horses") in the forest of Carpinetto on the east side of Mount Etna. It is 160 feet in circumference, and entirely hollow, a kiln for drying chestnuts--an article of food of considerable local importance--having been built inside it. Supposing each annual ring of wood

to be a line in thickness, a fair estimate for an unsplit tree, the circumference of this giant of the forest would indicate from 3,600 to 4,000 years of life. Other trees in the neighborhood of Etna, where chestnuts are cultivated with great care, approach the dimensions of the giant; and, among other historical trees on the Continent, one in the department of Cher, in France, is noticeable as having been celebrated as a large tree for five or six centuries, though only thirty feet round.



Turner, in his "*Names of Herbs*" (1548), writes: "Nux castanea is called in Greeke Castanon, in Englishe a chestnut-tree, in Duch Castene, in French Ung Chastagne. Chesnuttes growe in diverse places of Englande. The maniest that I have sene was in Kent;" and in 1578, Lyte, in his translation of *Dodoens*, says of it, "Amongst all kindes of wilde fruites the chestnut is best and meetest to be eaten;" whilst from Shakespeare's allusions to it in "Macbeth" and the "Taming of the Shrew," it would seem to have been a common article of food in his time.

The bark of the young saplings is smooth and of a rich vinous maroon or red-brown tint; but in older trees it becomes grey, and splits in vertical lines so as to allow of the expansion of the wood within. These vertical cracks widen, deepen, and sometimes, as the tree grows, become twisted, thus often giving to the full-grown chestnut stem a most distinctive rope-cable-like appearance. The tree attains a height of fifty, eighty, or even a hundred feet, and single stems may no doubt exceed twenty feet in girth. The branches are given off alternately and nearly horizontally, but, spreading outwards, bend downwards at their extremities so as sometimes to sweep the ground. The whole outline of an unpollarded tree is remarkably round-topped, even more than is that of the oak; but its bright pendent foliage, reflecting the sunlight, prevents the general effect from being heavy. William Gilpin notices how Salvator Rosa makes use of this, his favourite tree, in all its forms, breaking and disposing it in a thousand beautiful shapes, as the exigencies of his composition required.

The long, pointed, and sharply-toothed leaves seem to partake of the evergreen character of so many of the trees of the south in their thickness and gloss. When young they are often of a beautiful red color, and when mature of a very pleasant shade of green, without the blue tint common to many grasses, and, though perhaps as brown as the leaves of the buckthorn, redeemed from dullness by their shining surfaces. They are very much the color of the hornbeam, or of the beech when no longer young and emerald-hued, though not yet opaque and dull. The fine leaves, sometimes eight or nine inches long, are to some extent crowded so as to form tufts at the ends of the branches, and from their "axils," i.e., the angles where they are given off from the stem, spring the long pendulous catkins of flowers. In a favorable autumn the leaves turn to a clear lemon-yellow, stained with

orange and brown where damp decomposes the, as yet, perfect texture. Some of the leaves seem, however, first to clear their green, light green patches occurring at the base of "the sere and yellow leaf," and the whole tree gaining a varied and revived aspect, the forlorn hope of life before the winter death.

Flowers of both kinds are borne on every tree; but they are not very conspicuous, being no doubt dependent on the wind rather than on insects for their pollination. The slender yellowish catkins are five or six inches long, hanging from the axils of the young leaves in May. Each catkin bears a series of small scale-like "bracts," some little distance apart, and in the axil of each of these scales there are either seven staminate or three pistillate flowers. Either kind of flower is surrounded by a calyx of six minute greenish leaves, which in the female blossoms form a tube enclosing and adhering to the ovary. There are from eight to twenty stamens in each male flower, which discharge an enormous quantity of pollen, like a cloud of sulphur. So abundant is this pollen that, if it has not contributed, as has that of the pine, to our traditional folk-lore concerning rains of sulphur, it will certainly cover the water of any neighboring pond with its film of yellow dust, which, not being ornamental, is perhaps sufficient reason for not planting the tree on the margin of any small piece of ornamental water.

The "cupule," formed from the four bracteoles of the two lateral florets, corresponds to the cup of the acorn, the leafy husk of the hazel-nut, or the hook-covered casing of the beech-mast. Until the fruit is ripe it is entirely invested by this husk, which is thickly beset with prickles, each of which is said to represent an abortive branch. This ball-like *chevaux-de-frise* of protection ultimately splits into its four constituent bracteoles, disclosing the glossy brown fruits within. The ovary contains from five to eight chambers, and there are an equal number of stigmas, which are easily recognized, as they spread outwards in a radiating manner above the calyx which, even in the fruit stage, surmounts the ovary. Nature, the lavish Lady Bountiful, as she squanders the pollen, so provides generally two ovules in each chamber of the ovary, out of all of which one only, or three at the most, is matured into a seed.

The timber of the Chestnut resembles oak, being brown, moderately hard, fine-grained, and rather porous; but, being of slower growth, its rings are narrower; the "medullary rays" or "silver grain" is not traceable, nor is there any distinction between the heart-wood and sap-wood. It was formerly supposed that the roof of Westminster Abbey and other old wood-work in London was of this timber, a fact which would have been an argument for the antiquity of the growth of the Chestnut in England; but upon examination these buildings have proved to be of oak. Beyond the use of its saplings as hop-poles, chestnut timber is applied to no special purpose; but, growing as it will even in poor, sandy soil, or under the shade of fir-trees, it is a good deal planted as cover for game. In this situation it enlivens with its bright foliage the somber depths of the forest of red-stemmed Scotch firs, contrasting also with the dull sap-green of the heather and with the chrome of the birch-leaves, whilst in the park it keeps its brightness longer than the beech, and reflects more light than the bracken at its feet.

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Cypress Tree

(*Cupressus sempervirens*)

THE associations of some trees are ineffaceable. Though neither in form nor in color has the Cypress any suggestion of grief or gloom to the dweller in northern Europe who may be ignorant of its name and history, the customs and language of ages have, in its own southern climes, indelibly impressed upon it the symbolism of bodily death and spiritual immortality.



The Cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*) is generally a flame - shaped, tapering, cone-like tree, with but a short stem below its branches, which rise erectly and close to the trunk, much as in the Lombardy Poplar. Even in its native country it seldom exceeds fifty or sixty feet in height; and in our climate its average rate of growth is from a foot to eighteen inches per annum for the first eight or ten years, and after that it lengthens more slowly, so that trees forty years of age are seldom as many feet in height. After reaching a height between thirty and forty feet its growth is often almost imperceptible.

The dimensions of the species in southern Europe vastly surpass our largest examples. Thus one at Monza, in Italy, known to be 150 years old, is recorded as ninety feet high, two and a half feet in diameter of the stem, and twenty feet in that of the tree. By far the largest and oldest Cypress in Europe, perhaps the oldest living tree of any kind, is the historical and gigantic tree at Soma, in Lombardy. It is popularly supposed to have been planted in the

year of the birth of Christ, and is looked upon with great reverence in consequence; but there is said to be documentary evidence that it was a tree more than forty years earlier. It is more than 120 feet in height, and its stem is twenty-three feet round. In addition to the interest arising from this great age and size, the tree has the distinction of having been wounded by Francis I., who is said to have struck his sword into it in despair after his defeat at Pavia; and of having been so respected by Napoleon that in planning his road over the Simplon he deflected it from the straight line to avoid injuring the tree.

The branches of the Cypress divide repeatedly, and approximately in a single plane, so as to form flat, frond-like sprays, the smaller twigs of which are quadrangular in section and are closely covered with small overlapping leaves in four rows; these are of a yellowish shade of green, with a smooth and shining curved surface, and remain on the tree for five or six years, spreading out-wards and becoming more sharply pointed as they get older. On the main stem the leaves are longer and needle-like.

As in most members of that main division of the *Coniferae* that is known as the *Araucariaceae*, the male and female flowers of the Cypress are produced on the same tree. The staminate flowers are very numerous, and are only about a quarter of an inch long. Each of them consists of an elongated cone or axis, bearing the male "sporophylls"

or staminate leaves, minute scales of a yellowish color, each bearing three pollen-sacs. The female flowers are fewer in number, each being a globose, or rather polyhedral, cone made up of about a dozen polygonal scales with a conical projection in the center of each and a number of erect ovules at the base of its inner surface. When mature, this cone or "galbulus" is from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and its scales become corky externally and woody within, and separate to allow the seeds to drop out.

The wood of the Cypress is hard, remarkably fine and close in grain, very durable, of a beautiful reddish-brown color, and resinously fragrant. The evergreen character of the tree, and perhaps its flame-like monumental outline, the durability of its timber, and its wholesomely balsamic odor, have no doubt jointly contributed to that symbolism which Spenser summed up by speaking of it as "the Cypresse funerall." As Horace says, whatever was thought worthy to be handed down to the most remote posterity was by the ancients enclosed either in Cypress or in Cedar wood. The Gopher-wood of which the Ark was constructed is supposed by some to have been Cypress, and Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians used Cypress-wood for their mummy-cases; whilst Thucydides mentions that it was specially reserved to contain the ashes of those Greeks who died for their country, and Plato directed that his code of laws should be engraved on Cypress-wood, as being more durable than brass. Theophrastus states that the tree grew wild in the island of Crete on snow-covered mountains, and in Cyprus; and that it would not grow in too warm a situation. He recommends those who wish to grow it successfully to obtain some of its native soil from Cyprus; and says further that it was dedicated to Pluto because, when cut down, it, like other Conifers, never throws up suckers.



This may perhaps be connected with the custom of burying branches of Cypress with the dead, though more probably this, like the modern Turkish practice of planting the tree at either end of their graves, arose from the belief that the aroma of its resin would neutralise the effluvia of the cemetery. So wholesome was this aroma considered, that Oriental physicians were in the habit of sending patients with weak lungs to the isle of Crete. The bridge built by Semiramis over the Euphrates is said to have been of Cypress-wood. Pliny narrates several remarkable, but not incredible, instances of the durability of Cypress-wood. He says that there were in his time Cypresses still standing at Rome which were more ancient than the city itself; but that the tree was not a native of Italy, having been originally introduced from Greece to the Greek colony of Tarentum; whence, indeed, Cato, in his work on "Rural Economy," recommends that its seed should be procured. The doors of the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, were, Pliny relates, of Cypress-wood, and appeared quite new when four centuries old; as did also the statue of Jupiter in the Capitol, which was of the same material and half as old again. The tree in his time was employed for rafters, joists, and especially for vine-props, so that a Cypress grove was thought a valuable dowry for a daughter.

The Cypress was also one of the trees tortured into various shapes with the shears in that "topiary" work which was as fashionable in the Roman villa of the first century as in the English, French, or Dutch garden of the seventeenth. The wood of the Cypress may have been one of several kinds of timber marked with ornamental knots and wavy

figures in the grain which, under the name of Citron-wood, were most highly prized by the Romans for the manufacture of tables known as "*mensae tigrinae et pantherinae*." From mediaeval times the coffins of the Popes have been made of Cypress-wood, at least in part; and it is related that the doors of St. Peter's, made of this wood, lasted without decay from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Eugenius IV. in the fifteenth century. Evelyn mentions many uses to which the wood was put:-

"What," he says, "the uses of this timber are for chests and other utensils, harps, and divers other musical instruments (it being a sonorous wood, and therefore employed for organ-pipes, as heretofore for supporters of vines, poles, and planks, resisting the worm, moth, and all putrefaction, to eternity), the Venetians sufficiently understood, who did every twentieth year, and oftener (the Romans every thirteenth), make a considerable revenue of it out of Candy. . . . There was in Candy a vast wood of these trees, belonging to the republic, by malice or accident, or, perhaps, by solar heat (as were many woods, seventy-four years after, here in England), set on fire; which, beginning 1400, continued burning seven years before it could be extinguished; being fed by the unctuous nature of the timber, of which there were to be seen at Venice planks above four feet broad."

There can be little doubt that the Cypress was originally a native of Asia Minor, and probably also of the island of Cyprus, from which it almost certainly derives its name. It may perhaps be doubted how far the legends versified by Ovid in his "*Metamorphoses*" are due to original mythologising by the poet on his own account, and how far they represent popular belief; but the story of the origin of the Cypress, according to Ovid, is somewhat as follows:- A beautiful deer, a pet of Apollo's, used to come every day to be fed either by the god or by his faithful attendant, a youth named Cyparissus; but one day, as it came bounding from the forest towards Cyparissus, he, by mischance, killed it with a javelin which he was hurling in sport. So great was the boy's grief at the accident that Apollo could not console him. He flung himself on the ground in despair, as the conclusion of the story has been translated,

*"Praying in expiation of his crime
Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding time.
And now, of blood exhausted, he appears
Drain'd by a torrent of continual tears.
The fleshy colour in his body fades,
A greenish tincture all his limbs invades,
From his fair head, where curling ringlets hung,
tapering bush, with spiry branches, sprung,
thick, stiffening by degrees, its stem extends,
Up to the starry skies the spire ascends.
Apollo saw, and sadly sighing, cried,
then, for ever what thy prayer implied:
Glean'd by me, in others grief excite,
Still preside at every funeral rite."*

The last line refers to a Cypress-tree being placed at the door of a Roman house where a dead body was lying.

Though every cemetery in the East is thickly planted with Cypresses, the tree has none of that almost necessary mental suggestion of sadness which pertains to the mode of growth of the Weeping Willow or the somber hue of the Yew. It is, in fact, a very pleasant and ornamental evergreen, with the somewhat formal but unusual outline that renders it suitable for planting singly or in rows, especially where space is limited. It cannot withstand the severe winters of northern France or Germany; but with us it ripens its seed freely, and, as has been seen, grows almost as rapidly, if not to so large a

size, as in its native land.

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Elder Tree

(*Sambucus nigra*)

SUGGESTING much tradition and lore and several questions of interest to the philosophical botanist, the Elder (*Sambucus nigra*) and its allies merit attention, even if they cannot lay claim to great beauty. The tribe to which they belong, the *Caprifoliaceae*, includes many beautiful flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants, such as the Honey-suckles, but few entitled by their size to rank as trees. Among these last are the Guelder Roses and the Elder, which agree in having regular, or perfectly symmetrical, flowers, mostly small in size, white, or nearly so, in the color of their corollas, and grouped in clusters, or "cymes," that are followed by berry-like fruits. That familiar evergreen shrub, the Laurustinus, is truly no Laurel but a Guelder Rose, *Viburnum tinus*.

The Elder is a tree of such mingled good and evil report, that its commonness in the neighborhood of farms and cottages is probably an example of the victory of utilitarianism over superstition. According to mediaeval notions, as Shakespeare tells us in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "Judas was hanged on an Elder." Sir John Maundeville, a traveler but slightly more veracious than Baron Munchausen, was shown at Jerusalem the identical tree, and the repulsive black fungus, the Judas'-ear (*Hirneola auricula-Judae*), may still be found growing on the stem of this ill-omened species. True, this fungus also occurs on the Elm, and there is a very different tree known as Judas-tree, from a rival tradition, viz. a blood-red flowered leguminous plant, *Cercis siliquastrum*; but one legend is as likely to be true as the other, and *Cercis* was not a native of Britain--nor the Elder either, for that matter, of Syria. To confirm its evil reputation, it has been pointed out that the wood of the Elder, though hard, is heartless, that its flowers have that narcotic perfume that is suggestive of death, and that its foliage has so strong, and, to many, so unpleasant an odor, that, in *Cymbeline*, Shakespeare, using it as symbolical of woe, speaks of "the stinking Elder, grief." So, too, Spenser, in the "*Shepherd's Calender*," speaking "of the death of some mayden of greate bloud":--



*"The water nymphe, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girland olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of cypres doen advaunce!
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare."*

On the other hand, the ancients as well as the moderns were alive to many of the merits of the Elder. Its hard wood, so very easily hollowed, adapted it for a variety of musical instruments, one of which, named from it the "sambuca," is supposed to have been the sackbut of the Bible, the ancestral type of the modern trombone; and Professor Henslow



used, with characteristic practicality, to illustrate his lectures, when dealing with this tree, by a dissertation on the aerostatic principles of an Elder pop-gun.

Though the German name of the tree, Holdre, is said to signify hollow, it is also said to be mythologically connected with Hulda, the goddess of love; and, like love, the Elder drives away evil spirits and defeats the arts of the sorcerer, being an antidote to all his machinations. Good housewives, too, have long prided themselves on their elder-flower water and elderberry wine; and its wood is useful for skewers and shoe-pegs. From the berries a purgative extract is prepared; and the flowers, besides being used to give a Muscat flavor to some wines, are said to form, when dried, an excellent soporific antidote to snake-bites. So many, indeed, were its supposed medicinal virtues, that the great Boerhaave is said to have taken off his hat to every Elder-tree he passed.

Well may our ancestors, therefore, have planted this tree at their doors, to shield them alike from bodily and from spiritual harm.

The Elder seldom reaches a great height, but its stems are sometimes nearly two feet in diameter, a size indicating an age of several score of years. The bark of the old wood is rough and corky, and of a light brownish-gray color; but the young shoots have a very pleasingly bright grass-green surface, whilst the young foliage also has a clearness and cheerfulness of tone that it loses later in the year. The leaves, which are in opposite pairs, consist of two, three, or four pairs of broadly egg-shaped, serrated leaflets, and a terminal one, each of which seldom exceeds three inches in length. The small creamy-white flowers form an erect and singularly flat "cymose" inflorescence, sometimes nearly a foot across, which is especially characterized by having five principal radiating branches.

Even in a wild state this tree exhibits a considerable tendency to vary, a disposition which naturalists have been but too apt to ignore in the subjects of their study. Thus the number of the leaflets is sometimes reduced to three, and they are almost round in outline; at other times their edges are much notched; or, again, they are more or less completely variegated with yellow or white, whilst the usually black fruit is occasionally green or white when ripe.

Such plants, with divided leaves, densely-clustered small white flowers, and juicy fruitlets, suggest many ideas as to the probable causal or purposive significance of their structure. One sees at once a connection between the arrangement of the branches (two of which spring from the stem in the "axils" of a pair of "opposite" leaves, while the next pair are given off at right angles to them, or "decussately") and that of the paired leaflets in the "pinnate" leaf. The relations between the veins, or rather the skeleton, of the leaf and its outline, is equally apparent; and it needs no great acuteness to perceive that it will require less cellular tissue, and therefore, less food, to cover this skeleton with a segmented covering than to enclose it between the surfaces of one huge undivided leaf. Here, then, we have economy of nutrition, whilst at the same time the arrangement of the leaves secures their free exposure to the necessary light and air, and the greater length of saw-tooth margin secured renders them less inviting to the tender-mouthed cattle. In rendering themselves conspicuous, the small flowers have, by the process of

natural selection, shown their practical appreciation of the Belgian motto, "*L'union fait la force*," and, whilst in twilight the eye forms some idea of their success when it notices their spectral distinctness in the hedgerow, in a room our noses tell us that they aim mostly at attracting the insects of the dusk. Nearly all white flowers are more strongly scented in the evening. Color and perfume here go hand in hand. Perhaps, too, the small size and great number of their fruits may stand in distinct relation to the smallness and number of the fruit-eating birds of those northern temperate latitudes in which flat clusters of white flowers, whether "umbels" or "cymes," are most abundant.

The flowers of the Elder make their appearance at the end of May or the beginning of June. Its blossoming may thus be said to mark the beginning of summer. Careless as to soil, apparently luxuriating in loam, but well at home in gravel, its office seems often to be the overshadowing of the rubbish-heap of the cottage garden, whilst it absolutely rejoices when the carpenter chooses it as a prop to support his stock of planks. Dyer, the author of "*The Fleece*," refers to the flowering of the Elder as marking the time for sheep-shearing:--

*"If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crowfoot and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches."*

Elder-flower water, though useful as an eye-lotion, is not to be despised as a perfume. It is, in fact, with lavender-water, our native representative of the otto and eau-de-Cologne of more flavored climes. At the same time the wine obtained from the bright black berries is not only a richly-flavored British wine, but is said to do duty on occasion for the more highly reputed liquor of Portugal. Certainly elderberries would furnish as wholesome and as palatable a beverage as logwood, with which this famous wine is said to be frequently adulterated.

These same flowers and fruits, which form some of its chief attractions to the cottager, are the chief drawbacks to the use of the Elder for ornamental purposes. On a lawn they make an intolerable litter. The irregularity of its growth and the bareness of its stems unfit it for the shady alley or the hedgerow, though in old gardens it is not infrequently seen in such situations. Its proper uses in ornamental planting, in which it should not be altogether passed over, are to be found in the wild shrubbery, in a clump of shrubs in the park, or the edge of a wood, or in any other situation in which its masses of white blossoms and clusters of black berries can appear in effective contrast to the surrounding leafage. To relieve the undeniable heaviness of its mature foliage, it may be either mixed with, or replaced by, some of the variegated forms that are in cultivation.

An undoubtedly more attractive plant for such purposes is the Dwarf Elder, or Danewort (*Sambucus ebulus*). Though a perennial, its herbaceous stem hardly entitles it even to rank as a shrub; but its noble foliage renders it worthy of more notice at the hands of our landscape gardeners, and, though uncommon either in a wild or in a cultivated state, it is too fine a plant to be here passed over unpraised.

It seldom exceeds four feet in the height of its main stem, which terminates in a cluster of flowers; but the leaves are made up of from five to eight pairs of lance-shaped, smooth, but serrated leaflets, each of which is nearly six inches long, so that they measure as a whole some twelve inches in width, and, with the terminal leaflets, nearly eighteen inches in length. These grand leaves are surmounted, in July or August, by a flat cluster of flowers, whose corollas are pink on their under surfaces. To this cluster there are three main branches. The five stamens in each little flower have purple anthers and crumpled filaments; and in autumn the clustered blossoms give place to numerous small round berries, ripening from red, through a dark shining purple, to an almost pure,

though lustrous, black, and forming at once an attractive feast to our feathered friends and to the human eye searching into the beauties of the landscape in the fall of the year. Besides the herbaceous stem, the Danewort is further distinguished from its congener, the Elder, by the possession of distinct ovate, leafy, and saw-edged stipules at the base of its leaves. Though the traditions to which the plant owes its more familiar name allege that this Dwarf Elder grows only in spots once watered by the blood of our ancient invaders, the Danes, it will not, as a matter of fact, be found in the least unaccommodating in the question of soil. If they will only "give ample room and verge enough," the happy possessors of a shrubbery cannot do better than find a place in it for the Danewort.

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Elm Tree

(*Ulmus campestris*)

AMONG the most characteristically English trees, the Common Elm has yet but dubious claims to an existence in this country prior to the Roman occupation, even if its introduction date back as far as that. The name is but



slightly altered from the Latin *ulmus*, though still less so from the German form *Ulme*, whilst but few of our townships take their names from this tree, compared with the number called after the Oak, Yew, or Holly.

It is urged, moreover, that the Common Elm seldom ripens its seed in this country, multiplying itself, unlike the Wych Elm, by means of suckers. Its tufts of small flowers, often conspicuous with red or purple anthers on the bare boughs in the middle of leafless March, succeeded by the clusters of pale green "samaras," as the botanists term the flat-winged fruits, might well make us lay the blame of the absence of ripe seed on our climate, as being unnatural to the Elm. It is, however, no exceptional circumstance that this species should not ripen its seed in England, for it seldom does so in any part of Europe or Asia, though the

numerous seedling varieties that have been raised by our nurserymen bear witness to the fact that it does occasionally ripen a few seeds.

Native or not native, the "hedge-row Elms" now form a leading feature in most of our southern and midland landscapes, in the avenues of our parks, or scattered over them in clumps; stripped of their lower boughs on the margins of our corn-fields; clipped close so as to contribute to the hedge itself; or in the venerable grandeur of unmolested beauty, as the historic tree on some village green.

The Elms, with three or four other genera, are separated off from the great group of catkin-bearing forest trees to form a distinct natural order, the *Ulmacea*. They are confined to the north temperate zone, and of the genus *Ulmus* there are rather more than a dozen forms admitted to rank as species. These agree in having their leaves "oblique," i.e., unequally lobed at the base, one side being larger than the other; in their tufted flowers, which are not in drooping catkins, each containing both stamens and pistils; and in the enclosed ovary having two chambers, though the winged fruit which results therefore has commonly only one chamber with one seed in it. The position of this seed-chamber in the elliptical fruit furnishes the distinguishing characters of our British Elms: in the Common Elm (*Ulmus campestris*) it is

above the center, and near to the little notch at the top of the samara; whilst in the Wych Elm (*U. montana*) it is below the center. When, however, instead of poring over dried specimens in the herbarium, we visit the living tree, we see at once many other features that clearly impress us with the individuality of several different forms.

When seen at its best the Elm is a very large tree, even exceeding 120 feet in height, and 40 or 50 feet in girth, though seldom over 100 feet high or 30 feet round; often sending out one or two huge horizontal limbs to a distance of thirty or forty feet from the trunk, and generally forking above into ascending branches, whose multitudinous branchlets and twigs form a rounded top, towering over the green billowy masses that spring from the limbs. Its bark is corky, gray in color, and scored by those grand vertical furrows of age that mark the expanding rings of wood within, and have earned for the tree the epithet of "rugged." When bare of leaves, and standing black against a dull wintry sky, the tiny twiglets on the topmost boughs appear as delicate lace-work, far exceeding in fineness the minutest ornament of the Gothic architect, and yet graduating downwards into mighty beams, so as to suggest at once the strength of Nature's framework and the delicacy of her finish.

In England, the Common Elm is most abundant to the south of the Trent, and in this district almost every neighborhood has its famous old Elm, celebrated for age and size, beside a roadside inn, or associated with the good Queer Bess or some other historic character. In the home-meadow of an old English grange the row of Elms will generally be clamorous with the hoarse voices of rooks, who are seen in spring deftly arranging the dead twigs of winter to form those homes which, when deserted, wave among the



bare branches like blots upon the sky. The Elm is not particular as to soil, but flourishes best in a deep clayey loam in sheltered valleys. In sand or gravel its roots spread horizontally near the surface of the ground, their ends watered by the drippings from its long limbs, and they are thus liable, not only to be laid bare by the removal of the surface soil through the action of the rain--for which, covering themselves with a thick corky rind, they care little--but also to cause, through their loose hold in the earth, the overthrow of the whole tree. Another misfortune to which the Elm is peculiarly liable is the loss of its large horizontal limbs, which, though sometimes attributable to the action of frost, seems often only to be accounted for by supposing that they have elongated themselves, regardless of gravitation, beyond the cohesive power of their woody tissue; unless, indeed, we adopt the squirrel's explanation in Mr. Jefferies' charming fable, "*Wood Magic*":

"Elms are very treacherous, and I recommend you to have nothing to do with them, dear."

"But how could he hurt me?" said Bevis.

"He can wait till you go under him," said the squirrel, "and then drop that big bough on you. He has had that bough waiting to drop on somebody for quite ten years. Just look up and see how thick it is, and heavy; why, it would smash a man out flat. Now, the reason the Elms are so dangerous is because they will wait so long till somebody passes. Trees can do a great deal, I can tell you: why, I have known a tree, when it could not drop a bough, fall down altogether when there was not a breath of wind nor any lightning, just to kill a cow or a sheep out of sheer bad temper."

The stems of old Elms often become distorted with huge wart-like swellings, that put out tufts of little leafy twigs, especially when branches have been removed by man or nature. The wood of these swellings is ornamentally mottled, and takes a better polish than the ordinary timber of the tree, and is therefore valued for veneering. In France the trees are sometimes lopped on purpose to produce these knots. The chief insect foes of the Elm are the caterpillar of the Goat-moth (*Cossus ligniperda*), which eats its way into the wood of this tree, as it does also into that of the Ash, Oak, Beech, Linden, Willow, Poplar, Apple, Walnut, and others, and the Elm-bark Beetle (*Scolytus destructor*). This latter insect pierces innumerable holes through the bark, and forms extensive branching galleries in the inner bark and young wood. The remedies suggested are paring off the older bark so as to encourage a copious flow of sap, drenching the stem for several days, by means of a garden hose, and dressing it with coal-tar or soft soap, and above all, not allowing the felled trunks of infested Elms to remain on the ground with their bark on. Far more disfiguring, however, than these defects are those caused by man's ill-treatment. In many agricultural counties the Elms may be seen trimmed, to a height of forty or fifty feet, of every bough, so that they resemble nothing in nature but an aged hollyhock or a gigantic Brussels-sprout. In this pruning the cut ends are often carelessly made, so that wet-rot and decay eat from them into the center of the stem. Even when completely hollow, a battered veteran will long retain enough vitality in its mere shell to put forth some leaves each year.

The timber of the Elm is too useful to be thus wantonly destroyed. The whole log can be used, the lighter sapwood being as durable as the brown heart, and when kept perfectly dry or completely under water it is peculiarly imperishable. Hollowed Elm-logs were formerly almost exclusively used for water-pipes, and the wood is still employed for ships' pumps, keels, and bilge-boards, as well as for chairs and furniture. When alternately wet and dry it decays rapidly; and thus, in the use to which the greatest quantity is now put, to form our last resting-places on earth, it soon returns our dust to that whence we were taken.

It is remarkable that, beyond a few casual allusions, the Elm has attracted but little attention from our poets; and to Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton it is but "the vineprop elm" of Virgil's Italian vineyards. On the other hand, though they refer mainly to another species, the following passages from "*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*" are too characteristic both of the tree and of the writer to be omitted.

"I want you to understand, in the first place, that I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular. Now, if you expect me to hold

forth in a 'scientific' way about my tree-loves--to talk, for instance, of the Ulmus Americana, and describe the ciliated edges of its samara, and all that, you are an anserine individual, and I must refer you to a dull friend who will discourse to you of such matters. . . . Who cares how many stamens or pistils that little brown flower, which comes out before the leaf, may have to classify it by? What we want is the meaning, the character, the expression of a tree, as a kind and as an individual. . . . I shall never forget my ride and my introduction to the great Johnston Elm. I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. . . . I have often fancied the tree was afraid of me, and that a sort of shiver came over it, as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the unknown to whom she has been plighted. Before the measuring-tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon which has strangled so many false pretensions. As I rode along the pleasant way, watching eagerly for the object of my journey, the rounded tops of the Elms arose from time to time at the roadside. Wherever one looked taller and fuller than the rest I asked myself--'Is this it?' But as I drew nearer they grew smaller--or it proved, perhaps, that two standing in a line had looked like one, and so deceived me. At last, all at once, when I was not thinking of it--I declare it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now--all at once I saw a great green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest growths, that my heart pounded short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate and I felt all through me, without need of uttering the words, 'This is it'. What makes a first-class Elm? Why, size in the first place, and chiefly, a trunking over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim, that title, according to the same scale. . . . Elms of the second class, generally ranging from fourteen to twenty feet, are comparatively common. . . . The American Elm is tall, slender, slender-sprayed, and drooping as if from languor. The English Elm is stout, robust, holds its branches up, and carries its leaves for weeks and months. Is this typical of the creative force on the part of the tree, or of the ocean, or not?"

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Fir Tree

(Pinus sylvestris)

Some writers attempt to restrict the name Fir to the Spruces and Silver Firs, the genus *Abies* of science, and to translate the name *Pinus* only by the word Pine; but popular usage clings to the name of English origin for our only truly indigenous member of the group. This noble tree, known to botanists as *Pinus sylvestris*, occurs in the mountains of Southern Europe, reaching the altitude of 7,000 feet on Mount Etna, and in the lower ground of higher latitudes, being found in the Scotch Highlands at an altitude of 2,200 feet above the sea. It also forms a vast belt of forest land from Kamschatka across Siberia and Russia into Sweden, and Norway; whilst in former ages it spread equally over the lowlands of Denmark, England, and Ireland, as is proved by its occurrence beneath the peat-bogs and in the submerged forests of these countries.

The Scotch Fir is much planted on sandy soil in hilly situations throughout England, since it will flourish in many instances where the more rapid-growing larch will not. This is the case, for example, with the Bagshot Sand area of north and west Surrey, and with the Lower Green-sand wastes of the middle of that county, and of Bedford-shire; and far better is it that those immense tracts of country should thus be turned to account by the tree-planter, than that they should be abandoned to the heather. An anecdote of the seventeenth century may possibly point to the indigenous character of this species as far south as Stafford-shire. At Warton, in that county, there were then thirty-six very large Firs, several reaching 120 feet in height, and one even exceeding 140 feet, and having a girth of nearly 15 feet. The tenants who for many generations held the farm on which these trees stood, bore the name of Firchild, an ancestor having been found under one of the trees.

Accustomed as we are to the short, much-branched stems of our deciduous, or hardwood trees, the Pine is to us the very type of lofty uprightness. Its straight stem, seldom exceeding twelve feet in girth, attains a height of from fifty to a hundred feet or more; but most of us who remember such from our earliest years will echo Hood's reminiscence of their impressive grandeur:

*"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops*

*Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."*

One of the great beauties of the tree is its rough reddish bark, made up of flaky scales, and deeply ridged down the stem, giving it a curiously mottled effect. The branches are not usually large in proportion to the trunk, but they are given off numerously in whorls, so that, when the trees are grown close together, the lower boughs die off, and, as Shakespeare says--

*"Knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth."*

The leaves, or "needles," are given off in pairs from the axil of a fringed membranous sheath. The number of needles thus grouped together on what is termed a "dwarf shoot" is one of the distinctive characters of the subdivisions of the genus *Pinus*. The needles of the Scotch Fir do not exceed two or three inches in length, although in allied species they are sometimes as much as a foot long; they are grooved along their upper surface, curved and often twisted, and finely toothed throughout their length; and they remain on the tree for two or three years. The arrangement of the resin-passages and other constant features in the microscopic character of the interior of the leaf, seen in a cross-section, have been used as a means of discriminating the species of the genus. It is the remarkable dark indigo-tinted colour of the needles that lends to the tree the air of gloom with which it is generally associated, an effect which is heightened by the brown needle-carpeted ground beneath, silent and bare, since, owing to the absence of light, scarcely anything will grow. At a slight distance the young leaves produce quite the impression of a bluish haze, which no doubt led the laureate to associate the "thick mysterious boughs" of the Pine with "many a cloudy hollow."

The tree generally flowers in May, its flowers being "monoecious," that is, both male or pollen-bearing ones, and female, or seed-bearing ones, being borne on the same tree. The former are small yellow spikes of scales, each scale bearing a single two-chambered anther; and when the pollen is discharged--producing as it does in the Grampians those "showers of sulphur" that once amazed and alarmed the ignorant beholders--the whole catkin falls. The female cones on the other hand remain, of course, until the seeds they contain have been

ripened and discharged. They occur generally in twos or threes, each, when young, of a purplish color and an ovoid outline, tapering conically to a point and at first erect and stalkless, but after fertilization hanging by short stalks in a drooping position. The scales that make up the cone are not many in number: their points wither, and they become woody so as to present at the surface of the cone a series of hard rhombic or roughly-hexagonal plates, known as "apophyses," each rising in a recurved central point, forming collectively well-defined spirals closely packed together. It is not, as a rule, until the second or third year that the seeds ripen: in fact, the pollen, when it has fallen upon the ovule, or immature seed, sends out a tube which takes more than a year in penetrating to the embryo-sac. The scales of the cone then bend outwards, so as to let the winged seeds escape from between them. Thus it is that the close packing of the scales serves, until the seeds are ripe, every purpose of the closed ovary which distinguishes "Angiosperms"--as are the vast majority of our flowering plants--from such "gymnospermous," or naked-seeded, plants, as the Firs, Yews, Cedars, and Junipers.

The seeds, which in some allied species are large enough to be valuable as human food, occur in pairs at the base of each scale, and are furnished with a brown membranous wing three times their length. This closely resembles, and performs the same purpose as, the "samaras," or winged fruits, of Elms and other trees, the disposal of the seed away from the parent tree by the agency of the wind being the object in either case. The curiously-formed beak of the cross-bill, a bird that sometimes visits our islands, is specially adapted for the extraction of Pine-seeds. The nutty flavor of these seeds, their slowness in ripening, and the difficulty of extracting them, did not escape the notice of the emblem-writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With them it was a type of the happy results of persevering labor. Camerarius, for instance, gives a plate of a man holding a Pine-cone, or "fir-apple," with a motto to the effect that "thus it is not possible to arrive at virtue, worth, or praiseworthy deeds, save through many toils and difficulties, but the after-fruits thereof are most sweet." The internal structure of the ripe seed and its germination are of interest, as the "cotyledons," or first leaves, develop their green coloring-matter while still within the seed and thus excluded from light; and they are so deeply divided as to appear like a whorl of many leaves rather than a single pair, from which fact the name "Polycotyledons" was formerly applied to the group.

Few plants yield a greater variety of useful substances than the Scotch Fir. Tar, pitch, turpentine, resin, and deal are the chief, its timber being imported under various names, such as Dantzic and Riga Pine, according to the port of shipment. Though the timber varies considerably, that of the best varieties is of a deep brownish-red colour. The quality varies considerably according to the situation, that grown on well-drained slopes being better than that produced in wet land, where in fact the tree never flourishes.

Pines are commonly raised from seed in nurseries, but in suitable situations it multiplies freely by self-sown seeds. Darwin, in the "*Origin of Species*," gives a striking case of this, illustrating the struggle for existence. Near Farnham, in Surrey, "there are extensive heaths, with a few clumps of old Scotch Firs on the distant hill-tops: within the last ten years large spaces have been enclosed and self-sown Firs are now springing up in multitudes, so close together that all cannot live. On looking closely between the stems of the heath, I found a multitude of seedlings and little trees which had been perpetually browsed down by the cattle. In one square yard I counted thirty-two little trees; and one of them, with twenty-six rings of growth, had during many years tried to raise its head above the stems of the heath, and had failed."

At first conical in general outline, its branches rising slightly from the trunk, the Scotch Fir with us reaches full maturity in from seventy to a hundred years, and is generally felled at a less age; but in Norway it is stated to grow much more slowly, and to have reached an age of four hundred years. When old, the tree assumes a spreading flat-topped cedar or mushroom-shaped outline; and its boughs are often twisted into gnarled forms. Though generally associated in the minds of poets and painters with mountain scenery, the finest Pines are probably grown in more sheltered, lowland, but not damp situations.

Whilst, in his sonorous verse, Milton brings before us

*"the tallest Pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great ammiral;"*

Mr. Ruskin, in his graphic prose, has described one of the most wonderful effects of Pines in a landscape, though, as he points out, it has only been noticed by two of our poets. "When," says he, "the sun rises behind a ridge of Pines, and those Pines

are seen from a distance of a mile or two against his light, the whole form of the tree, trunk, branches and all, becomes one frost-work of intensely brilliant silver, which is relieved against the clear sky like a burning fringe, for some distance on either side of the sun." This phenomenon it is to which Shakespeare alludes when he makes the heroic but ill-fated Richard II. speak of the sun:

*"When from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud top of the eastern Pines;"*

and this, too, Wordsworth refers to more precisely in his *"Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass"*:

*"My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines
On the steep's lofty verge: how it blacken'd the air!
But, touched from behind by the sun, it now shines,
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair."*

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Hawthorn Tree

(*Crataegus oxyacantha*)

ABOVE a fifth of our forest trees belong to the Rose tribe, and nearly half of them have white flowers. Among these, none, perhaps, exceed in beauty that characteristically English tree, the Hawthorn, *Crataegus oxyacantha*. True, its geographical range includes all Europe, the north of Africa, and the west and north of Asia, whilst it has been introduced into North America; but in England, from the earliest days of private property in land, it has been chief hedge-forming bush, and perhaps many of the large, manyboled trees on England's bare hillsides or commons date from even an earlier period.

"Haw" is the same as "hedge;" and in the north the fruits of the Thorn are still termed "haigs," so that it is somewhat doubtful whether the word "hedge" is derived from the name of the tree that bears the "haws," or whether, as is more probable, the fruit took its name from being borne on a hedgerow tree.

This fruit resembles a miniature rosy-cheeked apple. Though it may consist of but one "carpel," while in the allied genus *Pyrus* there are never less than two, it often has, as we shall see, five of these divisions. In either case the round or oval fruit is surmounted, as in the apple, by the withered remains of the calyx. The mealy flesh of the fruit, which is perfectly wholesome--though so tasteless as generally to be left, even by the omnivorous schoolboy, to the birds--conceals the upper end of the bony core. This boniness of the core is one of the leading distinctions of the genus *Crataegus*.



There are some fifty species of Hawthorn, all confined to the north temperate zone. They are seldom more than twenty feet in height; but aged specimens sometimes have boles two or three feet in diameter, or still more frequently divide into several stout ascending limbs, from which the multitudinous boughs and twigs spread outwards, forming a close, round-headed bush, the favorite nesting resort of many of our feathered friends.

The bark is of a dull gray, and the boughs are usually beset with thorns. The leaves are small, and have a short but distinct stalk, whilst their outline is extremely variable; and the snowy flowers are grouped in flat clusters, each

containing many blossoms, in the center of each of which is the bunch of



stamens, whose delicate pink anthers soon become brown as they burst and discharge their pollen.

There are several wild varieties of the Hawthorn, besides the many cultivated sorts in our gardens and shrubberies. One, known as *Cratagus oxyacanthoides* by botanists, has larger flowers and fruit, with a smooth flower stalk and calyx tube, and with two or three "carpels," or divisions, to the core; whilst another, *C. monogyna*, has deeply-cut leaves, downy flower stalks, and smaller flowers and fruit, the flowers appearing later, usually in June, and the fruit having, as indicated by the scientific name, only one carpel. The fruits of these two forms can be distinguished at a glance, by having either several styles, or only a single one, projecting, like a little thread, from the opening surrounded by the withered calyx. Other forms have yellow, black, greenish-orange, or dull white fruits, whilst every one knows the varieties with double, pink, or scarlet flowers. Most people, too, must have heard of the celebrated Glastonbury Thorn, reputed to have sprung from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, planted on the top of Glastonbury Tor, which blossoms early in the year, and sometimes as early as Old Christmas Day, January 6th, besides flowering later in the spring. Botanists term this variety *pracox*; and the same occurrence is not unknown in other plants.

The Thorn may be propagated either by seed or by cuttings, from which last it gets its name of "quick-set."

Under its various names of Albespeine, Whitethorn, Hawthorn, May, and Quickset, this tree must always have been a favorite with all lovers of the country. It was formerly regarded as the emblem of hope, and was carried by the ancient Greeks in their wedding processions, and used to deck the altar of Hymen. Its symbolism has, however, undergone a change, probably owing to the mediaeval belief which is so quaintly told by Sir John Maundeville:--

"Then," he writes, "was our Lord yled into a gardyn, and there the Jewes scorned hym, and maden hym a crown of the branches of the Albiespyne, that is Whitethorn, that grew in the same gardyn, and setten yt upon hys heved. And therefore hath the Whitethorn many virtues. For he that beareth a branch on hym thereof, no thundre, ne no maner of tempest, may dere hym, ne in the howse that yt is ynne may non evil ghost enter."

The Hawthorn is still known in Germany as Christdorn; and the tradition is current among the French peasantry that it utters groans and cries on Good Friday; whilst in England, an old superstition that it is unlucky to uproot a Thorn tree still lingers, often in a belief that it is ill-omened to bring boughs of it into the house.

The quiet pastoral charm of this tree has endeared it to poets, who have sung its praises in conjunction with those of almost every season of the year. In winter, when

"Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,"

its boughs can hardly be said to present a cheerful aspect. They appear dull grey, or, at a little distance, almost as a black blot upon the landscape, save when the mildness of the season may have allowed the fastidious birds to leave its heavy crop of crimson fruit, preferring daintier fare.

Even then, when, as Sackville says--

*"Hawthorne has lost his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges are shivering all for colde,
And dropping-down the teares abundantly,"*

the sunbeams, glistening on dew or hoar-frost or the delicate threads of the gossamer, lend it a borrowed grace.

Again, in a manuscript account of *"The State of Eton School, A.D. 1560,"* in the British Museum, it is stated that, on the day of St. Philip and St. James--i.e., the first of May--

"if it be fair weather, and the master grants leave, those boys who choose it may rise at four o'clock, to gather May branches, if they can do it without wetting their feet; and that on that day they adorn the windows of the bed-chamber with green leaves, and the houses are perfumed with fragrant herbs."

The long leafy sprays, whose foliage is, however, almost hidden by the lavish masses of blossom that have earned for the plant the name of Whitethorn, as opposed to the black, leafless boughs visible between the snowy flowers of the Blackthorn, seem to have attracted most of those who write its praises, its fragrance being a great additional source of pleasure. Thus, in the *"Forest Minstrel,"* William Howitt sings of

*"The beautiful Hawthorn, that has now put on
Its summer luxury of snowy wreaths,
Bending its branches in exuberant bloom,
While to the light enamour'd gale it breathes,
Rife as its loveliness, its rare perfume.
Glory of England's landscape! Favourite tree*

*Of bard or lover! It flings far and free
Its grateful incense."*

That is, indeed, a joyous season of the year, when the air is fresh with the breath of flowers, and free from the dust of later summer; when the meadows are gay with cowslips, buttercups, or ladies'-smocks, and the woods still rejoice in primrose, orchis, hyacinth, and anemone; when the trees have not lost the first freshness of their greenery, and the hedgerows on the distant hill-side look like billowy snowdrifts unmelted by the summer sun. As Spenser says:--

*"Youngthes folke now flocke in everywhere
To gather May buskets and smelling Brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk pillours eare day-light,
With Hawthorne buds and sweet Eglantine."*

The thickly-set boughs, whether in flower or in leaf, make the Thorn afford a pleasant shade on the open down or by the village green. There, at noontide--

*"Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale:"*

whilst, later in the day, young lovers

*"In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale;"*

whilst Goldsmith tells us that the shade may be pleasing to others besides Milton's shepherds and Burns' lovers:--

*"The Hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age or whispering lovers made."*

The scarlet variety of the May, when in flower, has, by itself, perhaps, too glaring an effect, making one feel oppressed with heat through the eyes, as, by its powerful perfume, through the nostrils; but it is admirable when in a clump with several of the white-blossomed forms, especially if in a shrubbery with a neighboring Laburnum. Thorns are pleasing when thus placed on the edge of the lawn or park, on the outside of the belt of trees, or in their most frequent situation, the hedgerow. Undoubtedly, however, the most effective use of Thorns is, either singly or in clumps, in the park, for they are rather too untidy for the lawn; or in the wild garden, especially on any elevated knoll. The landscape-gardener of the future will think himself fortunate if he find one or two venerable Thorns, with much-divided boles, and with blossom-laden boughs yearly sweeping to the ground, ready to his hand in such situations.

The colors of decay, the sign of autumn's reign and of winter's approach, the tattered ensigns of beauty waved aloft in forlorn hope of the fight against the blackness of winter, the end of which is foredoomed, have formed the theme of the poet less often than the joyous glories of spring and summer; but when the summer beauty of the Thorn, "with its locks o' siller grey," has given place to the green fruit ripening to a pure, though opaque, crimson, the leaves put on what is, indeed, as Sackville described it, a "motley

lyverye." Some become a clearer green, losing the yellow and brown shades that have dulled in July their April verdancy. Others blush pink on one half of the leaf, or at their edges, whilst others outvie the crimson of the fruit or the reddish-purple of a rain-stained hunting-coat. Some become yellow as the Maple, others orange or russet, until the later mists of autumn reduce all this varied splendor to the uniform dull brown of decay, which on the ground soon becomes a mere black leaf-mould--

*"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot."*

The wood of the Hawthorn can seldom be obtained of a large-enough size for much practical use, and is liable to warp; but its toughness recommends its use for the cogs of wooden mill-wheels, and, as a substitute for box-wood in engraving. The bark has been used in tanning, and the leaves as a substitute for tea; but, except as making a dense, quick-growing, and ornamental hedge, the Hawthorn is certainly far rather beautiful than merely useful.

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Hazel Tree

(Corylus avellana)

BELONGING to that group of trees characterized by their catkins of simple and inconspicuous flowers, and by their nut-like fruits, more or less enclosed in bracts forming a sheath or "cupule," often of cup-like shape, the Hazel seldom has the habit or dimensions of a tree. It is generally a shrub, sending up many slender limbs remarkable for their brown bark and their great flexibility.



The young twigs are hairy and glandular and of a rusty-brown hue. The flowers appear in January, or exceptionally even as early as October, but are most frequently not open until March, whilst the leaves do not open until the end of April or beginning of May. The male and female blossoms occur on the same tree, but in distinct clusters or "catkins."

The male catkins are pendulous, first appearing as minute sausage-shaped buds of a dull brownish hue, but lengthening to two inches or more, and

becoming, when the anthers are fully matured, of a pale greenish-yellow or primrose color, which is more decidedly green when the pollen has been shed. Each catkin consists of a number of bract-like scales, each bearing eight anthers on its inner surface, so that a cloud of fine-grained yellow pollen is shaken from them by the March gales, after discharging which they drop off.

The female flowers are grouped in little egg-shaped, bud-like tufts, sessile on the branch, consisting of several overlapping green bracts, each of which bears two flowers on its inner face, the crimson stigmas forming a tassel at the top of the cluster. The flower itself is only a two-chambered ovary, surrounded by a velvety cup-like "bracteole" (which afterwards grows into the large leafy husk or "cupule" of the nut), and is surmounted by a short style and two of the long, crimson, tongue-like stigmas.

Concerning the nut, the Rev. H.N. Ellacombe writes:--

"There is a peculiarity in the growth of the nut that is worth the notice of the botanical student. The male blossoms or catkins (also anciently called agglettes or blowinges') are mostly produced at the ends of the year's shoots, while the pretty little crimson female blossoms are produced close to the branch; they are completely sessile or unstalked. Now, in most fruit trees, when a flower is fertilised the fruit is produced exactly in the same place, with respect to the main tree, that the flower occupied; a peach or apricot, for instance, rests upon the branch which bore the flower. But in the nut a different arrangement prevails. As soon



as the flower is fertilised it starts away from the parent branch; a fresh branch is produced, bearing leaves and the nut or nuts at the end, so that the nut is produced several inches away from the spot on which the flower originally was. I know of no other tree that produces its fruit in this way, nor do I know what special benefit to the plant arises from this arrangement."

Towards the solution of this problem it may be suggested that as it produces no petals the shrub has energy to form abundant pollen, some of which will certainly be wind-wafted on to the spreading stigmas if there are no leaves in the way. Hence the advantage to wind-fertilized flowers of blossoming before the leaves appear. As the two kinds of flowers in the Hazel often do not come to maturity simultaneously, the advantages of cross-fertilization are thus secured. Again, *l'union fait la force*, and a cluster or short spike of flowers (each of which is structurally a short branch), surrounded by bracts and sessile on a bough, will stand a better chance of keeping its place, in spite of spring storms, than a single flower. Moreover, the tufted stigmas secure the fertilization of some of their number. Fertilization acts as a stimulus. The

male catkins have performed their function and have dropped off, so nourishment flows towards the female one. In order, however, that the fruit may not ripen too soon and so fall to the ground and rot before the winter's frosts, it must not develop thus early in spring. The food is, therefore, thus employed in producing a branch below the nascent bunch of nuts.

The leaves of the Hazel are large, heart-shaped and rounded, with toothed edges, a long point, a downy under-surface, and a short stalk. In the bud they are folded into several longitudinal plaits, and when young are bright and pleasing in hue; but later on they take yellow-brown tints of green and a dull woolliness, that render the tree heavy as a feature in the landscape, except when relieved by the brown stem, the pale green clusters of unripe nuts, or their own autumnal changes into yellow, dull orange, or red.

The Hazel is found in Northern Africa, in Central and Northern Asia, and throughout Europe south of 63 degree N. latitude, having very much the same range as the Beech. It reaches an altitude of about 3,800 feet in the Alps, and 1,600 feet in the north of Britain.

As the Linden is interesting to us from its association with the name of Linnaeus, so the specific name of the Hazel (derived originally from Abella or Avellino, a city in the Neapolitan Campania, where the tree was much cultivated) becomes additionally interesting from its connection with that of the great tree-lover, John Evelyn. He tells us himself that in some ancient records and deeds in his possession his ancestors' names were generally written, "Avelan, alias Evelin." Evelyn's account of the soil suited to Hazels is that they, "above all, affect cold, barren, dry and sandy grounds; mountainous, and even rocky, soils produce them; they prosper where quarries of freestone lie underneath, as at Hazelbury in Wiltshire, Hazelingfield in

Cambridgeshire, Hazelmere in Surrey, and other places; but more plentifully if the ground be some-what moist, dankish and mossy, as in the fresher bottoms and sides of hills, holts, and in hedgerows." In Kent, where the Hazel is abundant both in a wild and in a cultivated state, it thrives best on a light calcareous loam, resting on the ragstone or the chalk; but in Scotland it often grows on a granite subsoil. It seems, in fact, to require at once abundant moisture and good drainage.

The name *Corylus* is of doubtful etymology, being variously derived either from the Greek *kopus* (*korus*), a cap, from the husk of the nut; or from *kapuov* (*karyon*), a nut. "Hazel" is said to come from the early English "haes," a behest, connected with the German "heissen," to give orders, the sceptre of authority among the simple chieftains of a more primitive time having been a Hazelwand.

The wild Hazel has grown abundantly since pre-historic times, and its nuts appear to have formed part of the food of the Swiss lake-dwellers. Both the Hazel and the Filbert were cultivated by the Romans, who are said to have given Scotland the Latinised name of Caledonia, from Cal-Dun, the Hill of Hazel, whilst the Filbert was called by them *Nux Pontica*, having been brought originally from Pontus. Its modern name is almost certainly a barbarous compound of "feuille," a leaf, and "beard," referring to the long cupule projecting beyond the nut; but in very early times a more poetical origin was found for the name. Phyllis, despairing at the prolonged absence of Demophoon, put an end to her life, but, as Gower tells us in his "*Confessio Amantis*"--

*"Phyllis in the same throwe
Was shape into a nutte-tree,
That alle men it might see;
And after Phyllis, Philliberde
This tre was cleped in the yerde."*

Many of the old vocabularies allude to the same fanciful etymology, and

Spenser speaks of "Phillis' philbert."

Virgil states that Hazel-twigs were used to bind the vines; but that, the roots of the nut-tree being considered injurious to the vines from their spreading character, spits of Hazel were also used in the sacrifice to Bacchus of the goat that browsed on the plants sacred to him. In mediaeval times considerable respect seems to have been paid to the Hazel, and many cases have been recorded, both in England and on the Continent, of the occurrence of Hazel-wands in the coffins of ecclesiastics, possibly in commemoration of a pilgrimage performed by the deceased. But its chief importance was for ages derived from its supposed magical powers of divination. The use of the divining-rod would seem, from Hosea iv. 12, to be of extreme antiquity, and the "virgula Mercurialis," as it was termed in Roman times, though sometimes, as now, made of willow or other wood, or even of metal, was frequently of Hazel. Its virtue was supposed to depend upon its having two forks, which were so grasped in the fists, with the fingers uppermost, that the free end might turn downward toward the object sought. In other cases the rod was peeled and simply laid on the palm of the hand.

In the fifteenth century this art of divination was named rhabdomancy. "It is," says Evelyn, "very wonderful, by whatever occult virtue, the forked stick (so cut, and skilfully held) becomes impregnated with those invisible steams and exhalations, as by its spontaneous bending from a horizontal posture to discover not only mines and subterranean treasure and springs of water, but criminals guilty of murder, &c. . . . Certainly next to a miracle, and requires a strong faith." Even Linnaeus confessed himself to be half a convert to this belief, and the practice of "dowsing," as it is there called, is still common in Cornwall and other western counties. According to the local superstition, the rod is guided to the metalliferous lodes by guardian pyxies,

the "kobbolds" of the German miner. It was no doubt this popular term "dowsing" which suggested to Scott the name of Dousterswivel, the charlatan in "The Antiquary," who uses a forked Hazel-rod in his magical performances. The rhabdomist is stated to feel a sudden acceleration or retardation of the pulse, or a sensation of great heat or cold, at the moment of discovery.

It was possibly from this use of Hazel-wands that fortune-telling powers accrued to the fruit of the tree. In many places an ancient custom prevailed, which it was thought unlucky to omit, of going a-nutting on Holy Rood Day, September 14th; whilst the practice of burning nuts on All-Hallows' Eve, October 31st, alluded to by Burns in his "Hallowe'en," and by Gay, was so general that the vigil was called Nuterack Night. The Vicar of Wakefield and his neighbors, it will be remembered, "religiously cracked nuts on All-Hallows' Eve."

The wood of the Hazel is a whitish red, and close and even in grain, and has been used in turnery, whilst well-veined veneers are obtained from the larger roots. The tree is mainly grown, however, as coppice, its shoots being useful for hampers, for "corf" rods (i.e., for baskets used in Durham coal-pits, known as "corves"), for hoops, wattles, walking-sticks, fishing-rods, whip-handles, &c. Rustic seats and baskets for gardens made of Hazel-rods, varnished with the bark on, are found to be very durable. This coppice also makes good oven-wood, and its charcoal is suited for crayons or for gunpowder.

It is for its fruit, however, that the tree is most valued, for the sake of which it is largely cultivated in "the garden of England" round Maidstone. The rows of heavy, dull-leaved, close-growing shrubs in the Kentish nut-gardens cannot be considered ornamental--in summer at least. But in the autumn woods, when

*"The scrambling shepherd with his
hook,
'Mong Hazel-boughs of rusty brown,
That overhang some gulping brook,
Drags the ripened clusters down,"*

the Hazel gains the charm of
association with the careless joys of
our boyhood.

"The scrambling shepherd" will,
however, often find, in lieu of the nut
he seeks, that chariot of Queen Mab--

*"An empty Hazel-nut
Made by the joiner-squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies'
coach-makers."*

The grub in question, one out of nearly
a hundred insects that attack the
Hazel, is the Weevil (*Balaninus
nucum*), a tawny-brown beetle that
may be seen creeping along the
boughs or flying round the nut-bushes
in the early summer.

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Holly Tree

(*Ilex aquifolium*)



IN northern regions evergreens are not numerous, and the short days of winter are better fitted for festivities round the warm hearth within doors than for industrial occupations in the chill open air. Thus, during the comparatively gloomy reign of winter, the old agricultural festival of the melancholy god Saturn was kept by the Romans with houses decked with boughs, and with free license of speech and jest even for the slave; whilst the ancient Teutonics seem to have propitiated those "good people," "the lubber fiend" and other woodland sprites, by offering them warm sheltering boughs around the ingle-nook, when their wonted haunts were bare of leaves. Among the Kelts the unbroken life of "Madre Natura" was symbolized by the evergreen branches of the weird mistletoe, that parasitically decked the boughs of the sacred monarch oak of the forest, and of the surrounding apple-groves of Arthur's Avalon when their leaves had fallen. Ancient canons of the Church forbade Christians to deck their houses with evergreens according to these Pagan customs, at least, not at the same times as the heathen; but it was the wise policy of men like Gregory and Augustine to Christianize these rites, although the mistletoe seems to have been too closely associated with the arcana of Druidism ever to receive the same

full ecclesiastical sanction as the Holly and the Yew. The spinous leaves and blood-red berries of the former might well be taken by the Christian symbolist as a mystic foreshadowing of the Passion at the celebration of the Nativity, and the name of the tree, which originally referred mainly to its pointed leaves, may have suggested something holy.

Our poets naturally abound in allusions to the bright green of the leaves and the crimson of the berries of the Holly, associating it generally with ivy and yew; but in the following curious carol, dating from the year 1456, and preserved among the *Harleian manuscripts*, the Holly is accorded the pre-eminence:

"Nay, Ivy!
nay, it shall
not be I
wys;
Let Holy
hafe the
naystry, as
the maner

ly stond
the halle,
re to
old;
tond
out the
she ys
re a



d
y men they dawnsyn and they syng,
our maydenys they wepyn and they wryng.
a kybe (Kybe, chilblain.); she laghtit with

ey all hafe that wyth Ivy hold.

erys as red as any rose,
nd the hunters kepe hem from the does.
ys as black as any slo;
eoule and ete hem as she go.

lys, a ful fayre flok,
ale, the Poppyngy, the gayntyl

byrdys ast thou?
vlet, that cryes 'How! how!'"

Many popular superstitions still linger round the use of Holly at Christmas. In Rutland it is deemed unlucky to bring it into a house before Christmas

Eve; in Derbyshire it is said that, according as the Holly brought into the house at this season be prickly or smooth, the husband or the wife will be master during the year. In some western counties the boughs removed from churches are treasured, like the palms at Passion-tide, for luck throughout the year following; and in Germany, like the tapers used at Candlemas, they are looked upon as a sure protection against thunder.

The name Holly is probably derived from the root hul, or kul, connected with the Latin culmen, a peak, and culmus, having reference to the same character as its modern specific name aquifolium, or "needle-leaved." Though known as Stechpalme in modern German, it was formerly in that language termed Hulis, Hulst, or Hulse. William Turner, in the "*Libellus de re herbaria*" (1538), his earliest botanical work, speaking of it under the head of Ruscus, says, "Procerum aut galli housum, angli an holy tre et an Huluar tre nominant, hec etiam arbor, si Ruellio credimus, ilex aquifolia dicitur e cujus corticibus ipse admodum puer viscum confeci." "But the French call the tall kind housum; the English, an holy tre and an Hulvar tre. This tree also, if we believe Ruellius, is called *ilex aquifolia*, from the bark of which I have formerly, when a boy, made birdlime." The old French houlx still retains its Teutonic form in the modern houx, and the name hulver is in use in the eastern counties, not to mention the name knee-hul for the Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*); whilst many a modern schoolboy has followed Turner's example in the manufacture of birdlime by chewing hollybark. Under the form holm, the name of the Holly enters into many of our early English place-names, such as Holmwood, and no one has ever doubted the indigenous character of the species, which is still represented by ancient trees in the oldest portions of our English forests.

The Holly will grow in any soil in which water is not absolutely stagnant; but it prefers a rather dry sandy loam, and, whilst it not only "outdares cold winter's ire," but seems to flourish in the bleakest situations, it does not do well under the shade of other trees. It is generally from ten to forty feet in height, and not more than two or three in girth. The slow-growing, even, and hard-grained wood is, except at the center, as white as ivory, and is valued for turning and inlaying. It stains well, and is therefore used in place of ebony for the black handles of tea-pots, while for engraving it is perhaps second only to boxwood.

One of the great charms of the Holly is its silvery bark. Smooth on the old stems as in the beech, but

without the glossy sheen of the beautiful birch, it yet affords a most pleasing contrast to the dark foliage. The young twigs are light green, and slightly downy.

It is the foliage, however, contrasting alike with the bright greens of surrounding trees in summer, and with their leafless branches in winter, that gives the chief picturesque value to this "incomparable tree," as Evelyn terms this handsomest of evergreens. The glossy green leaves are associated in Shakespeare's lyric with the pleasures of forest life:-

*"Heigh-ho! the green holly!
This life is most jolly."*

Southey's well-known poem has popularized the fact that the leaves on the lower boughs are more spinous than those on the upper, suggesting a reason in accordance with that newer teleology which has been evoked by the teaching of Mr. Darwin. The spines of the lower branches do indeed protect them from cattle, though not from deer; whilst a sort of innate tendency to spinousness must account for the one terminal point of the upper leaves. Another poetical reason has been given for its general exemption from attack--namely, that, "unknown before, the Holly sprang up in perfection and beauty beneath the footsteps of Christ when He first trod the earth, and that, though man has forgotten its attributes, the beasts all reverence it, and are never known to injure it." Nevertheless, the Holly has other enemies besides the deer, for a species of aphid (*Aphis ilicis*) lives on the young shoots, and a fly (*Phytomyza ilicis*) burrows, when in the larval stage, under the epidermis of the leaves.

From May to August the tree bears clusters of small, wax-like, white flowers, which seem peculiarly attractive to bees; and, as the species is almost diaecious--that is, has on one tree flowers in nearly all of which the ovary is aborted, and on another those in which the four stamens bear hardly any pollen, it is by these insects that its fertilisation is mainly effected. This is also, of course, the reason why certain trees, being male, never produce berries; though an opinion has been expressed that male Hollies become female with age, a point deserving further attention. Many of the variegated forms grown in gardens produce little or no fruit, though one of these (var. *laurifolia*) bears a profusion of fragrant flowers. This absence of fruit argues a certain want of vigor, which is borne out by the fact that variegation is apparently produced by a deficiency of potash in the soil. Whether, as has been suggested, this ornamental partial chlorosis be due to some parasitic alga within the cells of the leaf

or not, and whether, as has also been suggested, it be contagious or not, are points yet to be decided.

The berry is generally red, but sometimes yellow, white, or, without the aid of Jack Frost, black; and, though eaten with impunity by birds, may be said to be poisonous to man, being extremely emetic and cathartic in their effects. Owing, however, to a bitter principle that they contain, known as ilicin, the leaves were formerly used medicinally in cases of fever and rheumatism. It is probably this, or an analogous principle, that gives its flavor to the yerba or mate tea of South America, which is prepared from the leaves of an allied species (*Ilex paraguayensis*).

Hollies can be readily raised from cuttings, which are preferably set in April or May; but, as Evelyn says, seedlings are better, especially natural and well-established ones from the woods. The berries for seed should be mixed with sandy loam for a twelvemonth, as they do not germinate till their second spring.

Few objects on a lawn are more beautiful than a Holly-bush or clump of Hollies, with red or yellow berries peeping from among the glossy leaves flecked with ivory-white, while a briar-rose clammers with pink and white sprays among its boughs, or the autumnal glories of Virginian creeper relieve the more somber green.

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Holm Tree

(*Quercus ilex*)

EVERGREEN trees, so characteristic of the warm and moist insular climates of sub-tropical or of warmer temperate latitudes, are at once recognized as exceptional in the colder north. Even the Holly is with us on the northern limit of its area of distribution; and the idea of an Oaktree is so closely associated in our minds with boughs bare of leaves during the winter, that we are apt to forget that a considerable number of species of this large genus retain their foliage throughout the year. Among these are the Cork Oak (*Quercus suber*), the Kermes Oak (*Q. coccifera*), and the Green, or Live Oak (*Q. virens*); but the only one that has been cultivated to any extent, or that will grow freely throughout the greater part of our islands, is the Holm Oak (*Q. ilex*).

Though the name "Holly-leaved" more properly belongs to a distinct, but allied species, the most prevalent form in Spain, *Quercus grammuntia*, there can be little doubt that *Quercus ilex* derives its popular name of Holm Oak from the resemblance of its dark leathery leaves to those of our native evergreen, the name of which was often written Holm instead of Holly, and not, as has been suggested, from its flourishing on holms or islands in rivers.

It is a native of Southern Asia, from Cochin-China west-wards, North Africa, and the south of Europe, occurring wild as far north as Nantes, and growing at an altitude of 3,200 feet on the slopes of Etna. Even in its native countries it seems to have but little power of ousting other vegetation, so that it seldom forms forests; but both where it is indigenous, and with us, it thrives remarkably close to the seashore, where no other European oak will flourish. Considering, therefore, its dense foliage, its evergreen character, and its value as timber, this tree might certainly with advantage be more extensively planted as a screen in such situations. A winter of exceptional severity may cause it to lose its leaves, but is seldom fatal to it.

As the trunk is generally furnished with branches down to the ground, the Holm Oak has, even when of large size, the appearance of a gigantic bush or shrub, rather than that of a timber tree; but when pruned, or drawn up by being planted with other trees, it may form a straight trunk, and reach a height of 50, 60, 70, and even upwards of 80 feet,

with a circumference which, though generally not more than from 2 to 6 feet, has reached 11 and even 22 feet. Its growth is rapid at first, reaching 20 or 30 feet in from twelve to fifteen years; but afterwards it increases much more slowly, seldom exceeding 50 feet of height when as many years of age. It is, no doubt, to this slow growth that the brown heart-wood of this species owes its close texture, hardness, and high specific gravity, weighing as it does, as much as seventy pounds per cubic foot.

Though we cannot altogether believe the stories of its longevity told by Pliny, there can be no doubt that this tree, which, under the name of Ilex, is so commonly referred to by Virgil and Horace, does live to a great age. Pliny would have us believe that in his time--in the first century, that is, of our era--a Holm Oak was still in existence on the Vatican, in the trunk of which Etruscan letters of brass were inlaid, indicating that the tree was older than Rome itself; whilst three other specimens were still growing at Tibur which were in existence when Tiburtus founded that city, ages even before the foundation of Rome!

The leaves vary considerably in outline in seedling varieties, in one of which, known as *latifolia*, they are no less than five inches long and nearly three in breadth, though generally not half these dimensions. They are mostly of an ovate-oblong form, with an acute point and an unnotched margin; but they are sometimes serrate, irregularly toothed, like the Holly, or crisped or wrinkled at the edge. Of a very dark glossy green on their upper surfaces, they are more or less hoary beneath; but their stiff leathery consistency prevents them from turning lightly in the breeze, so that it must be admitted that the tree is somber in its general effect. Unfortunately, too, almost every leaf is discolored by the attacks of the larva of the moth *Lithocolletis messaniella*, which causes them to drop off somewhat prematurely. Their perfectly smooth surface, and often unrolled edges, give the leaves, however, a lustrous appearance, and it is remarkable that when any of them are spinous, it is, as in the Holly, those nearest the ground that are so.

The tree flowers in May, the male flowers being in catkins, springing from the axils of the leaves of the previous year towards the apex of the branch, whilst the female blossoms, varying from four to eight in number, are on a stalk arising from the axils of leaves of the same year, and, of course, still nearer to the apex of the branch. The catkins of male flowers are about an inch and a half long, each

flower consisting of a cup-shaped calyx and six stamens, furnished with long stalks, or "filaments," to the pollen-bearing anthers. The stalk, or "peduncle," of the female flowers is between one and two inches long, and they are scattered along it with a "sessile," or unstalked, insertion. The acorns which succeed them do not ripen until the autumn of the second year, only one or two coming to maturity on each peduncle. They are generally rather long, oval, and smooth, being enclosed for a third, or even half, of their length in cups made up of numerous narrow downy scales, which closely overlap one another. The acorns are generally bitter, and this is said to be particularly the case with specimens of this Oak grown in cold, damp situations. On the other hand--though perhaps never as sweet as those of the Spanish Holly-leaved Oak (*Q. grammuntia*), which are compared to the best chestnuts, and are said to have fattened the tunny-fish as they passed into the Mediterranean by the once oak-clad shores of Andalusia--some trees of the Holm Oak produce both sweet and bitter acorns, and there is never any recognizable external difference.

The Ilex is propagated entirely from seed, no tree, it is said, being more difficult to transplant, so that it is best to plant the acorns where it is wished to have the trees; failing which, they can be raised in pots. The difficulty arises from the long tap-roots, which, in suitable soil, will descend to a very great depth, altogether disproportionate to the height of the trunk, sending out no more lateral branches or fibres than a carrot. As the tree is peculiarly intolerant of cold wet subsoil, it will accordingly thrive best in a deep loam, which should be sandy or calcareous, rather than clayey. If, however, in the nursery-garden young plants are grown in a stiffish soil, and transplanted every other year, they can be compelled to throw out lateral roots, though they will not make the same rapid growth of stem as in warmer and drier soil. The acorns sown in England are generally imported, although in favorable seasons they may be well matured and ripened in this country.

The bark is black, thin, hard, and even, or slightly cracked on old stems, but never corky. It contains, like our common Oaks, a considerable quantity of tannin, and could be, but seldom is, used in that remarkable chemical process of the tanyard with which man seems to have been empirically acquainted from a remote antiquity.

The sap-wood is whitish; but the heart is, as has been already stated, very close-grained, hard, and heavy, and of a brown colour. It is susceptible of a

fine polish; but like most other hard and heavy woods, it is very liable to twist and split whilst drying. It is, however, very durable and of considerable flexibility, so that it is in use in Languedoc for the handles of hatchets and other tools. Evelyn, who was a great admirer of this species, and an advocate for the more extensive planting of it in England, recommends it also for "mallet-heads, mall-balls, chairs, axle-trees, wedges, beetles, pins, and palisadoes in fortification," and it has been suggested for naval architecture, its weight rendering it suitable for use in the bottoms of ships, whilst its greater strength makes it possible to use it in smaller scantlings than common oak. In Spain it is used for charcoal, which it yields of excellent quality; and there can be no doubt as to its great value for planting near the sea-coast to screen other trees, which are in general so far less able to bear the sea-breeze. Planted close together in a row in such a situation, a warm and handsome hedge could be grown to a height of 40 or 50 feet even in a less number of years.

Few things, perhaps, are more striking to the eye of the thoughtful observer of plant-life than the exuberance of this and other evergreens in proximity to the sea. Camellias, Magnolias, Myrtles, Oranges, Veronica, Euonymus, or Tamarisk, all tell the same tale of practically continuous vitality, as evinced by the growth of one year's leaves until after the unfolding of the next year's crop, under the influence of an equable climate, free from extremes of heat or of cold. The Holm is also said, owing to its compactly rounded outline and tough and solid wood, to be less liable to injury by wind or lightning than any other species of Oak. However this may be as regards wind, it is not improbable with reference to lightning, though, perhaps, for a reason not generally recognized--its possession, in fact, of a perennial covering of pointed leaves. It has been observed that winter thunderstorms are more destructive to trees than those in the summer: that Oaks overgrown with ivy are seldom struck; and that perhaps trees with rounded leaves are more liable to injury from this cause than those whose leaves are pointed. The leaves, it is suggested, act as a myriad of discharging points for the atmospheric electricity; in which case, of course, evergreens would have a decided advantage. When, however, we consider the landscape effect of an exclusively evergreen tree-flora, it must be admitted that the uniform dark tints of its perennial verdure are apt to pall upon the senses.

Evergreen leaves are almost invariably thicker than those of deciduous plants, and besides having

occasionally an epidermis of more than the usual single layer of colorless cells, they have commonly a "hypoderm," or sub-epidermal tissue, also consisting of more than the usual number of layers of cells, which being, as they are, in a vertical position, and filled with "chlorophyll," or "leaf-green," give the leaf its characteristically dark tint, absorbing far more light than the transparently thin and pale-hued foliage of our northern forests. In these evergreen woodlands we can never feel the exhilaration of opening spring, though we are also, it must be admitted, spared the sad retrospects of autumn: even though the sun is still rising in the deep cloudless blue of a southern sky, beneath the gloom of the Ilex "it is always afternoon." Just as in the tropics, amid the ceaseless hum of teeming insect life and the gaudy splendor of the flowers of the jungle, whose superabundance suggests the cruel, relentless, and never-ending struggle for existence, so among olives, oleanders, ilexes, and cypress, the heart of the traveler turns to the restful green of northern pastures, and even to the bare boughs of winter that tell of nature's rest.

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Hornbeam

(*Carpinus betulus*)

Its general distribution is not wide, being confined to the temperate parts of Western Asia and of Europe, its northern limit being stated at 55 deg or 56 deg, though it occurs somewhat north of this in the Island of Gothland.

The Hornbeam, according to Sir J. E. Smith, is generally "a rigid tree, of humble growth, but when standing by itself, allowed to take its natural form, will make a much handsomer tree than most people are aware of." It does not often exceed forty or fifty feet in height, or from three to four feet in the girth of the trunk. A carefully-grown seedling, however, which has never been lopped, may grow into a fine, straight-stemmed, round-headed tree, seventy feet in height and nine feet in circumference, resembling a Beech, but having its more slender boughs compacted into a closer outline.

As, however, the Hornbeam is peculiarly tolerant of the pruning-knife, and its branches yield excellent firewood, it is seldom allowed to become a timber tree, and almost all the old trees of the species in this country are pollards. In these the trunk is generally flattened and twisted, as though composed of several stems grown together, or "fasciated." This, in fact, does occur, as also does "inosculation," or the union above of branches which are separate below, a mode of growth more peculiarly characteristic of the Beech, a tree which the Hornbeam resembles in not a few particulars.



The flattened or irregular outline of the stem is, however, due, in part at least, to an irregularity in its internal structure, the transverse structures known as medullary rays, being exceptionally large and wide apart, so as to break up the annual rings of wood into local patches, as it were, accumulating more in one part than in others.

It is never a very fast-growing tree, lengthening from twelve to eighteen inches per annum for the first ten years of its life, but increasing far more slowly as it gets old, and not being apparently very long-lived.

The bark, which has tonic properties, is smooth, and of a silvery light-gray color, much resembling that of the Beech, and affording a pleasing contrast to the green or russet of the leaves in summer or autumn. These last are of a hazel-green color, oval--or, more precisely, "ellipticovate"--in outline, from one to two inches long, with a margin notched with serrated teeth, a distinct and permanent point, and numerous parallel, transverse, hairy ribs projecting on their under surfaces. They thus somewhat resemble those of the Elm, as was pointed out by Gerard, for which reason the Hornbeam is also known as "Yoke Elm." They are, however, smoother, and of a lighter and more olive green, and,

being folded in the bud into numerous charming plaits along their lateral veins, still further excuse the common mistake of the tyro, or casual observer, who generally confuses the white stems of the Hornbeam with those of the Beech. From Beech leaves, however, those of the Hornbeam are distinguishable by their lighter and browner color, by want of gloss, by the greater prominence of the veins on their lower surface, by the permanence of the pointed and toothed outline, which is lost in the older leaves of the Beech, and, as a rule, by remaining longer on the tree. They appear generally in April, furnished with large, deciduous stipules, of a lighter color and unplaited surface, and in autumn they wither to a warm copper brown, remaining on the tree, especially if pollarded, until the following spring. This retention of the dead leaves by the shoots of pollards, which is seen also in the case of the Oak, is a remarkable, and, as yet, unexplained fact.



About a month after the unfolding of the leaf-buds the catkins make their appearance. These, as in all the members of the great order Cupulifera, to which the genus *Carpinus* belongs, are "monoecious," the staminate, or male catkins, being produced in the axils of the leaves of the previous year--i.e., in the angles between these leaves and the stem--but the female, or fruit-bearing ones, terminating the young shoot. Both kinds of catkin are pendulous, and vary in length from one to two inches each; but after fertilization the fruit-bearing axes elongate considerably.

The Hornbeam agrees with the Hazel in having no perianth round its male flowers, this being one of the characters by which they are separated, under the name *Corylacea*, from the Oaks, Beeches, and Chestnuts, or *Quercinea*. The male catkin consists of numerous over-lapping, pale-colored scales, or bracts,

beneath each of which the minute observer will find a group of twelve or more stamens, each of which is forked, and bears two anthers ending in a tuft of hair. These male spikelets, as is usually the case with similar organs, fall off entire as soon as they have discharged their function--i.e., as soon as they have liberated the pollen.

The female catkin well illustrates the structure, at once simple and elaborate, of the flower-buds of most of our trees. In the axil of each bract of some trees there is one central flower, on either side of which are two smaller bracts, or "bracteoles," and in the axils of each of these there is a lateral flower, which also is flanked by two secondary bracteoles. In the Hornbeam the female catkin bears a number of bracts, narrower and more pointed than those of the male flowers, and in the axils of each of them are the two lateral florets of the typical catkin above described with the two bracteoles, and four secondary bracteoles, but no central floret. It is these bracteoles which form the conspicuous three-lobed "cupules" when the fruit is ripe.

The catkins naturally remain on the tree until the fruit is ripe--that is, until October. They are then sometimes as much as four inches in length, the pale, buff-green, three-lobed, leaf-like cupules, resembling miniature Plane leaves, being each an inch or more in length from its point to its base. The fruits occur in pairs at the base of these scales, and are small, olive-green, roughly three-sided nuts, resembling Spanish chestnuts, or Beech-masts, about a quarter of an inch long, crowned by the remains of the perianth, and each containing a single seed. The effect of the pale-green fruit clusters among the

somewhat sombre foliage that, in summer, hides much of the silvery bark, is distinctly pleasing.

Gerard, in 1597, gives, in his "*Herball*," a very accurate figure of the Hornbeam in fruit, and a description of the tree and its name, at once so accurate and so characteristic, that it may well be quoted at some length:--

"Betulus, or the Hornebeam tree, grows great, and very like vnto the Elme, or Wich Hasel tree, hauing a great body, the wood or timber whereof is better for arrowes and shaftes, pulleies for mills, and such like deuises, than Elme or Wich Hazell; for in time it waxeth so hard, that the toughnesse and hardnesse of it may be rather compared vnto horn than vnto wood, and therefore it was called Hornebeame, or Hardbeame; the leaues hereof are like the Elme, sauing that they be tenderer; among those hang certain triangled things, vpon which be found knaps, or little heads of the bignesse of Ciches, in which is contained the fruit or seed; the root is strong and thicke. . . . The Hornebeam tree is called in Greek Suyia, which is as if you should say Coniugalis, or belonging to the yoke, because it serueth well to make Suyia of, in Latine, Juga, yokes wherewith oxen are yoked together, which are also euen at this time made thereof. . . and therefore it may be Englished Yoke Elme." . . .

From this passage, Yoke-elm would seem to be one of Gerard's many coinages; but the scientific name *Carpinus* has also been derived from the Keltic "car," wood, and "pen" or "pin," a head, though another suggestion is the Latin "carpentum," a chariot, the Swedish "karm," which closely approaches "charme," the French name for the tree. The wood, which is normally white, hard, tough, rather cross-grained, strong, light, and flexible, is also used for other agricultural implements, for the screws of presses, wooden cog-wheels, and tool-handles, and furnishes an excellent gunpowder charcoal. The modern German name for the tree, "Hainbuche," refers to another use to which Hornbeam has long been put. As it will stand a great amount of pruning, so long as it is not done in spring, when the tree is likely to suffer from the bleeding that results from the rising sap, it is a favorite tree for hedge-rows, known in French as "charmilles"; and since the dead leaves remain late on the branches, rustling crisply in the autumn gales, but resisting all the buffetings of the wind, it is largely used for this purpose in nurseries of seedling forest trees, and elsewhere where shelter is required, and used formerly to be employed in mazes and other geometrical devices. Evelyn ranks it foremost among deciduous trees for that purpose, reserving the claims of his favorite evergreen, the Holly:--"In the single row," he writes, "it makes the noblest and stateliest hedges for long walks in gardens or parks of any tree whatsoever whose leaves are deciduous." Flourishing, too, on soil too stiff for many kinds of trees, the Hornbeam is useful as a nurse to other species, and as cover for game. Deer will not touch it, but hares, rabbits, and especially field-mice, are very fond of its young leaf-shoots and foliage.

But, perhaps, the beauty of this tree when allowed free growth has not been sufficiently recognized as a reason for planting it. The decrepit specimens in Epping Forest, that have been ruthlessly and repeatedly polled, are merely grotesque, for such masses of disease cannot justly be regarded as beautiful. When felled, their wood is stained of a black color, and is of inferior quality; and when, as during the last few years, no longer lopped, they send up long ungainly branches, which, from the crowding, take a vertical direction, bearing only a few leaves at the top. When, on the other hand, they have been judiciously thinned, their boughs sweep down gracefully to the ground, well covered with leaves, with nearly as much beauty as those of Lime or Beech. Such trees, once pollarded, can never entirely regain the charm of the naturally round, compact head; but their feathery sprays, reaching to the very turf, form a decidedly desirable feature in the woodland glade or wild shrubbery.

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Horse Chestnut Trees

(*Aesculus hippocastanum*)

SO hardy, so commonly planted, so well-known, and withal so beautiful a tree as the Horse-chestnut, cannot be passed by unnoticed. The land of its nativity is unknown. It has been variously stated as Thessaly and as Thibet; and its introduction into this country is said to date only from the year 1550. It is planted, mainly for ornament, throughout Europe, preferring a loam rather sandy than stiff, in which it will grow rapidly and regularly.

The smooth and almost cylindrical bole which it forms seldom exceeds twelve feet in girth, and is generally green on its surface from the Algae that invariably frequent the tree. The lowest branches are given off at from five to ten feet from the ground, and are the longest, so that, though always rounded above, the tree has, on the whole, a pyramidal outline. Starting in opposite pairs, like the leaves, the boughs, rising at an angle of 60 deg or 70 deg from the stem, bend in a graceful curve outwards and downwards almost at a right angle to their first direction, so as again to make an inclination of 60 deg or 70 deg from the upper part of the stem. They turn up at their points, thus describing in their entire course of growth a complex curve of unique beauty, which it is impossible adequately to describe in words. The whole tree is not often more than fifty or sixty feet high, and seldom seems to attain an age of more than from two hundred to two hundred and fifty years.

Towards the end of March the boughs attract attention by the swelling of their large buds, that are at this season well enclosed in a series of opposite scales, of which the outermost are hard and of a dark chocolate color. They continue to enlarge, and the glutinous cement that has protected them during winter now liquefies into a gum, or slime, that covers all the deciduous scales. Two by two these open outwards and fall off, until, in April, first one pair and then another pair of the delicate green leaflets make their appearance. The pale buff inner bud-scales at the bleak, leafless period of the end of March render the tree attractive, suggesting a

candelabrum of unlighted waxen tapers; but,

*"When drooping chestnut buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,"*

they must have often seemed to many people as tongues of brilliant green flame, the vividness of their verdure, as seen scattered over the unclothed boughs, and illumined by the fitful gleams of an April sun, being excelled by none of the varied shades of green displayed by nature in that season of new-born youth. The leaves are composed of seven leaflets, arranged in a radiating "digitate" or "palmate" manner, and each of a peculiar outline, broad at the outer end and tapering towards the point of their insertion on their common leaf-stalk—a form known technically as "obovate-cuneate." At first these leaflets are downy and drooping; but, contrary to the general rule, their under-surfaces grow faster than the upper, so that they spread out horizontally, ultimately becoming very large, single leaflets sometimes reaching a foot in length, and the whole group being nearly two feet across, whilst the leaf-stalk becomes nearly a foot long and half an inch in diameter.

The glories of spring are but fleeting. By the time the leaves have stretched themselves to their full size, they have lost their beauty of color, and the tree, when not in flower, having no gloss to the surface of the foliage, and being densely covered in, so that no bough is visible, is a dull brownish-green mass in the landscape, destitute of light and shade. In May, however, ere this dulling is effected, a new beauty is displayed, that of blossom. Then it may truly be said, in the words of the authors of the *"Forest Minstrel,"* that the chestnut is--

*"gloriously array'd;
For in its honour prodigal nature weaves
A princely vestment, and profusely showers
O'er its green masses of broad palmy leaves
Ten thousand waxen pyramidal flowers;
And gay and gracefully its head it heaves
nto the air, and monarch-like it towers,
imming all other trees."*

Then the larger green pyramid becomes but a background to set off the beauty of the lesser pyramids of snowy white, lined with gold, and just dashed with rosy red, whose beauty, when viewed from a distance, is only excelled by their perfection when closely scrutinized. The flowers nearest the stalk on the lower branchlets are the first to open, and, receiving the full benefit of the nutriment prepared in the young and vigorous leaves, develop

both stamens and pistils, so that they will be still represented amid the storms of the autumn equinox by the well-known globular fruits. The upper part of the thyse bears flowers which are generally exclusively staminate, or male, and disappears after the discharge of their pollen; so that eight, six, or more commonly but two or three, fruits will in autumn be the sole result of all the beauty of an entire pyramid of blossoms. Thus the number of chestnut fruits in a cluster affords a gauge of the geniality of the preceding May.

Few trees, in fact, afford more palpable lessons in practical physiology than the Horse-chestnut. We may watch the brown leathery rind of its seed swell with moisture before the primary rootlet forces its way out, and we may see the melting of the gum over the buds and the shedding of their protecting scales. The arrangement of the leaves determines that of the branches, and the flowers at the end of a shoot prevent its further elongation: the leaflets rise from the vertical position, in which they offer but little surface to the chilling effects of radiation, by the more rapid growth of their under surfaces: their enlargement is an exemplification of the marvelous elasticity of the substance of their cells; and their large spreading surfaces, when mature, taking in abundant carbonic acid from the air, and, by the transpiration from their "stomates," or leaf-pores, drawing abundant supplies of water from the roots, seem obviously related to the rapid growth of the soft and spongy wood. In the flowers we see the dependence of sex on nutrition; and in the fruit, the economy of nature leading to a reduction in the number of seeds, since a large perennial plant has many more chances of perpetuating its species than an annual.

Returning to a closer examination of the flower, within its five green sepals we find five beautifully crimped or crisp petals, resembling those of the rose in texture, bent over so as to give the whole flower a somewhat one-sided appearance, making, in fact, its corolla vertical, while it is itself nearly horizontal. On each snowy petal are the splashes of pink and lines of yellow that guide the joyous bees to the copious honey secreted in the bottom of the purely tinted cup. To the Linnaean botanist the tree is exceptional in having seven stamens, four, five, or ten being far more common numbers; and in the center of the flower, beneath the single style, is the three-chambered ovary, each chamber containing the rudiments of two seeds.

In October the leaves, which have become dull--clogged with leaf-green, and with various saline

and other excrementitious matters, substances not wanted in the many chemical processes of plant-life which have been carried on in the laboratory of the tree's body--begin to get clearer in color. The change varies in date and order. As Mr. Ruskin has truly said, "a group of trees changes the color of its leafage from week to week, and its position from day to day; it is sometimes languid with heat, and sometimes heavy with rain." If the weather be fine the leaves will generally turn to a lemon-yellow along the margins of their leaflets, while the midrib, and some of the other veins, remain edged with a band of green, clearer, paler, and more beautiful than any that the tree has borne during the three preceding months. If, however, the weather be wet, the delicate yellow is blurred with rusty stains, or the whole leaf becomes, before falling from the tree, of a rich ferruginous brown. Then as separate leaflets, or the great fans in their entirety, come tumbling down in the gale, every now and then a rush is heard through the boughs, and a green or brownish prickly studded sphere falls to earth with a thud, often bursting with the shock, and disclosing the finely polished and mottled mahogany-like chestnuts within. Many of the fruits are thus blown down when green, fleshy, and unripe, and often do not burst, but simply decay; or, if they are broken, show immature seeds of an ivory whiteness, instead of the harder brown ones that lie loose within the chambers of the drier, riper fruits. Then the ground, strewn with leaves, green, yellow, or brown, with green capsules, some displaying their pure white inner surfaces, and with the bright glossy chestnuts still bearing a white scar marking their former point of attachment, though it may not be tidy in the eyes of the gardener, is in those of the student of beauty a fresh debt that he owes to the Horse-chestnut.

Of the six ovules, we seldom find that more than three have reached the maturity of seedhood, and of these three--and there are sometimes not three--no two will be alike in size or marking. It is perhaps hardly necessary to allude by way of caution to the merely superficial resemblance between the seeds of the Horse-chestnut and the fruits of the Spanish Chestnut, their internal structure being, of course, wholly dissimilar. There is, at all events, but little fear that any one will confuse the taste of the bitter kernel of the former with the favorite nut of the south. It is probably in opprobrium that it is termed the Horse-chestnut, as we have Horse-mint, Horse-daisy, Dog-violet, or Dog-rose.

The so-called uses of the Horse-chestnut are few; but we must not demand too much mere commonplace utility from a plant that gives us so

much that is more valuable to our souls. Its wood is soft, and though suitable for gunpowder-charcoal, of but little use as timber. Deer are fond of eating the fallen leaves and nuts; and, when crushed, they have been added to the food of sheep, cows, and poultry, and have been used in bleaching and in the manufacture of starch. The name has been said to be derived from the use of the seeds for the relief of cough in horses, and more fancifully from the horseshoe-like scar left by the falling leaves, the ends of the "fibro-vascular bundles," or chief veins, being marked by nail-like imprints.

As has been said, it is for its beauty, however, that we plant the Horse-chestnut. The variegated variety is not an improvement, and though the somewhat hot-looking species with red flowers may be effectively grouped with the common form, it seldom flourishes so well, and is certainly not as beautiful as its white-flowered ally. The outline of the Horse-chestnut is so regular and so massive that it is less pleasing as an isolated tree than when projecting from the front of a belt of other species, grouped in a clump either with several of its own kind or otherwise; or, best of all, when in a noble avenue, such as that dear to Londoners in Bushey Park.

Since it does not, like the elm, throw out great horizontal limbs to meet its neighbors and form a leafy arcade, such an avenue should in breadth be, if possible, at least 120 feet, or twice the height of the trees, that they may cast their shadows on the open space, and, when in flower, reveal a noble vista of verdure flecked with white clusters of blossom.

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Larch Tree

(Larix europaea)

The Larch is essentially a mountain tree. It abounds on the Alps up to an altitude of 5,000 feet, and occurs on the Apennines and Carpathians, but is unknown in a wild state on the Pyrenees, or in the Spanish or Scandinavian peninsulas. It forms large woods in Russia, but is represented in Northern Asia by a variety (*Larix sibirica*), with smooth, gray bark, sometimes considered a distinct species.



Though it grows well on a limestone subsoil, it is on sloping mountain sides, where the oldest rocks of the earth's crust crumble into crystalline fragments over some brawling beck that tumbles through the glen, that the Larch is seen in its greatest beauty. The regularly-tapering stem, with its scaly, reddish-grey bark, so prone to become covered with the shaggy tufts of hoary lichen, then loses its stiff, erect posture, curving in a direction slightly sinuous, as well as oblique.

The genus *Larix*, to which the Larch (*L. europaea*) belongs, is distinguished among Firs by its deciduous foliage, and the whole joyousness of spring seems heralded and epitomized in the emerald glory of its April frondescence. The light-green needles appear in tufts,

as they do also in the evergreen Cedars, upon the old wood of the slender branches, surrounding the extremities of "dwarf shoots," which gradually lengthen out, until, as on the youngest shoots, each needle stands alone as one of a spiral series.

The catkins soon follow the leaves,

"When rosy plumelets tuft the Larch,"

in April or May, the male flowers being in nearly spherical clusters, which partake of that yellow color so general among stamens, whilst the female ones form the said "rosy plumelets." These young cones are sometimes greenish-white; but the red or purple-colored ones are said to belong to varieties yielding better timber. The scales of these cones, after fertilization, become reddish-brown in hue, and the cones lengthen to more than an inch, with an egg-shaped outline, before these scales spread outwards to discharge their winged seeds in autumn. The cones stand erect upon a short, but strong, bent foot-stalk or peduncle, and often remain for years upon the branches after having discharged their seeds, becoming then of a dead grey colour. The small ovate seed is more than half surrounded by the broad

membranous wing, which often causes it to be carried some distance by the wind, this tree ripening its seed and sowing itself in this country as freely as does the Scotch Fir.

The appearance in any one year of large numbers of cones upon a tree generally points to some defect in its nutrition, analogous to that produced artificially by rootpruning. The subsoil may be too stiff, or may contain stagnant water, or the roots may have met with an obstructive ironstone "pan," or other impenetrable stratum; but certainly in some way the vegetative growth has suffered a check, and the food supply has been diverted to the reproductive system.

In favorable situations the Larch grows to a height of from eighty to upwards of a hundred feet, and has been known to reach 140 feet, with a diameter of from three to five feet; and it is stated to sometimes exceed eighty feet in height in fifty years, and to live to an age of from 150 to 200 years. Unlike the Spruce and many other Firs, its growth is rapid from the first, reaching fifteen or twenty feet within twelve years of its being sown, whilst for the first forty or fifty years of its life its average annual increase in girth in Scotland is stated to be from an inch to an inch and a half.



The Larch was not apparently known to the Greeks; but, being abundant on the Apennines, Pliny often refers to it, speaking of the incorruptible and incombustible nature of its timber. Caesar, too, terms it "*robusta larix, igni impenetrabile lignum*," the fact being that its wood does kindle slowly, instead of blazing up like Pine. The woody fibers being closely interwoven, Larch timber cannot be readily split in a straight line, and, when properly seasoned, is so hard as to be difficult to work. It is, however, difficult to season; and accordingly, in thin boards, though not liable to crack or to shrink to any great extent, is very prone to warp or twist--a fact which renders it more suitable for use either "in the round," or when merely squared. It has, however, been proposed to season it by barking it two years before felling the tree, a plan commonly adopted with the Teak. The heart-wood is reddish-brown, when grown in a cold situation, and very light in weight, weighing when dry about thirty-six pounds per cubic foot; but the wood of the richer soils of lowland forests is often of a yellowish-white. Owing to the small size of the lateral branches the wood is comparatively free from knots, and those which occur do not rot or become loose. No wood remains longer uninjured by water, so that it was once largely used on the Continent for waterpipes; and when the bark is left on it is extremely durable, both above and under ground, and therefore suited for use for posts, vine-props, and hop-poles. For these purposes it is planted close, so that the trunks are drawn up in a long and slender form. The closeness of the grain, moreover, renders Larch timber but little liable to splintering, which adapts it for the superstructures of warships.

Though the bark is of use for tanning, it is inferior to Oak, so that it is not

remunerative to sacrifice any of the value of the timber by felling the trees, for the sake of the bark, at an unsuitable season.

Its leaves, though they come at a season when grass is generally plentiful, are eaten by sheep and cattle in Switzerland, and valuable charcoal can be made from the branches. But next to its timber, the most important product of the Larch is undoubtedly Venice turpentine. This is collected in the Valais and Briancon, by tapping fully-grown trees when the resinous spring sap begins to flow. Holes slanting upwards are then bored with an auger into the trees, and fitted with wooden tubes, through which the turpentine distils from May to September, a full-grown and healthy Larch yielding, if tapped when at the proper age, from seven to eight pounds of turpentine annually for forty or fifty years. This turpentine takes the name of Venice from being shipped from that port. The wood from which the turpentine has been thus extracted is of no value except as firewood; but from the Alpine valleys, where the drooping Larch branches have, it is suggested, determined the angle of the low roofs of the chalets, Venice has derived not only turpentine, but also the piles upon which the city is built--a strong testimony to the durability of Larch timber under the most destructive conditions.

The Larch is generally raised from seed, that grown in Germany being preferred, since with us the cones are often incompletely ripened. The seedlings are transplanted when two or three years old, and their rapid growth, the utility of the thinnings at all ages, and the great value of the mature timber, especially in ship-building, have caused the Larch, though practically it has only been in cultivation for a century, to be generally recognized as affording a safer, greater, and more rapid return to capital than any other tree grown in Britain.

Though admirably suited, from its rapid growth and absence of large lateral branches (which might do damage in windy weather) to be used as a "nurse" in Oak or other hard-wood plantations, one of the specially valuable features in the Larch is its suitability for growth at high altitudes in barren soils, and its power of improving these soils. The lower branches meet together in six or seven years after planting, so as to exclude light and air from all plants under the trees, thus clearing the ground of weeds. The soft needles annually deposited decompose into a soil that soon reaches a considerable depth, and when light is re-admitted by thinning, this soil will grow valuable pasture grasses.

Probably neither Gilpin nor Wordsworth had seen the Larch in England under the most favorable circumstances, and it must be admitted that it harmonizes but little with other trees, and is inevitably monotonous in plantations. Still, the indictment drawn up by Wordsworth, in his "Description of the Scenery of the Lakes," is severe. "It must be acknowledged," he says, "that the Larch, till it has outgrown the size of a shrub, shows, when looked at singly, some elegance in form and appearance, especially in spring, decorated as it then is by the pink tassels of its blossoms; but, as a tree, it is less than any other pleasing. Its branches (for boughs it has none) have no variety in the youth of the tree, and little dignity even when it attains its full growth. Leaves it cannot be said to have; and, consequently, it affords neither shade nor shelter. In spring, the Larch becomes green long before the native trees; and its green is so peculiar and vivid, that, finding nothing to harmonise with it, wherever it comes forth a disagreeable spot is produced. In summer, when all other trees are in their pride, it is of a dingy, lifeless hue; in autumn, of a spiritless, unvaried yellow; and, in winter, it is

still more lamentably distinguished from every other deciduous tree of the forest; for they seem only to sleep, but the Larch appears absolutely dead."

Wordsworth's want of appreciation of this species may have been partly due to its unfamiliarity to his childhood, and but few of his objections would apply to the Larch as it appears in its native mountains--as, for instance, in the Tyrol--where the trees often stand apart, but with no other species to contrast with them, inclined at every angle, and often damaged by storm or avalanche, so as to show no absolute geometrical regularity of outline. To other tastes, however, even in England, the slightly-curved needles, spreading with feathery gracefulness from the drooping, but upturning, branchlets, seem as beautiful an object as any in our spring woodlands.

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Laurel Tree

(Prunus laurocerasus)



POPULAR names and their suggestiveness of error cannot be better illustrated than by the consideration of the trees known as Laurels. The name is said to be connected with the Latin word *laus*, "praise;" but the origin of the associations of the name is Greek. Apollo having slain the Python, the ancient serpent, formed from the slime left after Deucalion's flood, fled for purification to the laurel-groves of the vale of Tempe. Here he became enamored of the nymph Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus, and on his pursuing her she took refuge in her paternal stream, and was metamorphosed into a laurel. Apollo, returning to Delphi, instituted the Pythian games to commemorate his victory, and the prizes there awarded were chiefly crowns of the leaves and berries of the shrub, which henceforth was looked upon as sacred to the god--the *Laurea Delphica*, or *Apollinaris*. Apollo being the god of poetry, his emblem, that of victory and clemency, became the favourite of the poets, and hence of scholars generally, so that successful graduates of universities or other learned men became known as "laureates," or "baccalaurei," from the berried

crown. Such graduates, like the fellows of colleges down to our own time, were not allowed to marry, lest the duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits, and hence the term "bachelor" became extended to unmarried men in general.

The Laurel was also believed to be a protection against lightning; and accordingly, the Emperor Tiberius, when it thundered, wore a laurel-wreath made from the tree, at the imperial villa on the Flaminian Way, which sprang from a shoot said to have been miraculously sent from heaven to Livia Drusilla. Used as an emblem of truce, like the olive, both trees were equally forbidden to be put to any profane uses; but the crackling of burning laurel-leaves was also employed as a means of divination.

Dr. Lindley argued that the true Delphic Laurel was *Ruscus racemosus*, sometimes called the "Alexandrian Laurel," a low-growing, berry-bearing shrub, with glossy green leaf-like branches, akin to our English Butcher's-broom; but it is more generally considered that the Daphne of the Greeks was our Bay-tree (*Laurus nobilis*), fine trees of which now adorn the banks of the Peneus. This, no doubt, was Chaucer's

"Fresh grene laurer tree,
That gave
so passing a
delicious
smelle,"

and was the only laurel generally known in Europe in Shakespeare's time. Its popular name has now, however, been completely transferred to a totally different and unrelated



plant, the "Cherry Bay," or "Cherry Laurel" (*Prunus laurocerasus*, L.). There is little in common between the two plants beyond the evergreen character of

their leaves.

Belonging to the natural order *Rosaceae*, the Cherry Laurel was referred by Linnaeus to the genus *Prunus*, and is retained in that position by Bentham and Hooker. The genus *Prunus* is characterized by its fruit being a "drupe"--a succulent fruit, formed from one carpel, with a strong inner layer, or "endocarp," and containing two pendulous ovules, only one of which commonly matures into a seed. The calyx falls off with the petals. The Cherry Laurel differs from the Plums, and agrees with the Cherries, in the absence of "bloom" from the surface of the fruit; but, together with the Bird-cherry (*Prunus padus*) and the Portugal Laurel (*P. lusitanica*), it constitutes a distinct sub-genus (*Laurocerasus*), characterized by having "conduplicate" leaves and "racemes" of flowers, which appear after the leaves, whilst the rest of the genus have their flowers either solitary or in "fascicles." A "fascicle" is a tuft of flowers whose stalks spring nearly from one point, whilst a "raceme" has an elongated main stalk, or peduncle, giving off successive lateral "pedicels," or flower-stalks.

The Cherry Laurel is exceptional among its congeners in having green shoots, and the yellowish-green tint of its leathery evergreen leaves is also characteristic. They somewhat resemble those of the Orange or of the Magnolia. They are "ovate-lanceolate" in outline, are provided with a few scattered teeth along their margins, and (like those of many allied "drupaceous," or "stone-fruit" trees) have from two to four glands on their under surfaces. The "racemes" are shorter than the leaves, and the fruits are "ovate-acute" in outline.

The species is one of rapid growth, increasing from one to three feet in height in a single year; but with us it is somewhat more susceptible to the action of frost than its congener, the Portugal Laurel (*Prunus lusitanica*). Its long racemes of small white flowers are produced after the young leaves, during April or May; and the fruit, which is green at first, ripens to a pure black by October. This fruit, though insipid, is perfectly harmless.

The Cherry Laurel is wild in sub-alpine woods in Persia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea, and was first introduced into Europe by Clusius in 1576. He received it from David Ungnad, who was at that time ambassador of the Emperor, at Constantinople, and it is related that all the plants sent home by Ungnad to Vienna perished with the exception of one Horse-chestnut and one Laurel, the latter tree being then known as "Trabison curmasi," the "Trebizonde

Date, or Plum." Clusius's plant died without flowering; but a cutting from it flowered in 1583. The earliest mention of the plant in England is in "*Paradisi in sole Paradisus Terrestris; or, a Garden of all Sorts of Pleasant Flowers, which our English Ayre will admitt to be noursed up: By John Parkinson, Apothecary of London*" (1629). It is as follows:--

"Laurocerasus. The Bay Cherry. This beautiful Bay, in his naturall place of growing, groweth to be a tree of a reasonable bignesse and height, and oftentimes with us also, if it be pruned from the lower branches; but more usually in these colder countries it groweth as a shrub or hedge bush, shooting forth many branches, whereof the greater and lower are covered with a dark grayish green barke, but the young ones are very green, whereon are set many roundly, fair, large, thick and long leaves, a little indented about the edges, of a more excellent, fresh shining green colour, and far larger than any Bay and compared by many to the leaves of the Citron tree (which, because we have none in our countrey, cannot be so well known) both for their size and largenesse, which yeeld a most gracefull odour; it beareth long stalkes of whitish flowers, at the joints of the leaves, both along the branches towards the ends of them also, like unto the flowers of the Cherry or Padus Theophrasti, which the French men call Putier and Cerisier blanc, but larger and sweeter, consisting of five leaves with many small flowers in the middle; after which cometh the fruit or stone, which is large or great as Flanders Cherries, many together one by another on a long stalke, and the stones are did, which are very black and shining outside, with a little point at the end, and are very sweet in taste, wherein is contained a small stone, very like unto a cherry stone, as I have found as well by those I received out of France as them I had of Master James Cole, a merchant of London lately deceased, which grew at the foot of the Highgate, where there is a fair tree which is preserved from the bitterness of the winter by casting a blanket over the top of it. . . . I had a plant hereof by the name of the Master James Cole, the merchant of London, a great lover of all rarities, who showed it to me at his countrey house in the county of Middlesex, where it hath flowred divers times and beareth the fruit also. . . . Dalechampius is a tree of the Indies, but Clusius calls it Prunus Africana, but Clusius calls the stones or kernels that were sent to him by the name of Laurus Regia,

In the appendix to Johnson's edition of Gerard's *Herball* (1633) is a similar description, illustrated by

two very fair woodcuts. The bark is described as "swart green," and the leaves as "snipt lightly about the edges;" and it is added that--

"It is now got into many of our choice English gardens, where it is well respected for the beauty of the leaves, and their lasting or continuall greenesse. The fruit hereof is good to be eaten, but what physicall vertues the tree or leaves thereof have it is not yet knowne."

In the first edition of his "*Sylva*," (1664) Evelyn speaks of it as:--

"Resembling (for the first twenty years) the most beautiful-headed orange in shape and verdure, and arriving in time to emulate even some of our lusty timber-trees; so as I dare pronounce it to be one of the most proper and ornamental trees for walks and avenues of any growing." "The leaves," he continues, "boiled in milk, impart a very grateful taste of the Almond; and of the berries, or cherries ther (which poultry generally feed on), is made a ne, to some not unpleasant . . . and of the wood said to be made the best plough-handles."

He then relates, with doubts of his own as to the tree's having come more probably "from some colder clime," the not improbable story that the Laurel was introduced "from Civita Vecchia in 1614, by the Countess of Arundel, wife to that illustrious patron of arts and antiquities, Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey." The Countess certainly did return from Italy in that year, which would be consistent with Parkinson's possession of the shrub prior to 1629, and there are still a number of very old laurels at Wardour Castle, the family-seat.

Ray, in 1688, in his "*Historia Plantarum*," speaks of the Laurel as being then very common in gardens and shrubberies, and remarkably hardy and quick in growth, braving our winters even in exposed situations; but, on account of its thick and woody branches, not fitted for the close-clipt "topiary-work," then so much in fashion. We may, perhaps, attribute to the introduction of the Laurel, and the naturally rapid increase in the popularity of its bright foliage, the victory of a more natural and less formal style of gardening over the Dutch taste for mazes, alleys, peacocks, and tea-pots in yew or box.

Philip Miller, in that store-house of the botanical and horticultural knowledge of his time, the "*Gardeners' Dictionary*" (Sixth Edition, 1752), speaks of the Laurel as being susceptible to frost if "pruned up, in

order to form them into stems," and recommends as preferable the massing or clumping of many plants together, as then first carried out by the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. He also mentions that near Paris, where it is not as hardy as with us, it was grafted on the cherry or plum--a practice which has, he says, but little, if anything, to recommend it; and he also states that--

"The Berries have long been used to put into Brandy, to make a sort of Ratafia, and the Leaves have also been put into Custards."

The infusion of the leaves, known as laurel-water, seems first to have been recognized as "one of the most speedy and deadly poisons in Nature," about the year 1731, by the Abbe Fontana, whose experiments are described in the 70th volume of the Royal Society's "Philosophical Transactions"; but it was the murder of Sir Theodosius Boughton by his brother-in-law, Captain Donaldson, by means of it, in 1780, that first directed general attention to it; and it was not until 1802 that Schrader identified the results of the distillation of the leaves as oil of bitter almonds and prussic acid. Though a few crumpled leaves may produce sneezing, and will rapidly prove fatal from their fumes to moths and butterflies, they may, like peach-kernels, be used in small quantities for flavoring with impunity.

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Lebanon Cedar Tree

(*Cedrus libani*)

SOME trees may be said to be familiar from their literary associations. This is pre-eminently true of such trees of Holy Writ as the Cedar of Lebanon, the Olive, and the Weeping Willow.

The origin of the name Cedar is somewhat doubtful; but it is probably a Semitic word allied to the Arabic "kedre," meaning "power." But, though so frequently mentioned in the Bible, in classical writers, and by early travelers, the tree itself was certainly not brought to England before the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The genus *Cedrus* belongs to that section of the order Coniferae known as Abietinae. Like most Abietinae, its branches are given off in whorls. It is mainly distinguished from the closely-allied genus *Larix*, the Larches, by its leaves being evergreen, they being, as in that genus, grouped in tufts, or "fascicled." The other leading characteristics of the genus are the erect position of its cones and the deciduous character of their scales.



The Cedars are a very small group, only three species being recognized, and these entirely confined to the Old World; but many other trees with somewhat similar wood are popularly known as Cedars in many quarters of the globe. The three true Cedars--the Deodar (*Cedrus deodara*) of the Himalayas and Hindoo Koosh, the Lebanon Cedar (*C. libani*), with its small-leaved variety in Cyprus, and the Mount Atlas Cedar (*C. atlantica*)--are so closely allied as to be by some regarded as merely geographical races of one species. As all three are now common in cultivation it will readily be noticed that at different ages each kind nearly resembles the others; and when grown from seed the Lebanon Cedar varies considerably, its branches either drooping or rising in a fastigiated manner. The main distinctions between the three are, however, that the Deodar has drooping branches and silvery foliage, the Lebanon Cedar has its branches horizontal and its mature foliage of a dark and somewhat blue green, whilst the Mount Atlas Cedar has ascending branches and needles of a more yellow shade of green.

The most striking characters of the Lebanon Cedar are the numerous large and wide-spreading horizontal branches and the broad and flattened summit of the full-grown tree. When young, one or two leading branches rise above the rest; but the mature form is known to nurserymen as "clump-headed." These points, together with the fact that the Cedar grows best in a deep soil, where its roots have access to water, are most graphically presented to us in the grand passage in the *Book of Ezekiel*, the most striking of the many Biblical allusions to this tree:--

"Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing

shroud, and of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high, with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters. . . . Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches, for his root was by great waters . . . nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."



The rich brown bark of the gradually tapering stem becomes deeply scored with age, and contrasts well with the level layers of dark foliage. Though the tree seldom exceeds eighty feet in height, its massive branches often spread from thirty to fifty feet on all sides, the lower ones resting upon the ground, though not rooting in it, thus forming a broad-based pyramid densely clothed with leaves. The horizontal lines of its upper boughs give it, in common with the Stone Pine, an architectural character harmonizing with the columns and straight copings of classical buildings. This was noticed by Martin, who is fond of introducing the Cedar into his pictures, particularly into those of the terrace-gardens of Babylon and Nineveh.

Its stately outline and somewhat somber hue equally entitle the Cedar--alone perhaps among our larger trees--to a position on the trim lawn, or near the stone urns or vases of the balustraded terrace of a red-brick mansion in the style of the last century.

The dwarf shoots that bear the tufted leaves continue to do so each spring for several years with hardly any lengthening, and ultimately terminate either in a pollen-bearing catkin or a cone. The leaves are straight, nearly cylindrical, but tapering towards their points, and about an inch long, and they remain two years on the tree. On falling, they do not decay for several years, so that a layer of leaf-mould has been observed half-an-inch in depth under a plantation fifteen years old, whilst that under the Cedars on Mount Lebanon is a foot thick.

The Cedar grows rapidly, making annual rings from an eighth to half an inch across; but its wood is spongy, very apt to shrink and warp, and by no means durable. It is of a reddish color and less resinous than that of the Larch. In its mountain home, however, the Cedar grows more slowly and forms a better wood, so that there seems no sufficient reason for doubting that the wood used for Solomon's Temple and palace was that of this tree. It is more doubtful, however, whether Virgil and other classical writers are alluding to the wood of what we now call the Cedar when they speak of it as being incorruptible, and therefore used for statues of the gods. The Romans certainly believed in the preservative character of the resin which exudes from wounds in the Cedar, and which they called "Cedria." This was used to protect papyri from the attacks of worms, and is stated to have preserved the books of Numa uninjured in his tomb for five centuries after his death.

The tree seldom flowers until it is five-and-twenty or thirty years old; and it is characteristic that both inflorescences turn upwards. The reddish catkins are about two inches long, but the cones, after fertilization, become four or five inches in length. When young and green these latter have a pinkish or plum-colored bloom, which however,

they soon lose, becoming a rich brown. The scales of the cone are very broad and tough, though thin, and each of them bears two broadly-winged seeds. Resin exudes from the cones, and after some years the scales fall away from the axis. Squirrels are fond of the seeds, but the Cedar is singularly free from the attacks either of insects or of fungal diseases.

The Cedars on Mount Lebanon have been frequently visited by travelers since the middle of the sixteenth century. Lamartine writes of them:--

"These trees are the most renowned natural monuments in the world: religion, poetry, and history have all equally celebrated them. The Arabs of all sects entertain a traditional veneration for them. They attribute to them not only a vegetative power, which enables them to live eternally, but also an intelligence, which causes them to manifest signs of wisdom and foresight similar to those of instinct and reason in man. They are said to understand the changes of the seasons; they stir their vast branches as if they were limbs; they spread out or contract their boughs, inclining them towards heaven or towards earth, according as the snow prepares to fall or to melt."

This is the tradition to which Southey alludes in "*Thalaba*," when he says:

*"Its broad round-spreading branches, when they felt
The snow, rose upward in a point to heaven,
And, standing in their strength erect,
Defied the baffled storm."*

The mountain is covered with snow during a great part of the year; but on August 5th, the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration, the Maronites from the surrounding villages have long been in the habit of visiting the mountain, and there celebrating the "Feast of Cedars" with singing and dancing, mass being celebrated on the following day at one of the stone altars which stand beneath several of the larger trees. Most of the Cedars show signs of having been frequently struck by lightning.

There are naturally many legends connected with so interesting a tree. One of the most remarkable relates that Seth, sent by Adam to Paradise for the oil of mercy, saw, from the gate of the garden which he was not permitted to enter, a leafless Cedar with branches borne high towards heaven, on which was seated a child in glittering raiment. The angel-guardian of the garden gave him three seeds from the tree, which, on his return, he placed in the mouth of his parent, who was then dead. From these seeds there sprang, on the grave of Adam in Hebron, a Cedar, a Pine, and a Cypress, which united into one gigantic tree. After being carefully protected by Abraham, Moses, and David, this tree was felled by Solomon to form a beam in the temple; but his carpenters, finding it impossible to shape it as they wished, laid it aside, and, after forming a bridge over the brook Kedron, and being thrown into the Pool of Bethesda, to which it imparted its healing virtues, it ultimately formed the wood of the Cross.

The Cedar is not difficult to raise from seed, nor is it at all exacting in the matter of soil; but unfortunately, in spite of Arab tradition, it suffers great damage from the accumulation of snow on the flat fan-like expansions of its evergreen branches.

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Linden Tree

(Tilia europaea)

To the ancients the Lindens seem to have appealed rather by their utility than by their beauty. It is doubtful whether Aristophanes, in the allusion to the tree in his "*Birds*," is merely speaking of a rival poet as being light as Linden-wood, or is accusing him more specifically of wearing an effeminate article of dress, strengthened in those days by laths of Linden-wood in place of the whale-bone now usual. Pliny, too, alludes to the lightness of the wood, as well as to the use of the inner bark for paper, when it was known as *liber* (so becoming extended to books, and giving us the word "library"), and also for tying garlands; whilst Virgil, in the words (*Georgics*, Book I.):

"Caeditur et tilia ante jugo levis,

"A light linden-tree also is felled betimes for the yoke," is referring to the use of its wood in the making of the plough.



Botanists must ever look with reverence upon this tree; for whether or not a meadow encircled by a hedgerow of Lindens gave the family name to our own great botanist, Lindley, it is tolerably certain that one of these trees growing near the home of his ancestors furnished a cognomen to a far greater than Lindley, the immortal Carl von Linne, better known as Linnaeus.

Apart from any associations, however, the Lindens are sufficiently beautiful and sufficiently useful to command attention. They are straight-stemmed trees, with smooth bark, either round-topped, or, when more perfectly developed, draped in equal drooping boughs from the ground to their summits, eighty or

ninety feet in height, so as to present a grand columnar aspect. Then, as the poet says--

*"all about the large lime feathers low--
The lime, a summer home of murmurous wings"*

They may reach five, or even nine, feet in diameter, the latter being the size of the famous tree that gave the town of Neustadt, in Wurtemberg, the name of "Neustadt an der grossen Linden." The delicate leaves are lop-sided, heart-shaped, and gracefully toothed along their margins; the greenish flowers, overflowing with honey and sweetly scented, are borne in stalked clusters of three or four on a curious, adherent, leaf-like bract, which becomes of a buff tint; and the fruits that succeed them are small spherical capsules, which but rarely, however, ripen in England.

Though, owing to their retaining their leaves later into the autumn, some American species are recommended as preferable to the above for avenues--the great ornamental use of the Linden--the European forms cannot be denied to have a choice beauty of their own. In early spring, the red-tinted twigs, like branching coral, bear buds which throw

off scales, or "stipules," blushing pink and white, only to reveal the first delicate gloss of the tender leaf. The leaves then hang vertically downwards, and the older ones are so folded over the younger as in every way to protect them as far as possible from the nipping effects of excessive radiation in our frosty May nights. It is said, moreover, to be the mode of their arrangement in the buds that produces, as it were mechanically, the graceful one-sidedness in the outline of their base which is not un-common among forest trees. The leaves are also at this season more gracefully tapered at the apex than later, when they increase in breadth; and the charm of their pendent position and bright and graceful greenery naturally suggested cheerfulness to Chaucer, when he wrote, in his "*Clerke's Tale*" :--

"Be ay of chere as light as lefe on Linde."

It was, too, at this, the season of its virginal beauty, that Mrs. Browning paid her more explicit tribute to the Linden, of which she wrote :--

*'Here a Linden-tree stood, bright'ning
All adown its silver rind;
For, as some trees draw the lightning,
So this tree, unto my mind,
Drew to earth the blessed sunshine
From the sky where it was shrined"*

In summer its foliage becomes duller in tone, as do most leaves, from the dense accumulation of their green coloring matter, or chlorophyll, and of other substances within their cells. The tree, however, then acquires a new beauty--that of blossom. The curious membranous bracts, of a tint resembling the petals of the mignonette--a tint which gave to the silk-mercator the name *tilleul* for one of his numerous novelties in aniline--then unfold their inconspicuous flowers. Inconspicuous they may be in their small, regular whorls of greenish organs; but their perfume, and their copious stores of nectar, render them as attractive to the insect world as the most gaily-colored of blossoms, so that the whole tree hums like a vast living hive of bees. The pale-colored honey made by the busy visitors from the Linden blossoms is of excellent quality.



Autumn brings new grace as the foliage turns to yellow, clear in some years as the green of spring; but, alas! even more fleeting. The avenue which has been so full of green and golden light, and scented so sweetly, soon becomes strewn with fallen leaves, from which the green and gold have faded, as the hopes and happiness of youth fade in the autumn of disappointment.

The sap of the Linden can be fermented into an agreeable wine; its wood makes a fine charcoal, and is used for musical instruments, while the bark is in Germany used in the manufacture of cordage.

It seems, however, to be mean and petty to be thinking of the uses to which its dead body can be put, when in the presence of the majestic beauty of a living Linden, rising in its columnar form like some gigantic Norman pillar of verdure from the park or lawn. Were it absolutely useless as timber or for other purposes, were it even destitute of its mellifluous flowers with their delicious perfume, the Linden would yet, for the sake of its form and its foliage alone, deserve to be a favorite tree; and it is fortunate that, though its excessive formation of honey-dew is somewhat of a drawback to its use in gardens, it

is fairly able to withstand London smoke, and thus precedes the planes and poplars in enlivening our parks and squares. It submits meekly to the pruning-knife, and, horrible dictu! the saw, of the suburban gardener, and, as a consequence of this patience, may be seen in too many places butchered into carcasses that even the beautifying and healing hand of Nature in spring can hardly succeed in rendering aught but repulsive.

It is undoubtedly a regrettable circumstance that, as they precede many other trees in unfolding, so too the leaves of the Linden precede those of most other trees in falling, and remind us, as they litter our lawns, of the approach of autumn. But at that season we still have our planes in full verdure; and even sycamores and horse-chestnuts, not to mention oaks and elms, show no signs as yet of leaving us a mere mass of melancholy boughs.

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Maple Tree

(*Acer campestre*)

THE Maple (*Acer campestre*) is a representative of the genus *Acer* and of the order Sapindaceae.

Though it is, perhaps, chiefly with the autumn glories of North American woodlands that we associate the beautifully varied tints of the dying leaves of the Maples, the greater number of the fifty or sixty species of the group are natives of Asia, and chiefly of that part of Asia which lies between Japan and the Himalayas. They are, in fact, essentially trees of the North Temperate zone; but in looking intelligently at our humble hedgerow bush--for the Maple seldom stands alone, or reaches the dimensions of a timber-tree--we should bear in mind, not only the range in space of its existing fellows, but also their interesting extinct representatives in the remote past. It has been suggested that all the floras of the world have had a northern origin, and that plants in general tend to migrate rather from north to south and from east to west than in the reverse direction. In explanation of the first of these lines of passage Darwin pointed out that as there is more land in the north the plants of those regions may have existed in greater numbers, and so have attained under competition a higher state of perfection or dominating power; but no one has yet explained the meaning of Bishop Berkeley's dictum that--

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

at least in so far as it is true in the vegetable world.

Among the most ancient known assemblages of fruit-bearing--i.e., "angiospermous"--plants in the world is that in the Lignites, or Brown-coal, of the Dakotah group, on the plains of eastern Kansas and Nebraska, a group apparently intermediate in geological age between our Chalk and the Thanet Sands that overlie it; and here, among many other trees, occur what are perhaps the oldest-known Maples. In rocks far more modern, and yet of immeasurable antiquity--the Miocene beds of Oeningen, in Switzerland--as many as nineteen well-marked species of Maple have been discovered, a greater number than occurs in any one district at the present day. The plants with which they are associated have a North American "facies," or general character, and the whole of this Miocene flora is believed to have come from what is now the United States, across Asia, the greater part of it retreating along the same line in a reverse direction, at a later period, before the southerly advance of the increasing cold of the Glacial Epoch. A Tulip-tree in China, the Magnolias of Japan, and a few other stragglers, still show the line of march; and perhaps our own Maple is a relic of the same time, which has survived the cold, and in our autumn woodlands still surprises us with an exotic wealth of color.



Some of its congeners are large trees; but the Maple is seldom more than ten or twenty feet high. In sheltered situations, however, it considerably exceeds these dimensions, trees of twenty years of age being recorded as reaching thirty-four feet in height. One at Farnham Castle, in Surrey, is recorded by Loudon, in 1835, as being thirty feet high at fifty years of age; one at Finborough Hall, Suffolk, forty feet at seventy years; one at Braystock, Essex, as fifty feet at eighty years; and one growing in stony clay at Melbury Park, Dorset, a hundred years of age and only thirty-eight feet in height, having however a trunk two feet nine inches in diameter, whilst that of its head was thirty-seven feet. The finest recorded Maple, however, is probably that at Blairlogie in Stirlingshire, growing in an exposed situation in light loam on dry gravel, which at the age of three hundred and two years had reached a height of fifty-five feet, with a diameter of four feet, and a head forty-three feet across.

The branches of the Maple spread somewhat horizontally, and when growing apart from other trees it acquires a compact rounded head not unlike that of many Sycamores. The bark of the young branches is smooth, but early becomes brown, rough, and corky, splitting in longitudinal furrows, and affording a pleasing contrast to the crimson stalks of the young leaves, and to the somewhat somber greens of the foliage.



All the Maple group have three principal veins or ribs radiating from the base of the leaf, and in most cases the blade is lobed in a correspondingly palmate manner. The leaves of the English Maple seldom much exceed two inches across, averaging only an inch and a half; but their outline is very characteristic, the five main lobes of the leaf and the clefts or "sinuses" between them being alike, whilst the base of the leaf is broad and obtusely cordate--i.e., heart-shaped. They have generally a few slight notches in the margin; but are sometimes quite entire. The slender leaf-stalks, over an inch in length, are crimson, and the young leaves are downy and of a blue-green tint, which afterwards changes as they become smooth to a shade in which there is a considerable admixture of brown and yellow. In a favorable autumn they turn to the clearest lemon-yellow, not

retaining a trace of green, and not decaying to the copper-brown of sodden decay until they have fallen from the tree; so that, though less varied than those of their kinsfolk the Horse-Chestnuts, they are brighter and less melancholy in their associations.

It is distinctive of the Common Maple that its inconspicuous clusters of green flowers terminate the young shoots of the same year, instead of being produced by lateral buds altogether distinct from those which develop into foliage, as is the case in many other species of the genus. These clusters stand erect, unlike those of the Sycamore, which hang downwards; and the peduncles, and even the sepals, anthers, and ovaries are downy, so as often to be seen thickly covered with dust. Inconspicuous as are both sepals and petals among the young leaves in May and June, they offer but little attraction to insects. The flowers low down in the cluster are male or staminate, the terminal ones bi-sexual, and, sometimes at least, "proterandrous"--i.e., the stamens first coming to maturity; so that, though they may commonly be fertilized by the wind, or even be fertile with their own pollen, the flies that do visit them undoubtedly effect an occasional cross.

The fruit is a characteristic of the genus, the hairy ovary at an early stage in its development showing signs of the wings that are to grow from the side of either carpel; so that it forms a two-winged "samara," like two blades of a screw paddle, with a chamber at the base of each containing one seed, though there were at first two ovules. Continental botanists have subdivided the species *Acer campestre* of Linnaeus mainly according to the presence or absence of down on ripe fruit, our British variety, in which this is present, being termed *Acer molle*, or *A. campestre hebecarpum*. The varieties, however, agree in having the wings of the samara smooth, and spreading almost horizontally--in which they differ from those of the Sycamore, which are "ascending," as they do also in size--each wing being only about half an inch in length, and of a somewhat oblong outline, and tinged with red. The function of this double-winged fruit is clearly seen when it falls whirling in the autumn breeze, wafting the seed to some spot where it may have a good chance of growing up without exclusion from light and air by the boughs on which it formerly hung.

The wood of the maple is excellent as fuel, and can be made into charcoal of the best quality; but being compact, fine-grained, and often beautifully veined, besides taking an excellent polish, it is chiefly in demand for ornamental purposes. Tables made of this wood were much prized among the ancient Romans, and veneers and various turned articles are still made from it, especially in France. The wood of the roots is frequently full of knots; and mediaeval alms-dishes, known as "mazer" bowls, made from it, highly polished and generally silver-mounted, are among the prizes of the virtuoso. Allied North-American species yield the beautifully-mottled furniture-woods with which we are all familiar, and which are so commonly imitated by the grainer.

In France the young shoots, being tough and flexible, are employed as whips; and being exceptionally tolerant of the shears and the bill-hook it recommends itself for hedges and the "topiary" work of geometrical gardening. The leaves and young shoots are also gathered when green and dried for winter provender for cattle; but though the sap contains a larger proportion of the sugar so characteristic of the genus than does that of the Sycamore, the tree does not bleed freely. Maple sugar is obtained from the two American species, *A. saccharinum*, the Rock or Bird's-eye Maple, and *A. rubrum*, the Scarlet or Curled Maple, the latter only yielding half as much as the former.

Though, in the words of the poet-laureate, Maple in autumn will "burn itself away" till all the wood-side glows in the fitful sunshine like dead gold, so as to commend itself to him who plants for beauty, our native woodland trees can seldom show any autumn coloring that can vie with the surprising blaze of an American forest in the fall, an effect mainly due to the Scarlet Maple, *A. rubrum*. This, together with most of the American and Japanese species, is now commonly cultivated as an ornamental shrub in England; its red flowers in spring being less conspicuous than its autumn coloration. The Sycamore-like *A. rufinerve*, Sieb. and Zucc., from Nippon, with red veins to the leaves, and the many varieties of *A. palmatum*, Thunb., commonly known as polymorphum, from the same country, such as the cut-leaved *dissectum* and the copper-tinted *atro-purpureum*, are desirable trees for park and shrubbery; whilst our suburban gardens are now almost overstocked with the variegated *A. negundo*. The bright green of this species, however, with its milky whiteness delicately tinged when young with pink, is well suited to contrast in such situations with the regular and sombre Wellingtonias, with "purple" Beeches, or with masses of green Lilac bushes.

Maples are chiefly propagated by seed, though the varieties must of course be multiplied by layers, cuttings, or grafts. The seeds ripen in October, and when the samaras, or "keys," as they are popularly termed, begin to turn brown, they should be gathered by hand, and the maturity of the seed be tested by opening one or two of the capsules, and observing if the cotyledons are green and succulent. It is advisable to keep the seeds

unsown until spring, since moles eat many of those sown in autumn; but those of our common species seldom germinate until the second or third year. They should not be covered with more than half an inch of soil.

Besides being occasionally blotched in autumn by the attacks of the black fungus *Rhytisma acerinum*, so universal on the Sycamore, the leaves of the Maple are also commonly disfigured either by a mildew or by a gall. The Maple blight or mildew (*Uncinula bicornis*) gives the whole plant a hoary appearance, as if sprinkled with powdered chalk, both surfaces of the leaves being alike affected; but this disease must not be confounded with an unhealthy condition formerly attributed to another fungus, and known as *Erineum acerinum*, which in spring produces patches of pinkish or violet hoariness on the under surfaces of the leaves, glistening like hoar-frost. With equal frequency the leaves of the Maple are seen to be thickly studded on their upper surfaces with red conical swellings. These are the results of the punctures of a mite (*Phytoptus myriadeum*), and they are interesting as an example of the general rule that when such irritation occurs, as is also seen in the galls on the Rose and the Violet, if a pigment is produced it is one which the plant is prone to develop normally either in flower or leaf.

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Oak Tree

(*Quercus Robur*)

Whatever we may think of the other productions of the poetaster of whom Byron wrote--

*"Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,"*

probably every one will endorse the one line quoted from him in the parody in *"Rejected Addresses"*--"The tree of freedom is the British Oak."

The chief ideas suggested by the beauty of the tree are apt to be those of naval warfare, sailors' pluck, and the weathering of many a storm. There are, nevertheless, suggestions of a less warlike character which occur to the contemplative man as he gazes on the monarch of the forest.

The massive trunk whose noble proportions suggested to Smeaton the design of his Eddystone Lighthouse, is an emblem of majestic and sublime endurance which can hardly be better described than in the following passage by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:--

"There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the Oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from all our other forest trees? All the rest of them shirk the work of resisting gravity: the Oak alone defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs, so that their whole weight may tell, and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At every degree the Oak stops short: to slant upward another degree would mark a want of firmness, a want of purpose: to bend downwards, weakness of organisation."

Beneath some noble Oak one can hardly help sinking the forester and the botanist, in the more universal feelings of the moralist, the poet, and the man. The forester may condemn as "stag-headed" the aged tree whose boughs, in Shakespeare's language, are

*"mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity."*

It may even be hollow, the mere shell of bark supporting a sadly-reduced tale of



branches that struggle gallantly to put forth year by year leaves, dwindled in size, from their knotty twigs, and acorns whose very abundance argues an infirmity of general health. Still it will, perhaps, be found to be diligently striving to stem the advance of the inner canker of decrepitude by a slight formation of new wood beneath the bark; and we may thus witness the dying efforts of the aged monarch, or its melancholy grandeur after death. The hollow shell may be now supported by the strong clasping arms of the ivy, ever young; or the stem, bared of its bark, may lift its blackened, blasted arms in sad protest to the heavens whence fell the fatal lightning.



Few trees have a wider geographical range than the Oak. Whilst the great order of broad leaved trees to which it belongs, the *Cupuliferae*--those, that is, that have their nut-like fruits enclosed in a more or less leafy husk, "involucre," or "cupule" (the "cup" of the acorn)--is distributed throughout the temperate regions of both hemispheres, the Oaks, of which there are nearly three hundred species, are almost confined to the northern. Many forms are well known to us in our plantations, or by their products, such as the Turkey Oak (*Quercus Cerris*), the evergreen Oak (*Q. Ilex*), the cork of *Q. Suber*, the galls of *Q. infectoria* and other Levantine species, the kermes from *Q. coccifera*, the cups of *Q. Aegilops* imported as valonia, the quercitron bark of the American *Q. tinctoria*, and that of many other species used in tanning.

The English Oak (*Q. Robur*) ranges from the Urals and the Caucasus, from Mount Taurus and Mount Atlas, almost to the Arctic Circle, growing at an altitude of 1,350 feet in the Highlands of Scotland; its limit nearly coinciding with that of successful wheat cultivation. Vast forests of Oak covered the greater part of central Europe in the early ages of history. It was the favorite timber of the Greeks and Romans; with it the Northmen built their long ships, and the Anglo-Saxons such churches as that at Greenstead, in Essex; and with it was smelted the Sussex iron which supplied the cannon of Elizabeth's navy. When in sheltered situations, or massed together in forests, it may reach a height of from sixty to one hundred feet, with a straight stem of from thirty to forty feet, and a girth which is commonly eight or ten feet, though many fine old trees are from three even to seven times that circumference. In exposed situations it is generally shorter and less straight in its growth, and then also has the hardest wood, though this may be rather a characteristic of one of the three varieties than the effect of situation.

Of these varieties, the White Oak, the chene blanc of the French (*Q. Robur pedunculata*), is the most abundant in the southern and midland counties. Its leaves have no stalks, and are only downy on the under surface when young; while its flowers, and consequently its acorns also, are generally two or more together, on long peduncles. It reaches a less height, but is said to be less liable to the defects known as "cup-" and "star-shake" than the sessile-fruited varieties.

These last are commonly united under the names Durmast Oak and *Q. Robur sessiliflora*, which should be applied to distinct forms. They agree in having stalked leaves and stalkless acorns; but the true *Q. sessiliflora* is most abundant in the north and west, its fine straight stems being seen at the best in the Forest of Dean; whilst the true Durmast Oak (*Q. pubescens*) is a dark-fruited variety, occurring in the New Forest, the under

surfaces of the leaves of which remain downy, and stay longer on the tree, hanging in melancholy russet late into the spring. Its timber is of inferior quality, and resembles chestnut in appearance, and, it is said, in being distasteful to spiders. Parts of the roof of Westminster Abbey are said to be of this cobweb-proof material.

In a growing Oak notice will be taken of the outward spreading of the stem at its base; of the rugged bark; of the curiously tortuous branchlets, twisting in zigzag fashion almost rectangularly towards every point of the compass, owing to the central shoots becoming abortive; and of the uniquely waving outline of the yellowish-green leaves. The leaves generally make their first appearance in the south of England towards the end of April, when the young shoots blush with a ruddiness almost autumnal; and, if at all sheltered from the glare of July and August, from the time when the ashy bark is first draped in foliage, a constant succession of the pink and bronze-tinted glories of the young leafage is kept up in our moist summers till late in autumn, when the first formed leaves are beginning to change. Then the green loses its olive-yellow tints for clear gold, mottled with clear grass green, fading to the sober pallid russet which lasts through the winter. This indescribable hue has none of the coppery richness of the dead leaves of beech, nor the warm umber of the horse-chestnut; it is the gray ghost of a brown that has been.

The catkins appear shortly after the leaves: the male ones pendulous, the female erect. The former are two or three inches long, bearing at intervals stalkless clusters of inconspicuous flowers, each consisting of a six or seven-lobed calyx and ten stamens. The female flowers, on the other hand, are solitary, each being surrounded by the numerous overlapping scales, or "bracts," which afterwards form the cup. The flower itself is but the ovary enclosed by the adherent calyx, divided internally into three chambers, and surmounted by a triple style--the miniature fleur-de-lys on the scepter of the forest king. In each chamber there are two ovules; and it is a noteworthy fact that from these six only one is matured into the single seed that every acorn contains. A similar circumstance occurring in the case of palms, and of other trees, suggests the explanation that perennial plants, trees more especially, require to produce fewer seeds in order to ensure the permanence of the species than do annuals, whose individual existence is so many times shorter.

What country boy has not a love of acorns equal to that of the squirrel? Possibly he may not eat them, preferring the chestnuts or beech-masts in the park, or the blackberries in the hedgerow; but there is a joy in knocking down the glossy green fruit, destined perchance to be converted, with the addition of some cotton-wool, into reverend seigneurs, with flowing beards and locks rivalling those of the Druid, who cut in bygone ages the sacred mistletoe with golden knife from the Oaks of Avalon. Before English commerce had extended the leather trade beyond the needs of home consumers, and English naval enterprise had caused a drain upon our Oak forests for ship-building, these same acorns, now despised by the advanced agriculturist, constituted the chief value of the Oak. Thus in the Domesday Survey the woodlands are estimated at the number of swine for which their acorns and masts afforded "pannage." Gurth had not then been replaced by the axe-armed woodman, or by the gamekeeper with dogs and gun.

Whatever may be the extension of the use of iron, Oak timber will always be of peculiar value for many purposes, though that important bye-product, the bark, is of sufficient consequence to considerably influence the English forester's treatment of his woods. There is more tannin in the bark in spring, when the sap is rising, than at any other season, and it is, therefore, the common practice to fell the trees at that season instead of in winter, though for timber only it is admittedly preferable to adopt the latter period.

The best judges cannot separate the woods of the two best varieties. Few woods are so durable under all circumstances, few so generally useful. Even the crooked branches are

valuable in ship-building; but the familiar inky stains round the nails of many a park-fence show that the tannic acid in the wood is detrimental to iron, converting it, in fact, into ink, as it does in the manufacture of that commodity from oak-galls and green vitriol, or in its union with the bog-iron of peat-mosses that yield the well-known black bog-oak.

Not to speak of cockchafers, the destructive oak-leaf-roller moth (*Tortrix viridana*), and other insect foes, the Oak is said to be attacked by upwards of forty kinds of gall-fly. Of the galls produced by these, the commonest are the marble-gall, whose brown spheres, clustered together especially on the branches of pollards, form quite a feature among the russet leaves of autumn; the oak-apple, those soft, rosy-cheeked excrescences, whose appearance among the young leaves towards the end of May is popularly associated with the miraculous escape of King Charles; the oak-spangles that stud the under surfaces of the leaves, at first with crimson and then with amber-brown; and the artichoke-gall, which makes the overlapping scales of the diseased bud closely simulate the bracts of the vegetable from which it is named.

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Palm Trees

Palm Trees Introduction

The Palm tree (Palmaceae) have been termed the princes of the vegetable kingdom. Neither the anatomy of the Palm tree stems nor the conformation of their flowers, however, entitles them to any such high position in the vegetable hierarchy. Palm tree stems are not more complicated in structure than those of the common butcher's broom (*Ruscus*); their flowers are for the most part as simple as those of a rush (*Juncus*). The order Palmaceae is characterized among monocotyledonous plants by the presence of an unbranched stem bearing a tuft of leaves at the extremity only, or with the leaves scattered; these leaves, often gigantic in size, being usually firm in texture and branching in a pinnate or palmate fashion. The flowers are borne on simple or branching spikes, very generally protected by a spathe or spathes, and each consists typically of a perianth of six greenish, somewhat inconspicuous segments in two rows, with six stamens, or pistil of 1-3 carpel's, each with a single ovule and a succulent or dry fruit. The seed consists almost exclusively of endosperm, Upper portion of Coconut seed, albumen in a cavity in showing the embryo, embedded in endosperm, which is lodged the relatively very minute embryo. These are the general characteristics by which this very well-defined order may be discriminated, but, in a group containing considerably more than a thousand species, deviations from the general plan of structure occur with some frequency. As the characteristic appearances of palms depend to a large extent upon these modifications, some of the more important among them may briefly be noticed.



Palm Tree Stem

Taking the stem first, we may mention that it is in very many palms relatively tall, erect, unbranched, regularly cylindrical, or dilated below so as to form an elongated cone, either smooth, or covered with the projecting remnants of the former leaves, or marked with circular scars indicating the position of those leaves which have now fallen away. It varies in diameter from the thickness of a reed (as in *Chamaedorea*) to a sturdy pillar-like structure as seen in the date-palm, *Palmyra* palm or *Talipot*. In other cases the very slender stem is prostrate, scandent by means of formidable hooked prickles which, by enabling the plant to support itself on the branches of neighboring trees, also permit the stem to grow to a very great length and so to expose the foliage to the light and air above the tree-tops of the dense forests these palms grow in, as in the genus *Calamus*, the Rattan or Cane palms. In some few instances the trunk, or that portion of it which is above ground, is so short that the plant is in a loose way called "stemless" or "acaulescent," as in *Geonoma*, and as happens sometimes in the only species found in a wild state in Europe, *Chamaerops humus*. The vegetable ivory (*Phytelephas*) of equatorial America has a very short thick stem bearing a tall cluster of leaves which appears to rise from the ground. In many species the trunk is covered with a dense network of stiff fibers, often compacted together at the free ends into spines. This fibrous material, which is so valuable for cordage, consists of the fibrous tissue of the leafstalk, which in these cases persists after the decay of the softer portions. It is very characteristic of some palms to produce from the base of the stem a series of adventitious roots which gradually thrust themselves into the soil and serve to steady the tree and prevent its overthrow by the wind. The underground stem of some species, e.g. of *Calamus*, is a rhizome, or root-stock, lengthening in a more or less horizontal manner by the development of the terminal bud, and sending up lateral branches like suckers from the root-stock, which form dense thickets of cane-like stems. The branching of the stem above ground is unusual, except in the case of the Doum palm of Egypt (*Hyphaene*), where the stem forks, often repeatedly; this is due to the development of a branch to an equal strength with the main stem. In other cases branching, when present, is probably the result of some injury to the terminal bud at the top of the stem, in consequence of which buds sprout out from below the apex.

The internal structure of the stem does not differ

fundamentally from that of a typical monocotyledonous stem, the taller, harder trunks owing their hardness not only to the fibrous or woody skeleton but also to the fact that, as growth goes on, the originally soft cellular ground tissue through which the fibers run becomes hardened by the deposit of woody matter within the cells, so that ultimately the cellular portions become as hard as the woody fibrous tissue.

Palm Trees and Their Leaves

The leaves of palms are either arranged at more or less distant intervals along the stem, as in the canes, or are approximated in tufts at the end of the stem, thus forming those noble crowns of foliage which are so closely associated with the general idea of a palm. In the young condition, while still unfolded, these leaves, with the succulent end of the stem from which they arise, form "the cabbage," which in some species is highly esteemed as an article of food.

The adult leaf very generally presents a sheathing base tapering upwards into the stalk or petiole, and this again bearing the lamina or blade. The sheath and the petiole very often bear stout spines, as in the rattan palms and when, in course of time, the upper parts of the leaf decay and fall off, the base of the leaf-stalk and sheath often remain, either entirely or in their fibrous portions only, which latter constitute the investment to the stem already mentioned. In size the leaves vary within very wide limits, some being only a few inches in extent, while those of the noble *Caryota*, may be measured in tens of feet. In form the leaves of palms are very rarely simple; usually they are more or less divided, sometimes, as in *Caryota*, extremely so. In species of *Geonoma*, *Versaffeltia* and some others, the leaf splits into two divisions at the apex and not elsewhere; but more usually the leaves branch regularly. The form of the segments is generally more or less linear, but a very distinct appearance is given by the broad wedge-shaped leaflets of such palms as *Caryotact*, *Martinezia* or *Mauritia*. These forms run one into another by transitional gradations; and even in the same palm the form of the leaf is often very different at different stages of its growth, so that it is a difficult matter to name correctly seedling or juvenile palms in the condition in which we generally meet with them in the nurseries, or even to foresee what the future development of the plant is likely to be. Like the other parts of the plant, the leaves are sometimes invested with hairs or spines; and, in some instances, as in the magnificent *Ceroxylon andicola*,

the under surface is of a glaucous white or bluish color, from a coating of wax.

The inflorescence of palms consists generally of a fleshy spike, either simple or much branched, studded with numerous, sometimes extremely numerous, flowers, and enveloped by one or more sheathing bracts called " spathes ". These parts may be small, or they may attain relatively enormous dimensions, hanging down from amid the crown of foliage like huge tresses, and adding greatly to the noble effect of the leaves. In some cases, as in the Talipot palm, the tree only flowers once; it grows for many years until it has become a large tree then develops a huge inflorescence, and after the fruit has ripened, dies.

Palm Tree Flowers

The individual flowers are usually small (figs. 3, 6), greenish and insignificant; their general structure has been mentioned already. Modifications from the typical structure arise from difference of texture, and specially from suppression of parts, in consequence of which the flowers are very generally unisexual, though the flowers of the two sexes are generally produced on the same tree (monoecious), not indeed always in the same season, for a tree in one year may produce all male flowers and in the next all female flowers. Sometimes the flowers are modified by an increase in the number of parts; thus the usually six stamens may be represented by 12 to 24 or even by hundreds. The carpel's are usually three in number, and more or less combined; but they may be free, and their number may be reduced to two or even one. In any case each carpel contains but a single ovule.

Owing to the sexual arrangements before mentioned, the pollen has to be transported by the agency of the wind or of insects to the female flowers. This is facilitated sometimes by the elastic movements of the stamens and anthers, which liberate the pollen so freely at certain times that travelers speak of the date-palms of Egypt (*Phoenix dactylifera*) being 'at daybreak hidden in a mist of pollen grains. In other cases fertilization is effected by the agency of man, who removes the male flowers and scatters the pollen over the fruit-bearing trees. This practice has been followed in the case of the date from time immemorial; and it afforded one of the earliest and most irrefragable proofs by means of which the sexuality of plants was finally established. In the course of ripening of the fruit two of the carpel's with their ovules may become absorbed, as in the coco-nut, the fruit of which

contains only one seed though the three carpel's are indicated by the three longitudinal sutures and by the presence of three germ-pores on the hard endocarp.

Palm Tree Fruit

The Palm tree fruit is various in form, size and character; sometimes, as in the common date it is a berry with a fleshy rind enclosing a hard stony kernel, the true seed; the fruit of Areca is similar; sometimes it is a kind of drupe as in *Acrccomia*, or the coconut, *Cocos nucifera*, where the fibrous central portion investing the hard shell corresponds to the fleshy portion of a plum or cherry, while the shell or nut corresponds to the stone of stone-fruits, the seed being the kernel. In *Borassus* the three seeds are each enclosed in a separate chamber formed by the stony endocarp. Sometimes, as in the species of *Metroxylon*, *Raphia*, *Daemonorops*, &c., the fruit is covered with hard, pointed, reflexed shining scales, which give it a very remarkable appearance.

Palm Tree Seeds

The Palm tree seeds show a corresponding variety in size and shape, but always consist of a mass of endosperm, in which is embedded a relatively very minute embryo. The hard stone of the date is the endosperm, the white oily flesh of the coco-nut is the same substance in a softer condition; the so-called "vegetable ivory" is derived from the endosperm of *Phytelephas*. In some genera the inner seed coat becomes thickened along the course of the vascular bundles and growing into the endosperm produces the characteristic appearance in section known as ruminant—this is well shown in the Areca nut.

Palm Tree Family

The order contains 32 genera with about 1100 species mainly tropical, but with some representatives in warm temperate regions. *Chamaerops humilis* is a native of the Mediterranean region, and the date-palm yields fruit in southern Europe. as far north as 38° N. latitude. In eastern Asia the Palms, like other tropical families, extend along the coast reaching Korea and the south of Japan. In America a few small genera occur in the southern United States and California; and in South America the southern limit is reached in the Chilean genus *Juhaea* (the Chile coco-nut) at 37° S. latitude.

The great centers of distribution are tropical America and tropical Asia; tropical Africa contains only 2 genera, though some of the species, like the Doum palm (*Hyphaene thebaica*) and the Deleb or Palmyra palm (*Borassus flabellifer*) have a wide distribution. With three exceptions Old and New World forms are distinct—the coco-nut (*Cocos nucifera*) is widely distributed on the coasts of tropical Africa, in India and the South Seas, the other species of the genus are confined to the western hemisphere. The oil palm (*Elaeis guineensis*) is a native of west tropical Africa, the other species of the genus is tropical American. *Raphia* has also species in both tropical Africa and tropical America.

The 132 genera of the order are ranged under seven tribes, distinguished by the nature of the foliage, the sexual conditions of the flower, the character of the seed, the position of the raphe, &c. Other characters serving to distinguish the minor groups are afforded by the habit, the position of the spathes, the “aestivation” of the flower, the nature of the stigma, the ovary, fruit, etc.

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Pear Tree

(*Pyrus communis*)

SPRING, with the bursting of green leaf-buds and the joyous opening of many blossoms, is essentially the season of hope. All Nature seems to rejoice in its birth to a renewed life, promising the warmth of color and sunshine in the coming summer, and the harvest of ripened fruits in autumn; and man reverberates to the notes of gladness, seeming to feel the very rising of the sweet sap in his quickened pulse and lightened heart. The colors of summer have not yet come; many of the trees put forth their blossoms, as it were, prematurely upon leafless boughs, and those blossoms are often of a chilly



whiteness that might be expected to depress the spirits so recently emancipated from the dull thralldom of winter frosts; but the promise of verdure and warmer color is here, and man refuses to be depressed.

The Pear puts forth its snowy blossoms at a date when snow can hardly be assumed to be a thing entirely of the past, so that the trees massed in orchards suggest lingering snowdrifts; but before the blossoms fall the green leaves have generally made their appearance among them, and the likeness to snowdrifts is gone.

It is found--apparently as an article of food--in the Swiss lake-dwellings, and is mentioned, under the names "Akras," "Onkne," and "Apios," in the oldest Greek writers, as common to Egypt, Syria, and Greece. The absence of any Sanskrit name for the tree, and the want of similarity of those in use by Chinese, Persians, Arabs, and the Slavonic nations of Europe to

those of the west, are most simply explicable on the theory of a primitive limitation of its range. The Latin *Pyrus*, the French *Poire*, the English *Pear*, and even the German *Bira*, can all be affiliated with the Keltic *Peren*. The late Professor Karl Koch derived all cultivated Pears from three species: *P. persica*, the ancestral form of the Bergamot Pears; *P. elaeagnifolia*, the Oleaster-leaved Pear of the Caucasus and Asia Minor; and *P. sinensis*, the Sandy or Snow Pear of China and the gardens of India and Japan. Professor Decaisne, however, recognised six races, descended from a single species: the Mongolic, represented by *P. sinensis*; the Indian, including *P. rariolosa* and others; the Pontic, represented by *P. elaeagnifolia*; the Hellenic, including *P. parviflora*, a red-flowered form occurring in Crete; *P. sinaica*, which is perhaps identical with *P. persica*, the Wild Bergamot Pear, and others, such perhaps as *P. nivalis*, the Snowy-leaved species of the Austrian Alps, from which some of the cultivated sorts used in France in the manufacture of perry are probably derived; the Germanic, including our two commoner forms, *P. Achras* and *P. Pyrasier*; and lastly, the Keltic, represented by *P. cor-data* or *Briggsii*.

This last-mentioned form, with leaves which are almost smooth and are heart-shaped at the base, and very small globose, apple-like fruit, is most interesting, as occurring in a

wild state in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Brittany, and as, in the opinion of competent authorities, being perhaps the "apples" of the "Inis yr Avalon"--the Isle of Apples in the Arthurian traditions.

Pliny describes the varieties of Pear in cultivation in his time as exceedingly numerous, including both early and winter sorts ; whilst Gerard says of them:

"The stocke or kindred of Pears are not to be numbered ; every country hath his peculiar fruit, so that to describe them apart were to send an owle to Athens, or to number things that are without number."

He does, however, enumerate seven sorts, all of which, he says, and many more sorts of

"tame peares, most rare and good, are growing in the ground of Master Richard Pointer, a most cunning and curious graffer and planter of all manner of rare fruits, dwelling in a small village neere London, called Twicknam ; and also in the ground of an excellent graffer and painful planter, Mr. Henry Banbury, of Touthill Street, neere Westminster ; and likewise in the ground of a diligent and most affectionate lover of plants, Mr. Warner, neere Horseydowne, by London."



Among the Pears of the sixteenth century were the Popering Pear, mentioned by Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, probably a Flemish variety, named from Popering in Flanders, and possibly introduced by Leland the antiquary, who was made Rector of Popering by Henry VIII.; and the Warden or Lukewards Pear. This last-mentioned variety seemingly originated in the horticultural skill of the Cistercians of Warden Abbey, in Bedfordshire, which was founded in the twelfth century. Three of these fruits appear in the arms of the Abbey. They were probably called Lukewards from ripening about October 18th (St. Luke's Day), and were eaten in the "Warden pies" coloured with saffron (as we now colour stewed Pears with cochineal), to which allusion is made in *A Winter's Tale*. More than two hundred and fifty sorts were known at the end of the last century, and nearly seven hundred in 1831.

In a wild state the Pear is but a small tree, sometimes a mere shrub, more often twenty feet high than forty ; but its rough bark, its upright growth and pyramidal shape, with pendulous boughs, give it a grace that does not belong to the more straggling Apple-tree, though the rosy blossoms of the latter may be more attractive than the wan bloom of its congener. The branches of the Wild Pear, like those of the Wild Plum, are generally spinous, and they spring from the main stem in an ascending manner at an angle of less than forty-five degrees, after wards curving outwards and downwards. The leaves are scattered alternately along the young shoots, but crowded together in bunches or "fascicles" on the old wood. Country-bred folk learn to distinguish at a glance the leaves of the Pear from those of the Apple. The leaves of the Pear are generally on a longer and more slender stalk than those of the Apple, and are consequently more pendulous. Speaking only of our wild forms, they, are also slightly smaller, not exceeding one and a half inches in length. They are sometimes heart-shaped at the base, and vary in general outline from "ovate," i.e. broadest near the base, through "oblong," i.e. with approximately parallel sides and broadest across the center, to "obovate," i.e. broadest near the point. On young trees the leaves are often lobed, as in the allied Service-trees,

and in all cases they are at first pubescent, at least on the under surface. They vary, however, in different soils, especially on the Continent, where those of several of the mountain forms are as white on their under surfaces as those of the White Beam (*P. Aria*), and the form is sufficiently variable to acquire such names as "Willow-leaved" and "Sage-leaved" for some of the varieties. The leaves are always acutely pointed, though the apex varies from an abrupt point ("cuspidate") to a long and tapering one ("acuminate").

By about the middle of April the Pear-trees of suburban orchards ought, in favorable seasons, to spread over the landscape the snowy sheet of their full bloom. The flowers, however, continue for some time, lasting generally until about the middle of the following month, thus preceding the warmer-tinted Apple-blossom by about a fortnight. In this month the young foliage has made rapid strides, so that, though the flowers of the Pear are as "precocious" in their first appearance on the bare branches as those of the Blackthorn, the white mass of bloom is soon relieved by a delicate background of tender green. The flowers are grouped in flat-topped, or "corymbose" clusters, and each one of the bunch is an inch or an inch and a half across--the same size, that is, as those of the Apple, from which they are technically distinguished, not by their color, but by having their styles distinct to the base instead of being united below. This union, of course, takes place later, when the so-called "calyx-tube" binds together the five carpels into a single Pear.

As the study of the not uncommon specimens of abnormal fruits shows, this structure, which is essentially nothing more than an expansion of the flower-stalk or "floral receptacle," contributes far more largely to the fruit than is the case in the Apple. It grows first as a thickened cylinder below the flower, and then expands in a globular form around the five carpels or "core" which it imbeds. This "core," it should be observed, occupies a higher relative position--i.e., is further from the stalk--in the Pear than in the Apple. The outline of the fruit, tapering gradually, as it generally does, into its stalk, though very characteristic of the Pear, is no more absolutely so than is the depression into which the stalk is usually inserted in Apples. A more universal distinction in structure between the fruits of the two species is the presence in that of the Pear only of the well-known "grittiness," due to small clusters of cells, thickened with woody deposits in their walls, which are scattered throughout the fleshy part of the fruit. Few Wild Pears produce fruits one quarter the size of the common cultivated varieties ; nor does their texture or flavor render them fit to eat.

In some favorable autumns the Pear exhibits beauties that perhaps surpass those of the pure white and virginal green of spring, its leaves turning to a vivid crimson. Though the tough and indestructible character of its fallen leaves may render the Pear undesirable on a lawn, it well deserves for its beauty alone a place in the cottage-garden, the farm-close, or the shrubbery. Few more delightful surprises await us in our rural walks than to come upon a well-grown Pear-tree standing apart in a small woodland clearing, whether it be decked in the snow of spring or the crimson of autumn.

Of our three wild varieties, none of which can be termed common, *P. Pyrastrer* has "acuminate" leaves, which, though downy beneath when young, become smooth, and a typically pear-shaped or "turbinated" fruit, tapering gradually into its stalk ; *P. Achras* has broader leaves, more abruptly pointed, which always remain downy or flocculent below, and a more globular fruit, rounded at its stalk end ; whilst *P. Briggsii*, as has already been stated, has almost smooth "cordate" leaves, and a very small globose fruit.

The wood of the Wild Pear is heavy, strong, compact, fine-grained, and of a reddish-brown tint. Though inferior to Box and Hawthorn for engraving, it has long been used for this and kindred purposes. Gerard says it

"likewise serveth to be cut into many kindes of moulds, not only such prints as these figures are made of, but also many sorts of pretty toies, for coifes, breast-plates, and such like, vsed among our English gentlewomen."

It is commonly employed for T-squares and other drawing instruments, and is said to be excellent as fuel, and to yield good charcoal.

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Pine Tree

(Pinus Pinea)

Pine trees are popular. OF late years no class of trees has been so popular with the generality of those who plant for ornament as the Pine tree (*or Conifera*). They are so separated in their structure from other plants as to form a Class rather than an Order, and embrace, when the name is used in its more comprehensive sense, as is now usual, several very distinct types. In past ages in the history of the globe they formed a more predominant feature in the vegetation of all latitudes than at present; and it is probable that if our knowledge of these fossil forms were more complete there would be found to have been even greater variety among them than among those that remain to us, showing them to bridge over the gap between such flowerless plants as the club-mosses, and the ordinary fruit-bearing, or angiospermous, flowering plants, more completely than we can at present demonstrate.



The stems of most Pine trees (or Conifers) branch freely in apparent whorls, having a "racemose" arrangement--so that, especially when the trees are young, they have one main "leader" or primary

shoot, which elongates rapidly, and gives the whole tree the outline of an attenuated cone. At a certain age, however, the tree ceases to increase in height; and the last-formed branches lengthening, whilst the lower ones frequently decay, give it a spreading, flat-topped, or parasol-like outline. This is seen to a limited extent in the Yew, the Cedar of Lebanon, and



the Sequoia; and in the Scots Fir (*Pinus sylvestris*) at an advanced age; but is especially characteristic of the Stone Pine of Southern Europe (*P. Pinea*).

The leaves in Conifers are generally of that dark shade of green which characterises evergreens. They are variously

arranged, and narrow or even needle-shaped in form; but it is a distinctive peculiarity of the genus *Pinus* to bear two different kinds of leaves—small membranous scales, and prismatic green needles grouped in twos, threes, or fives on dwarf branches in the axils of these scales.

All Conifers have their stamens and ovules in distinct inflorescences, and in the Taxacea these are on separate trees ("dioecious"); but most Araucariacea and all Abietina are "monoecious." Whilst there is seldom a typical cone among the Taxacea, or among the Cupressina, in which the scales are arranged in alternating whorls, the mathematically exact spirals of the cones of the Abietina are very characteristic.

Copious showers of pollen are produced from minute staminal scales, many of which are arranged in a flower—that is to say, along an axis which bears no other leaves. In the Abietina each of these scales bears two pollen-sacs; and in *Pinus* a number of the staminate flowers are collected into a catkin, the apex of which terminates in a cluster of ordinary

leaves. Each grain of pollen is furnished with two air-pouches that facilitate its transport by the wind; for, unlike our more showy flowering plants, the Conifers do not rely upon insect agency for the conveyance of the pollen-grains from flower to flower.

As is usually the case in such wind-fertilized flowers, the amount of pollen produced is out of all proportion to the number of ovules. Of these there are in the sub-tribe *Pinea* but two at the base of each scale of the female cone; but as there may be 150 of these scales, this gives a large number of seeds, many of which, however, prove infertile. The genera that constitute this sub-tribe differ in leaf-characters, and especially in their cones; those of the Spruces (*Picea*) falling off entire; those of the true or Silver Firs (*Abies*) coming to pieces, so that the scales separate from the axis; and those of the Pines (*Pinus*) having the tips thickened into a woody, rhomboidal mass, known as the "apophysis" or "tessella."

The roots of the *Abietinae* do not as a rule extend to any great depth; but in the Cluster Pine (*Pinus Pinaster*) and the Stone Pine the tap-root is exceptionally long. It is not, however, long enough in the latter to prevent the occasionally unequal growth of the head giving the tree a slight cant out of the perpendicular, and sometimes a bend near the base of the stem, produced in its effort to regain the vertical.

The fact that none of the *Abietina* throw up suckers from the roots, or shoot again when cut down, gave rise to the Latin proverbial expression, "*Pini in morem exstirpare*" ("to destroy like a pine"), for total destruction, and explains a story told by Herodotus. Miltiades, King of the Dolonei, having been taken prisoner by the people of Lampsacus, Croesus King of Lydia threatened the captors that unless they released Miltiades he would cut them down like pine-trees; and the people of Lampsacus thereupon, when they comprehended the full force of the threat, set the King of the Dolonei at liberty.

The Pine trees constitute a large genus, comprising more than a hundred species, or about one-third of all known Conifers; and they range geographically throughout the Northern Hemisphere from Borneo and from Mexico (where, on the sides of Popocatepetl, they extend to an altitude of 12,693 feet, the limit of vegetation) to the Arctic Circle. On the Himalayas, Pine woods do not extend above 11,800 feet; but scattered trees are found up to 12,300 feet.

The genus is subdivided according to whether there are two leaves on a dwarf shoot, as in the Scots (*P. sylvestris*), the Corsican (*P. Laricio*), the Cluster (*P. Pinaster*), the Stone (*P. Pinea*), and the Aleppo Pine (*P. Lalepensis*); or three, as in the Pitch Pines of America; or five, as in the Stone Pine of Central Europe (*P. Cembra*) and the Weymouth Pine (*P. Strobus*). Of the first group, the Cluster and Stone Pines have several points in common. In both the needles are long, straight, rigid, and comparatively broad; the cones are large and pointed, and have pyramidal apices in the centres of their rhomboid tessellae; and the buds are woolly and free from resinous exudations, whilst the scales are reflexed. The two species differ, however, in that *Pinus Pinaster* has, as its name of Cluster Pine indicates, its cones generally in whorls of from three to eight; each cone being not more than two and a half inches wide, and of a brightly polished light-brown; the scales about an inch long and three quarters of an inch broad, and terminating in a hard, sharp point; and the needles from six to twelve inches long; whilst *P. Pinea* has solitary cones, sometimes four inches wide, of a lighter color, the scales about two inches long, an inch or more in breadth, and terminating in a broad blunt prickle, and the needles from five to eight inches long.

The Stone Pine trees may perhaps be a native of China, where it is plentiful, as in the south of Europe it is seldom seen in situations far removed from human habitations. It occurs in the south of France, in Spain, in Greece, and in Barbary; but it is most closely associated in our minds with Italy. The brilliant skies of the landscapes of Claude have their effect frequently heightened by the contrast with its heavy masses of dark foliage. Gilpin is most enthusiastic in its praise:-

"After the cedar," he says, "the Stone Pine deserves our notice. It is not indigenous to our soil, but, like the Cedar, it is in some degree naturalized; though in England it is rarely more than a puny, half formed resemblance of the Italian Pine. The soft clime of Italy alone gives birth to the true picturesque Pine. There it always suggests ideas of broken porticos, ionic pillars, triumphal arches, fragments of old temples, and a variety of classic ruins, which in Italian landscape it commonly adorns. The Stone Pine promises little in its infancy in point of picturesque beauty; it does not, like most of the Fir species, give an early indication of its future form. In youth it is dwarfish and round-headed, with a thick stem, and has rather the shape of a full-grown tree than of an increasing tree. As it grows older it

does not soon deposit its formal shape. It is long a bush, though somewhat more irregular, and with a longer stem; but as it attains maturity its picturesque form increases fast. Its lengthening stem assumes commonly an easy sweep.

t seldom, indeed, deviates much from a straight line; but that gentle deviation is very graceful, and, above all other lines, difficult to imitate. If, accidentally, either the stem or any of the larger branches take a larger sweep than usual, that sweep seldom fails to be graceful. It is also among the varieties of the Stone Pine that, as the lateral branches decay, they leave generally stumps which, lying out in various parts of the stem, break the purity of its lines. The bark is smoother than that of other tree of the Pine kind, except the Scotch; though we do not esteem this among its picturesque beauties. Its hue, however, which is green and reddish, has a good effect; and it obtains its softness by peeling off in patches. The bark of the Stone Pine is as beautiful as the stem. Its color is a deep warm green; and its form, instead of being broken into acute angles, like many of the Pine, is moulded into a flowing line by an assemblage of small branches. As age comes on its round head becomes more flat, spreading itself into a wide canopy, which is a form equally becoming; and what beauty may result from a tree with a long stem, and without lateral branches, which is a good example to prove. When the bark is stripped from an Ash or an Elm from which the lateral branches have been stripped, as is the practice in some parts of the country, we are apt to think that no tree with a long stem can be beautiful; yet the Stone Pine, which can mould so many forms so easily be effected."

In the south of Europe its wood is used for masts and general carpentry; but it is chiefly valued for its large edible seeds, which are used as food wherever the tree grows. They are three-quarters of an inch long without their wings, and about half as broad, and, being entirely free from resin, have a sweet taste, resembling that of the Hazel-nut. In Pliny's time they were preserved in honey, and now they are commonly used at dessert, or in sugarplums, instead of almonds. If not kept in the cone, however, the abundant oil they contain becomes speedily rancid. Besides being much eaten by squirrels, they form the chief food of the Cross-bill, a bird which occasionally visits this country, and whose beak is specially modified for their extraction from the cone.

Where this Pine occurs in large groves of fine trees,

such as those which were formerly one of the great beauties of the ancient city of Ravenna, the rustling and sighing of the boughs in the wind has often arrested the attention of the poet. Barry Cornwall thus represents the sighing of a giant as

*"With such noise
As the rough winds of autumn make when they
Pass o'er a forest, and bend down the Pines;"*

and speaks further of "Funereal Cypress, Yew, and shadowy Pine, dark trees," that

*"At night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death."*

Besides other allusions to the Pines of Italy "shaking their choral locks," Leigh Hunt specially refers to those of Ravenna in the following lines:-

*. . . "the Pine, long-haired, and dark, and tall,
In lordly right, predominant o'er all.
Much they admire that old religious tree,
With shaft above the rest up-shooting free,
And shaking, when its dark locks feel the wind,
Its wealthy fruit with rough mosaic rind."*

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Plane Tree

(*Platanus orientalis* and *P. occidentalis*)

The genus *Platanus*, which undoubtedly derives its name from the Greek, in reference either to its broad leaves or spreading shade, is, according to the best authorities, almost the sole representative of a very isolated type of catkin-bearing trees; the five or six forms which it includes constituting a distinct natural order, the *Platanaceae*, though they may be related to *Liquidambar*. They are trees which commonly reach a considerable height, up to even a hundred feet; with nearly cylindrical stems; in old specimens, of enormous girth and with wide-spreading branches. It was probably with reference to the general outline of the Oriental Plane that Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queene*" (1589), borrowing his epithet, no doubt, as was his wont, from some classical authority, speaks of "the Platane round."



The manner in which the bark flakes off in rectangular scales is very characteristic, and is, perhaps, a main reason for the impunity with which the Plane thrives in the soot laden atmosphere of the metropolis. A copious annual crop of smoothly-polished leaves, readily washed by the slightest shower, and thus affording a large surface to the food-giving light and air, and a bark which thus yearly throws off all impurity, constitute an ideal city tree. We can hardly, perhaps, expect the enthusiasm of the poet to be quickly roused by the foreign charms of exotic trees, so that it is naturally the poets of America, the native home of one variety of the Plane, who sing its praises. It is to the appearance produced by this shedding of the bark that Bryant alludes when he writes of the Green River:

*"Clear are the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away;
And the Plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root."*

The leaves are large, with stalks of some length, and prominent veins, generally five in number, radiating to the acute points of their gracefully-lobed outline. Individual leaves may be as much as nine inches long and eight in breadth, and though a certain general character of outline distinguishes the different geographical "races," the variety of detail, even on a single bough, is practically infinite. No leaf rebels more against the misrepresentations of the geometrical school of draughtsmen.

The bark is by itself sufficient to distinguish the Plane from the sycamore (*Acer pseudo-platanus*), which is commonly confounded with it, especially in Scotland; but the sycamore has also its leaves in opposite pairs and far less smooth, whilst in autumn they are almost always marked with the round blots of an ink-black parasitic fungus.

When the foliage is yet young, the drooping flower-stalks are produced, the pollen-bearing flowers being on distinct branches from those that yield fruit, though either kind is collected together into the characteristic "buttons," or globular catkins. The Oriental Plane is first mentioned, among English writers, by William Turner, "the father of English botany," in his "*Herbal*," printed at Cologne in 1568; and in 1596 John Gerard had it growing in his garden in Holborn, the history of his specimen being subsequently given by him in his "*Herball*" (1597), p. 1304, as follows:



"My seruant, William Marshall, whom I sent into the Mediterranean Sea as chirurgion vnto the Hercules of London, found diuers trees heerof growing in Lepantae, hard by the sea side, at the entrance into the towne, a port of Morea, being a part of Greece, and from thence brought one of those rough buttons, being the fruit thereof."

Our Transatlantic neighbors, who pride themselves on their retention of Elizabethan English, still call the Plane the Button-ball, or Button-wood.

The flowering branches are from two to six or more inches long, bearing from one to five, but most commonly three, of these buttons.

Those that produce pollen are simply collections of shortly-stalked stamens mixed with a few narrow-pointed scales, and, as is generally the case with catkin-bearing trees, the whole branchlet falls when the pollen has been discharged. The fertile florets, too, are of the simplest structure possible, being merely one-chambered and one-seeded ovaries, each prolonged into a style, curved at its apex, and with a sticky stigma down one side; whilst as this ovary enlarges into a little nut, a tuft of bristles grows up from its base, giving the burrlike character to the whole catkin.

The timber of the Plane is fine-grained, and of a brownish-yellow oak color, somewhat resembling beech, prettily marked, and thus well adapted for ornamental use. It is almost exclusively used by carriage-builders and pianoforte-makers, for the sides of wagonettes and the bridges in the piano, the manner in which it "takes paint" fitting it for the former purpose, and its toughness and hardness, by which the pins are securely held, for the latter. When old, the wood sometimes has dark veins in it, like those of walnut.

One of the most interesting points connected with the Plane is the geographical distribution of its various forms, which most botanists treat as distinct species, though they have utterly failed to bring forward any one

strongly distinctive character. No Planes are known to the east of Kashmir, though, on the analogy of the distribution of tulip-trees--if the theory of the eastward retreat of the European flora of Miocene times towards America be well founded--we might expect them to occur in China or Japan. In this connection it is interesting to note, though the evidence must be but slight, that the fossil Plane-leaves found in the Miocene rocks of Europe are believed by our greatest authority, Dr. Oswald Heer of Zurich, to be more nearly related to the Occidental than to the Oriental form. There can be little doubt that the Oriental Plane is indigenous in Persia, though it has also been cultivated in that country--where it is known as chinar--from a very early period; whilst if of human introduction in the Balkan peninsula, that introduction must probably date back more than two thousand years. In Spain, and even in our own country, it seems that its short history has permitted of the origin of tolerably distinct variations.

It seems that the American Plane does not attain the size or age of its Oriental brother. Neither form occurs commonly in forests or even in large groups; but single trees growing in plains of river alluvium, in which it rejoices, sometimes reach enormous dimensions, and from the gratefulness of their shade in hot countries have long been venerated. At Caphyae, in Arcadia, a beautiful Plane-tree was shown to Pausanias, which was said to have been planted 1,300 years before by Menelaus, the husband of Helen, before his departure for the Trojan War. When Xerxes invaded Greece, another Plane so delighted him by its size, that he--somewhat unkindly, but, no doubt, with kind intentions--encircled it with a collar of gold, stamped a figure of it on a gold medal which he continually wore, and tarried so long beneath it as to ruin his chances of success. Pliny speaks of a Plane in Lycia over eighty feet in circumference, so that eighteen persons could dine within it; whilst at Buyukdere, three leagues from Constantinople, there still exists a tree of this species, 100 feet high, 165 feet in girth, and 130 feet in the spread of its branches, being, perhaps, over 2,000 years old.

To the student of philosophy the Plane must always be associated with the groves of the Academe, in which walked the earliest of the peripatetic philosophers. This may have been in the mind of the Poet-Laureate, when he associated the Princess Ida's female Academe with "the thick-leaved platans of the vale."

The true Oriental Plane has a rounded outline, a leaf with a wedge-shaped base, and deeply five-lobed, and generally two or more "buttons" in the fructification. The Spanish variety has very slightly divided leaves, and most of our London Plane-trees belong to an intermediate form (*P. orientalis acerifolia*), somewhat resembling the sycamore in its leaf outline. Of this form there are many fine specimens in and around the metropolis, as in Berkeley, Bedford, and Mecklenburg Squares, and the well-known trees in Wood Street, Cheapside, and in Stationers' Hall Court. The latter was planted by Mr. Broome, treasurer of the Company, about fifty-five years ago. There are also fine specimens, over 100 years old, at Stanwell Place, Staines, and at Shadwell Court, Norfolk; and down to 1881 a magnificent tree of equal age was standing in the garden of Lambeth Palace, where a fine representative still lingers.

So much confusion has arisen from the similarity of the Occidental to the Maple-leaved Plane (*P. orientalis acerifolia*), that it is impossible to sift the evidence as to their relative hardiness; but neither kind seems to compare for longevity with the true Oriental form. Philip Miller, indeed, who was

gardener to the Apothecaries' Company at Chelsea from 1722 to 1771, states that he knew from his own observation that the Maple-leaved Plane was only a seedling variety of the Oriental; in which case the former has, perhaps, been too short a time in existence to be fairly tested.

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Plum Tree

(*Prunus domestica*)

SOME trees suffer by their associations. Regarding it habitually as a fruit-tree, we are perhaps liable, for instance, to overlook the many other points of interest and the manifold beauty of the Plum. The Drupacea, including the Peaches, Nectarines, Almonds, Cherries, and Cherry-laurels, in addition to the Plums, are plants which are obviously related by the character of their fruits, and less obviously by other structural peculiarities. They are all woody plants, though varying through a wide range of sizes.



They have simple leaves, arranged singly on the nodes of their stems, generally more or less toothed along their edges--the teeth often terminating in glands--and having sugar-excreting glands upon their leaf-stalks. The flowers are variously grouped, but are restricted in range of color, being invariably white, pink, or red. They agree, however, in having typically five parts to both calyx and corolla, and, unlike the Apples, Pears, &c., in shedding both these floral whorls when they have "set seed." The stamens are numerous in each flower, and rise separately from the margin of a cup or "receptacular tube," which encloses the ovary without adhering to it, in what is known technically as a "perigynous" manner. The ovary itself consists of a single carpel, terminated above in a well-developed style and stigma and enclosing two ovules, one of which only as a rule reaches maturity as a seed. The

"drupe," or "stone-fruit," which gives its name to the sub-order, consists of three fairly distinct layers, the outer skin or "epicarp," the middle pulp or "mesocarp" (which is commonly edible), and the inner "stone" or "endocarp," enclosing the brown-skinned kernel, or seed. Lastly, many of the trees of the group freely exude a very insoluble gum, especially where their bark is injured; and the foliage and kernels of the entire sub-order contain hydrocyanic, commonly known as prussic, acid.

The Peaches, Nectarines, Almonds, and Apricots, some-times referred to separate genera as *Persica*, *Amygdalus*, and *Armeniaca*, have woolly skins to the fruit; the Cherry-laurels (*Lauro-cerasus*) have their flowers in racemes, their leaves "conduplicate" (or folded together down the middle) in the bud, and their fruits smooth and polished; the Cherries (*Cerasus*) have their buds and fruits similar to the Cherry-laurels, but their flowers otherwise arranged; whilst the Plums proper, the genus *Prunus* in the more restricted sense, have their leaves "convolute," or rolled up like a scroll, in the bud, and their fruits covered with a glaucous "bloom" of wax.

Botanists distinguish three varieties of the Common Plum (*Prunus communis*), though perhaps most country-folk would assert the distinctness, even in a wild state, of more than that number. When the bark is black, the branches spreading in all directions, and every twiglet ending in a thorn; when the leaves are finely toothed and smooth beneath; when the flowers come out before the leaves, and have smooth flower-stalks, and when the globular purple fruit does not exceed half an inch in diameter, they term it *Prunus*

spinosa, the Blackthorn, or Sloe. When the bark is brown, the branches straight, with few thorns, the leaves broader, with larger and blunter serrations, and downy below; when the flowers and leaves expand at the same time, and the flower-stalks are downy; and when the globular fruit is either yellow or purple, and is nearly an inch in diameter, they call it *Prunus insititia*, the Damson or Bullace. When, lastly, the bark is brown, the branches straight and thornless, the flower-stalks smooth, and the under-surfaces of the leaves only downy along the veins, and when the purple fruit is oblong and over an inch in length, the tree is an escape from cultivation, although termed the Wild Plum (*Prunus domestica*). The Bullace is a larger shrub than the Blackthorn, and the Plum is a small tree, having generally a distinct main stem five or ten feet high.

Though their distinctive characters are not very constant, these forms or "sub-species" differ to some extent in their geographical distribution. The Sloe or Blackthorn (*P. spinosa*) is confined to Europe; whilst the Bullace (*P. insititia*) extends from the Himalayas and the shores of the Caspian, through Armenia, to the north of Africa and to the south of Scotland. The Plum (*P. domestica*) is either nowhere truly wild, or may be so in Anatolia and the Caucasus, being only naturalized in Europe, and probably of Roman introduction so far as the West, including our own islands, is concerned. In the pre-historic remains from the pile-dwellings in the Swiss lakes, stones of the Sloe and the Bullace occur, but not those of the true Plum.

The close relationship of these forms was early recognized. Thus William Turner, in his "*Names of Herbes*" (1548), writes:

"Prunus is called in Greeke Coccimelea, in englishe a plum tree, in duche ein pslaumen baume, in frenche Vun prunier. Prunus sylvestris is called in english a slo tree, or a sle tree."

Though, strange to say, Shakespeare never mentions the native forms under their familiar names of Sloe, Blackthorn, or Bullace, he frequently alludes to cultivated Plums, to Prunes, and once (Second Part of *Henry VI.*, act II., scene 1) to Damsons; and there can be little doubt that English gardens in his time contained a considerable number of varieties of the fruit. Gerard, in his "*Herbal*" (1597), says:

"To write of Plums particularly would require a peculiar volume. . . . Every clymate hath his owne fruite, far different from that of other countries; my selfe have threescore sorts in my garden, and all strange and rare; there be in other places many more common, and yet yearly commeth to our hands others not before knowne."

We cannot but admire the beauty of our common Blackthorn; and yet how often in early spring do we not long to see the last of its beautiful snowdrifts of blossom and of the bitter winds of that "Blackthorn winter" which almost invariably accompanies their presence!

Desolate indeed is the wintry look of its tangle of black thorny boughs and twigs, forming some roadside hedgerow, or in clumps on some bleak hill-side; and desolate does it remain till April, about the middle of which month the blossoms generally appear. From a distance one may then mistrust one's eyesight and wonder if it is indeed a line of



lingering snow-drift, brought by the north-east gale of last night, that lies on the slopes of the downs; but on a nearer approach the black boughs can be just discerned, each ending in a rigid spine and clothed in a foamy mass of starry milk-white petals. Then, if the sun glances out between drifting leaden clouds on the snowy branches, as they toss like frothing waves in the blustering breeze, or if the little white-throat be seen dodging amidst the blossom, we forget the presage of inclement weather in the beauty of the plant before us.

When, a few weeks later, its flowers are gone and its leaves appear, the tangled Blackthorn with its strong spines forms a thorough protection to the nests of our feathered friends; and, though perhaps from the resistance which its hard wood offers to the shears, and from its tendency to become straggly, it is not so well adapted for garden hedges as the Hornbeam or Hawthorn, it is both useful and picturesque on the margins of our fields and in our road-side fences. In autumn--

*"the ripening Sloes, yet blue,
Take the bright varnish of the morning dew,"*

in silent protest against the partial observation that can only allude to Sloes as black. The Sloe has at first the purple-blue bloom of the common garden Plum; but as the fruit ripens, though in the Sloe it does not become sweet as in the Bullace and Plum, it loses the bloom of its youth and beauty, and the smooth round balls, pleasing to birds and schoolboys, though contorting the faces of most of their unwary devourers by their astringency, become of a dull blackish-purple. Still they are not black.

At the present day the green-fruited variety of the Bullace (*P. insititia*) is commonly called a Damson; but there can be little doubt that originally this name belonged to some cultivated variety, the fruit of which was worth eating, and which came from the East, nominally from Damascus.

As has been already suggested, the Plum properly so-called may in all probability be the artificial product of cultivation rather than a variety existing anywhere in a truly wild state, and was probably introduced by the Romans, by whom it was undoubtedly cultivated on a large scale. Its name in most modern languages is, therefore, as might be expected, derived from the Latin *Prunus*. Just as the name "Currant" has been extended from the small dried Grapes of Corinth to the Black-, Red-, and White-fruited *Ribes* of our kitchen-gardens, so the name "Plum" has been extended from the fruits of *Prunus* to those of other Grapes, more properly known as Raisins. This extension has probably originated in the long-practiced custom of drying both kinds of fruit in the sun. This manufacture, though carried on to a considerable extent in the south of France, from which fact we know the dried fruit mainly as "French Plums," is also a staple industry in Spain and Portugal, and more especially in Bosnia and Serbia.

The cultivated forms of Plum are extremely numerous, the fruit varying in color, from green, pale yellow or red, up to the deepest purple-black or purple-blue, in shape from globular to an elongated oval or egg-shape, pointed or bluntly rounded at either or at both ends, and in size from less than an inch to between three and four inches in diameter. We can readily believe that some of our larger fruit-eating birds may not infrequently swallow the stone of the fruit of the Sloe, which they take whole into their mouths, and thus aid in the dissemination of the species; but it would be difficult to imagine this to occur in the case of the Plum. The cultivated forms vary also considerably in the size and shape of the stones and of the kernels they contain; in the flavor of the fruit, its season of ripening, and other points; and so long-established and physiologically engrained have some of these variations become, that they constitute races which will perpetuate their characters by seed. The Greengages, the true Damsons, and the Egg-Plums, for instance, form races that are often true to seed; but as a matter of

practice, layering, or, more often, grafting is most commonly used as the method of multiplication.

It is, of course, mainly as a fruit-tree that the Plum is valued; but if it were not so it might well be esteemed for its timber. The very tough and hard wood of the Blackthorn is never of sufficient girth to rank as timber, but it is proverbial, especially in Ireland, as the material for cudgels, and from its suitable size, strength, and abundance, no wood is better adapted for a farmer's walking-stick. The wood of the Plum is of a beautiful deep crimson color, and is susceptible of a polish, so that it has been to some extent employed in veneering, and is certainly one of the prettiest timbers that we have.

Though associated with disagreeable weather, the Blackthorn when in bloom is a beautiful and characteristic feature of English landscape that we should be loath to lose; and though the Plum, with its snowy blossoms, creates an impression of chillness in spring, the whiteness is in its case relieved by the admixture of delicate young foliage, suggestive in its verdure of the sunny days that are coming to ripen the pale flowers into warm-tinted fruit.

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Poplar Tree

(*Populus fastigiata*)

MOST of the broad-leaved deciduous trees have rounded contours, whilst some conifers, at least when young, present a conical, or rather pyramidal, outline. The Lombardy Poplar stands almost alone in the remarkably erect, or "fastigate," habit of growth of its branches, to which it owes its specific name *fastigiata*. True, the boughs of the Mount Atlas cedar have an upward slope, whilst those of the Florence-Court, or Irish, variety of the yew have a still fuller right to the description of "fastigate"; but neither of these

needle-leaved trees rise above their fellows in such a narrow, pointed column as does the Lombardy Poplar.



The two genera, *Populus*, the Poplars, and *Salix*, the Willows, constitute by themselves the Natural Order Salicacea, all the members of which are trees with alternate leaves, furnished with the appendages known as "stipules," and with their flowers in conspicuous catkins, the two sexes being on different plants, or "dioecious," and the "perianth"--the calyx and corolla, that is, of an ordinary flower--being replaced by simple scales. These scales, however, being single--i.e., there being but one to each flower--they are probably really rather of the nature of bracts; and the perianth, altogether absent in willows, is probably represented in the Poplars by a little one-sided, cup-shaped body, which has, however, been sometimes called a "disk." In both genera the female flower consists of a solitary one-chambered ovary, containing many ovules.

The willows have usually narrow leaves, erect catkins, and bracteal scales which, though hairy, are not notched; the Poplars, on the other hand, have broad leaves, drooping catkins, and scales slashed into several lobes. Both male and female flowers are, in the latter group, enclosed in the little cup already mentioned, which springs from the axel of the scale.

Possibly the mere difference in quantity of the first syllables of the two Latin words, *populus*, the people, and *populus*, a poplar tree, may hide a real identity of etymology. The "tall Poplars," however, alluded to in the lyrics of Horace, as the supports round which the vines were twined, were not of the variety now known as the Lombardy Poplar. This last form, which is now known in France as "*Peuplier d'Italie*," though there are several other Italian species, does not seem to have been known in Italy even in the time of Pliny, eighty years after the death of Horace. The genus is almost confined to the north temperate zone; a few extend a little farther north, whilst within their area of distribution they occur very generally, especially in moist ground and along the banks of rivers.

Opinions differ as to the limits of the species in this small genus; but, besides various American forms now common in cultivation, throughout Europe, five readily distinguishable types--viz., the Abele, or White Poplar (*Populus alba*), the Grey Poplar (*P.*

canescens), the Aspen (*P. tremula*), the Black Poplar (*P. nigra*), and the Lombardy Poplar (*P. fastigiata*). Of these, the two first should, perhaps, be classed as subspecies of one species, and the two last-named, neither of which is truly indigenous, should almost certainly be so treated. Perhaps the best point of difference is the stigma; but the lover of trees, who may be but a tyro in botany, will be glad of other means of recognizing the objects of his attention. The three first forms agree in having downy shoots, dense female catkins, bracteal scales fringed with hairs, and stamens varying in number from four to twelve in each male floret. They have, therefore, been grouped together in a section known by the name Leuce, the Greek appellation of the White Poplar. The two last, on the other hand, have their young shoots smooth, their female catkins lax, their scales almost smooth, and their stamens more than twelve in number; and they have been accordingly united in the section named Aigeiros--a name formerly applied to the Black Poplar. It will, perhaps, be clearer to give these characters, and those distinguishing each species, in a tabular form.

LEUCE.--Shoots downy; female catkins dense; scales ciliate; stamens 4--12.

-- *alba*, White Poplar, or Abele: Leaves on the suckers lobed, those on the branches roundly heart-shaped, slightly lobed; white and cottony on the under surface; stigmas two, bifid, linear, cross-like, yellow.

-- *canescens*, Grey Poplar: Leaves on the suckers angled and toothed, those on the branches roundly heart-shaped, hoary or smooth on the under surface; stigmas two, 3- or 4-lobed, wedge-shaped, purple; buds downy.

-- *tremula*, Aspen: Leaves on very long stalks, those on the suckers heart-shaped, pointed, not toothed, those on the branches rounded, with incurved teeth, silky or smooth on the under surface; stigmas two, bifid, erect; buds slightly viscid.

AIGEIROS.--Shoots smooth; female catkins lax; scales nearly smooth; stamens 12--20.

-- *nigra*, Black Poplar: Leaves on long stalks, when young, rhombic in form, silky on the under surface, and ciliate; when old, more rounded, finely-toothed, smooth; stigmas two, roundish, 2-lobed; buds viscid; no suckers.

-- *fastigiata*, Lombardy Poplar: Differs from the last mainly in its erect, or "fastigate," mode of branching, and in having suckers.



The Poplars form one of the exceptions to the rule--often stated without qualification in botanical text-books--that roots do not produce leaves or leafy shoots. This characteristic is most obvious when one of these trees has been felled, for then all the vitality that before spread from the roots into the main stem is diverted into the far-reaching lateral roots, and a small forest of suckers springs up, often at a distance of many yards from the parent tree. These are true root-suckers, and not merely ascending subterranean branches, like those of the rose; and, as has been seen in the table just given, the leaves on these suckers are often different in form from those on the branches of the tree.

Though a merely "fastigate" habit is not generally considered a character of specific importance, the presence of these suckers in the Lombardy Poplar is an important distinction between it and the Black Poplar, with which botanists generally unite it. The absence of the gray hairiness common on the leaves of other species, which has earned for its allied form the inappropriate name of "Black," is equally characteristic of the Lombardy Poplar.

This fastigate variety is probably a native of the mountains of Western or Northern Asia, perhaps of Persia. It has been common in that country, and in Kashmir and the Punjab, from very early times, and is often planted along the roadsides in those distant lands, as it is in France, its somewhat scanty shade-producing powers being there of more importance than they are with us. Introduced from these countries into Southern Europe, the tree derives its popular names, both in France and in England, from its abundance along the banks of the Po and the other rivers of Lombardy, where at the present day it grows readily from self-sown seed, which it will not do in England. Considering that it was only introduced into France in 1749, and into England in 1758, it is interesting to note that William Turner, writing two hundred years before, in his "*Names of Herbes*" (1548), says of the genus:--

"Populus is of two kyndes, the fyrste kynde is called in greeke Leuce, in Latin Populus alba, in englishe whyte Poplar, or whyte Esptree, in duch wisz sarbach. Thys kynde is commune about the bankes of the floude Padus [the Po]. The seconde kynde is called in Greeke Argeiros, in englishe alone a popler, or an Asp tree, or a blacke popler."

Not many years before his "*Names of Herbes*" was published, Turner traveled in Italy, and may then have seen the true Lombardy Poplar; but his account does not show any more discrimination between the species than was suggested to him by the existence of two names in both the Greek and the English languages.

Like many quick-growing, spongy-timbered trees, the Lombardy Poplar seems not to be by any means a long-lived tree; so that, though the artistic value of

"The Poplars in long order due"

may have been instinctively recognized at once, it is very doubtful whether any specimens are still in existence that date from the first few years of the introduction of the species into England. A hundred years, in fact, would seem to be a fair limit to state as that of the duration of life of this species, at least in our climate.

A line of Poplars may have a somewhat formal effect if we look at them apart from the landscape, in a near or confined view. They then appear simply as a stiff row of from three to a dozen trees, incongruous in outline with those around them, and suggesting nothing so much as those red-stemmed green-chip marvels of the German toy of our youth. The beauty of the Lombardy Poplar is mainly one of landscape effect, its tall, erect growth acting as a relief or foil to the rounded outlines of other trees, and contrasting admirably with the horizontal lines of the water by the side of which it is so often seen. Whilst in Lombardy and France it is commonly planted as a hedge in lines, which, from their length, are decidedly monotonous, with us it occurs commonly in shorter lines, acting as a screen, or merely as an ornamental break in the landscape. Properly it should never stand alone, and should always be so placed that the row of vertical green plumes may serve, as has been suggested, to break, or to contrast with, some horizontal line--a river bank, a road, an unsightly railway embankment, or the arches of a viaduct or aqueduct. Their suckers form an objection to their being planted near the lawn; but purely artistic considerations make it desirable that Poplars should be planted in a row at some distance from the house or other point from which they are to

be viewed.

This variety is not, however, deficient in those more minute beauties that repay the student of trees. Though in our climate it is not a very common occurrence with this kind of Poplar that

*"In the wind of windy March,
The catkins drop down,
Curly, caterpillar-like,
Curious green and brown;"*

and though consequently it does not often produce that profusion of bursting capsules disclosing masses of seeds imbedded in their tufts of silky white hair, that give to the group their American name of Cotton-wood, its beauties of foliage are not to be despised. At the end of April or the beginning of May, when most other trees are in full spring-tide verdure, the little triangular leaflets come forth, on their characteristically long leaf-stalks, in a charming variety of golden tints, now yellow, now brown, now russetred, glinting cheerfully in the young sunbeams before they decide on being a somewhat dull shade of green; and again in autumn, after most other trees are bare, these same leaves, which have survived the equinoctial gales of October, are often seen, bright with an almost spotlessly-clear lemon-yellow, or variegated, perchance, with a green clearer than any hue they have hitherto worn, in the fitful sunshine of St. Luke's summer, or of that autumnal after-glow that sometimes marks the latter half of the month.

From a narrowly utilitarian point of view there is not much to be urged on behalf of the Lombardy Poplar. The timber yielded by its tall, straight stem, that commonly reaches seventy or eighty feet, and may exceed a hundred feet in height, is soft and spongy, and, though it may prove valuable for paper-making, is at present, after much seasoning, used mainly for churns and coach-panels. In common with the rest of the group to which it belongs, the bark contains some bitter principles that render it of some little use in tanning, and give it some tonic and febrifuge qualities as a medicine.

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Rowan - Mountain Ash Tree

(*Pyrus aucuparia*)

LIKE the Pear and the Apple, the Rowan, now, perhaps, better known by the somewhat misleading name of Mountain Ash, is a member of the genus *Pyrus*, in the natural order *Rosacea*. This genus of the Rose tribe is characterized by its apple-like fruits, or "pomes," with a cartilaginous "core" or "endocarp"--the Hawthorns and Medlars, which form allied genera, having more stony centers to their fruits. The Rowan, the White Beam, and the Service Trees form together a sub-genus, known as *Sorbus*, distinguished by having their small white flowers in branched clusters, technically known as "cymes," which are followed by groups of small berry-like fruits containing but few seeds. The small trees constituting this sub-genus are rather closely tied to one another, differing mainly in the form of their leaves and in the shape and color of their fruit. The Rowan is, indeed, sometimes known as the Fowlers' Service Tree, the first word in which name, together with its specific Latin name *aucuparia*, refers to the long-established use of its berries as a lure by bird-catchers, *auceps* being the Latin for a fowler.

The name "Service" has nothing to do with this use for the fruit, nor with the ordinary sense of that word, but is from the Latin *cerevisia*, beer, the berries of all the group having once been largely used in brewing. John Evelyn, in his "*Sylva*," speaks of the fruit of the Rowan as affording "an incomparable drink, familiar in Wales;" and whilst there they are most commonly only made into an infusion, in Kamtschatka and other north-eastern countries a spirit is distilled from them, and in the north of Europe they have, in times of scarcity, been even dried and ground into flour.

The name of Rowan has been somewhat improbably derived from the roan color of the bark; but though this appellation is probably of a far different origin, there can be little doubt that it is to this gray and smooth rind, its graceful, ascending branches, and "pinnate" leaves, that it owes the name of Ash. Even its clusters of white blossoms resemble at a distance those of the Flowering or Manna Ash (*Fraxinus ornus*) of the Continent, though the true Ash trees have no relationship to this rosaceous plant.

Whilst the White Beam and Wild Service are also common in rocky, hilly, or even mountainous situations, it is especially the Rowan that rejoices in bleak, rocky crags, overhanging the gills and becks of mountains. It grows at an altitude of 2,600 feet in the Scottish Highlands, and thus well deserves the prefix "Mountain" to its name. Springing from some bare ledge of yellow sandstone or gray limestone, but conspicuous even in the thickest leafage by its characteristically tinted fruits, in such situations it might well require a poet to describe--

"How clung the Rowan to the rock,



*And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red."*

It was in such situations that it struck the artistic fancy of William Gilpin, who, in his "*Forest Scenery*," after mentioning that in the Scottish Highlands it often becomes a considerable tree, speaks of it as follows:



"There, on some rocky mountains, covered with dark pines and waving birch, which cast a solemn gloom over the lake below, a few mountain ashes joining in a clump, and mixing with them, have a fine effect. In summer the light green tint of their foliage, and in autumn the glowing berries which hang clustering upon them, contrast beautifully with the deeper green of the pines; and if they are happily blended, and not in too large a proportion, they add some of the most picturesque furniture with which the sides of those rugged mountains are invested."

Having a wan-hued bark and lurid fruit, and growing in wild woodland and moor, much legendary lore has collected round this species, and it seems to have been used by witches in divination, its name "Rowan" being said to be connected with the Gothic word "run," a whisper, a mystery, divination, or a magic letter, from "runer," to know. Homoeopathy is a great deal older than the time of Hahnemann, so that

the Mountain Ash became of high repute as a protection against witchcraft, as witness the proverb--

*"Rowan tree and red thread
Put the witches to their speed,"*

a belief also alluded to in the old poem of "*The Laidlet Worm of Spindleston Heughs*," in the lines--

*"Their spells were vain, the boys return'd
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is roan-tree wood."*

The Mountain Ash attains a height of from ten to thirty feet, and sometimes exceeds two feet in diameter, growing very rapidly at first. It reaches eight or nine feet in the first five, and sometimes as much as twenty feet in the first ten years, after which it spreads out into a loosely branching head, increasing but slowly in height. This mode of growth, rapid at first, and never densely shady, renders it valuable to the forester as a "nurse" for oak plantations, more especially as its perfect hardiness renders it tolerant of any exposure. It is, moreover, a useful coppice wood for poles, hoops, etc., and its bark is used to some extent in tanning.

The alternately arranged ascending branches, springing, as has been said, in a lax manner from the trunk, give to the tree an air of negligent grace and lightness, which is enhanced by the coloring and form of bark, leaf, blossom, and fruit. The leaves are what is known as "pinnate," being, as a whole, some six or eight inches in length, but made

up of from thirteen to seventeen leaflets, i.e., one terminal one, and from twelve to sixteen in pairs. Each leaflet is from one to two inches in length, and about one-third as broad, with a coarsely-toothed margin and an acute point. They are at first downy on their under surfaces, and though they lose this character as they mature, they remain, like most leaves, paler on that side, and are fringed with hairs along their chief veins. When the foliage is newly expanded in May, and the gracefully cut, bright green leaflets turn in the breeze, exhibiting their pallid lower surfaces, they certainly form a distinct charm in themselves, apart from the contrasting ashen bark and the creamy clusters of blossom that appear at this period.

The individual flowers are very small, only one-third of an inch across, but they are crowded into a nearly flat or "corymbose cyme," generally nearly six inches across, so that they gain by being massed together the conspicuousness that they do not separately possess. Though the tree has but few insect foes, this massing together of its little honeyed florets procures for it many friendly insect visitants, nearly fifty species having been observed upon its blossoms. These visits are apparently to a great extent necessary- to the setting of seed, since the stigmas of the flowers become sticky, i.e., reach their maturity, before the stamens are ready to shed their pollen; so that no one flower can be fertilised by its own pollen. Other plants with numerous small flowers render them conspicuous in different ways, the Guelder Rose, for instance, by the great enlargement of the corollas of the outer neuter florets; but the Mountain Ash, like the Elder, depends entirely upon the broad expanse of the whole cluster.

It is, however, undoubtedly after these blossoms have fallen in June or July, when the little hawthorn-like fruits or miniature apples have, in August and September, turned from unnoticed greenness to a remarkable shade of scarlet, that the graces of the Rowan force themselves upon our notice. Then, as Wordsworth says--

"The Mountain Ash

*No eye can overlook when, 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees, she lifts her head,
Deck'd with autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms."*

The poet here notices the fact--an important one from the point of view of picturesque effects in form and color--that the berries of the Mountain Ash turn color, whilst most of our forest trees still retain their foliage in its summer green. Their hue is not the blood-red of the Guelder Rose, nor the crimson often seen in the haws of the Whitethorn, but a less common tint containing a considerable admixture of yellow, a scarlet sometimes matched in the hips of the Rose. If permitted to do so, the berries will stay on the tree until the leaves have changed color and fallen; but though the not unwholesome acid fruits are not now much molested by man, they are peculiar favorites with the birds, so much so that Virgil speaks of the tree as attracting thrushes to any grove in which it grew. The flesh of the fruit is of a bright orange-yellow, as may often be seen in the many wounds the beaks of innumerable finches and thrushes will make in the riddled clusters, whilst the core is so hard as to connect the species, as has been said, with the Medlar and the Hawthorn.

The leaves, in turning, most frequently become yellowish, and decay on the tree to an unornamental brown; but in exceptional situations, or in very favorable autumns--perhaps mostly when the end of September and beginning of October are unusually dry--they, too, become red, and then, as a poetess has said--

*"The scarlet Rowan seems to mock
The red sea-coral--berries, leaves, and all
Light swinging from the moist, green, shining rock,*

Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall."

The writer has here happily suggested an appropriate situation for the tree. It likes a moist but not a marshy soil, and, if well drained, cares little whether it be sandstone or calcareous. Its light and graceful habit should be sufficiently free from other trees to be well seen; indeed, hardy as it is for any exposure, its outline of branch and leaf will show well against the sky: the grey bark will contrast well either with the lush green growth by the stream, or with the changing tints of moorland, bracken, and heather; and the gay verdure of the young leaves and the creamy flowers, or the bright autumn fruit, will harmonize equally with the severity of bare stone in the browns or grays of the natural rockery. In such spots, in planting for picturesque effect, should the Mountain Ash be placed, in company with Guelder Rose or Silver Birch.

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Spindle

(*Euonymus europaeus*)

It is probably only owing to its comparative rarity that the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus europaeus*) is not more appreciated for its beauties than it is. It is generally but little more than a shrub, seldom exceeding ten or twelve feet in height when in a wild state.

The genus *Euonymus* derives its flattering name, which dates from the time of Theophrastus, and signifies "well-named," from its bad rather than its good qualities. As the Irish peasant to-day euphemistically speaks of the fairies as "the good people" because he is afraid of them, so the ancient Greeks called their avenging deities, or Furies, the Eumenides, or "kind folk," and their mother *Euonyme*, "her whose name is



good." From the fetid smell emitted by the whole plant when bruised, and from their poisonous though lovely fruits, the Spindle-trees have apparently been given the name of this once dreaded being. Their chief distinctive structural characters are their leaves in opposite pairs and evergreen, or nearly so, though their stipules fall off early; the relatively large fleshy disk within the calyx upon which petals, stamens, and ovary are alike inserted; and the angular or winged capsule, which, though dehiscent, is somewhat fleshy in texture.

The one British species (*E. europaeus*) is also a native of Western Siberia, North Africa, and the whole of Europe from Sweden and Scotland to the Caucasus. Its popular names in English, French, and German, "Spindle-tree," "Fusain" and "Spindelbaum," all alike refer to the use of its wood for spindles, which still prevails where hand-spinning survives as an industry. The old English names "Prick-wood" or "Prick-timber," which latter is used by Gerard, and the French

"Bois-a-lardoire," allude to its employment for skewers or larding-pins, formerly called "pricks," whilst another French name, "*Bonnet de Pretre*," alludes to the resemblance of its four-plaited capsule to a priest's biretta. A good deal of confusion seems to have arisen in popular parlance between this species and the Cornel (*Cornus sanguinea*), both trees being of about the same size, having opposite leaves, hard, tough wood furnishing good charcoal and easily bored longitudinally, and acridly astringent properties in the leaves and bark. Both trees are consequently known as Prick-wood, as Gatteridge, Gaten, or Gaitre-tree, and as Dogwood. The word "gatr," our modern "gaiter," means apparently a cover, and has been supposed to refer to the capsule hanging when burst like a cover over the seed. In this case the name must belong to *Euonymus*, and has only been extended to *Cornus* by mistake. It may, however, signify a pipe, and allude to the use of shoots of either tree, three or four feet long, as stems for earthenware pipes, for which purpose they are readily bored and are employed both in Russia and Germany. The name Dogwood is derived from the use of the leaves either dried and powdered, or in a decoction, in the treatment of mange or to expel vermin. Turner, in his "*Names of Herbes*" (1548), speaking mainly of the two species of *Cornus*, *C. mas* and *C. sanguinea*,

known as "male" and "female," because the former does not fruit for some years, also alludes apparently to the Spindle-tree as "an other tree" in the following passage:--

"Cornus is called in greke crania, in duch thierlinbaume, in frech Cormier or cormer, the male of thys kynde have I sene often in Germany, but never yet in Englande. It may be called in englishe longe chery tree. The female is pletuous in Englande & the buchers make prickes of it, some cal it Gadrise or dog tree, howe be it there is an other tree that they cal dogrise also."

The whole plant is remarkable for its smoothness, for even when the young green wood becomes gray from the development of cork beneath the epidermis, the bark retains an even surface. A point of some physiological interest occurs in connection with this formation of cork. A few woody plants, such as Mistletoe and the Pennsylvanian Maple (*Acer pennsylvanicum*), never form any cork at all, but retain their epidermis and their green color. Others, such as the Willows and the Pomaceae (i.e., Apples, Pears, &c.), form cork from the epidermis itself, and, like most trees, do so towards the end of the first summer in the life of the shoot. The majority of trees form their cork a little below the epidermis, so as to bury the green layers of the bark beneath its opaque tissue, whilst both epidermis and cork are subsequently split into longitudinal cracks, which may widen into the deep furrows so familiar in the bark on the trunks of Oaks, Elms, or Poplars. Anyone cutting a switch of Hazel, Holly, Privet, or, in fact, almost any wood, may notice the bright green layer beneath the dull-colored external cork. In some few plants, such as the Clematis, the Vine, and the Honey-suckle, cork originates yet deeper, viz., in the "bast," of inner layer of the bark, which, as a consequence, comes away in long strips; but in *Euonymus*, whilst it arises, as in the majority of trees, just below the epidermis, its formation takes place not on yearling shoots, but on those several years old, and until it is formed the branch remains green externally.



In April the four-sided shoots put forth their pairs of delicately glossy, egg-shaped leaves, of a rather deep shade of green, each leaf being shortly stalked, two or three inches long, with a finely toothed margin and a tapering point; and among these, about a month later, appear the sparse clusters of inconspicuous blossoms. These are not individually half an inch across, and are of a pale green color; but they are noticeable from the regularly "tetramerous," or fourfold, arrangement of their parts--four sepals, their margins overlapping, or "imbricate," four petals alternating with them, each of an oblong-acute outline, four stamens, and an ovary made up of four carpels.

It is not, however, till the year begins to wane that the Spindle-tree displays its real charm. The leaves often turn crimson in autumn; but the fleshy, four-lobed fruit is the most distinctive beauty of the tree. Of a rosy red, or more rarely a creamy white, it resembles a cross of coral or ivory, and on bursting discloses one of the most beautiful or most daring of Nature's color contrasts. This is produced by the "aril," or fleshy covering to each of the seeds, which, alike in the red fruited and the white varieties, is of a brilliant deep orange. This outgrowth from the "testa" or integument of the seed resembles in structure, color, and function the more partial and divided covering to the

seed of the Nutmeg, which is known as mace; but in the case of the Spindle-tree the development of this outgrowth after the fertilization of the seed begins, not at the structural base of the seed, its "funicle" or stalk, but at the other end, at the "micropyle," or orifice at which the pollen-tube enters and the primary root leaves the seed; and therefore it is known technically as an "arillode," whilst the mace is an "arillus." The function of either structure is apparently to render the seeds more attractive to birds, and thus to ensure their dissemination.

A variety with broader and more glossy leaves and larger fruit, sometimes ranked as a distinct species under the name of *E. latifolius*, is well worthy of cultivation, not only in shrubberies, where it may be well associated with the white-fruited kind for autumn effects, but also as a standard on lawns; but unquestionably the most generally known species at the present day is the evergreen Japanese Spindle-tree (*E. japonicus*), introduced in 1804, which, with its more decidedly egg-shaped leaves with scalloped margins, luxuriates in the sea-breezes of our southern watering-places; and, with foliage often ornamentally variegated with white or yellow, sustains but little damage even in severe winters.

In spite of its comparative rarity, it is singular that the beautifully modeled and colored fruits of this tree should not have attracted more attention from our poets; but showing brightly, as they do, late into the year, they have suggested to the Laureate the serene wisdom and experience of age. In a short poem called "*A Dedication*," Lord Tennyson expressly refers to the fruit of the Spindle-tree in the following lines:--

*"take this, and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and, spite of praise and seorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past--if left to pass
His Autumn into seeming-leafless days--
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower."*

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Spruce Tree

(*Picea excelsa*)

SOME groups of plants in their geological antiquity, their structural isolation, and the strongly differing types which they include, seem to stand apart, like the shattered monuments of a vanished race. This is pre-eminently true of the *Gymnosperms*, those flowering plants without true fruits, bearing their seeds exposed, generally on the inner faces of scales forming a cone. They date back at least to Devonian times, and were the most prominent members of the flora of the whole earth for ages before the appearance of the broad-leaved trees and the gaily-flowering herbs of the field. All the existing representatives of the group are trees or shrubs; and though, in the central pith, the annual rings of wood, and the separable bark, their stems resemble those of dicotyledonous trees, in other respects, especially in their floral organs, they approximate rather to the flowerless Cryptogamia.



The Cycads of the southern hemisphere are the lingering remnant of what was once one of the best represented types: the Yew and the Maidenhair Tree are almost the sole representatives of another and very distinct group; whilst the marvelous *Welwitschia* of Angola is even more isolated in structure and without any known ancestry. Far more than ninety per cent. of existing *Gymnosperms* belong to the order *Araucariaceae*, in which the stem is much branched, the leaves mostly simple and of relatively small size, with an entire, or unnotched, margin, and the flowers of the two sexes generally on the same tree, the female ones forming the well-known cones of bracts in the axils of which are other seed-bearing

scales. This order is divided into four families, the first three of which seem to have culminated in importance during past geological periods. These are the Cupressinae, including the Cypresses, Junipers, and Arbor-vitae; the Taxodiaceae, including the Sequoia, or Mammoth Tree and Redwood of California, and the Deciduous Cypress of the Mississippi; and the Araucariaceae, including the Puzzle-monkey or Chilian Pine, the Norfolk Island and Moreton Bay Pines, and other mainly southern forms. The fourth family, which seems to be more abundantly represented now than at any past period, is the Abietineae, including Pines, Cedars, Larches, Firs, and Spruces. In all these last-mentioned types the leaves and scales of the cones are arranged in a spiral manner; the two sexes occur on the same tree; the bract is only united to the seed-bearing scale by its base, and each of these scales bears two winged seeds; whilst the pollen-grains also have bladder-like expansions to aid in their dispersal.

There has been considerable confusion as to the names, whether classical, popular, or scientific, of these trees. The word "fir," the torch or fire tree, was originally applied to the Scotch Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*), and *Picea* and *Abies* were used almost indiscriminately by classical writers for the Norway Spruce or for the Silver Fir of Central Europe, whilst modern botanists have been hardly more decided. In his "*Names of Herbes*" (1548), William Turner says:

"Picea is called in greeke as Theodore Gaza turneth, pitys, and after Ruellius peuce and it is called in duch rotte Dan, wherfore it maye be called in englishe a red firre tree."

The Spruces differ from the Pines, Larches, and Cedars in that their leaves are arranged singly in a spiral along elongated shoots, and not tufted or grouped on lateral dwarf shoots. From the former group they are further separated by the absence of any woody thickening at the ends of the scales of their cones; their seeds, too, ripen in a single year. From the Firs proper, of which the Silver Fir (*Abies pectinata*) is the best known, they differ in their leaves being four-angled and prismatic in section, instead of flattened and two-edged, and in their cones hanging downwards after fertilization, and (after having shed their seeds) dropping off whole, instead of falling to pieces while on the tree.



The Spruce is the loftiest of European trees, reaching a height of 125 to 150 feet, or even, in its native country, as much as 180 feet, with a straight, tapering stem from two to six feet in diameter, and

sweeping branches disposed very regularly round it, giving it, with the long straight leading shoot, a very conical outline. Both this shoot and those terminating the main boughs generally give off a whorl of branches above, and some less well-developed branches, not in a whorl, below; but the secondary branches are produced mainly at the sides of the primary ones, so as to form broad horizontally spreading sprays. In young trees the branches are nearly horizontal; but in older ones--though if crowded many of the lower boughs will die and drop off--if free scope is given for growth a very graceful pendant habit is assumed, branches sweeping down to the ground, and even taking root and again taking a vertical direction, so as to form a grove of young trees round the original stem. The root generally spreads a good deal horizontally, which, together with the preference of this species for soft and somewhat moist soil, renders it more liable to be prostrated by wind than the tap-rooted Pine. The bark of the trunk is rather thin, warty, and of a reddish-brown, becoming scaly as the tree gets older.

The leaves are generally less than an inch long, sharp-pointed, slightly curved, very stiff, and of a dark though clear green; and they are so arranged on the shoot, the upper ones directed forwards along the stem and the lower ones sideways, as to give a somewhat flattened appearance to the individual sprays, though not so regular as those of the Yew.

The pollen-bearing catkins are produced near the

apex of the lateral shoots, generally several together, on stalks, which elongate considerably. They are of a yellowish color, tipped with red, and cylindrical in form, becoming ultimately curved, and as much as an inch in length; but in their earlier stages have been compared to half-ripe strawberries.

The cones are borne mainly at the ends of the upper branches, and in the flower stage stand erect, and vary in color, according to soil or situation, from green or yellow to pink, dark red, or purple. After fertilization they become pendant and green, taking the form of a pointed cylinder, from five to seven inches long and from an inch and a half to two inches broad. Their scales are thin, with their edges slightly curved inwards and notched at the top. There are from 160 to 180 of them in each cone; and as each bears two seeds at the base of its inner surface, an ordinary cone may yield from 300 to 350 seeds. In autumn the cones ripen to a rich and glossy brown hue; but it is not generally until the drying wind and warm sun of the following spring that they discharge their seeds.

The Spruce grows almost as rapidly from seed as does the Scotch Pine; for, though for three or four years not exceeding six or eight inches per annum, after reaching a height of three feet the plants will grow from two to three feet a year until they are fifty feet high, so that they may be as much as fifteen feet at ten years old, whilst they may attain in fifty years to a height of a hundred feet. In its native country the tree is not thought to live much beyond a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, and the best Spruce timber brought into the market is from seventy to ninety years old.

The species is widely distributed both in latitude and longitude--more so, in fact, than many of its allies, being indigenous alike in the Kurile Islands and Siberia as in Norway, and from the Swiss Alps to beyond the Arctic Circle. Though in its extreme northern area it seldom occurs at an altitude of more than 750 feet above sea-level, in the south of Norway it reaches more than 3,000 feet, at the same time descending the shores of some of the fjords down to the water's edge. It is, in fact, the prevalent tree of the basin of the Baltic, and Loudon states that the finest Spruce forests which he had seen were between Memel and Konigsberg, growing in peaty soil, resting on sand, and liable to inundation during a great part of every winter. It is, in fact, owing to its requirement, for its successful cultivation as a timber tree, of soil that in England or Scotland can be profitably cultivated for agricultural

crops that the Spruce has not been so extensively planted as the Pine and the Larch, which flourish in drier and more barren soils.

The wood of the Spruce is generally white, more elastic, less resinous, and consequently lighter, than that of the Scotch Pine. When grown in the open, where large branches may be broken off, it is apt to be very knotty; but in denser forests, where it is drawn up, it is fine and even in grain.

The resin, though less abundant than that of the Pines, is of considerable value. It oozes as a fine yellow turpentine, known as "Spruce rosin" or "frankincense," from cracks in the bark or from artificial incisions, for as long as twenty years; but eventually the wood is rendered valueless for timber, and even almost useless for fuel. By melting, boiling with water, and filtration, the medicinal Burgundy pitch is prepared from this resin in the Vosges Mountains, besides small quantities of colophony, lamp-black, and spirits of turpentine.

As a tree, the chief value of the Spruce is as a nurse, its dense foliage and tapering form serving well for the protection of young oaks or elms, whilst the thinnings prove fairly remunerative as hop-poles. Its tendency to preserve its lower boughs renders it a valuable cover for game; and, as it bears the shears well it is used on the Continent for hedges in nursery gardens.

Broken down by loads of snow or boisterous wind, the Spruce, as seen in Alpine landscapes, attracted the pencil of Salvator Rosa; but from the point of view of the picturesque, in a young state and in lowland scenery, it suffers in the estimation of most people by the extremely symmetrical regularity of outline that accompanies its somewhat somber coloration.

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Sycamore Tree

(Acer pseudo-platanus)

Long ago recognized by the characters of its flowers and fruit, not to mention the arrangement and veining of its leaves, as a Maple, and correctly named accordingly the Great Maple, the remarkable denseness of its foliage, and the grateful shade which it in consequence affords, caused it to be confused in Western Europe, at an early period, with the true Sycamore, or Fig Mulberry (*Ficus Sycamorus*) of scripture, a confusion which it is stated is still retained in the language of flowers, according to which mystic code of symbolism this tree signifies



"curiosity," because it is identified with that on which Zaccheus climbed that he might see Christ at His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. This confusion is said to have led to a considerable planting of this species by religious persons in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Similarly in Scotland it is still commonly known as the Plane, a confusion commemorated by Linnaeus in the specific name *pseudo-platanus*, and in the French "*fausse Platane*." The only resemblance, however, between the Sycamore and the Plane lies, as we have seen when considering the latter species, in the form of the leaves, which, between certain other species of the Maple group and some varieties of the Plane, does

indeed amount almost to an identity of outline and of venation. The leaves of the Plane, however, are not in opposite pairs; their lobes are commonly more pointed than those of the Sycamore, and their surface is more glossy, and of a brighter, more yellow shade of green; whilst the globular monoecious catkins and bur-like fruit-clusters of the former are altogether unlike the racemes of greenish flowers, followed by bunches of winged fruits, or "keys," in the tree which we are now considering.

The Sycamore is essentially a native of Central Europe, occurring most abundantly in wooded, mountainous situations in Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, in which last-mentioned country it ascends on dry soils to an altitude of nearly 3,000 feet above sea-level, suffering but little from frost or snow. It will grow in any soil not saturated with moisture, but prefers dry and well-drained ground to stiff clay or loam. It will grow in exposed situations even on the sea coast; and, owing to the stiff, angular mode of growth of its branches giving it an exceptionally strong "spray," as it is technically termed, few trees are better adapted to act as a shelter from the winds in such spots. Even when the winds blow strongly in one direction for nine months out of the twelve, the Sycamore will retain its symmetrical outline, its head not leaning more to one side than another.

It is a tree of rapid growth, reaching a good height in a short time. Trees ten years old are recorded as reaching twenty-five or twenty-eight feet in height, whilst the species reaches its full growth of from fifty to sixty feet at an age of as many years. The tree requires, however, to be eighty or a hundred years old before its timber arrives at perfection, and the ordinary longevity of the species is stated at from 140 to 200 years, though several cases of greater age are on record. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, for instance, in his edition of Gilpin's "*Forest Scenery*," mentions a remarkable Sycamore, supposed to be not less than 300 years old, at Calder House, which, in 1799, had a girth of trunk of over twenty feet, and a spread of branches of sixty feet. It was the tree to which in former times the iron jugs, a kind of pillory, were fastened; but this instrument of torture had, in 1834, long been grown over by the annual increment of wood, and deeply imbedded in a protuberance on one side of the massive bole. Another specimen at Friburg, in Switzerland, over twenty-six feet in girth, is supposed to be 500 years old. A magnificent specimen at Studley, of unknown age, is figured in Loudon's "*Arboretum*." It is 100 feet high, over eight feet in diameter, and over ninety feet in the spread of its branches.

Though the foliage is undoubtedly dull in color, and wanting in variety of light and shade, the tree, as a whole, has, when well grown, considerable beauty of outline. Its smooth-barked cylindrical stem rises generally but a few feet from the ground before sending out nearly horizontal branches, the lower of which may form large limbs, reaching, as we have seen, to a considerable distance from the trunk. The branches lessen regularly towards the top of the tree, so that standing alone in a park the Sycamore presents a regular, rounded crown. The bark and leaf-stalks of the young shoots are often of a clear blood-red tint, which in early spring is well contrasted with the delicate green of the spreading fans of foliage; for, like many leaves in which the veins are arranged "palmately," i.e., radiating like the fingers of the hand, "the broad leaves of the Sycamore" are folded in the bud like the feuille of a fan, or, as botanists term it, in a "plicate" manner. These leaves are from four to eight inches across, grayish on their under surfaces, and divided into five pointed lobes, with a margin toothed with rounded serratures. The principal veins are prominent on the lower surface of the leaf; and in autumn, either before or after they have fallen, the leaves are very commonly blotched over, as if with large blots of ink, owing to the attacks of a parasitic fungus, known as *Rhytisma*, or *Xyloma, acerinum*. It also attacks other Maples, and is decidedly unsightly.

In May or June the Sycamore bears long pendulous racemes of small green flowers, each having generally six or eight sepals, and as many petals and stamens, the two latter whorls inserted on the edge of a ring-shaped, fleshy disc,



on which rises the ovary. This latter is hairy, and has two curved stigmas, whilst it further foreshadows the form of the fruit in two humps like those on the

shoulders in a fashionable lady's mantle. As in other trees of the Maple group, the first-formed flowers of the raceme--which, though structurally lower, are, from the pendulous position of the cluster, actually uppermost--are male, i.e., have no pistil; whilst those subsequently developed, as the flowering branch gains in strength, diameter, and food-supply, are "hermaphrodite," i.e., have both stamens and pistil. Hence the number of fruits hanging in an autumnal cluster is far smaller than the number of the summer's blossoms. This is an interesting illustration of what is apparently a general law of sex among flowering plants, viz., that less nutrition is required for staminate than for pistillate, or hermaphrodite, flowers. When two or three kinds of flowers--hermaphrodite, and staminate, or pistillate, or all three--occur in one inflorescence, it is called "polygamous," as is the case not only in most Maples, but also in the allied Horse-chestnut, in the upright clusters of which tree, however, it is the last formed, upper flowers that are male. In summer's heat, "the cool shade of a Sycamore" afforded by the close overlapping of the broad leaves, is truly grateful, and one regrets to see in them the early symptoms of coming autumn, when the tree appears, as Cowper says,

*"capricious in attire:
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Has chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright."*

Then, too, not only the leaves, but also the twin scimitars of the fruit, are tinged with red. A simple two-veined parachute, adapted to fall, a little later on, in screw-like whirlings in the autumn gales, so as to carry the seed away from the fatal shelter of its parent tree, the curved outline of this fruit, known to the botanist as a "double samara," is well worth the attentive study of the artis. Its inner edges follow, in fact, that celebrated "line of beauty" upon which Hogarth so strongly insisted.

For its regular form and its summer shade the Sycamore more may be well planted in the park, or to form a quick-growing screen; and from its rapid but rigid growth better adapted to act as a "nurse" to young Oaks other valuable timber-trees than are some other species because it will not lash the young leaders when blown by wind. The leaves, however, are so infested with honey dew" as to render the Sycamore somewhat unsuitable the lawn. Like that of all the Maple tribe, its sap is rich in sugar, which has in fact been fermented into a wine; and this sugary sap is excreted not only as honey in the flowers, but also from the leaves where punctured by an aphis, and is then known as

honey-dew."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder truly observes that " the spring tints of the Sycamore are rich, tender, glowing and harmonious; in summer its deep green hue accords well with its grand and massive form, and the brown and dingy reds of its autumnal tints harmonies well with the mixed grove, to which they give a fine depth od tone". To this panegyric, Mr. Selby, the author of the beautiful "*History of British Forest Trees*," adds: "The color of the bark is also agreeable to the eye, being of a time ash gray, frequently broken into patches of different hues, by the peeling off, in old trees, of large flakes of the outer bark in the manner of the Plane. . . . Vying in point of magnitude with the Oak, the Ash, and other tree of the first rank, it presents a grand, unbroken mass of foliage, contrasting well, in appropriate situations, and when judiciously grouped, with trees of a lighter and more airy character, and affording, as Gilpin expresses an impenetrable shade.'" It must be admitted, however, that the diversifying of the bark with lighter patches here alluded to is not nearly so uniformly characteristic of the Sycamore as of the Plane; so that, though a type of sturdy self-reliance in its massive form, the former species cannot, on the score of coloring, be acquitted of the charge of monotony.

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Walnut Tree

(Juglans regia)

AT the first glance we seem in the name Walnut to have an etymological solecism. Whilst, however, the Wall-flower is a flower that grows commonly on walls, the Walnut (a name practically identical with that borne by the tree in Germany) is the Welsh, foreign, or Italian nut, the Italians being to the Germans of the Continent the foreign neighbors that the Britons of Wales were to our English ancestors.

The Walnut was so valued by the Romans, both as yielding a furniture wood and as a fruit-bearing tree, that they probably introduced it both into Germany and into Britain; but it is not a native of Italy. Its original home seems to have been the north of Persia, and its Greek names, "Persicon" and "Basilicon," indicate this origin and the esteem in which it was held. From the latter name is derived its specific name of "regia" or royal. According to Pliny, the tree was also called "Caryon" (the origin of the name *Carya*, the Hickory), from the drowsy feeling in the head produced by the smell of its leaves; but possibly this name may be due, as Cowley suggests, to the resemblance of the kernel to the form of the brain.



The Walnut is said to have been one of the antidotes employed by Mithridates King of Pontus; and the bitter principle so abundant in the plant--especially in the leaves, the unripe husk or "pericarp" of the fruit, and the brown skin or "testa" of the seed--has rendered it universally popular as a vermifuge. Similarly, a decoction of the leaves was used by anglers to water the ground, so as to make worms come to the surface.

Introduced into Italy apparently by Vitellius, it was named *Juglans*, "Jove's acorn," and was looked upon as sacred to Diana, whose festivals were held beneath its shade. This seems to have been the origin of the custom of scattering walnuts at weddings.

The Walnut belongs to the small order of trees and shrubs known as *Juglandae*, comprising only five genera and about thirty species, which are mostly natives of North America. The order is characterized by its aromatic leaves, which are estipulate, alternate, and pinnately compound; by having staminate and pistillate flowers in separate catkins on the same tree; by an ovary formed from two or four carpels, but one-chambered, surmounted by the perianth, and containing a single erect and unbent ovule, and by the fleshy fruit, containing a hard "nut" or "endocarp," and a seed with oily cotyledons.

The Walnut is one of the largest trees in the order, growing rapidly so as to reach a height of twenty feet in ten years, when it begins to bear fruit; and ultimately not infrequently attaining a height of between sixty and seventy feet, with a trunk five feet or more in diameter, and large limbs spreading thirty or forty feet from the stem. When young it is liable to injury by spring frosts; but it increases in productiveness up to a

great age, one at Melbury Park, Dorsetshire, being stated to be two hundred years old. It is not particular as to soil, so long as it has good drainage, sending down strong tap-roots even into clefts of rock, and so securing an exceptionally firm hold of the soil. Evelyn considered, however, that the Walnut did best upon the chalk, where, as at Carshalton, Leatherhead, and Marden Park in Surrey, there were, in his time, "considerable plantations of this tree," which, with most of those in other parts of the kingdom, were converted into gun-stocks during the war with Napoleon.

This manufacture is still one of the main uses of the wood of this and of allied species, it being found lighter in proportion to its strength and elasticity than any other timber; but it is also used for pianofortes, furniture, and turnery generally. In young trees the wood is white and liable to be worm-eaten; but as the tree becomes older it is compact, brown, and beautifully veined, though still easy to work. Though now largely replaced for such purposes by mahogany and other foreign woods, Walnut is undoubtedly the most beautiful furniture-wood of Europe. For density and beauty of marking that obtained from trees grown on poor soil is the best; but the most beautiful veinings are in the roots, which can, however, seldom be procured of a size large enough for any but small articles.



Burrs or excrescences are common on the stems of the Walnut in Italy and in the Caucasus, frequently measuring two or three feet across and twelve or fifteen inches thick, and weighing five or six hundredweight. These are often so prettily mottled as to sell for as much as fifty or sixty pounds a ton, for veneering. The Italian wood is considered the best, that of *Juglans nigra*, the Black American Walnut, being inferior both to it and to that from the Black Sea.

The bark is thick and deeply furrowed on the trunk, but smooth and grey on the younger branches. As the Walnut generally forms its young shoots in April and May, and does not, like the oak, remain in an actively vegetative condition all through the summer, until surprised perchance by early autumn frosts, its symmetry of outline is seldom damaged by wind or cold.

The tree generally comes into leaf and flower in April; but there are both early and late varieties in cultivation. Of these, the former is known as "*Noyer de Mars*," "*Noyer Mesange*," or "*Noyer a coque tendre*," in the south of France, having so thin a shell to the seed that it is commonly pierced by tom-tits (*Gallice*, *mesange*), the kernels being eaten whilst the husk is left on the tree. The late variety is known as "*Noyer de Mai*," "*Noyer tardif*," or "*Noyer de la Saint-Jean*," and Loudon mentions a specimen at Chiswick which, in 1835, did not burst a single bud before July 1st.

The leaves consist of from five to nine leaflets, that is, of two, three, or four pairs and one terminal one; the whole often exceeding a foot in length. The apical leaflets are generally the larger, and they have all an oval outline with a somewhat produced point, and a very slightly notched or serrate margin. There is also what is termed a Fern-leaved Walnut, in which the leaflets are deeply divided. The leaves are perfectly smooth, though not possessing the lustrous gloss of those of the Spanish Chestnut. They are of a peculiar

shade of green with a good deal of yellow in it, which makes a pleasingly cheerful contrast with the foliage of most other trees. In hot weather, or when bruised, they give out a powerful aromatic smell which is said to produce drowsiness or even nausea. Like the roots, the young bark, and the unripe husk of the fruit, the leaves contain astringent matter producing a dark brown dye, which does not require mordents.

The pendulous male, or staminate, catkins are produced singly from the apex of leafless shoots of the previous year, this being one of the main points of distinction between the genus *Juglans* and the Hickories (*Corya*), in which three catkins are produced from a shoot, formed during the same year, that also bears female flowers and leaves. The cylindrical catkin of the Walnut, which is about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, bears a great number of closely-packed and minute flowers of a simple structure. They each have a short stalk, an adherent bract, two lateral bracteoles, and a perianth of six leaves, enclosing an indefinite number of nearly sessile stamens.

The female flowers are borne in a cluster of four to eight at the apex of the leafy shoots of the same year. They each have an adherent perianth of four leaves in two pairs, besides their bracteoles, and the two-fold nature of the fruit is indicated by the relatively large, fleshy stigmas.

The fruit of the Walnuts and Hickories is unlike that of any other group. It has a fleshy green outer husk or "epicarp," which in the former bursts, when ripe, irregularly, and within this is a woody, two-valved stone or "endocarp," which is produced internally into a membranous partition, deeply dividing and crumpling the fleshy cotyledons of the kernel or seed. This seed is enveloped in a bitter brown testa, and a more delicate cream-coloured inner coat, and its primary root and shoot can be detected near its centre. The variety known in Warwickshire as the "Bannut" and in France as "Noix de Jauge" has a fruit nearly double the size of that of the wild tree, being sometimes as large as a goose's egg; but the kernel shrinks in drying.

Walnuts have long been preserved, either whole, when unripe, or the kernels only, as sweetmeats; but with us the young fruits are more used as a pickle, whilst the ripe nuts, which are not indigestible so long as they will peel, are largely eaten as an autumn and winter dessert fruit. In the south of Europe the oil is largely expressed from the kernels and used by artists for mixing with delicate colors, for lamps, as a substitute for olive oil, and apparently as a hair-wash, whilst the residual oil-cake is a valuable food for sheep, pigs, or poultry. A bushel of walnuts will yield fifteen pounds of kernels, and these give up half their weight as oil.

To collect the fruit, the ends of the branches are commonly thrashed with long poles. This breaks off many of their points, and so causes the production of new spurs, which will probably bear female, i.e., fruit-bearing, flowers. This thrashing, the improving effect of which is also applied in the proverb to wives and dogs, is therefore also practiced in the case of barren trees to make them bear.

As grass and other plants will not grow well under Walnut-trees, they are commonly banished to hedgerows, road-sides, and odd corners; and though, as the tree does not possess any very distinctive beauties, it has not received much notice from the poets, this fact, with its other wrongs and many virtues, is fully recorded by Cowley in the following verses:-

*"The Walnut then approached, more large and tall
Her fruit which we a nut, the gods an acorn call:
Jove's acorn, which does no small praise confess,
T've called it man's ambrosia had been less;
Nor can this head-like nut, shaped like the brain*

*Within, be said that form by chance to gain,
 Or Caryon called by learned Greeks in vain;
 For membranes soft as silk her kernel bind,
 Whereof the inmost is of tenderest kind,
 Like those which on the brain of man we find.
 All which are in a seam-joined shell enclosed,
 Which of this brain the skull may be supposed.
 His very skull enveloped is again
 a green coat, her pericranium.
 stly, that no objection may remain
 thwart her near alliance with the brain,
 nourishes the hair, remembering how
 self deform'd without her leaves does show;
 barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow.
 timber is for various uses good;
 arver she supplies with useful wood,
 akes the painter's fading colours last,
 she affords us, and repast;
 hile we feast, her oil our lamp supplies;
 keast poison by her virtues dies,
 l dog's foam, and taint of raging skies.
 ic king, who lived where poisons grew,
 antidotes, her virtue knew.
 us fates, that still with merit strive,
 ungrateful, from the orchard drive
 eign plant; excluded from the field,
 e useless nook a station yield,
 in the common road she stands,
 restless war of vulgar hands;
 ing clowns and passing rabble torn,
 stones by boys, and left forlorn."*

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Willow Tree

(*Salix alba*)

The wood especially that of the White Willow (*Salix alba*), is made into paper pulp, besides affording the best charcoal for artists' crayons; whilst, not to mention the undoubted value of the bark for tanning purpose. The wood of the Crack Willow (*Salix fragilis*) being durable, light, and pliant, is used for wash-boards to mills, and for the bottoms of carts and barrows, and, though seldom now so employed, was long ago recommended by Matthew both for house-timbers and for naval purposes. Its roots yield a purple dye, which is used in France and Sweden for coloring Easter eggs. Of the early spring-tide beauties of the clear lemon-yellow and blood-red shoots, or the later charm of the shimmering reflection of "hoar leaves in the glassy stream," we may speak presently. But it is at first desirable to discriminate, at least to some extent, the objects of our admiration; and this the botanist finds a task so difficult, as almost to be abandoned in despair.



It will be remembered that Willows are "dioecious." Though belonging mainly to the Arctic and North Temperate zone, there are a few Willows in temperate South America and South Africa; and the species are very diverse in the situations, or "habitats," which they frequent. Thus, while Osiers are almost confined to spots where their roots are liable to be soaked with flood-waters, and many other species are fond of moisture, the Sallows, such as *Salix caprea*, flourish in dry woods and hedgerows, and several species inhabit the barren tops of Alpine mountains, or the equally barren plains of Arctic latitudes. So, too, do they vary in size, from the White Willow (*S. alba*), a tree sometimes eighty feet in height, the Crack Willow (*S. fragilis*), and the Bedford Willow (*S. russelliana*), which attain

an equal, if not greater, height, with a girth of as much as twenty feet, down to the prostrate *S. reticulata*, under two feet in height, and the still smaller *S. herbacea*, the most diminutive of this type shrub.

The species belonging to *Vitisalix*, which include the large trees of the group, produce their leaves and flowers simultaneously, the flower-stalks bearing fully-developed leaves, and the catkin-scales being of a uniform, generally pale color. The filaments of the stamens are perfectly free from one another, and are hairy on the lower part, while the capsules are free from hairs; and the leaves are "convolute"--i.e., rolled together in the bud, like a scroll of

paper, with one free edge. Those belonging to *Caprisalix*--shrubs and small trees, among which are most kinds of Osier--have no stalk to the catkin in the flowering stage, and have only small leaf-like bracts, or none at all, at the base of the catkin. The catkin-scales are generally discolored at their tips, and the male flowers have but two stamens each. In the fruiting stage the catkin sometimes becomes stalked, the stalk falling off with the catkin, as is also generally the case in the previous section. It is, perhaps, necessary to caution the tyro against confusing the catkin, which is made up of many flowers, with a single flower. Finally, the diminutive species belonging to the *Chamelyx*--the "Ground" Willows, as the name signifies--also have only two stamens; but their catkins are on long, leafy, terminal, or sub-terminal, shoots, which do not fall with the catkins.

The first sub-section of *Vitalix*, *Lycus*--having from four to twelve, but generally five, stamens, includes the Bay-leaved Willow (*S. pentandra*) and the possible hybrid, the Shrewsbury *S. cuspidata*. The Bay-leaved Willow is a beautiful many-stemmed shrub, six or eight feet high, or a tree of twenty feet. The young bark is brown, harmonizing with the broad, polished leaves, whose fragrance gives the plant its name; and the species is noticeable on the banks of our northern rivers as the latest of the Willows in flowering.

Of the *Diandrae*, the sub-series *Fragiles* and *Albae* correspond to Linnaeus's species *S. fragilis*, the Crack Willow, and *S. alba*, the White Willow. The first of these two groups has "semi-cordate" stipules, stalked capsules, and forked stigmas, and includes *S. fragilis*, *S. decipiens*, and *S. russelliana*, which differ mainly in the character of the young bark and of the leaves. *S. fragilis* has very smooth, yellow-brown twigs, that are brittle in spring, and "elliptic-lanceolate" leaves, sometimes six inches long. *S. decipiens* has smooth orange or crimson twigs, turning to a reddish-brown, and leaves sometimes not over three inches in length. These two forms, though commonly pollarded as Osiers, will grow into trees as large as the beautiful Bedford Willow (*S. russelliana*), which has smooth, green, flexible twigs, and long tapering leaves, very glaucous on their lower surfaces.

The sub-series *Albae*, characterized by its minute, ovate-lanceolate stipules, its nearly sessile capsules, and its recurved stigmas, includes the White, or Huntingdon, Willow (*S. alba*), the Blue Willow (*S. carulea*), and the Golden Willow (*S. vitellina*). These grow into large and useful timber trees, distinguished from the last-mentioned group by having their branches not smooth, but silky, and without the tendency to break off at the base which gives their name to the Crack Willows. The silky hairs on the olive-green twigs of the Huntingdon Willow, with the leaves silky also on both surfaces, give the tree a weird appearance, which has earned it the name of the "White tree." It is often pollarded, but will grow into a fine tree if allowed, reaching a height of fifty feet, with a girth of six, in eighteen years. The Blue Willow has the leaves smooth on the upper surface when old, and glaucous, but not very silky, beneath; and the Golden Willow has bright yellow or reddish twigs, but slightly silky, and leaves which also become smooth, and are often not more than two inches long.

The *Triandrae*, having three stamens, include the French Willow (*S. triandra*) and its related forms, the Almond-leaved Willow (*S. amygdalina*), *S. Hoffmanniana*, and *S. undulata*, all of which are used as Osiers, though they will grow to twenty feet or more.



The sub-section *Helice* is distinguished by "equitant" folding of the leaves--each leaf being doubled longitudinally over the next, as if astride it--by purple anthers, which become black, and by united stamens, to which it owes the name *Synandrae*. It includes the Purple Osier (*S. purpurea*), the Red Osier (*S. rubra*), and the Rose Willow (*S. helix*). The dark-colored bark of the tough, but slender and drooping boughs of the first of these is well known; whilst the last-named has long been recognized by botanists from its crowded tufts of leaves, like green roses, caused by the punctures of a gall-fly.

The sub-section *Vimen*, with two distinct filaments, yellow anthers, a longish style, and a silky under-surface to the leaves, includes the Common Osier (*S. viminalis*) and other closely-related forms. The leaves on the long, slender, wand-like branches of the Osier are sometimes as much as ten inches long, and have their margins rolled back and slightly wavy. The catkins appearing long before the foliage--generally in April--form much of the golden "palm"-boughs of Easter.

The only remaining forms of any considerable size or importance, however, are the Sallow (*S. cinerea*) and the Goat Willow (*S. caprea*), belonging to the series *Caperae*. These agree in having elliptical, wrinkled, dark-green leaves, more or less covered with short, curling hairs, and having two kidney-shaped stipules, whilst the style is very short or absent, and the capsule has a slender stalk. The Sallow is a large shrub, or small tree, fifteen to thirty feet high, frequenting damp situations. It is typically distinguished from the Goat Willow, into which some of its varieties graduate, by its downy buds and twigs, and glaucous "obovate-lanceolate" leaves, with reddish-brown hairs on their under-surfaces, and with large stipules.

The Goat Willow, frequenting drier situations, is a small tree, with smooth buds, and large, broad "ovate" leaves, having wavy margins with rounded serrations.

The detail necessary for their discrimination proves the ornamental value of many of the forms of Willow to be almost equal. The Almond-leaved, the Bay-leaved, and the Crack Willows, producing their bright golden flowers and graceful foliage simultaneously, are well worth planting by the water-side, as is also the Common Osier, on account of the elegant outline of its long leaves. In the bare-boughed, moist month of February, the glossy,

brightly-colored young twigs of many kinds have a peculiar charm; but we have too often to be content to see the larger sorts in the grotesquely-maltreated form of pollards:--

"The shock-head Willows, two and two."

It is, however, when growing to its full natural stature, and reflected in the clear water of a river, by whose margin the Purple Loosestrife flames, and the Meadowsweet foams in creamy luxuriance, that the White or Bedford Willows are seen to the best advantage.

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Weeping Willow Tree

(*Salix babylonica*)

BOTANISTS would probably agree that, among flowering plants and trees, there is not a more puzzling group than the Willows. Though of comparatively recent introduction, there is no Willow so popular and familiar, from its exceptional form and beauty, as the Babylonian, or "Weeping" species (*Salix babylonica*). With the Poplars, the Willows form the Natural Order *Salicaceae*, a group, the smallest of which is entitled to the name of shrub, though within the arctic circle they sometimes do not exceed two or three inches in height.



The whole group are characterized by having their flowers in catkins, the "staminate," or male blossoms being on distinct trees from the "pistillate," or female ones. Among the difficulties of the study of Willows are the facts, that the male and female trees are often dissimilar, that in many species the flowers and the leaves are produced at

different times of the year, and that hybrids (i.e. seedlings resulting from the fertilization of the pistil of one species by the pollen of another) frequently occur. The Willows differ from the Poplars in having generally narrower leaves, these being for the most part lance-shaped, with a finely-toothed margin, often pale-colored on their under surfaces, and furnished with the two small leaf-like appendages, known as "stipules," at their bases, though these often fall off early. The catkins of the Willows are made up of scales, or "bracts," fringed with hairs, but not notched like those of the Poplars; nor is there in the former group the least vestige of a "perianth." In the genus as a whole the number of stamens is variable; but in the Weeping Willow, as in many other species, there are two in the axil of each scale of the male, or "golden palm" catkin, which, however, is little known in this case.

Willows belong mainly to the arctic and north temperate zones, and the Weeping Willow proper seems to be a native of extra-tropical Asia, from Japan and China to Armenia and the banks of the Euphrates, and of Egypt and North Africa; but pendulous varieties of other species are also known in cultivation.

Though some kinds of Willow inhabit the barren tops of alpine mountains, or the equally barren plains of arctic latitudes, the Weeping Willow agrees with the majority of its genus in frequenting the water-side, or at least some situation where its roots can obtain a good supply of moisture. In such spots it may attain a height of forty or fifty feet in as many years, with a diameter of two or three feet.

The Weeping Willow belongs to the group known as Crack Willows, from the brittleness of their twigs at the joints. These belong to the section of the genus known as *Vitalix*, characterized by producing their leaves and flowers simultaneously; by their flower-stalks bearing fully-developed

leaves; by their catkin-scales being of a uniform, generally pale, color; by the filaments of their stamens being perfectly free from one another and hairy on the lower part, while the capsules are free from hairs; and by their leaves being "convolute"--i.e. rolled together in the bud, like a scroll of paper, with one free edge. Considering that we have between eighty and ninety distinct kinds of Willow in this country alone, the above apparently elaborate description of one of the three main divisions of the genus is not mere technical refinement.



The section *Vitisalix* contains three series, distinguished by having five, three, or two stamens respectively to each flower; and the last of these three series, to which, as has been implied, the Weeping Willow belongs, contains two minor groups, the *Albae*, or White Willows, and the *Fragiles*, or Crack Willows. The White Willows have minute stipules, "ovate-lanceolate" in form, capsules almost stalkless, and stigmas not only forked, but recurved. The Crack Willows, on the other hand, have good-sized "semi-cordate" stipules, stalked capsules, and merely

forked stigmas. The several species in the last-mentioned group are distinguished from one another by the color of their young shoots and by the forms of their leaves. The young shoots of the Weeping Willow are pale green, very slender, and with a slight twist at the point of origin of each leaf, being, of course, also distinguished by their drooping habit of growth. The leaves are technically termed "lanceolate, acuminate," being some five inches long and only an inch across, tapering to a point, with a finely-serrated edge, smooth above, and with a grey bloom on their under surfaces. This species is also characterized by the ovate form of its ovary.

As to the scientific name *Salix*, we are told, in Thomas Newton's "*Herball for the Bible*" (1587), that--

"The Willow is called Salix, and hath his name a saliendo, for that it quicklie groweth up, and soon becommeth a tree. Herewith do they in some countres trim up their parlours and dining roomes in sommer, and sticke fresh greene leaves thereof about their beds for coolness."

Though this etymology "from leaping" may be doubtful, even with the analogous case of our own word "quick" applied to the Hawthorn, there can be little doubt that the old English name "Sallow" is a corruption from the Latin, whilst the other two names, Willow and Withy, both probably refer to the flexibility of the young branches.

Though the Weeping Willow is commonly planted in burial grounds both in China and in Turkey, its tearful symbolism has been mainly recognized in modern times, and among Christian peoples. As has been well said: "The Cypress was long considered as the appropriate ornament of the cemetery; but its gloomy shade among the tombs, and its thick, heavy foliage of the darkest green, inspire only depressing thoughts, and present death under its most appalling image,

whilst the Weeping Willow, on the contrary, rather conveys a picture of the grief felt for the loss of the departed than of the darkness of the grave. Its light and elegant foliage flows like the disheveled hair and graceful drapery of a sculptured mourner over a sepulchral urn, and conveys those soothing, though melancholy reflections that made the poet write--

*"'Tis better to have lov'd and lost,
Than never to have lov'd at all."*

In the classical poets, we meet with only a few allusions to the Willow as growing by the water-side, and as twisted into baskets by the ancient Britons, the word `basket' itself being one of the few words which, under the form "bascauda," ancient Britain seems to have given to the Latin vocabulary; but from Elizabethan times it is invariably the symbol of forsaken love. This is remarkable, since, with one notable exception, all the Biblical references to this group of trees are associated with joyfulness and fertility. Yet for Spenser it is--

*"The willow worne of forlorne
paramoures;"*

whilst in addition to the ballad fragment sung by Desdemona, the beautiful description of Ophelia's death, and various other allusions to the tree, Shakespeare, in the Merchant of Venice, represents Dido lamenting the loss of Aeneas

*"with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved
her love
To come again to Carthage."*

It is difficult not to associate the Willow that

*"grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the
glassy stream,"*

with the Babylonian species, which, however, Shakespeare certainly never

saw; but so pathetic is the lament of the Jewish captives, that one can well believe it may have permanently altered the symbolism of the once joy-inspiring Willow. There is a pretty legend that its boughs first drooped under the weight of the harps, as the exiled Hebrews sang: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion! As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the willow-trees that are therein." The Arabian story-tellers, however, have a very different tale to tell. They relate that David, after he had married Bathsheba, was one day playing on his harp in his private chamber, when two angels appeared before him and convinced him of his sin. Thereupon he threw himself upon the ground, and lay forty days and forty nights weeping bitter tears of penitence; and in those forty days he wept as many tears as the whole human race have, or will, shed on account of their sins, from then until the Day of Judgment; so that two streams of tears flowed out into the garden, whence there sprang up two trees, the Weeping Willow and the Frankincense-tree, the boughs of the one drooping in grief, whilst the other constantly distils tears of sorrow.

The torches used at funerals by the ancients were made of Willow wood; and it may have been a tree of ill omen, seeing that the soothsayers of Babylon are said to have foretold the early death of Alexander the Great, from the fact that the boughs of a Weeping Willow swept the crown from his head as he was crossing the Euphrates in a boat.

This beautiful tree is said to have been introduced into Europe by Tournefort, and was almost certainly first brought to England, in 1748, by Mr. Vernon, a Turkey merchant of Aleppo, who planted a tree, from the Euphrates, at his seat at Twickenham Park. Its alleged introduction by the poet Pope is a poetical fiction, of which there are several versions. The poet, it is said, was with his friend Lady Suffolk, when she received a basket of figs from

Turkey, or Spain, and noticing that some of the twigs of the basket seemed to have life in them, he exclaimed: "Perhaps these may produce something that we have not in England," and accordingly planted them in his garden.

As the greenish-yellow flowers that appear in May never produce seed in this species, and as almost all Willows can be readily propagated by slips, this is the way in which this tree is always multiplied, and in this way it was introduced by Governor Beatson into the island of St. Helena, where there are no native Willows. The form, however, planted over the tomb of Napoleon, from which many cuttings have now grown into large trees in England, seems to be a distinct variety, having reddish shoots and no stipules to the leaves.

Though perhaps its wood might be used, like other Willows, for crayon charcoal or for paper pulp, and its bark possesses some of the medicinal and tanning properties of the group, the Weeping Willow is practically a purely ornamental tree. As Gilpin says, it is "a perfect contrast to the Lombardy poplar. The light, airy spray of the poplar rises perpendicularly; that of the weeping willow is pendent. The shape of the leaf is conformable to the pensile character of the tree, and its spray, which is lighter than that of the poplar, is more easily put in motion by a breath of air. The weeping willow, however, is not adapted to sublime subjects. We wish it not to screen the broken buttresses and Gothic windows of an abbey, or to overshadow the battlements of a ruined castle. These offices it resigns to the oak, whose dignity can support them. The weeping willow seeks a humble scene--some romantic footpath bridge, some quiet grave, which it half conceals, or some glassy pond, over which it hangs its streaming foliage." In the words of Cowper, a poet who would be familiar with the newly-introduced species--

"the willows dip

Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink."

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Wych Elm Tree

(Ulmus montana)

The name Wych is of uncertain origin. Turner uses it alone. In his "*Names of Herbes*" (1548), he says:--

"Ulmus is called in greeke Ptelea, in englishe an Elme tree, or a Wich tree, in duch ein vlme baume, or Ylmen or Rust baume, in frenche Orme."

From the resemblance of the name--which is indeed not infrequently written "Witch"--the tree has been considered a preservative against witchcraft, and in the midland counties a small piece of its wood used accordingly to be let into the churns, under the belief that without it the butter would not come.

The name, like that of the Common Elm, is applied to a number of tolerably distinct forms rather than to a well-marked typical species. These forms all agree in producing no suckers; their branches are usually pendulous; the "samara," or winged seed-vessel, is more or less elliptical, with the seed-cavity below the middle, and the seed is fertile. Though characters like that of the position of the

seed-cavity in the fruit appear trivial to the not botanical, they are often, as in this case, the most readily detected; and when we become familiar with the general appearance of growing plants such distinctions are often borne out by differences which it is more difficult to describe in words. The Wych Elms do not grow to quite so great a height as the Common Elms, though they equal them in girth. In some forms the bark is corky, but not in others; but in all the twigs are usually downy, and the leaves for the most part large, coarsely and irregularly toothed, and unequally or "obliquely" rounded at the base. The leaves thus closely resemble those of the Hazel, from which fact the tree obtained its old name of Wych Hazel.

The typical form of the Wych Elm has a smooth thin bark, and does not throw out heavy horizontal limbs, like the Common Elm. It flowers, too, rather earlier than the latter, and its samaras form conspicuous pale green, hop-like clusters on the otherwise bare boughs in April, before the appearance of its leaves. The stem is often of no great height, though attaining a large girth; and from the main ascending limbs numerous twiggy branches wave pendulously with a very pleasing effect when partly clothed by the unripe fruits or by the young leaf-buds in their tender greenery, whether the tree overhangs some steep-banked lane or stands isolated in a park. Gilpin says of it, that it

"is, perhaps, generally more picturesque than the common sort, as it hangs more negligently, though, at the same time, with this negligence it loses in a good degree that happy surface for catching masses of light which we admire in the Common Elm. We observe, also, when we see this tree in company with the Common Elm, that its bark is somewhat of a lighter hue."



Commenting on this passage, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder remarks:--

"We are disposed to think that Mr. Gilpin hardly does justice to this Elm. For our parts, we consider the Wych or Scottish Elm as one of the most beautiful trees in our British sylvia. The trunk is so bold and picturesque in form, covered, as it frequently is, with huge excrescences; the limbs and branches are so free and graceful in their growth; and the foliage is so rich, without being leafy or clumpy as a whole; and the head is generally so finely massed, and yet so well broken, as to render it one of the noblest of park trees; and when it grows wildly amid the rocky scenery of its native Scotland there is no tree which assumes so great or so pleasing a variety of character."



It must perhaps be admitted that at midsummer all Elms are dull in color, and not seldom heavy in outline. It is in spring and autumn that they are of most picturesque value in the landscape; and it is important that the beauties presented by them and by other trees at these seasons should be recognized alike by the artist and by the landscape gardener. The tree planter has the immense advantage over the painter that his materials are already blended by Nature; and imagination can suggest few color effects more harmonious than those she presents in the vinous tufts of staminate flowers on the boughs of the Elm in March, its pale green fruit clusters a little later, or the October change to a clear lemon-yellow spreading from bough to bough, each leaf paling to a pellucid grass-green as the autumnal tint encroaches upon its margin.

The Wych Elm grows more rapidly than the Common Elm, and its wood is consequently far inferior in hardness and compactness, besides

being more liable to split. Statements to the contrary have arisen from the confusion in Scotland and the north of England of the spongy-timbered Cork Elm (*U. suberosa*) with the true Common Elm (*U. campestris*), which, as has been already stated, occurs but rarely north of the Trent. The wood of the Wych Elm is, however, tough, straight-grained, and, when steamed, flexible, so that it is employed by boat-builders and cart-wrights, and in making pumps. As it does not splinter, but becomes smooth from constant wear, it is also sometimes used for rollers, for the handles of spades, and for wheel-barrow; whilst the excrescences on the stems are valuable for veneering. Gerard tells us that formerly longbows were made from the wood of this species, and its tough bark was made into ropes.

The Exeter Elm (*U. montana exoniensis*), occasionally seen in nursery gardens, is simply a "fastigiata" variety, having the leaves set closely round the erect branches. It has all the effect of an abnormal or monstrous form, without any redeeming beauty.

The Chichester Elm (*U. montana vegeta*), though it may have originated more than once, was raised in 1746 by Wood, a nurseryman at Huntingdon, from seed collected in the neighborhood. It is variously known as the Huntingdon, Scampston, or unfortunately as the American Elm, though it is, of course, quite distinct from the species (*U. americana*) with its fruits fringed with hairs, to which that name properly belongs. It is valuable as a timber-tree, and is of remarkably rapid growth, often sending up shoots six or ten feet long in a single season, and making a total growth of as much as thirty feet from the

graft within ten years. According to Selby, there are many fine old specimens referable to this form in the counties of Huntingdon and Nottingham.

The Canterbury Elm (*U. montana superba*) was raised by the late W. Masters in his nursery at Canterbury, and distributed under the name of *U. montana major*--a name likely to lead to confusion with the Dutch Elm, the *U. major* of Sir J. E. Smith. The Canterbury seedling has very large leaves, and is of rapid growth, but is of no proved value as a timber tree.

The Dutch Elm (*U. hollandica*) has perhaps more claim than any of those just mentioned to rank as a distinct species; but it seldom matures its seed. It was introduced by William III. for clipped hedges, on account of its rapid growth. It has branches which spread almost as widely as those of the Common Elm, and the bark of which, at first smooth, becomes afterwards more corky than that of any other Elm, not excepting the form known as the Cork Elm (*U. suberosa*). The leaves are large and coarse; and the calyx-lobes and stamens each four in number, instead of the more frequent five. Many of the Elms near Kensington Palace belong to this variety; but except for its handsomely-furrowed bark and rapid growth, it has not much to specially recommend it, as its rapidity of development renders it liable to the defect known as "star-shake," which makes it less fit for boat-building or other uses.

The variety which, it is suggested, from its abundance in that county, may be known as the Essex Elm (*U. nitida* of Syme, or *U. elegans* of Edward Forster's MSS.), forms fine straight-stemmed trees with gracefully curving but only slightly pendulous boughs, and with leaves which are not very large, but smooth and shining, of a dark shade of green, and with a tapering point and regularly serrate margin, somewhat resembling in their elegant outline the foliage of the Hornbeam.

All these forms are classed as Wych Elms, from the seed-cavity in their samaras being below the centre, and several of them are worth consideration by the tree-planter. Like various foreign species, they are commonly grafted upon the hardy typical Scotch Elm, which is itself mainly reproduced from seed. As a park tree, no variety excels this typical form, which is seen to the best advantage when standing alone, as the drooping boughs are then able to display all their natural grace of curvature.

There are many fine specimens of this tree in the Low-lands of Scotland, and in various parts of England; but, from confusion of nomenclature, the Wych Elm is hardly distinguished from the Common Elm by the majority of Continental observers. At Ashted Park, Surrey, there is a magnificent tree, said to date from the time of William Rufus. Its massive, though now much decayed, trunk, and lofty wide-spreading limbs, produce in the mind of the lover of trees a re-echo of Allan Quatermain's apostrophe:--

"I do love a good tree," he says. "There it stands so strong and sturdy, and yet so beautiful--a very type of the best sort of man. How proudly it lifts its bare head to the winter storms, and with what a full heart it rejoices when the spring has come again! How grand its voice is, too, when it talks with the wind: a thousand AEolian harps cannot equal the beauty of the sighing of a great tree in leaf. All day it points to the sunshine and all night to the stars, and thus passionless, and yet full of life, it endures through the centuries--come storm, come shine--drawing its sustenance from the cool bosom of its mother earth, and, as the slow years roll by, learning the great mysteries of growth and decay. And so on and on through generations, outliving individuals, customs, nasties--all save the landscape it adorns and human nature--till the appointed day when the wind wins the long battle and rejoices over a reclaimed space, or decay puts last stroke to his fungus-fingered work. Ah! one should always think twice before one down a tree!"

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Yew Tree

(Taxus baccata)



FOR botanist, artist, poet, or moralist, few trees have so unique an interest as the Yew. Wearing the serious aspect of age even in youth, its somber foliage, massive trunk, and rugged bark form a striking emblem of immortality. Its very name is mysterious in its simple brevity, and has been traced back to the sacred word for Jehovah, the Immortal. In Latin and in Portuguese, *iva*; in Old German, *iua*; in Welsh, *yw*; in Anglo-Saxon, *eow*; in Old English, *iw*, *ew*, *ewe*, *eugh*, and *uhe*; in French, *if*; in Swedish, *id*; and in modern German, *eibe*, "we find," says Dr. Prior, "the Yew so inextricably mixed up with the Ivy that, dissimilar as are the two trees, there can be no doubt that these names are in their origin identical."

Its hard, durable, reddish wood presents characters that enable us readily to recognize it in the peat-beds of pre-historic times. In the bogs of Ireland, Scotland, and Cumberland, in the Cambridgeshire fens and the submerged "moor-logs" at the mouth of the Thames, it is as perfectly preserved as bog-oak, being of a rich brown tint; and under the microscope this exhibits in the woody fibers, as when alive, a unique combination of "bordered pits" and spiral lines.

The wood of the Yew, which, from being susceptible of a high polish, used to be much valued in cabinet-work, is not, as is often thought, exceptionally slow in forming. The contrary opinion has been formed from a consideration of the slowly-increasing girth of those charge trunks of aged Yews which are so disproportionately large, as compared with the extent of bough and leafage, that the formation upon them of the very thinnest growth of wood represents really a very fair total cubic amount.

From the measurement of the layers of annual growth in many Yews, De Candolle concluded that it was within the mark to reckon their increase in diameter at a line a year throughout their life, and it was from such measurements that he concluded that such trees as sometimes occur with a girth of twenty-seven feet, or more, may even have passed the age of two thousand years.

As an evergreen, overshadowing the crops, the Yew would do more harm than larger and perhaps more valuable deciduous trees, and the herdsman must soon have discovered that it was frequently fatal to his



cattle, so that it is not to be wondered at that the species should have become less abundant in our hedgerows than it once was. Bearing the staminate and pistillate flowers on different trees, one individual would moreover, if solitary, be unable to reproduce itself by means of seed.

There were, however, many cogent reasons why some specimens of the tree should be preserved. Ages before Christianity had invested the gloomy evergreen of gnarled red trunk and vastly superhuman longevity with a glamour of superstitious awe and veneration, the fancies of the

uneducated had, no doubt, surrounded it with a halo of poetic romance; but we have no positive evidence connecting it with Druidical worship. It is not improbable, however, that its green boughs, "renewing their eternal youth," may have been connected with the Spring festival of Eostre, which the Christian Church was able to sanctify and adopt, as it adopted also the winter use of the Holly, which lent itself yet more readily to Christian symbolism; whilst it was unable to do the same for the Mistletoe, which social progress has gradually stripped of all its impropriety, and of nearly all its significance. As the pagan nations of antiquity in South Europe took the Cypress as a symbol of immortality, so the Yew may well have been adopted in the north; and certain it is that whilst the Holly lingers round ancient British earth-works, and has long effected its entrance into our churches, it does not occur in our churchyards. Even the additional argument that Yew twigs were used to sprinkle the holy water in the "Asperges" before mass will hardly be a sufficient answer to this objection.

The following verses for *Candlemas Eve* are, however, worth reproduction in this connection:--

*"Down with the Rosemary and Bayes;
Down with the Mistleto;
Instead of Holly, now upraise
The greener Box for show.*

*The Holly hitherto did sway,
et Box now domineere
ntil the dancing Easter Day,
r Easter's Eve appeare.
en youthful Box, which now hath grace
ur houses to renew,
wn old, surrender must his place
o the crisped Yew.*

*n Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
many flowers beside;
f a fresh and fragrant kinne,
our Whitsontide."*

It is not only for Easter decorations that Yew-boughs are utilized by the Church; for, out of the lands of palms and olives, the Catholic Church has to make shift with Willow and Yew on Palm Sunday, so that the latter tree has in many districts acquired the name of "palm," though Willows are more generally so called. That staunch Protestant, William Turner, need not have opened, as he does, the vials of his wrath upon the Popish priests for this custom as a deception, since the prayers in the mass for the day expressly add the words, "and other trees," after

mentioning palm and olive. In the Churchwardens' Accounts for Woodbury, Devon, in 1775, it is recorded "That a Yew or Palm tree was planted in the churchyard, ye south side of the church, in the same place where one was blown down by the wind a few days ago, this 25th of November."

The Yew was also used in funerals--a custom alluded to by Shakespeare in "*Twelfth Night*," in the line--

"My shroud of white, stuck all with Yew;"

and Sir Thomas Browne suggested that sprigs so used have taken root and grown into our churchyard trees. Again, in some parts of the country corpses were rubbed with an infusion of Yew leaves to preserve them.

Perhaps the best evidence, *faute de mieux*, to connect the Yew with Druidic times is the fact that it is particularly abundant in the churchyards of Wales and the west of England. In the churchyard at Mamhilad there are, for instance, twelve or thirteen trees, one of which has a girth of more than thirty feet.

Some one has said that the religion of one age becomes the superstition or witchcraft of the next; so perhaps the "slips of Yew sliver'd in the moon's eclipse" by the weird sisters in "*Macbeth*," may point not merely to the well-known poisonous character of the tree, but also to a former reverence for it.

Man is apt in all ages to be utilitarian, and if the shade of the "dismal Yew" had once been a rendezvous for the clan where the Druid, as chief medicine-man, dispensed justice and wisdom, it was, no doubt, soon found desirable that the material for the chief weapons of the day should be enclosed, that it might not be browsed, with results possibly fatal, by the cattle. It is probably to this use of it for making bows that the tree owes its Latin name of *Taxus*. Thus in his earliest botanical work, "*Libellus de re herbaria*" (1538), William Turner writes: "Taxes an uhe tre unde hodie apud nos fiunt arcus;" and the poet Spenser, in 1590, speaks of it as--

"The eugh, obedient to the bender's will."

It was to bows of Yew that we mainly owed the victories of Crecy and Poitiers; Edward IV enacted that every Englishman should have such a bow of his own height; and so peaceable a man as Elizabeth's tutor, Roger Ascham, as we see from his "*Toxophilus*" (1544), regretted the day when--

*"England were but a fling
But for the eugh and the grey goose wing."*

Its position to the south, or more strictly south-west of the church, must probably be accounted for by some such belief as that referred to by Robert Turner, in the "*Botanologia*" (1664), as follows:

"The Yew is hot and dry, having such attraction that if planted near a place subject to poysonous vapours, its very branches will draw and imbibe them. For this reason it was planted in churchyards, and commonly on the west side, which was at one time considered full of putrefaction and gross leaginous gasses exhaled from the graves by the setting sun. These gasses, or will-o'-the-wisps, others have seen, and believed them dead bodies walking abroad. Wheresoever it grows it is both dangerous and deadly to man and beast; the very ground under its branches has been found hurtful, yet growing of it in churchyard is useful."

This belief in the fatal effect of even sleeping under the boughs of the Yew dates from Galen and Dioscorides; whilst Caesar records the death of Catibulus, king of the Eburones, from drinking its juice. Gerard, however in his "*Herball*" (1579), rashly denies all this, saying, "All which I boldly affirm as untrue, because I have eaten my full of the berries, and slept in the branches, not once but oft, without hurt."

The facts would seem to be that the seeds themselves are poisonous, but the fleshy pink cup, or "aril," as the botanists term it, of which children are so fond, is harmless. As to the boughs and leaves, it appears that cattle can be gradually accustomed to them when mixed with other food; but that, either when green, or when cut and half withered, they have been repeatedly fatal to horses, oxen, sheep, and deer. Gilbert White was probably right when he said that it was "either from wantonness when full, or from hunger when empty," that the Yew is eaten by them with fatal consequences. Though the leaves are believed to act as a vermifuge, they are likely to be equally fatal to children, the poison acting either on the cerebrospinal nerves or directly on the heart.

The topiarian art in many an old farm-house garden shows the Yew, patient under the shears, tortured into peacocks, pyramids, teapots, and other unnatural shapes. Certainly it is a tree which in its varied surroundings reflects many aspects of our history, religion, and social life.

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A Year in the Wonderland of Trees

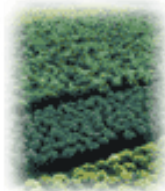
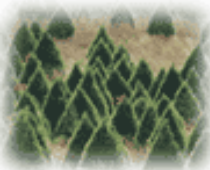


These articles are excerpts from the 1920's textbook, *A Year in the Wonderland of Trees*, by Hallan Hawksworth and Francis B. Atkinson. Written from a biological perspective, the book aims at educating kids on the importance of trees and the environment.

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Floral Love Letters

First Principle

The first principle to be observed in the construction of the floral love-letter is that the pronoun I or me is expressed by inclining the flower to the left, and the pronoun thou or thee by sloping it to the right; but when represented by drawings on paper, those positions should be reversed, as the flower should lean to the heart of the person whom it is to signify. The articles a, an, and the may be expressed by tendrils--the first by a single tendril, the second by a double tendril, and the third by one with three branches.

Second Principle

The second principle is that, if a flower presented upright expresses a particular sentiment, when reversed it has a contrary meaning. Thus, for example, a rose-bud upright, with its thorns and its leaves, means, "I fear, but I hope." If the same bud is returned, held downward, it signifies, "You must neither hope nor fear." But, if the thorns be stripped off, it expresses, "There is everything to hope." Deprived of its leaves it signifies, there is everything to fear." Thus the expression may be varied of almost all the flowers by changing their position. The flower of the marigold, for example, placed on the head, signifies, "Trouble of spirits;" on the heart, "Trouble of love;" on the bosom, "Weariness." The pansy, held upright, denotes "Heart's-case;" reversed, it speaks the contrary; when presented upright it is understood to say, "Think of me;" but when offered pendant, it means, "Forget me." And thus the amaryllis, which is the emblem of pride, may be made to express, "My pride is humbled," or "Your pride is checked," by holding it downward, either to the left or the right, as the sense requires. In the same manner, the wallflower,

which is made the emblem of fidelity in misfortune, if presented with the stalk upward, would insinuate that the person was considered no friend to the unfortunate.

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Wedding Flowers

History of wedding flowers

Wedding flowers attiring the wedding hall dates back to the ancient ages. The fragile softness of a flower is aptly compared with delicate beauty of a woman, which might be the basic reason for including flowers in a union of two hearts before God.

In ancient Rome, brides carried bunched of herbs and flowers under their veils, symbolizing fertility and fidelity as well as to ward off evil spirits. Greek weddings were adorned with Ivy, the symbol of everlasting and unbreakable love and orange blossoms was the favorite of the ancient Saracens, representing happiness and fulfillment because the orange tree blooms and bears fruit simultaneously.

Wedding flowers are not only beautiful in aesthetic value, but are as considered as the right tool to convey emotions and appreciation. A part of the important occasions in your life, they enhance your wedding, reception or party, adding charm and aroma to wonderful ceremony. If you are a bride-to-be looking for some tips and advise on selecting bridal bouquets, read on!

The right wedding flowers

Traditionally, the bridal bouquet consists of white or cream flowers like stephanotis, sweet peaks, lilies of the valley, orchids, roses, carnations or gardenias. The classic and timeless white bridal bouquet consisting of lily of the valley and orchids is still a popular choice for brides who want an all-traditional wedding.

If you are budget conscious, choose flowers that are in season and readily available. Fresh cut flowers are not mandatory and you can find a lot of places in your city where you can rent elegant potted plants, flowers or trees.

Fragrance is also a crucial criterion; scented bouquets are becoming a rage. Some of these fragrant flowers include peonies, gardenias, stephanotis and tuberose. Certain flowers have special meanings and you might wish to include them in your bouquet, as a tender message to your loved one. Check the link given at the end to choose your flowers.

The right florist for your wedding flowers

For busy brides, a good florist is an

asset, a godsend who will contribute towards the smooth proceedings of your wedding flower arrangements. The florist will be able to assist you in selecting the appropriate flowers to complement your color scheme and style of wedding.

After finalizing the degree of formality of your wedding and have selected yours and your attendants' attire, you need to find a creative and capable florist. Pick up your local directory and visit several florists to view samples of their work, and discuss services and prices according to your budget. Once you've selected your florist, discuss the details at length, describing the style of your dress, your attendants' attire and the theme of the ceremony.

Wedding flowers color

The perfect bouquet is designed to complement the bride and her gown. Traditionally the bride's

**bouquet
composed of
white flowers
to symbolize
purity and
innocence.
The white
bouquet is
still a favorite;
though many
prefer colors
that
complement
both the dress
patterns the
general color
scheme of the
wedding.**

As a rule, always carry a sample of fabric from the bride's dress to the florist for matching colors. Your florist should possess a photograph of your wedding gown, as well as a

fabric swatch of the attendants' dresses. Even if the bride has a white wedding dress, this will come handy as whites can vary in their shade and intensity or when picking bouquets for bridesmaids.

Wedding flower shapes

An elegantly shaped bouquet can compliment even the simplest wedding dress. Most florists have a selection of photographs of classic bouquet shapes. Visualizing your wedding gown with the bouquet shape and your wedding color scheme will help you in making a good decision. You can also ask the florist to advice on the bouquet shapes and the flowers' seasonal availability.

"Trailing waterfall" shape and the round "posy" of tightly arranged flowers are the most popular designs. The "trailing waterfall" shape draws the eye from top to bottom and can therefore make the bride appear slim and tall. However, it can eclipse a petite bride if it's too big.

The cascading shape of bouquet best complements a full-length skirt, though with a shorter skirt length, it can result in an unbalanced look. As a general rule large bouquets suit long, formal dresses while small bouquets or a single bloom compliment a knee-length dress.

Bouquet arrangements for wedding flowers

There are various ways of arranging wedding flowers in bouquets, from a single stem to a freeform bouquet. One bouquet style rising in popularity is the posy style or the hand tied bouquet. Made from a fresh bunch of flowers, this bouquet will give a "just picked" look of freshness and draws attention to the middle of the body. It may not be suitable for brides with thick hips and also for very tall brides.

The bouquet is usually held just below waist level. If this is likely to hide a design of the wedding dress, which you particularly wish to be seen, choose a bouquet that lies across the arm. The bouquet ribbons are tied at the ends into knots to symbolize unity.

Headdress of wedding flowers

A well-chosen headdress can create a spectacular effect. Browse through some magazines or ask your florist some good advice on matching the headdress to the dress and the bouquet.

Don't forget to ask about the freshness of your flowers (especially if you live in Texas). Flowers by their nature are delicate and are apt to wilt faster on a hot day. to avoid wimpy headdresses, choose a

headdress of flowers made of silk or some other flowing fabric, as these look good all day and can be kept as a memento of the day.

Written by Radhika Meganathan

[Wedding invitation wording](#)

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The Lady Guinevere



NOW, upon a certain day King Arthur proclaimed a high feast, which was held at Carleon upon Usk. Many noble guests were bidden, and an exceedingly splendid Court gathered at the King's castle. For at that feast there sat seven kings and five queens in royal state, and there were high lords and beautiful ladies of degree, to the number of three score and seven; and there were a multitude of those famous knights of the King's Court who were reckoned the most renowned in arms in all of Christendom. And of all this great gathering of kings, lords, and knights, not one man looked askance at his neighbor, but all were united in good fellowship. Wherefore, when the young King looked about him and beheld such peace and amity among all these noble lords where, aforetime, had been discord and ill-regard: "Certes," quoth he to himself, "it is wonderful how this reign of mine hath knit men together in kindness and good fellowship!" And because of such thoughts as these, his spirit took wings like unto a bird and sang within him.

Now while the King sat thus at feast, lo! there came an herald-messenger from the west-country. And the herald came and stood before the King, and said: "Greeting to thee, King Arthur!"

Then the King said: "Speak, and tell me, what is thy message?"

To which the herald made reply: "I come from King Leodegrance of Cameliard, who is in sore trouble. For thus it is: His enemy and thine enemy, King Ryence of North Wales (he who at one time in contempt of thee commanded thee to send him thy beard for to trim his mantle), doth make sundry demands of my master, King Leodegrance, which demands King Leodegrance is altogether loath to fulfil. And King Ryence of North Wales threateneth to bring war into Cameliard because King Leodegrance doth not immediately fulfil those demands. Now King Leodegrance hath no such array of knights and armed men as he one time had gathered

about him for to defend his kingdom against assault. For, since thou in thy majesty hath brought peace to this realm and hath reduced the power of all those kings under thee, those knights who once made the Court of King Leodegrance so famous have gone elsewhither for to seek better opportunities for their great valor and prowess at arms than his peaceful Court may afford. Wherefore my master, King Leodegrance, doth beseech aid of thee, who art his King and Overlord."

To these things that the herald-messenger said, King Arthur, and all that Court that feasted with him, listened in entire silence. And the King's countenance, which erstwhiles had been expanded with cheerfulness, became overcast and dark with anger. "Ha!" he cried, "this is, verily, no good news that thou hast brought hither to our feast. Now I will give what aid I am able to thy master, King Leodegrance, in this extremity, and that right speedily. But tell me, sir herald, what things are they that King Ryence demandeth of thy master?"

"That I will tell you, Lord," quoth the herald-messenger. "Firstly, King Ryence maketh demand upon my master of a great part of those lands of Cameliard that march upon the borders of North Wales. Secondly, he maketh demand that the Lady Guinevere, the King's daughter, be delivered in marriage unto Duke Mordaut of North UMBER, who is of kin unto King Ryence, and that Duke, though a mighty warrior, is so evil of appearance, and so violent of temper, that I believe that there is not his like for ugliness or for madness of humor in all of the world."



King Arthur is very angry at the message which the herald brought

Now when King Arthur heard this that the messenger said he was immediately seized with an extraordinary passion of anger. For his eyes appeared, as it were, to

shoot forth sparks of pure light, his face flamed like fire, and he ground his teeth together like the stones of a quern. Then he immediately rose from the chair where he sat and went forth from that place, and all those who beheld his anger shuddered thereat and turned their

eyes away from his countenance.

Then King Arthur went into an inner room of the castle by himself, and there he walked up and down for a great while, and in that time no one of his household dared to come nigh to him. And the reason of the King's wrath was this: that ever since he had lain wounded and sick nigh unto death in the forest, he bare in mind how the Lady Guinevere had suddenly appeared before him like some tall, straight, shining angel who had descended unto him out of Paradise--all full of pity, and exceedingly beautiful. Wherefore, at thought of that wicked, mad Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER making demand unto marriage with her, he was seized with a rage so violent that it shook his spirit like a mighty wind.

So, for a long while, he walked up and down in his wrath as aforesaid, and no one durst come high unto him, but all stood afar off, watching him from a distance.

Then, after a while, he gave command that Merlin, and Sir Ulfius, and Sir Kay should come to him at that place where he was. And when they had come thither he talked to them for a considerable time, bidding Merlin for to make ready to go upon a journey with him, and bidding Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay for to gather together a large army of chosen knights and armed men, and to bring that army straightway into those parts coadjacent to the royal castle of Tintagalon, which same standeth close to the borders of North Wales and of Cameliard.

So Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay went about to do as King Arthur commanded, and Merlin also went about to do as he commanded; and the next day King Arthur and Merlin, together with certain famous knights of the King's Court who were the most approved at arms of all those about him--to wit, Sir Gawaine, and Sir Ewaine (who were nephews unto the King), and Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint, the son of Erbin--set forth for Tintagalon across the forest-land of Usk.

How King Arthur came to Tintagalon

So they travelled for all that day and a part of the next, and that without adventure or misadventure of any sort. So they came, at last, to that large and noble castle, hight Tintagalon, which guards the country bordering upon Cameliard and North Wales. Here King Arthur was received with great rejoicing; for whither soever the King went the people loved him very dearly. Wherefore the folk of Tintagalon were very glad when he came unto them.

Now the morning after King Arthur had come unto Tintagalon (the summer night having been very warm), he and Merlin were glad to arise betimes to go abroad for to enjoy the dewy freshness of the early daytime. So, in the cool of the day, they walked together in the

garden (which was a very pleasant place), and beneath the shadow of all tall, straight tower. And all around about were many trees with a good shade, where the little birds sang sweetly in the cheerfulness of the summer weather.

And here King Arthur opened his mind very freely to Merlin, and he said: "Merlin, I do believe that the Lady Guinevere is the fairest lady in all of the world; wherefore my heart seems ever to be entirely filled with love for her, and that to such a degree that I think of her continually by day (whether I be eating, or drinking, or walking, or sitting still, or going about my business), and likewise I dream of her many times at night. And this has been the case with me, Merlin, ever since a month ago, when I lay sick in that hermit's cell in the forest, what time she came and stood beside me like a shining angel out of Paradise. So I am not willing that any other man than I should have her for his wife.

King Arthur opens his heart to Merlin

"Now I know very well that thou art wonderfully cunning in those arts of magic that may change a man in his appearance so that even those who know him best may not recognize him. Wherefore I very greatly desire it of thee that thou wilt so disguise me that I may go, unknown of any man, into Cameliard, and that I may dwell there in such a way that I may see the Lady Guinevere every day. For I tell thee very truly that I greatly desire to behold her in such a wise that she may not be in any way witting of my regard. Likewise I would fain see for myself how great may be the perils that encompass King Leodegrance--the King being my right good friend."

"My Lord King," said Merlin, "it shall be as thou desirest, and this morning I will cause thee to be so disguised that no one in all the world shall be able to know thee who thou art."

So that morning, a little before the prime, Merlin came unto the King where he was and gave him a little cap. And the cap was of such a sort that when the King set it upon his head he assumed, upon the instant, the appearance of a rude and rustic fellow from the country-side. Then the King commanded that a jerkin of rough frieze should be brought to him, and with this he covered his royal and knightly vestments, and with it he hid that golden collar and its jewel, pendent, which he continually wore about his neck. Then, setting the cap upon his head, he assumed at once the guise of that peasant hind.

King Arthur quits Tintagalon in disguise

Whereupon, being thus entirely disguised, he quitted Tintagalon unknown of any man, and took his way

a-foot unto the town of Cameliard.

Now toward the slanting of the day he drew nigh to that place, and lo! he beheld before him a large and considerable town of many comely houses with red walls and shining windows. And the houses of the town sat all upon a high, steep hill, the one overlooking the other, and the town itself was encompassed around about by a great wall, high and strong. And a great castle guarded the town, and the castle had very many towers and roofs. And all round about the tower were many fair gardens and lawns and meadows, and several orchards and groves of trees with thick and pleasing shade. Now at that time of the day the sky behind the tower was all, as it were, an entire flame of fire, so that the towers and the battlements of the castle and the roofs and the chimneys thereof stood altogether black against the brightness of the light. And, behold! great flocks of pigeons encircled the towers of the castle in a continual flight against that fiery sky. So, because King Arthur was a weary with walking for all that day, it appeared to him that he had hardly ever beheld in all of his life so fair and pleasing a place as that excellent castle with its gardens and lawns and groves of trees.

King Arthur comes to Cameliard

Thus came King Arthur unto the castle of Cameliard, in the guise of a poor peasant from the country-side, and no man in all of the world knew him who he was.

So, having reached the castle, he made inquiries for the head gardener thereof; and when he had speech with the gardener he besought him that he might be taken into service into that part of the garden that appertained to the dwelling-place of the Lady Guinevere. Then the gardener looked upon him and saw that he was tall and strong and well framed, wherefore he liked him very well and took him into service even as he desired.

And thus it was that King Arthur of Britain became a gardener's boy at Cameliard.

King Arthur dwells as gardener's boy at the castle

Now the King was very glad to be in that garden; for in this pleasant summer season the Lady Guinevere came every day to walk with her damsels among the flowers, and King Arthur, all disguised as a peasant gardener boy, beheld her very many times when she came thither.

So King Arthur abode at that place for above a week, and he took no care that in all that time he enjoyed none of his kingly estate, but was only gardener's boy in the castle garden of Cameliard.

Now it happened upon a day when the weather was

very warm, that one of the damsels who was in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere, arose all in the early morning while the air was still cool and refreshing. So, leaving the Lady Guinevere still sleeping, this damsel, whose name was Mellicene of the White Hand, went into the ante-room and, opening the casement thereof, looked forth into that garden of roses which adjoined the Lady Guinevere's bower.

Now there was at that place a carven marble figure of a youth, holding in his arms a marble ewer, and a fountain of water, as clear as crystal, flowed out from the ewer into a basin of marble. And the figure, and the fountain, and the marble basin into which the fountain flowed lay beneath the shadow of a linden-tree. And all around was a thick growth of roses, so that the place was entirely hidden, saving only from those windows of the castle that were above.

The damsel beholds a knight at the fountain

So it befell that as the damsel looked down thitherward out of the window, she beheld a very wonderful sight. For, lo! a strange knight kneeled beside the fountain and bathed his face and his bosom in the crystal water thereof. And the damsel saw that the sunlight fell down through the leaves of the linden-tree and lay upon that strange knight. And she perceived that his hair and his beard were of the color of red gold--shining surpassingly in the brightness of the morning. And she beheld that his brow and his throat and his bosom were white like alabaster. And she beheld that around his neck and shoulders there hung a golden collar of marvellous beauty, so that when the sunlight shone upon it it flashed like pure lightning.

So, beholding this strange appearance--as it were a vision--the damsel Mellicene stood for a long while, all entranced with wonder and with pleasure, and wist not whether that which she saw was a dream or no dream, nor whether he who sat there was a spirit, or whether he was a man of flesh and blood.

Then, by and by, recovering somewhat from her astonishment, she withdrew herself softly from the casement, and, turning about, ran fleetly down the turret stairs, and so came out thence into that fair and blooming garden at the foot of the tower. So she ran through the garden with all speed and silence, and thus came down an alley-way and to the marble fountain and the linden-trees and the rose-trees around about where she had anon beheld that strange knight bathing himself in the crystal waters.

The damsel finds only the gardener's boy

But King Arthur had heard the coming of that damsel, and had speedily set the cap upon his head again. So

that when the damsel Mellicene came thither, she found no one by the fountain but the gardener's boy. Of him she demanded: "Who art thou, fellow? And why sittest thou here by the fountain?"

And unto her he replied: "I am the gardener's lad who came a short time ago to take service at this place."

"Then tell me, fellow," quoth she, "and tell me truly. Who was that young knight who was here beside the fountain but now, and whither hath he gone?" "Lady, whereunto," he said, "there has been no one at this fountain this day, but only I."

"Nay, fellow," she cried, "thou art deceiving me, for I do assure thee that with mine own eyes I beheld but now, where a strange young knight sat bathing himself in the waters of this fountain." And the gardener's boy said, "Lady, that which I have told you is the very truth, for indeed there hath no one been here this morn but only I. Wherefore, an thou deemest thou hast seen anyone else, thou art certainly mistaken."

At this the damsel set her look upon him, in great perplexity. Likewise, she marvelled very greatly, for she could not altogether disbelieve him. Nor yet could she entirely believe him either, because her eyes had beheld that which she had beheld, and she wotted that she had not been mistaken. Therefore she knew not what to think, and, because of her perplexity, she felt a very great displeasure at that gardener's boy. "Truly, wherefore," she said, "if thou art deceiving me, I shall certainly cause thee to suffer a great deal of pain, for I shall have thee whipped with cords." Thereupon she turned and went away from that place, much marvelling at that strange thing, and wondering what it all signified.

That morning she told unto the Lady Guinevere all that she had seen, but the Lady Guinevere only laughed at her and mocked her, telling her that she had been asleep and dreaming, when she beheld that vision. And, indeed, the damsel herself had begun to think this must be the case. Nevertheless, she thereafter looked out every morning from her casement window, albeit she beheld nothing for a great while, for King Arthur came not soon to that place again.

So, by and by, there befell another certain morning when she looked out of the casement and, lo! there sat that strange knight by the fountain once more as he had aforetime sat. And he bathed his face and his bosom in the water as he had aforetime done. And he appeared as comely and as noble as he had appeared before; and his hair and his young beard shone like gold as they had shone before in the sun. And this time she beheld that his collar of gold lay upon the brink of the fountain beside him, and it sparkled with great splendor in the sunlight the whiles he bathed his bosom. Then, after

that damsel had regarded him for a considerable time, she ran with all speed to the chamber where the Lady Guinevere still lay, and she cried in a loud voice, "Lady! lady! arouse thee and come with me! For, lo! that same young knight whom I beheld before, is even now bathing himself at the fountain under the linden-tree."

Then the Lady Guinevere, greatly marvelling, aroused herself right quickly, and, dighting herself with all speed, went with the damsel unto that casement window which looked out into that part of the garden.

The Lady Guinevere beholds the knight at the fountain

And there she herself beheld the young knight where he laved himself at the fountain. And she saw that his hair and his beard shone like gold in the sunlight; and she saw that his undervestment was of purple linen threaded with gold; and she saw that beside him lay that cunningly wrought collar of gold inset with many jewels of various colors, and the collar shone with great splendor where it lay upon the marble verge of the fountain.

Somewhiles she gazed, exceedingly astonished; then she commanded the damsel Mellicene for to come with her, and therewith she turned and descended the turret stairs, and went quickly out into the garden, as her damsel had done aforetime. Then, as that damsel had done, she straightway hastened with all speed down the alley-way toward the fountain.

But, behold! when she had come there, she found no young knight, but only the gardener boy, exactly as had happened with the damsel Mellicene aforetime. For King Arthur had heard her coming, and had immediately put that enchanted cap upon his head. Then the Lady Guinevere marvelled very greatly to find there only the gardener's boy, and she wist not what to think of so strange a thing. Wherefore she demanded of him, even as Mellicene had done, whither had gone the young knight whom she had beheld anon there at the fountain. And unto her the gardener lad made answer as aforetime: "Lady! there hath been no one at this place at any time this morning, but only I."

Now when King Arthur had donned his cap at the coming of the Lady, he had, in his great haste, forgotten his golden collar, and this Guinevere beheld where it lay shining very brightly, beside the margin of the fountain. "How now!" quoth she. "Wouldst thou dare to make a mock of me? Now tell me, thou fellow, do gardeners' boys in the land whence thou didst come wear golden collars about their necks like unto that collar that lieth yonder beside the fountain? Now, an I had thee well whipped, it would be thy rightful due. But take thou that bauble yonder and give it unto him to whom it doth

rightfully belong, and tell him from me that it doth ill become a true belted knight for to hide himself away in the privy gardens of a lady." Then turned she with the damsel Mellicene, and left she that place and went back again into her bower.

Yet, indeed for all that day, as she sat over her 'broidery, she did never cease to marvel and to wonder how it was possible that that strange young knight should so suddenly have vanished away and left only the poor gardener's boy in his stead. Nor, for a long time, might she unriddle that strange thing.

Then, of a sudden, at that time when the heat of the day was sloping toward the cooler part of the afternoon, she aroused herself because of a thought that had come in an instant unto her. So she called the damsel Mellicene to come to her, and she bade her to go and tell the gardener's lad for to fetch her straightway a basket of fresh roses for to adorn her tower chamber.

The gardener's boy weareth his cap before the Lady Guinevere

So Mellicene went and did as she bade, and after considerable time the gardener's lad came bearing a great basket of roses. And, lo! he wore his cap upon his head. And all the damsels in waiting upon the Lady Guinevere, when they saw how he wore his cap in her presence, cried out upon him, and Mellicene of the White Hand demanded of him: "What! How now, Sir boor! Dost thou know so little of what is due unto a king's daughter that thou dost wear thy cap even in the presence of the Lady Guinevere? Now I bid thee straightway to take thy cap off thy head."

And to her King Arthur made answer: "Lady, I cannot take off my cap."

Quoth the Lady Guinevere: "And why canst thou not take off thy cap, thou surly fellow?"

"Lady," said he, "I cannot take off my cap, because I have an ugly place upon my head."

"Then wear thy cap," quoth the Lady Guinevere. "Only fetch thou the roses unto me."

The Lady Guinevere discovers the knight of the fountain

And so at her bidding, he brought the roses to her. But when he had come nigh unto the lady, she, of a sudden, snatched at the cap and plucked it off from his head. Then, lo! he was upon the instant transformed; for instead of the gardener's boy there stood before the Lady Guinevere and her damsel the appearance of a noble young knight with hair and beard like threads of

gold. Then he let fall his basket of roses so that the flowers were scattered all over the floor, and he stood and looked at all who were there. And some of those damsels in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere shrieked, and others stood still from pure amazement and wist not how to believe what their eyes beheld. But not one of those ladies knew that he whom she beheld was King Arthur. Nevertheless the Lady Guinevere remembered that this was the knight whom she had found so sorely wounded, lying in the hermit's cell in the forest.

Then she laughed and flung him back his cap again. "Take thy cap," quoth she, "and go thy ways, thou gardener's boy who hath an ugly place upon his head." Thus she said because she was minded to mock him.

But King Arthur did not reply to her, but straightway, with great sobriety of aspect, set his cap upon his head again. So resuming his humble guise once more, he turned and quitted that place, leaving those roses scattered all over the floor even as they had fallen.

And after that time, whenever the Lady Guinevere would come upon the gardener's lad in the garden, she would say unto her damsel in such a voice that he might hear her speech: "Lo! yonder is the gardener's lad who hath an ugly place upon his head so that he must always wear his cap for to hide it."

Thus she spake openly, mocking at him; but privily she bade her damsels to say naught concerning these things, but to keep unto themselves all those things which had befallen.

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Establishment of the Round Table

How King Arthur Was Wedded in Royal State and How the Round Table Was Established

Now was come the early fall of the year; that pleasant season when the meadow-land and the wold were still green with summer that had only just passed; when the sky likewise was as of summer-time-extraordinarily blue and full of large floating clouds; when a bird might sing here and another there, a short song in memory of spring-time, when all the air was tempered with warmth and yet the leaves were everywhere turning brown and red and gold, so that when the sun shone through them it was as though a cloth of gold, brodered with brown and crimson and green, hung above the head. At this season of the year it is exceedingly pleasant to be a-field among the nut-trees with hawk and hound, or to travel abroad in the yellow world, whether it be a-horse or a-foot.

Now this was the time of year in which had been set the marriage of King Arthur and the Lady Guinevere at Camelot, and at that place was extraordinary pomp and



glory of circumstance. All the world was astir and in a great ferment of joy, for everybody was exceedingly glad that King Arthur was to have him a Queen.

How Camelot town was adorned

In preparation for that great occasion the town of Camelot was bedight very magnificently, for the stony street along which the Lady Guinevere must come to the royal castle of the King was strewn thick with fresh-cut rushes smoothly laid. Moreover it was

in many places spread with carpets of excellent pattern such as might be fit to lay upon the floor of some goodly hall. Likewise all the houses along the way were hung with fine hangings of woven texture interwoven with threads of azure and crimson, and everywhere were flags and banners afloat in the warm and gentle breeze against the blue sky, wherefore that all the world appeared to be alive with bright colors, so that when one looked adown that street, it was as though one beheld a crooked path of exceeding beauty and gayety stretched before him.

Thus came the wedding-day of the King--bright and clear and exceedingly radiant.

King Arthur sat in his hall surrounded by his Court awaiting news that the Lady Guinevere was coming thitherward. And it was about the middle of the morning when there came a messenger in haste riding upon a milk-white steed. And the raiment of that messenger and the trappings of his horse were all of cloth of gold embroidered with scarlet and white, and the tabard of the messenger was set with many jewels of various sorts so that he glistened from afar as he rode, with a singular splendor of appearance.

So this herald-messenger came straight into the castle where the King abided waiting, and he said: "Arise, my lord King, for the Lady Guinevere and her Court draweth nigh unto this place."

Upon this the King immediately arose with great joy, and straightway he went forth with his Court of Knights, riding in great state. And as he went down that marvellously adorned street, all the people shouted aloud as he passed by, wherefore he smiled and bent his head from side to side; for that day he was passing happy and loved his people with wonderful friendliness.

Thus he rode forward unto the town gate, and out there from, and so came thence into the country beyond where the broad and well-beaten highway ran winding down beside the shining river betwixt the willows and the osiers.

Of the Court of the Lady Guinevere

And, behold! King Arthur and those with him perceived the Court of the Princess where it appeared at a distance, wherefore they made great rejoicing and hastened forward with all speed. And as they came nigh, the sun falling upon the apparels of silk and cloth of gold, and upon golden chains and the jewels that hung there from, all of that noble

company that surrounded the Lady Guinevere her litter flashed and sparkled with surpassing radiance.



For seventeen of the noblest knights of the King's Court, clad in complete armor, and sent by him as an escort unto the lady, rode in great splendor, surrounding the litter wherein the

Princess lay. And the framework of that litter was of richly gilded wood, and its curtains and its cushions were of crimson silk embroidered with threads of gold. And behind the litter there rode in gay and joyous array, all shining with many colors, the Court of the Princess--her damsels in waiting, gentlemen, ladies, pages, and attendants.

So those parties of the King and the Lady Guinevere drew nigh together until they met and mingled the one with the other.

King Arthur greets the Lady Guinevere

Then straightway King Arthur dismounted from his noble horse and, all clothed with royalty, he went afoot unto the Lady Guinevere's litter, while Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine held the bridle of his horse. Thereupon one of her pages drew aside the silken curtains of the Lady Guinevere's litter, and King Leodegrance gave her his hand and she straightway descended therefrom, all embalmed, as it were, in exceeding beauty. So King Leodegrance led her to King Arthur, and King Arthur came to her and placed one hand beneath her chin and the other upon her head and inclined his countenance and kissed her upon her smooth cheek--all warm and fragrant like velvet for softness, and without any blemish whatsoever. And when he had thus kissed her upon the cheek, all those who were there lifted up their voices in great acclaim, giving loud voice of joy that those two noble souls had thus met together.

Thus did King Arthur give welcome unto the Lady

Guinevere and unto King Leodegrance her father upon the highway beneath the walls of the town of Camelot, at the distance of half a league from that place. And no one who was there ever forgot that meeting, for it was full of extraordinary grace and noble courtliness.

Then King Arthur and his Court of Knights and nobles brought King Leodegrance and the Lady Guinevere with great ceremony unto Camelot and unto the royal castle, where apartments were assigned to all, so that the entire place was alive with joyousness and beauty.

King Arthur and the Lady Guinevere are wedded

And when high noon had come, the entire Court went with great state and ceremony unto the cathedral, and there, surrounded with wonderful magnificence, those two noble souls were married by the Archbishop.

And all the bells rang right joyfully, and all the people who stood without the cathedral shouted with loud acclaim, and lo! the King and the Queen came forth all shining, like unto the sun for splendor and like unto the moon for beauty.

In the castle a great noontide feast was spread, and there sat thereat four hundred, eighty and six lordly and noble folk-kings, knights, and nobles-with queens and ladies in magnificent array. And near to the King and the Queen there sat King Leodegrance and Merlin, and Sir Ulfius, and Sir Ector the trustworthy, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Ewaine, and Sir Kay, and King Ban, and King Pellinore and many other famous and exalted folk, so that no man had ever beheld such magnificent courtliness as he beheld at that famous wedding-feast of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere.

And that day was likewise very famous in the history of chivalry, for in the afternoon the famous Round Table was established, and that Round Table was at once the very flower and the chiefest glory of King Arthur's reign.

For about mid of the afternoon the King and Queen, preceded by Merlin and followed by all that splendid Court of kings, lords, nobles and knights in full array, made progression to that place where Merlin, partly by magic and partly by skill, had caused to be built a very wonderful pavilion above the Round Table where it stood.

Of the pavilion of the Round Table

And when the King and the Queen and the Court had entered in thereat they were amazed at the beauty of that pavilion, for they perceived, an it were, a great space that appeared to be a marvellous land of Fay. For the walls were all richly gilded and were painted with very wonderful figures of saints and of angels, clad in ultramarine and crimson, and all those saints and angels were depicted playing upon various musical instruments that appeared to be made of gold. And overhead the roof of the pavilion was made to represent the sky, being all of cerulean blue sprinkled over with stars. And in the midst of that painted sky was an image, an it were, of the sun in his glory. And under foot was a pavement all of marble stone, set in squares of black and white, and blue and red, and sundry other colors.

In the midst of the pavilion was a Round Table with seats thereat exactly sufficient for fifty persons, and at each of the fifty places was a chalice of gold filled with fragrant wine, and at each place was a paten of gold bearing a manchet of fair white bread. And when the King and his Court entered into the pavilion, lo! music began of a sudden for to play with a wonderful sweetness.

Then Merlin came and took King Arthur by the hand and led him away from Queen Guinevere. And he said unto the King, "Lo! this is the Round Table."

Then King Arthur said, "Merlin, that which I see is wonderful beyond the telling."

King Arthur is seated at the Round Table

After that Merlin discovered unto the King the various marvels of the Round Table, for first he pointed to a high seat, very wonderfully wrought in precious woods and gilded so that it was exceedingly beautiful, and he said, "Behold, lord King, yonder seat is hight the 'Seat Royal,' and that seat is thine for to sit in. And as Merlin spake, lo! there suddenly appeared sundry letters of gold upon the back of that seat, and the letters of gold read the name,

ARTHUR, KING

And Merlin said, "Lord, yonder seat may well be called the center seat of the Round Table, for, in sooth, thou art indeed the very center of all that is most worthy of true knightliness. Wherefore that seat shall be called the center seat of all the other seats."

Then Merlin pointed to the seat that stood opposite to the Seat Royal, and that seat also was of a very wonderful appearance as afore told in this history.

And Merlin said unto the King: "My lord King, that seat is called the Seat Perilous, for no man but one in all this world shall sit therein, and that man is not yet born upon the earth. And if any other man shall dare to sit therein that man shall either suffer death or a sudden and terrible misfortune for his temerity. Wherefore that seat is called the Seat Perilous."

"Merlin," quoth the King, "all that thou tellest me passeth the bound of understanding for marvellousness. Now I do beseech thee in all haste for to find forthwith a sufficient number of knights to fill this Round Table so that my glory shall be entirely complete."

Then Merlin smiled upon the King, though not with cheerfulness, and said, "Lord, why art thou in such haste? Know that when this Round Table shall be entirely filled in all its seats, then shall thy glory be entirely achieved and then forthwith shall thy day begin for to decline. For when any man hath reached the crowning of his glory, then his work is done and God breaketh him as a man might break a chalice from which such perfect ichor hath been drunk that no baser wine may be allowed to defile it. So when thy work is done and ended shall God shatter the chalice of thy life."

Then did the King look very steadfastly into Merlin's face, and said, "Old man, that which thou sayest is ever of great wonder, for thou speakest words of wisdom. Ne'theless, seeing that I am in God His hands, I do wish for my glory and for His good will to be accomplished even though He shall then entirely break me when I have served His purposes."

"Lord," said Merlin, "thou speakest like a worthy king and with a very large and noble heart. Ne'theless, I may not fill the Round Table for thee at this time. For, though thou hast gathered about thee the very noblest Court of Chivalry in all of Christendom, yet are there but two and thirty knights here present who may be considered worthy to sit at the Round Table."

"Then, Merlin," quoth King Arthur, "I do desire of thee that thou shalt straightway choose me those two and thirty."

"So will I do, lord King," said Merlin.

Merlin chooses the knights of the Round Table

Then Merlin cast his eyes around and lo! he saw where King Pellinore stood at a little distance. Unto him went Merlin and took him by the hand. "Behold, my lord King," quoth he. "Here is the knight in all the world next to thyself who at this time is most worthy

for to sit at this Round Table. For he is both exceedingly gentle of demeanor unto the poor and needy and at the same time is so terribly strong and skilful that I know not whether thou or he is the more to be feared in an encounter of knight against knight."

Then Merlin led King Pellinore forward and behold! upon the high seat that stood upon the left hand of the Royal Seat there appeared of a sudden the name,

PELLIAORE,

And the name was emblazoned in letters of gold that shone with extraordinary lustre. And when King Pellinore took his seat, great and loud acclaim long continued was given him by all those who stood round about.

Then after that Merlin had thus chosen King Arthur and King Pellinore be chose out of the Court of King Arthur the following knights, two and thirty in all, and these were the knights of great renown in chivalry who did first establish the Round Table. Wherefore they were surnamed "The Ancient and Honorable Companions of the Round Table."

To begin, there was Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, who were nephews unto the King, and they sat nigh to him upon the right hand; there was Sir Ulfius (who held his seat but four years and eight months unto the time of his death, after which Sir Geheris--who was esquire unto his brother, Sir Gawaine--held that seat); and there was Sir Kay the Seneschal, who was foster brother unto the King; and there was Sir Baudwain of Britain (who held his seat but three years and two months until his death, after the which Sir Agravaire held that seat); and there was Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint and Sir Constantine, son of Sir Caderes the Seneschal of Cornwall (which same was king after King Arthur); and there was Sir Caradoc and Sir Sagramore, surnamed the Desirous, and Sir Dinadan and Sir Dodinas, surnamed the Savage, and Sir Bruin, surnamed the Black, and Sir Meliot of Logres, and Sir Aglaval and Sir Durnure, and Sir Lamorac (which three young knights were sons of King Pellinore), and there was Sir Griflet and Sir Ladinus and Sir Brandiles and Sir Persavant of Ironside, and Sir Dinas of Cornwall, and Sir Brian of Listinoise, and Sir Palomides and Sir Degraire and Sir Epinogres, the son of the King of North UMBERLAND and brother unto the enchantress Vivien, and Sir Lamiel of Cardiff, and Sir Lucan the Bottler and Sir Bedevere his brother (which same bare King Arthur unto the ship of Fairies when he lay so sorely wounded nigh unto death after the last

battle which he fought). These two and thirty knights were the Ancient Companions of the Round Table, and unto them were added others until there were nine and forty in all, and then was added Sir Galahad, and with him the Round Table was made entirely complete.

Now as each of these knights was chosen by Merlin, lo! as he took that knight by the hand, the name of that knight suddenly appeared in golden letters, very bright and shining, upon the seat that appertained to him.

But when all had been chosen, behold! King Arthur saw that the seat upon the right hand of the Seat Royal had not been filled, and that it bare no name upon it. And he said unto Merlin: "Merlin, how is this, that the seat upon my right hand hath not been filled, and beareth no name?"

And Merlin said: "Lord, there shall be a name thereon in a very little while, and he who shall sit therein shall be the greatest knight in all the world until that the knight cometh who shall occupy the Seat Perilous. For he who cometh shall exceed all other men in beauty and in strength and in knightly grace."

And King Arthur said: "I would that he were with us now." And Merlin said: "He cometh anon."

Thus was the Round Table established with great pomp and great ceremony of estate. For first the Archbishop of Canterbury blessed each and every seat, progressing from place to place surrounded by his Holy Court, the choir whereof singing most musically in accord, whiles others swung censers from which there ascended an exceedingly fragrant vapor of frankincense, filling that entire pavilion with an odor of Heavenly blessedness.

And when the Archbishop had thus blessed every one of those seats, the chosen knight took each his stall at the Round Table, and his esquire came and stood behind him, holding the banneret with his coat-of-arms upon the spear-point above the knight's head. And all those who stood about that place, both knights and ladies, lifted up their voices in loud acclaim.

Of the ceremony of installation of the Round Table

Then all the knights arose, and each knight held up before him the cross of the hilt of his sword, and each knight spake word for word as King Arthur spake. And this was the covenant of their

Knighthood of the Round Table: That they would be gentle unto the weak; that they would be courageous unto the strong; that they would be terrible unto the wicked and the evil-doer that they would defend the helpless who should call upon them for aid; that all women should be held unto them sacred; that they would stand unto the defence of one another whensoever such defence should be required; that they would be merciful unto all men; that they would be gentle of deed, true in friendship, and faithful in love. This was their covenant, and unto it each knight swore upon the cross of his sword, and in witness thereof did kiss the hilt thereof. Thereupon all who stood thereabouts once more gave loud acclaim.

Then all the knights of the Round Table seated themselves, and each knight brake bread from the golden pattern, and quaffed wine from the golden chalice that stood before him, giving thanks unto God for that which he ate and drank.

Thus was King Arthur wedded unto Queen Guinevere, and thus was the Round Table established.

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Lady of the Lake

How the Lady of the Lake took back her necklace from Sir Pellias.

One morning, Sir Gawaine summoned his esquire unto him and said, "Fetch hither my armor and case me in it." And the esquire did so. Then Sir Gawaine said, "Help me unto my horse," and the esquire did so. And the morning was still very early, with the grass all lustrous and sparkling with dew, and the little birds singing with such vehemence that it might have caused anyone great joy to be alive.

Wherefore, when Sir Gawaine was seated a-horseback and in armor, he began to take more courage unto himself, and the dark vapors that had whilom overshadowed him lifted themselves a little. So he bespoke his esquire with stronger voice, saying, "Take this glove of mine and bear it to Sir Pellias and tell him that Sir Gawaine parades in the meadow in front of the castle and that he there challenges Sir Pellias for to meet him a-horse or afoot, howsoever that knight may choose."

At these that esquire was very much astonished, for Sir Gawaine and Sir Pellias had always been such close friends that there was hardly their like for friendship in all that land,



wherefore their love for one another had become a byword with all men. But he held his peace concerning his thoughts and only said, "Wilt thou not eat food ere thou goest to battle?" And Sir Gawaine said, "Nay, I will not eat until I have fought. Wherefore do thou go and do as I have bid thee."

So Sir Gawaine's esquire went to Sir Pellias in his pavilion and he gave unto that knight the glove of Sir Gawaine, and he delivered Sir Gawaine's message to him. And Sir Pellias said, "Tell thy master that I will come forth to meet him as soon as I have broken my fast."

Now, when the news of that challenge had come to the ears of Sir Brandiles and Sir Mador de la Porte and Sir Ewaine and Sir Marhaus, those knights were greatly disturbed thereat, and Sir Ewaine said to the others, "Messires, let us go and make inquiries concerning this business." So the four knights went to the white pavilion where Sir Pellias was breaking his fast.

And when they had come into the presence of Sir Pellias, Sir Ewaine said to him, "What is this quarrel betwixt my kinsman and thee?" And Sir Pellias made reply, "I will not tell thee, so, let be and meddle not with it."

Then Sir Ewaine said, "Wouldst thou do serious battle with thy friend?" To which Sir Pellias said, "He is a friend to me no longer."

Then Sir Brandiles cried out, "It is a great pity that a quarrel should lie betwixt such friends as thou and Sir Gawaine. Wilt thou not let us make peace betwixt you?" But Sir Pellias replied, "Ye cannot make peace, for this quarrel cannot be stayed until it is ended."

Then those knights saw that their words could be of no avail and they went away and left Sir Pellias.

So when Sir Pellias had broken his fast he summoned an esquire named Montenoir, and he bade him case him in that red armor that he had worn for all this time, and Montenoir did so. Then, when Sir Pellias was clad in that armor, he rode forth into the meadow before the castle where Sir Gawaine paraded. And when he had come thither those four other knights came to him again and besought him that he would let peace be made betwixt him and Sir Gawaine, but Sir Pellias would not listen to them, and so they went away again and left him, and he rode forth into the field before the castle of Grantmesnle.

Now a great concourse of people had come down upon the castle walls for to behold that assault-at-arms, for news thereof had gone all about that place. And it had also come to be known that the knight that would do combat with Sir Pellias was that very famous royal knight hight Sir Gawaine, the

son of King Lot of Orkney, and a nephew of King Arthur; wherefore all the people were very desirous to behold so famous a knight do battle.

Likewise the Lady Ettard came down to the walls and took her stand in a lesser tower that overlooked the field of battle. And when she had taken her stand at that place she beheld that Sir Pellias wore that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold above his body armor, and her heart went out to him because of it, wherefore she hoped that he might be the victor in that encounter.

Then each knight took his station in such place as seemed to him to be fitting, and they dressed each his spear and his shield and made him ready for the assault. Then, when they were in all ways prepared, Sir Marhaus gave the signal for the assault.

Thereupon each knight instantly quitted that station which he held, dashing against the other with the speed of lightning, and with such fury that the earth thundered and shook beneath their horses' hoofs. So they met fairly in the centre of the course, each knight striking the other in the very midst of his defences. And in that encounter the spear of Sir Gawaine burst even to the hand-guard, but the spear of Sir Pellias held, so that Sir Gawaine was cast out of his saddle with terrible violence, smiting the earth with such force that he rolled thrice over in the dust and then lay altogether motionless as though bereft of life.

Sir Pellias and Sir Gawaine do battle

At this, all those people upon the walls shouted with a great voice, for it was an exceedingly noble assault-at-arms.

Then the four knights who stood watching that encounter made all haste unto Sir Gawaine where he lay; and Sir Pellias also rode back and sat his horse nigh at hand. Then Sir Ewaine and Sir Gawaine's esquire unlaced the helmet of Sir Gawaine with all speed, and, behold ! his face was the color of ashes and they could not see that he breathed.

Thereupon Sir Marhaus said, "I believe that thou hast slain this knight, Sir Pellias," and Sir Pellias said, "Dost thou think so?" "Yea," quoth Sir Marhaus, "and I deem it a great pity." Unto which Sir Pellias made reply, "He hath not suffered more than he deserved."

At these words Sir Ewaine was filled with great indignation, wherefore he cried out, "Sir Knight, I think that thou forgettest the quality of this knight.

For not only is he a fellow-companion of the Round Table, to whom thou hast vowed entire brotherhood, but he is also the son of a king and the nephew of King Arthur himself."

But to this Sir Pellias maintained a very steadfast countenance and replied, "I would not repent me of this were that knight a king in his own right instead of the son of a king."

Then Sir Ewaine lifted up his voice with great indignation, crying out upon Sir Pellias, "Begone I or a great ill may befall thee." "Well," said Sir Pellias, "I will go."

Upon this he turned his horse and rode away from that place and entered the woodland and so was gone from their sight.

Sir Pellias departs into the forest.

Then those others present lifted up Sir Gawaine and bare him away unto the pavilion late of Sir Pellias, and there they laid him upon the couch of Sir Pellias. But it was above an hour ere he recovered himself again; and for a great part of that while those nigh unto him believed him to have been dead.

Sir Pellias is more wounded.

But not one of those knights knew what was the case; to wit, that Sir Pellias had been so sorely wounded in the side in that encounter that it was not to be hoped that he could live for more than that day. For, though the spear of Sir Gawaine had burst, and though Sir Pellias had overthrown him entirely, yet the head of Sir Gawaine's spear had pierced the armor of Sir Pellias, and had entered his side and had there broken off, so that of the iron of the spear, the length of the breadth of a palm had remained in the body of Sir Pellias a little above the midriff. Wherefore, while Sir Pellias sat there talking so steadfastly unto those four knights, he was yet whiles in a great passion of pain, and the blood ran down into his armor in abundance. So, what with the loss of the blood, and of the great agony which he suffered, the brain of Sir Pellias swam as light as a feather all the time that he held talk with those others. But he said not a word unto them concerning the grievous sound he had received, but rode away very proudly into the forest.

But when he had come into the forest he could not forbear him any longer, but fell to groaning very sorely, crying out, "Alas! alas! I have certes got my death-wound in this battle!"

Now it chanced that morn that the damsel Parcenet had ridden forth to fly a young gerfalcon, and a dwarf belonging to the Lady Ettard had ridden with her for company. So, as the damsel and the dwarf rode through a certain part of the forest skirt, not a very great distance from Grantmesnle, where the thicker part of the woodland began and the thinner part thereof ceased, the damsel heard a voice in the woodlands, lamenting with very great dolor. So she stopped and harkened, and by and by she heard that voice again making a great moan. Then Parcenet said to the dwarf, "What is that I hear? Certes, it is the voice of someone in lamentation. Now let us go and see who it is that maketh such woful moan." And the dwarf said, "It shall be as thou sayest."

How Parcenet findeth Sir Pellias wounded in the forest

So the damsel and the dwarf went a little way farther and there they beheld a knight sitting upon a black horse beneath an oak-tree. And that knight was clad altogether in red armor, wherefore, Parcenet knew that it must be Sir Pellias. And she saw that Sir Pellias leaned with the butt of his spear upon the ground and so upheld himself upon his horse from which he would otherwise have fallen because of his great weakness, and all the while he made that great moan that Parcenet had heard. So, seeing him in this sorry condition, Parcenet was overcome with great pity, and she made haste to him crying out, "Alas! Sir Pellias, what ails thee?"

Then Sir Pellias looked at her as though she were a great way removed from him, and, because of the faintness of his soul, he beheld her, as it were, through thin water. And he said, very faintly, "Maiden, I am sore hurt." Thereupon she said, "How art thou hurt, Sir Pellias?" And he replied, "I have a grievous wound in my side, for a spear's point standeth therein nigh a palm's breadth deep so that it reaches nearly to my heart, wherefore, meseems that I shall not live for very long."

Upon this the maiden cried out, "Alas! alas! what is this!" and she made great lament and smote her hands together with sorrow that that noble knight should have come to so grievous an extremity.

Then the dwarf that was with Parcenet, seeing how greatly she was distracted by sorrow, said, "Damsel, I know of a certain place in this forest (albeit it is a considerable distance from this) where there dwelleth a certain very holy hermit who is an extraordinarily skilful leech. Now, an we may bring this knight unto the chapel where that hermit dwelleth, I believe that he may be greatly holpen

unto health and ease again."

Upon this Parcenet said, "Gansaret" - for Gansaret was the dwarf's name- "Gansaret, let us take this knight unto that place as quickly as we are able. For I tell thee sooth when I say that I have a very great deal of love for him." "Well," said the dwarf, "I will show thee where that chapel is."

So the dwarf took the horse of Sir Pellias by the bridle-rein and led the way through that forest, and Parcenet rode beside Sir Pellias and upheld him upon his saddle. For some whiles Sir Pellias fainted with sickness and with pain so that he would else have fallen had she not upheld him. Thus they went forward very sorrowfully and at so slow a pace that it was noontide ere they came to that certain very dense and lonely part of the forest where the hermit abided.

And when they had come unto that place the dwarf said, "Yonder, damsel, is the chapel whereof I spake."

Then Parcenet lifted up her eyes and she beheld where was a little woodland chapel built in among the leafy trees of the forest. And around this chapel was a little open lawn bedight with flowers, and nigh to the door of the hermitage was a fountain of water as clear as crystal. And this was a very secret and lonely place and withal very silent and peaceful, for in front of the chapel they beheld a wild doe and her fawn browsing upon the tender grass and herbs without any fear of harm. And when the dwarf and the maiden and the wounded knight drew nigh, the doe and the fawn looked up with great wide eyes and spread their large ears with wonder, yet fled not, fearing no harm, but by and by began their browsing again. Likewise all about the chapel in the branches of the trees were great quantities of birds, singing and chirping very cheerfully. And those birds were waiting for their mid-day meal that the hermit was used to cast unto them.

(Now this was that same forest sanctuary whereunto King Arthur had come that time when he had been so sorely wounded by Sir Pellinore as hath been aforetold in this history.)

As the maiden and the dwarf and the wounded knight drew nigh to this chapel, a little bell began ringing very sweetly so that the sound thereof echoed all through those quiet woodlands, for it was now the hour of noon. And Sir Pellias heard that bell as it were a great way off, and first he said, "Whither am I come?" and then he made shift to cross himself. And Parcenet crossed herself and the dwarf

kneeled down and crossed himself. Then when the bell had ceased ringing, the dwarf cried out in a loud voice, "What ho! what ho! here is one needing help!"

Parcenet and the dwarf bring Sir Pellias to the hermit of the forest

Then the door of the sanctuary was opened and there came forth from that place a very venerable man with a long white beard as it were of finely carded wool. And, lo! as he came forth, all those birds that waited there flew about him in great quantities, for they thought that he had come forth for to feed them; where-fore the hermit was compelled to brush those small fowls away with his hands as he came unto where the three were stationed.

And when he had come unto them he demanded of them who they were and why they had come thither with that wounded knight. So Parcenet told him how it was with them, and of how they had found Sir Pellias so sorely wounded in the forest that morning and had brought him hither-ward.

Then, when the hermit had heard all of her story, he said, "It is well and I will take him in." So he took Sir Pellias into his cell, and when they had helped lay him upon the couch, Parcenet and the dwarf went their way homeward again.

After they had gone, the hermit examined the hurt of Sir Pellias, and Sir Pellias lay in a deep swoon. And the swoon was so deep that the hermit beheld that it was the death-swoon, and that the knight was nigh to his end. So he said, "This knight must assuredly die in a very little while, for I can do naught to save him." Wherefore he immediately quitted the side of Sir Pellias and set about in haste to prepare the last sacrament such as might be administered unto a noble knight who was dying.

Now whiles the hermit was about this business the door opened of a sudden and there came into that place a very strange lady clad all in green and bedight around the arms with armlets of emeralds and opal stones inset into gold. And her hair, which was very soft, was entirely black and was tied about with a cord of crimson ribbon. And the hermit beheld that her face was like to ivory for whiteness and that her eyes were bright, like unto jewels set into ivory, wherefore he knew that she was no ordinary mortal.

The Lady of the Lake cometh to Sir Pellias

And this lady went straight to Sir Pellias and leaned over him so that her breath touched his forehead.

And she said, "Alas! Sir Pellias, that thou shouldst lie so." "Lady," said the hermit, "thou mayst well say 'Alas,' for this knight hath only a few minutes to live." To this the lady said, "Not so, thou holy man, for I tell thee that this knight shall have a long while yet to live." And when she had said this she stooped and took from about his neck that necklace of emeralds and opal stones and gold that encircled it and she hung it about her own neck.

Now when the hermit beheld what she did, he said, "Lady, what is this that thou doest, and why dost thou take that ornament from a dying man?"

But the lady made reply very tranquilly, "I gave it unto him, where-fore I do but take back again what is mine own. But now I prithee let me be with this knight for a little while, for I have great hope that I may bring back life unto him again."

Then the hermit was a-doubt and he said, "Wilt thou endeavor to heal him by magic?" And the lady said, "If I do, it will not be by magic that is black."

So the hermit was satisfied and went away, and left the lady alone with Sir Pellias.

The Lady of the Lake heals Sir Pellias

Now when the lady was thus alone with the wounded knight she immediately set about doing sundry very strange things. For first she brought forth a loadstone of great power and potency and this she set to the wound. And, lo! the iron of the spear-head came forth from the wound; and as it came Sir Pellias groaned with great passion. And when the spear-point came forth there burst out a great issue of blood like to a fountain of crimson. But the lady immediately pressed a fragrant napkin of fine cambric linen to the wound and stanchd the blood, and it bled no more, for she held it within the veins by very potent spells of magic. So, the blood being stanchd in this wise, the lady brought forth from her bosom a small crystal phial filled with an elixir of blue color and of a very singular fragrance. And she poured some of this elixir between the cold and leaden lips of the knight; and when the elixir touched his lips the life began to enter into his body once more; for, in a little while, he opened his eyes and gazed about him with a very strange look, and the first thing that he beheld was that lady clad in green who stood beside him, and she was so beautiful that he thought that haply he had died and was in Paradise, wherefore he said, "Am I then dead?"

"Nay, thou art not dead," said the lady, "yet hast thou been parlously nigh to death." "Where then am I?"

said Sir Pellias. And she replied, "Thou art in a deep part of the forest, and this is the cell of a saint-like hermit of the forest." At this Sir Pellias said, "Who is it that hath brought me back to life?" Upon this the lady smiled and said, "It was I"

Now for a little while Sir Pellias lay very silent, then by and by he spake and said, "Lady, I feel very strangely." "Yea," said the lady, "that is because thou hast now a different life." Then Sir Pellias said, "How is it with me?" And the lady said, "It is thus: that to bring thee back to life I gave thee to drink of a certain draught of an elixir vita so that thou art now only half as thou wert before; for if by the one half thou art mortal, by the other half thou art fay."

Sir Pellias falls in love with the Lady of the Lake

Then Sir Pellias looked up and beheld that the lady had about her neck the collar of emeralds and opal stones and gold which he had aforetime worn. And, lo! his heart went out to her with exceeding ardor, and he said, "Lady, thou sayest that I am half fay, and I do perceive that thou art altogether fay. Now, I pray thee to let it be that henceforth I may abide nigh unto where thou art." And the lady said, "It shall be as thou dost ask, for it was to that end I have suffered thee nearly to die, and then have brought thee back unto life again."

Then Sir Pellias said, "When may I go with thee?" And she said, "In a little when thou hast had to drink." "How may that be?" said Sir Pellias, "seeing that I am but yet like unto a little child for weakness." To the which the lady made reply, "When thou hast drunk of water thy strength shall return unto thee, and thou shalt be altogether well and whole again."

So the Lady of the Lake went out, and presently returned, bearing in her hand an earthen crock filled with water from the fountain near at hand. And when Sir Pellias had drunk that water he felt, of a sudden, his strength come altogether back to him.

Yet he was not at all as he had been before, for now his body felt as light as air, and his soul was dilated with a pure joy such as he had never feit in his life before that time. Wherefore he immediately uprose from his couch of pain, and he said, "Thou hast given life unto me again, now do I give that life unto thee forever."

Then the lady looked upon him and smiled with great loving-kindness. And she said, "Sir Pellias, I have held thee in tender regard ever since I beheld thee one day in thy young knighthood drink a draught of milk at a cottager's hut in this forest. For the day was

warm and thou hadst set aside thy helmet, and a young milkmaid, brown of face and with bare feet, came and brought thee a bowl of milk, which same thou didst drink of with great appetite. That was the first time that I beheld thee--although thou didst not see me. Since that time I have had great friendship for all thy fellowship of King Arthur's Court and for King Arthur himself, all for thy sake."

Then Sir Pellias said, "Lady, wilt thou accept me for thy knight?" and she said, "Aye. Then Sir Pellias said, "May I salute thee?" And she said, "Yea, if it pleasures thee." So Sir Pellias kissed her upon the lips, and so their troth was plighted.

Parcenet bringeth news of Sir Pellias to Sir Mador de la Porte

Now return we unto Parcenet and the dwarf:

After those two had left that hermitage in the woodland, they betook their way again toward Grantmesnle, and when they had come nigh out of the forest at a place not far from the glade of trees wherein those knights-companion had taken up their inn, they met one of those knights clad in half-armor, and that knight was Sir Mador de la Porte. Then Parcenet called upon him by name, saying, "Alas! Sir Mador, I have but this short time quitted a hermit's cell in the forest where I left Sir Pellias sorely wounded to death, so I fear me he hath only a little while to live."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte cried out, "Ha! maiden, what is this thou tellest me? That is a very hard thing to believe; for when Sir Pellias quitted us this morn he gave no sign of wound or disease of any sort."

But Parcenet replied, "Ne'theless, I myself beheld him lying in great pain and dole, and, ere he swooned his death-swoon, he himself told me that he had the iron of a spear in his side."

Then Sir Mador de la Porte said, "Alas! alas! that is sorry news! Now, damsel, by thy leave and grace, I will leave thee and hasten to my companions to tell them this news." And Parcenet said, "I prithee do so."

So Sir Mador de la Porte made haste to the pavilion where were his companions, and he told them the news that he had heard.

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Merlin

HERE followeth a particular account of the enchantment of Merlin by a certain damsel, Vivien, and of all the circumstances thereunto appertaining.

How Queen Morgana le Fay Meditated Evil Against King Arthur

Now Morgana le Fay was a very cunning enchantress, and was so much mistress of magic that she could, by means of potent spells, work her will upon all things, whether quick or dead. For Merlin himself had been her master in times past, and had taught her his arts whilst she was still a young damsel at the Court of Uther-Pendragon. So it was that, next to Merlin, she was, at that time, the most potent enchanter in all the world. Nevertheless she lacked Merlin's foreknowledge of things to happen and his gift of prophecy thereupon, for these things he could not impart unto anyone, wherefore she had not learned them of him.

Queen Morgana contemplates evil against King Arthur



Now, after Queen Morgana le Fay had come to the Island of Avalon as aforetold, she brooded a great deal over that

affront which she deemed King Arthur had placed upon her house; and the more she brooded upon it the more big did it become in her mind. Wherefore, at last, it seemed to her that she could have no pleasure in life unless she could punish King Arthur for that which he had done. Yea; she would have been glad to see him dead at her feet because of the anger that she felt against him.

But Queen Morgana was very well aware that she could never do the King, her brother, an injury so long as Merlin was there to safeguard him, for Merlin would certainly foresee any danger that might threaten the King, and would counteract it, wherefore she was aware that if she would destroy the King, she must first destroy Merlin.

Now, there was at the Court of Queen Morgana le Fay, a certain damsel of such marvellous and bewitching beauty that her like was hardly to be seen in all of the world. This damsel was fifteen years old and of royal blood, being the daughter of the King of Northumberland; and her name was Vivien. This damsel, Vivien, was both wise and cunning beyond all measure for one so young. Moreover, she was without any heart, being cold and cruel to all who were contrary-minded to her wishes. So, because she was so cunning and wise, Queen Morgana liked her and taught her many things of magic and sorcery which she knew. But, notwithstanding all that Queen Morgana did for her, this maiden did not feel any love for her mistress, being altogether devoid of heart.

Queen Morgana talketh with the Damsel Vivien

One day this damsel and Queen Morgana le Fay sat together in a garden of that magic island of Avalon, and the garden was upon a very high terrace and overlooked the sea. And the day was very fair and the sea so wonderfully blue that it appeared to be as though the blue sky had melted into water and the water into the sky. As Vivien and the Queen sat in this beautiful place, the Queen said to the damsel, "Vivien, what wouldst thou rather have than anything else in all the world?" To which Vivien replied, "Lady, I would rather have such wisdom as thou hast, than anything else."

Then Queen Morgana laughed and said, "It is possible for thee to be as wise as I am, and wiser too, if so be thou wilt do according to my ordination. For I know a way in which thou mayst obtain wisdom."

"How may I obtain that wisdom, Lady?" said Vivien.

Then Queen Morgana le Fay said, "Hearken and I will tell thee. Thou must know that Merlin, whom thou hast several times seen at the Court of King Arthur, is the master of all the wisdom that it is possible for anyone to possess in this world. All that I know of magic Merlin hath taught me, and he knoweth many things that he did not teach me, but which he withheld from me. For Merlin taught me, when I was a young damsel at the Court of my mother's

husband, because I was beautiful in his eyes. For Merlin loveth beauty above all things else in the world, and so he taught me many things of magic and was very patient with me.

"But Merlin hath a gift which belongeth to him and which he cannot communicate to anyone else, for it is instinct with him. That gift is the gift of foreseeing into the future and the power of prophesying thereupon.

"Yet though he may foresee the fate of others, still he is blind to his own fate. For so he confessed to me several times: that he could not tell what was to happen in his own life when that happening concerned himself alone.

"Now thou, Vivien, art far more beautiful than I was at thine age. Wherefore I believe that thou wilt easily attract the regard of Merlin unto thee. And if I give thee, besides, a certain charm which I possess, I may cause it to be that Merlin may love thee so much that he will impart to thee a great deal more of his wisdom than ever he taught me when I was his disciple.

"But thou art to know, Vivien, that in winning this gift of knowledge from Merlin thou wilt put thyself in great peril. For, by and by, when the charm of thy beauty shall have waned with him, then he may easily regret what he hath done in imparting his wisdom to thee; in the which case there will be great danger that he may lay some spell upon thee to deprive thee of thy powers; for it would be impossible that both thou and he could live in the same world and each of ye know so much cunning of magic."

Now unto all this Vivien listened with a great deal of attention, and when Queen Morgana had ended the damsel said, "Dear Lady, all that thou tellest me is very wonderful, and I find myself possessed with a vehement desire to attain such knowledge in magic as that. Wherefore, if thou wilt help me in this matter so that I may beguile his wisdom from Merlin, thou wilt make of me a debtor unto thee for as long as I may live. And touching the matter of any danger that may fall to me in this affair, I am altogether willing to assume that; for I have a great hope that I may be able so to protect myself from Merlin that no barm shall befall me. For when I have drawn all the knowledge that I am able to obtain from him, then I will use that same knowledge to cast such a spell upon him that he shall never be able to harm me or anyone else again. In this I shall play my wit against his wisdom and my beauty against his cunning, and I believe that I shall win at that game."

Then Queen Morgana fell a-laughing beyond all measure, and when she had stinted her laughter, she cried, "Hey, Vivien! certes thou art cunning beyond anything that I ever heard tell of, and I believe that thou art as wicked as thou art cunning. For whoever heard of a child of fifteen years old who would speak such words as thou hast just now spoken; or whoever could suppose that so young a girl could conceive the thought of compassing the downfall of the wisest magician who hath ever lived."

Queen Morgana gives Vivien two enchanted rings

Then Queen Morgana le Fay set to her lips a small whistle of ivory and gold and blew very shrilly upon it, and in reply there came running a young page of her Court. Queen Morgana commanded him to bring to her a certain casket of alabaster, cunningly carved and adorned with gold and set with several precious stones. And Queen Morgana opened the box and took from within it two rings of pure yellow gold, beautifully wrought and set, the one ring with a clear white stone of extraordinary brilliancy, and the other with a stone as red as blood. Then Queen Morgana said, "Vivien, behold these two rings! They possess each a spell of wonderful potency. For if thou wearest that ring with the white stone, whoever weareth the ring with the red stone shall love thee with such a passion of love that thou mayst do with him whatever thou hast a will to do. So take these rings and go to King Arthur's Court and use them as thy cunning may devise."

So Vivien took the two rings and gave Queen Morgana le Fay thanks beyond all measure for them.

Vivien appears before King Arthur at the Feast of Pentecost

Now King Arthur took much pleasure in holding a great feast each Pentecost, at which time his Court was gathered about him with much mirth and rejoicing. At such times it delighted him to have some excellent entertainment for to amuse himself and his Court, wherefore it befell that nearly always something happened that gave much entertainment to the King. So came the Feast of Pentecost, and King Arthur sat at the table with a great many noble and lordly folk and several kings and queens. Now as they all sat at that feast, their spirits greatly expanded with mirth and good cheer, there suddenly came into the hall a very beautiful young damsel, and with her a dwarf, wonderfully misshapen, and of a very hideous countenance. And the maiden was dressed all in flame-colored satin, very rich, and with

beautiful embroidery of gold and embroidery of silver. And her hair, which was red like gold, was coiled into a net of gold. And her eyes were black as coals and extraordinarily bright and glistening. And she had about her throat a necklace of gold of three strands, so that with all that gold and those bright garments she shone with wonderful splendor as she entered the hall. Likewise, the dwarf who accompanied her was clad all in flame-colored raiment, and he bore in his hands a cushion of flame-colored silk with tassels of gold, and upon the cushion he bare a ring of exceeding beauty set with a red stone.

So when King Arthur beheld this beautiful maiden he supposed nothing else, than that there was some excellent entertainment, and at that he rejoiced a very great deal.

But when he looked well at the damsel it appeared to him that he knew her face, wherefore he said to her, "Damsel, who art thou?" "Sir," she said, "I am the daughter of the King of Northumberland, and my name is Vivien," and thereat King Arthur was satisfied.

Then King Arthur said to her, "Lady, what is that thou hast upon yonder cushion, and why hast thou honored us by coming hitherward?" To the which Vivien made reply, "Lord, I have here a very good entertainment for to give you pleasure at this Feast of Pentecost. For here is a ring of such a sort that only he who is the most wise and the most worthy of all men here present may wear it." And King Arthur said, "Let us see the ring."

So Vivien took the ring from the cushion which the dwarf held and she came and brought it unto King Arthur, and the King took the ring into his own hand. And he perceived that the ring was extraordinarily beautiful, wherefore he said, "Maiden, have I thy leave to try this ring upon my finger?" And Vivien said, "Yea, lord."

So King Arthur made attempt to place the ring upon his finger; but, lo! the ring shrank in size so that it would not pass beyond the first joint thereof. Wherefore King Arthur said, "It would appear that I am not worthy to wear this ring."

Merlin secures the ring



Then the damsel, Vivien, said, "Have I my lord's leave to offer this ring to others of his Court?" And King Arthur said, "Let the others try the ring." So Vivien took the ring to the various folk of the Court, both lords and ladies, but not one of these could wear the ring. Then last of all Vivien came to the place where Merlin sat, and she kneeled upon the ground before him and offered the ring to him; and Merlin, because this concerned himself, could not forecast into the future to know that harm was intended to him. Nevertheless he looked sourly upon the damsel and he said, "Child, what is this silly trick thou offerest me?" "Sir," quoth Vivien, "I beseech you for to try this ring upon your finger." Then Merlin regarded the damsel more closely, and he perceived that she was very beautiful, wherefore his heart softened toward her a great deal. So he spake more gently unto her and he said, "Wherefore should I take the ring?" To the which she made reply, "Because I believe that thou art the most wise and the most worthy of any man in all this place, wherefore the ring should belong to thee." Then Merlin smiled, and took the ring and placed it upon his finger, and, lo! it fitted the finger exactly. Thereupon Vivien cried out, "See! the ring hath fitted his finger and he is the most wise and the most worthy." And Merlin was greatly pleased that the ring which the beautiful damsel had given him had fitted his finger in that way.

Then, after a while, he would have withdrawn the ring again but, behold! he could not, for the ring had grown to his finger as though it were a part of the flesh and the bone thereof. At this Merlin became much troubled in spirit and very anxious, for he did not understand what might be meant by the magic of the ring. So he said, "Lady, whence came this ring?" And Vivien said, "Sir, thou knowest all things; dost thou then not know that this ring was sent hitherward

from Morgana le Fay?" Then again Merlin was greatly a-doubt, and he said, "I hope there may be no evil in this ring." And Vivien smiled upon him and said, "What evil could there be in it?"

Now by this time the great magic that was in the ring began to work upon Merlin's spirit, wherefore he regarded Vivien very steadily, and suddenly he took great pleasure in her beauty. Then the magic of the ring gat entire hold upon him and, lo! a wonderful passion immediately seized upon his heart and wrung it so that it was pierced as with a violent agony.

And Vivien beheld what passed in Merlin's mind, and she laughed and turned away. And several others who were there also observed the very strange manner in which Merlin regarded her, wherefore they said among themselves, "Of a surety Merlin is bewitched by the beauty of that young damoiselle."

The ring works its charm upon Merlin the Wise

So, after that time the enchantment of the ring of Morgana le Fay so wrought upon Merlin's spirit that he could in no wise disentangle himself from Vivien's witchery; for from that day forth, whithersoever she went, there he might be found not far away; and if she was in the garden, he would be there; and if she was in the Hall, he also would be there; and if she went a-hawking he would also be a-horseback. And all the Court observed these things and many made themselves merry and jested upon it. But, Vivien hated Merlin with all her might, for she saw that they all made merry at that folly of Merlin's, and he wearied her with his regard. But she dissembled this disregard before his face and behaved to him in all ways as though she had a great friendship for him.

Now it happened upon a day that Vivien sat in the garden, and it was wonderfully pleasant summer weather, and Merlin came into the garden and beheld Vivien where she sat. But when Vivien perceived Merlin coming she suddenly felt so great a disregard for him that she could not bear for to be nigh him at that time, wherefore she arose in haste with intent to escape from him. But Merlin hurried and overtook her and he said to her, "Child, do you then hate me?" And Vivien said, "Sir, I do not hate you." But Merlin said, "In very truth I believe that you do hate me." And Vivien was silent.

Then in a little Merlin said, "I would that I knew what I might do for you so that you would cease to hate me, for I find that I have a wonderful love for you." Upon this Vivien looked at Merlin very strangely, and by and by she said, "Sir, if you would only impart your

wisdom and your cunning unto me, then I believe that I could love you a very great deal. For, behold! I am but as a young child in knowledge and thou art so old and so wise that I am afraid of thee. If thou wouldst teach me thy wisdom so that I might be thine equal, then haply I might grow to have such a regard for thee as thou wouldst have me feel."

Upon this Merlin looked very steadily at Vivien and he said, "Damsel, thou art, certes, no such foolish child as thou dost proclaim thyself to be; for I see that thine eyes are very bright with a cunning beyond thy years. Now I misdoubt that if I should teach thee the wisdom which thou dost desire to possess, either it would be to thy undoing or else it would be to my undoing."

Then Vivien cried out with a very loud and piercing voice, "Merlin, if thou dost love me, teach me thy wisdom and the cunning of thy magic and then I will love thee beyond anyone else in all the world!"

But Merlin sighed very deeply, for his heart misgave him. Then by and by he said, "Viven, thou shalt have thy will and I will teach thee all those things of wisdom and magic that thou desirest to know."

Upon this Vivien was filled with such vehement agony of joy that she did not dare to let Merlin look into her countenance lest he should read what was therein written. Wherefore she cast down her eyes and turned her face away from him. Then in a little while she said, "Master, when wilt thou teach me that wisdom?"

To this Merlin made reply, "I shall not teach thee to-day nor to-morrow nor at this place; for I can only teach thee those knowledges in such solitude that there shall be nothing to disturb thy studies. But to-morrow thou shalt tell King Arthur that thou must return unto thy father's kingdom. Then we will depart together accompanied by thy Court; and when we have come to some secluded place, there I will build a habitation by the means of my magic and we shall abide therein until I have instructed thee in wisdom."

Then Vivien made great joy, and she caught Merlin's hand in hers and she kissed his hand with great passion.

So the next day Vivien besought King Arthur that he would give her leave to return unto her father's Court, and upon the third day she and Merlin and a number of attendants who were in service upon the damsel, quitted the Court of King Arthur and departed as though to go upon their way to the Kingdom of Northumberland.

But after they had gone some little distance from the Court of the King, they turned to the eastward and took their way toward a certain valley of which Merlin was acquainted, and which was so fair and pleasant a place that it was sometimes called the Valley of Delight, and sometimes the Valley of Joyousness.

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Queen Morgana Le Fay

How Queen Morgana le Fay Returned to Camelot and to the Court With Intent to Do Ill to King Arthur.



After Merlin had quitted the Court with Vivien, Queen Morgana le Fay returned again to Camelot. There she came unto King Arthur and kneeled before him, bowing her face, with an appearance of great humility. And she said, "Brother, I have meditated much upon these matters that have

passed and I perceive that I have done very ill to talk against thee as I have done, and to be so rebellious against thy royalty. Wherefore I crave of thee to forgive me my evil words and thoughts against thee."

Queen Morgana le Fay and King Arthur are reconciled

Then King Arthur was very much moved and he came to Queen Morgana and took her by the hand and lifted her up upon her feet and kissed her brow, and her eyes, saying, "My sister, I have no ill-will against thee, but nothing but love for thee in my heart." And so, Queen Morgana le Fay abode at the Court in the same manner as she had aforetime done, for King Arthur believed that they were reconciled.

King Arthur shows Excalibur to Queen Morgana

Now one day, Queen Morgana and the King fell into a friendly talk concerning Excalibur, and Queen Morgana le Fay expressed a very great desire to see that noble weapon more closely than she had yet done, and King Arthur said he would sometime show it to her. So the next day he said, "Sister, come with me and I will show thee Excalibur." Therewith he took Queen Morgana by the hand and led her into another apartment where was a strong wooden coffer bound with bands of iron. Then the King opened the coffer and therein Queen Morgana le Fay beheld Excalibur where he lay in his sheath. Then King Arthur said to her, "Lady, take this sword and examine it as you please." Therewith Queen Morgana took Excalibur into her hands and lifted him

out of the coffer. And she drew the sword out of the sheath and, lo! the blade flashed like lightning. Then she said, "Sir, this is a very beautiful sword and I would that I might take it hence and keep it for a little so that I might enjoy it in full measure."

Now King Arthur was of a mind to show the Queen great courtesy at this time of their reconciliation, wherefore he said to her, "Take it, and be thou its keeper for as long as thou wilt." So Queen Morgana took Excalibur and his sheath and bare them away with her to her inn, and she hid the sword in the bed in which she slept.

Then Queen Morgana sent for sundry goldsmiths, eight in number, and for certain armorsmiths, eight in number, and for certain cunning jewellers, eight in number, and she said unto them, "Make me a sword in every particular like this sword that I have here." And thereupon she showed then Excalibur in his sheath. So these goldsmiths and armorsmiths and lapidaries labored with great diligence, and in a fortnight they had made a sword so exactly like Excalibur that no eye could have told the difference betwixt the one and the other. And Queen Morgana le Fay kept both swords by her until her purposes should have been fulfilled.

It befell upon a certain day that King Arthur proclaimed a hunt, and he and all of his Court were party thereunto.

Queen Morgana le Fay gives a horse to King Arthur

Now the day before this hunt took place Queen Morgana le Fay came to King Arthur and said, "Brother, I have here for thee a very beautiful and noble horse which I intend to give thee as a gift of love." Therewith she called aloud and there came two grooms bringing a horse as black as jet and all beset with trappings and harness of silver. And the horse was of such extraordinary beauty that neither King Arthur nor anybody who was with him had ever before seen its like for beauty. So a wonderful delight possessed the King at sight of the horse and he said, "Sister, this is the noblest gift I have had given to me for this long time." "Ha! brother," quoth Queen Morgana, "doth that horse then belike thee?" "Yea," said King Arthur, "it belikes me more than any horse that I ever beheld before." "Then," quoth Queen Morgana, "consider it as a gift of reconciliation betwixt thee and me. And in sign of that reconciliation I beg of thee that thou wilt ride that horse forth upon the hunt to-morrow day." And King Arthur said, "I will do so."

So the next day he rode forth to the hunt upon that horse as he said that he would do.



Now it happened some time after noon that the hounds started a hart of extraordinary size, and the King and all of his Court followed the chase with great eagerness. But the horse of King Arthur soon outstripped all the other horses saving only that of a certain very honorable and worthy knight of the Court hight Sir Accalon of Gaul. So Sir Accalon and the King rode at a great pace through the forest, and they were so eager with the chase that they wist not whither they were riding. And at last they overtook the hart and found that it was embushed in a certain very thick and tangled part of the forest, and there King Arthur slew the stag, and so the chase was ended.

King Arthur and Sir Accalon of Goul are lost in the forest

Now after this had come to pass, the King and Sir Accalon would have retraced their way whither they had come, but in a little they perceived that they were lost in the mazes of the woodland and wist not where they were. For they had followed the chase so far that they were in an altogether strange country. So they wandered hither and thither at great length until eventide, at which time they were oppressed with hunger and weariness. Then King Arthur said to Sir Accalon, "Messire, meseems we shall have nowhere to rest ourselves to-night unless it be beneath a tree in this forest."

To this Sir Accalon made reply, "Lord, if thou wilt follow my counsel thou wilt let our horses seek their own way through this wilderness, so, haply, because of the instinct of such creatures, they shall bring us unto some place of habitation."

Now this advice appeared to be very good to King Arthur, wherefore he did as Sir Accalon advised and let loose his bridle-rein and allowed his horse to travel as it listed. So King Arthur's horse went along a certain path, and Sir Accalon followed after the King. And they went a great pass in this wise, and the night was descending upon them in the forest.

But, before it was entirely dark, they emerged out of that forest and into an open place where they beheld before

them a very wide estuary, as it were an inlet of the sea. And before them was a beach of sand, very smooth, and white, and they two went down to that beach and stood upon the shore, and they wist not what to do, for there was no habitation in sight in any direction.

King Arthur and Sir Accalon see a wonderful ship

Now, whiles they stood there a-doubt, they suddenly perceived a ship at a very great distance away. And this ship approached where they were, sailing very rapidly. As the ship drew nigh to that place they perceived that it was of a very strange and wonderful appearance, for it was painted in many divers colors, very gaudy and brilliant, and the sails were all of cloth of silk, woven in divers colors and embroidered with figures like to the figures of a tapestry; and King Arthur was very greatly amazed at the appearance of that ship.

Now, as they stood so watching the ship, they perceived that it drew nigher and nigher to that place where they were, and in a little it beached itself upon the shore of sand not very far away from them.

Then King Arthur said to Sir Accalon, "Sir, let us go forward to the shore where we may look into this ship, for never did I see its like before in all of my life, wherefore I have a thought that maybe it is fay."

So they two went to where the ship was and they stood upon the shore and looked down into it, and at first they thought that there was no one upon board of the ship, for it appeared to be altogether deserted. But as they stood there marvelling at the wonderfulness of that ship and at the manner in which it had come thither, they beheld, of a sudden, that certain curtains that hung before an apartment at the farther extremity of the ship were parted asunder and there came forth from that place twelve very beautiful damsels. Each of these was clad in a rich garment of scarlet satin very bright and shining, and each wore around her head a circlet of gold, and each had many bracelets of gold upon her arms. These damsels came forward unto where the two knights were and they said, "Welcome, King Arthur!" And they said, "Welcome, Sir Accalon!"

At this King Arthur was very much astonished that they should know him, and he said, "Fair ladies, how is this? Ye appear to know me very well, but I know ye not. Who are ye that know me and my companion and call us by name?"

Unto this the chiefest of those damsels made reply, "Sir, we are part fay and we know all about you; and we know how that ye have been following a very long chase; and we know that ye are awearied, anhungered, and athirst. Wherefore we beseech ye that ye come aboard of this ship and rest and refresh yourselves with food and drink."

Now, this appeared to King Arthur to be a very bel-adventure, wherefore he said to Sir Accalon, "Messire, I have a great mind for to go aboard this ship and to follow

out this adventure." And Sir Accalon said, "Lord, if thou goest, I will go also."

So those ladies let fall a gangplank from the ship and King Arthur and Sir Accalon drave their horses up the gangplank and aboard the ship, and immediately they did so, the ship withdrew itself from the sands and sailed away as it had come-very swiftly-and it was now the early night-time with the moon very round and full in the sky like to a disk of pure shining silver.

King Arthur and Sir Accalon enter the ship of damoiselles

Then those twelve damoiselles aided King Arthur and Sir Accalon to dismount; and some took their horses away and others led them into a fair chamber at the end of the ship. And in this chamber King Arthur beheld that a table had been placed as though for their entertainment, spread with a linen cloth and set with divers savory meats, and with manchets of white bread and with several different sorts of excellent wines. And at the sight King Arthur and Sir Accalon were very much rejoiced, for they were very greatly anhungered.

So they immediately sat themselves down at that table and they ate and drank with great heartiness, and whiles they did so some of those damsels served them with food, and others held them in pleasant discourse, and others made music upon lutes and citterns for their entertainment. So they feasted and made very merry.

But, after a while, a very great drowsiness of sleep began to descend upon King Arthur; albeit, he deemed that that drowsiness had come upon him because of the weariness of the chase. So presently he said, "Fair damsels, ye have refreshed us a very great deal and this hath been a very pleasant adventure. But I would now that ye had a place for us to sleep."

Unto this the chiefest of the damsels replied, "Lord, this boat hath been prepared for your refreshment, wherefore all things have been made ready for you with entire fulness."

Therewith some of those twelve damsels conducted King Arthur into a sleeping-chamber that had been prepared for him, and others led Sir Accalon into another chamber prepared for him. And King Arthur marvelled at the beauty of his chamber, for he thought that he had never beheld a more excellently bedight bed-chamber than that one into which he had now entered. So King Arthur laid himself down with much comfort to his body, and straightway he fell into a deep and gentle sleep, without dream or disturbance of any sort.

King Arthur finds himself in a dreadful prison

Now when King Arthur awoke from that sleep, he was astonished beyond all measure so that he wist not whether he was still asleep and dreaming, or whether he was

awake. For, lo! he lay upon a pallet in a very dark and dismal chamber all of stone. And he perceived that this chamber was a dungeon, and all about him he heard the sound of many voices in woful complaint. Then King Arthur said to himself, "Where is that ship in which I was last night, and what hath become of those ladies with whom I spake?"

Upon this he looked about him and, behold! he saw that he was indeed in a dungeon and that there were many knights in very sad estate all about him. Wherefore he perceived that they also were captives and that it was they who had made that sound of woful lamentation which he had heard when awaking.

Then King Arthur aroused himself from where he lay and he saw that all those knights who were prisoners there were strangers unto him, and he knew not them and they knew not him. And of these knights there were two and twenty who were prisoners in that place.

Then King Arthur said, "Messires, who are you and where am I at these present?" To the which the chiefest of those knights who were prisoners made reply, "Sir, we are, like yourself, prisoners in a dungeon of this castle, and the castle belongs to a certain knight, hight Sir Domas, surnamed le Noir."

Then King Arthur made great marvel at what had befallen him, wherefore he said, "Messires, here is a very singular thing hath happened to me, for last night I was asleep in a very wonderful ship that I believe was fay, and with me was a knight-companion, and, lo! this morning I awake alone in this dungeon, and know not how I came hither."

"Sir," said the knight who spake for the others, "thou wert last night brought hither by two men clad in black, and thou wert laid down upon yonder pallet without awaking, wherefore it is very plain to me that thou art in the same case that we are in, and that thou art a prisoner unto this Sir Domas le Noir."

Then King Arthur said, "Tell me, who is this Sir Domas, for I declare that I never before heard of him." "I will tell you," said the captive knight, and therewith he did so as follows:

"I believe," said he, "that this Sir Domas is the falsest knight that liveth, for he is full of treason and leasing, and is altogether a coward in his heart. Yet he is a man of very great estate and very powerful in these parts.

The Knight-prisoner tells King Arthur concerning Sir Domas

"Now there are two brothers, and Sir Domas is one and the other is hight Sir Ontzlake, and Sir Domas is the elder and Sir Ontzlake is the younger. When the father of these two knights died, he left the one an equal patrimony with the other. But now it hath come about that Sir Domas hath nearly all of those estates and that Sir Ontzlake hath only one castle, which same he now holdeth by the force of arms

and because of his own courage. For, though Sir Domas is altogether a coward in his heart, yet he hath cunning and guile beyond any man of whom I ever heard tell; wherefore it hath so come about that of his father's patrimony Sir Domas hath everything and Sir Ontzlake hath nothing saving only that one castle and the estate thereunto appertaining.

"Now it would appear to be very strange that Sir Domas is not satisfied with all this, yet he is not satisfied, but he covets that one castle and that small estate that is his brother's, so that he can hardly have any pleasure in life because of his covetousness. Yet he knoweth not how to obtain that estate from his brother, for Sir Ontzlake is a very excellent knight, and the only way that Sir Domas can lay hands upon that estate is by having to do with his brother as man to man in a contest at arms, and this he is afraid to attempt.

"So, for a long time, Sir Domas hath been in search of a knight who may take up his case for him, and do battle against Sir Ontzlake in his behalf. Wherefore all the knights whom he can arrest he bringeth to this castle and giveth them their choice, either to take up his case against his brother, or else to remain in this place as his prisoner without ransom. So he hath arrested all of us, and hath made demand of each that he should do battle in his behalf. But not one of us will take up the case of such an evil-conditioned knight as Sir Domas, so we all remain his prisoners."

"Well," quoth King Arthur, "this is a very wonderful case. But me-thinks that if Sir Domas maketh his appeal to me, I will take up his case. For I would rather do that than remain a prisoner here for all my life. But if I should take upon me this battle and be successful therein, then I will afterward have to do with Sir Domas himself in such a manner as I do not believe would be very much to his liking."

King Arthur consents to do battle for Sir Domas

Now a little while after this the door of that prison-house was opened by the porter, and there entered a very fair young damsel. And this damsel came to King Arthur and she said to him, "What cheer?" "I cannot tell," quoth King Arthur, "but meseems I am in a very sorry pass in this place." "Sir," said the damsel, "I am grieved to see so noble-appearing a knight in so dolorous a case. But if you will undertake to defend the cause of the lord of this castle with your person against his enemy, then you shall have leave to go whithersoever you please." To this King Arthur made reply, "Lady, this is a very hard case, that either I must fight a battle I care not for, or else remain a prisoner here without ransom for all of my days. But I would liever fight than live here all my life, and so I will undertake that adventure as thou wouldst have me do. But if I do battle for the lord of this castle, and if I should have Grace of Heaven to win that battle, then it must be that all these, my companions in imprisonment, shall also go forth with me

into freedom."

To this the damsel said, "Very well, be it so, for that shall content the master of this castle."

Then King Arthur looked more closely at the maiden, and he said, "Damsel, meseems I should know thy face, for I think I have seen thee somewhere before this." "Nay, sir," said she, "that can hardly be, for I am the daughter of the lord of this castle."

But in this she was false, for she was one of the damsels of Morgana le Fay; and she was one of those who had beguiled King Arthur into the ship the night before; and it was she who had brought him to that castle and had delivered him into the hands of Sir Domas. And all these things she had done upon command of Queen Morgana le Fay.

Then King Arthur said, "But if I do this battle, thou must carry a message for me unto the Court of King Arthur, and that message must be delivered unto Queen Morgana le Fay into her own hands. Then, when that is done, I will do this battle for the cause of Sir Domas." And the damsel said, "It shall be done so."

Queen Morgana sends a false sword to King Arthur

So King Arthur wrote a sealed letter to Queen Morgana le Fay that she should send to him his sword Excalibur; and he sent that message to her. And when Queen Morgana received that letter she laughed and said, "Very well, he shall have a sword that shall please his eye as well as Excalibur." And therewith she sent him that other sword that she had had made exactly like Excalibur.

So Sir Domas sent word unto his brother Sir Ontzlake, that he had now a champion for to do battle in his behalf to recover all that portion of their patrimony which Sir Ontzlake still withheld from him.

Now when Sir Ontzlake received this message he was thrown into great trouble of spirit, for a little while before he had been very sorely wounded in a tournament in the which a spear had been thrust through both his thighs, so that he was then abed with that wound and without power to arise therefrom. Wherefore he wist not what to do in this case, for he could not do battle upon his own behalf, and he had no one to do battle for him.

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Excalibur

How King Arthur Found a Noble Sword In a Very Wonderful Manner. And How He Again Fought With It and Won That Battle

As soon as King Arthur had, by means of that extraordinary balsam, been thus healed of those grievous wounds which he had received in his battle with King Pellinore, he found himself to be moved



by a most vehement desire to meet his enemy again for to try issue of battle with him once more, and so recover the credit which he had lost in that combat. Now, upon the morning of the fourth day, being entirely cured, and having broken his fast, he walked for refreshment beside the skirts of the forest, listening the while to the cheerful sound of the wood-birds singing their matins, all with might and main. And Merlin walked beside him, and King Arthur spake his mind to Merlin concerning his intent to engage once more in knightly contest with King Pellinore. And he said, "Merlin, it doth vex me very sorely for to have come off so ill in my late encounter with king Pellinore. Certes, he is the very best knight in all the world whom I have ever yet encountered. Ne'theless, it might have fared differently with me had I not broken my sword, and so left myself altogether defenceless in that respect. Howsoever that may be, I am of a mind for to assay this adventure once more, and so will I do as immediately as may be."

Thereunto Merlin made reply, "Thou art, assuredly, a very brave man to have so much appetite for battle, seeing how nigh thou camest unto thy death not

even four days ago. Yet how mayst thou hope to undertake this adventure without due preparation? For, lo! thou hast no sword, nor hast thou a spear, nor hast thou even thy misericordia for to do battle withal. How then mayst thou hope for to assay this adventure?"

And King Arthur said, "That I know not, nevertheless I will presently seek for some weapon as soon as may be. For, even an I have no better weapon than an oaken cudgel, yet would I assay this battle again with so poor a tool as that."

Merlin tells King Arthur of Excalibur

"Ha! Lord," said Merlin, "I do perceive that thou art altogether fixed in thy purpose for to renew this quarrel. Wherefore, I will not seek to stay thee therefrom, but will do all that in me lies for to aid thee in thy desires. Now to this end I must tell thee that in one part of this forest (which is, indeed, a very strange place) there is a certain woodland sometimes called Arroy, and other times called the Forest of Adventure. For no knight ever entereth therein but some adventure befalleth him. And close to Arroy is a land of enchantment which has several times been seen. And that is a very wonderful land, for there is in it a wide and considerable lake, which is also of enchantment. And in the centre of that lake there hath for some time been seen the appearance as of a woman's arm--exceedingly beautiful and clad in white samite, and the hand of this arm holdeth a sword of such exceeding excellence and beauty that no eye hath ever beheld its like. And the name of this sword is Excalibur--it being so named by those who have beheld it because of its marvellous brightness and beauty. For it hath come to pass that several knights have already seen that sword and have endeavored to obtain it for their own, but, heretofore, no one hath been able to touch it, and many have lost their lives in that adventure. For when any man draweth near unto it, either he sinks into the lake, or else the arm disappeareth entirely, or else it is withdrawn beneath the lake; wherefore no man hath ever been able to obtain the possession of that sword. Now I am able to conduct thee unto that Lake of Enchantment, and there thou mayst see Excalibur with thine own eyes. Then when thou hast seen him thou mayst, haply, have the desire to obtain him; which, an thou art able to do, thou wilt have a sword very fitted for to do battle with."

"Merlin," quoth the King, "this is a very strange thing which thou tellest me. Now I am desirous beyond measure for to attempt to obtain this sword for mine own, wherefore I do beseech thee to lead me with all

despatch to this enchanted lake whereof thou tellest me." And Merlin said, "I will do so."

So that morning King Arthur and Merlin took leave of that holy hermit (the King having kneeled in the grass to receive his benediction), and so, departing from that place, they entered the deeper forest once more, betaking their way to that part which was known as Arroy.

Merlin and King Arthur follow a white doe

And after awhile they came to Arroy, and it was about noon-tide. And when they had entered into those woodlands they came to a certain little open place, and in that place they beheld a white doe with a golden collar about its neck. And King Arthur said, "Look, Merlin, yonder is a wonderful sight." And Merlin said, "Let us follow that doe." And upon this the doe turned and they followed it. And by and by in following it they came to an opening in the trees where was a little lawn of sweet soft grass. Here they beheld a bower and before the bower was a table spread with a fair snow-white cloth, and set with refreshments of white bread, wine, and meats of several sorts. And at the door of this bower there stood a page, clad all in green, and his hair was as black as ebony, and his eyes as black as jet and exceeding bright. And when this page beheld King Arthur and Merlin, he gave them greeting, and welcomed the King very pleasantly saying, "Ha! King Arthur, thou art welcome to this place. Now I prithee dismount and refresh thyself before going farther."

Then was King Arthur a-doubt as to whether there might not be some enchantment in this for to work him an ill, for he was astonished that that page in the deep forest should know him so well. But Merlin bade him have good cheer, and he said, "Indeed, Lord, thou mayst freely partake of that refreshment which, I may tell thee, was prepared especially for thee. Moreover in this thou mayst foretell a very happy issue unto this adventure."

King Arthur is refreshed in a mysterious manner

So King Arthur sat down to the table with great comfort of heart (for he was an hungered) and that page and another like unto him ministered unto his needs, serving him all the food upon silver plates, and all the wine in golden goblets as he was used to being served in his own court--only that those things were much more cunningly wrought and fashioned, and were more beautiful than the table furniture of the King's court.

Then, after he had eaten his fill and had washed his

hands from a silver basin which the first page offered to him, and had wiped his hands upon a fine linen napkin which the other page brought unto him, and after Merlin had also refreshed himself, they went their way, greatly rejoicing at this pleasant adventure, which, it seemed to the King, could not but betoken a very good issue to his undertaking.

Now about the middle of the afternoon King Arthur and Merlin came, of a sudden, out from the forest and upon a fair and level plain, bedight all over with such a number of flowers that no man could conceive of their quantity nor of the beauty thereof.

King Arthur goes to a strange land

And this was a very wonderful land, for, lo! all the air appeared as it were to be as of gold--so bright was it and so singularly radiant. And here and there upon that plain were sundry trees all in blossom; and the fragrance of the blossoms was so sweet that the King had never smelt any fragrance like to it. And in the branches of those trees were a multitude of birds of many colors, and the melody of their singing ravished the heart of the hearer. And midway in the plain was a lake of water as bright as silver, and all around the borders of the lake were incredible numbers of lilies and of daffodils. Yet, although this place was so exceedingly fair, there was, nevertheless, nowhere about it a single sign of human life of any sort, but it appeared altogether as lonely as the hollow sky upon a day of summer. So, because of all the marvellous beauty of this place, and because of its strangeness and its entire solitude, King Arthur perceived that he must have come into a land of powerful enchantment where, happily, dwelt a fairy of very exalted quality; wherefore his spirit was enwrapped in a manner of fear, as he pushed his great milk-white war-horse through that long fair grass, all bedight with flowers, and he wist not what strange things were about to befall him.

So when he had come unto the margin of the lake he beheld there the miracle that Merlin had told him of aforetime. For, lo! in the midst of the expanse of water there was the appearance of a fair and beautiful arm, as of a woman, clad all in white samite. And the arm was encircled with several bracelets of wrought gold; and the hand held a sword of marvellous workmanship aloft in the air above the surface of the water; and neither the arm nor the sword moved so much as a hair's-breadth, but were motionless like to a carven image upon the surface of the lake. And, behold! the sun of that strange land shone down upon the hilt of the sword, and it was of pure gold beset with jewels of several

sorts, so that the hilt of the sword and the bracelets that encircled the arm glistened in the midst of the lake like to some singular star of exceeding splendor. And King Arthur sat upon his war-horse and gazed from a distance at the arm and the sword, and he greatly marvelled thereat; yet he wist not how he might come at that sword, for the lake was wonderfully wide and deep, wherefore he knew not how he might come thereunto for to make it his own. And as he sat pondering this thing within himself, he was suddenly aware of a strange lady, who approached him through those tall flowers that bloomed along the margin of the lake. And when he perceived her coming toward him he quickly dismounted from his war-horse and he went forward for to meet her with the bridle-rein over his arm. And when he had come nigh to her, he perceived that she was extraordinarily beautiful, and that her face was like wax for clearness, and that her eyes were perfectly black, and that they were as bright and glistening as though they were two jewels set in ivory. And he perceived that her hair was like silk and as black as it was possible to be, and so long that it reached unto the ground as she walked. And the lady was clad all in green--only that a fine cord of crimson and gold was interwoven into the plaits of her hair. And around her neck there hung a very beautiful necklace of several strands of opal stones and emeralds, set in cunningly wrought gold; and around her wrists were bracelets of the like sort--of opal stones and emeralds set into gold. So when King Arthur beheld her wonderful appearance, that it was like to an ivory statue of exceeding beauty clad all in green, he immediately kneeled before her in the midst of all those flowers as he said, "Lady, I do certainly perceive that thou art no mortal damoiselle, but that thou art Fay. Also that this place, because of its extraordinary beauty, can be no other than some land of Faerie into which I have entered."

King Arthur meets the Lady of the Lake

And the Lady replied, "King Arthur, thou sayest soothly, for I am indeed Faerie. Moreover, I may tell thee that my name is Nymue, and that I am the chiefest of those Ladies of the Lake of whom thou mayst have heard people speak. Also thou art to know that what thou beholdest yonder as a wide lake is, in truth, a plain like unto this, all bedight with flowers. And likewise thou art to know that in the midst of that plain there standeth a castle of white marble and of ultramarine illuminated with gold. But, lest mortal eyes should behold our dwelling-place, my sisters and I have caused it to be that this appearance as of a lake should extend all over that castle so that it is entirely hidden from sight. Nor may

any mortal man cross that lake, saving in one way--otherwise he shall certainly perish therein."

"Lady," said King Arthur, "that which thou tellest me causes me to wonder a very great deal. And, indeed, I am afraid that in coming hitherward I have been doing amiss for to intrude upon the solitude of your dwelling-place."

"Nay, not so, King Arthur," said the Lady of the Lake, "for, in truth, thou art very welcome hereunto. Moreover, I may tell thee that I have a greater friendliness for thee and those noble knights of thy court than thou canst easily wot of. But I do beseech thee of thy courtesy for to tell me what it is that brings thee to our land?"

"Lady," quoth the King, "I will tell thee the entire truth. I fought of late a battle with a certain sable knight, in the which I was sorely and grievously wounded, and wherein I burst my spear and snapped my sword and lost even my misericordia, so that I had not a single thing left me by way of a weapon. In this extremity Merlin, here, told me of Excalibur, and of how he is continually upheld by an arm in the midst of this magical lake. So I came hither and, behold, I find it even as he hath said. Now, Lady, an it be possible, I would fain achieve that excellent sword, that, by means of it I might fight my battle to its entire end."

"Ha! my lord King," said the Lady of the Lake, "that sword is no easy thing for to achieve, and, moreover, I may tell thee that several knights have lost their lives by attempting that which thou hast a mind to do. For, in sooth, no man may win yonder sword unless he be without fear and without reproach."

"Alas, Lady!" quoth King Arthur, "that is indeed a sad saying for me. For, though I may not lack in knightly courage, yet, in truth, there be many things wherewith I do reproach myself withal. Ne'theless, I would fain attempt this thing, even an it be to my great endangerment. Wherefore, I prithee tell me how I may best undertake this adventure."

The Lady of the Lake summons a boat

"King Arthur," said the Lady of the Lake, "I will do what I say to aid thee in thy wishes in this matter." Whereupon she lifted a single emerald that hung by a small chain of gold at her girdle and, lo! the emerald was cunningly carved into the form of a whistle. And she set the whistle to her lips and blew upon it very shrilly. Then straightway there appeared upon the water, a great way off, a certain thing that shone very brightly. And this drew near with great

speed, and as it came nigh, behold! it was a boat all of carven brass. And the prow of the boat was carved into the form of a head of a beautiful woman, and upon either side were wings like the wings of a swan. And the boat moved upon the water like a swan--very swiftly--so that long lines, like to silver threads, stretched far away behind, across the face of the water, which otherwise was like unto glass for smoothness. And when the brazen boat had reached the bank it rested there and moved no more.

Then the Lady of the Lake bade King Arthur to enter the boat, and so he entered it. And immediately he had done so, the boat moved away from the bank as swiftly as it had come thither. And Merlin and the Lady of the Lake stood upon the margin of the water, and gazed after King Arthur and the brazen boat.

And King Arthur beheld that the boat floated swiftly across the lake to where was the arm uplifting the sword, and that the arm and the sword moved not but remained where they were.

Then King Arthur reached forth and took the sword in his hand, and immediately the arm disappeared beneath the water, and King Arthur held the sword and the scabbard thereof and the belt thereof in his hand and, lo! they were his own.

King Arthur obtains Excalibur

Then verily his heart swelled with joy an it would burst within his bosom, for Excalibur was an hundred times more beautiful than he had thought possible. Wherefore his heart was nigh breaking for pure joy at having obtained that magic sword.

Then the brazen boat bore him very quickly back to the land again and he stepped ashore where stood the Lady of the Lake and Merlin. And when he stood upon the shore, he gave the Lady great thanks beyond measure for all that she had done for to aid him in his great undertaking; and she gave him cheerful and pleasing words in reply.

Then King Arthur saluted the lady, as became him, and, having mounted his war-horse, and Merlin having mounted his palfrey, they rode away thence upon their business--the King's heart still greatly expanded with pure delight at having for his own that beautiful sword--the most beautiful and the most famous sword in all the world.

That night King Arthur and Merlin abided with the holy hermit at the forest sanctuary, and when the next morning had come (the King having bathed himself in the ice-cold forest fountain, and being

exceedingly refreshed thereby) they took their departure, offering thanks to that saintly man for the harborage he had given them.

Anon, about noon-tide, they reached the valley of the Sable Knight, and there were all things appointed exactly as when King Arthur had been there before: to wit, that gloomy castle, the lawn of smooth grass, the apple-tree covered over with shields, and the bridge whereon hung that single shield of sable.

"Now, Merlin," quoth King Arthur, "I do this time most strictly forbid thee for to interfere in this quarrel. Nor shalt thou, under pain of my displeasure, exert any of thy arts of magic in my behalf. So hearken thou to what I say, and heed it with all possible diligence."

King Arthur challenges King Pellinore to battle again

Thereupon, straightway, the King rode forth upon the bridge and, seizing the brazen mall, he smote upon the sable shield with all his might and main. Immediately the portcullis of the castle was let fall as afore told, and, in the same manner as that other time, the Sable Knight rode forth therefrom, already bedight and equipped for the encounter. So he came to the bridge-head and there King Arthur spake to him in this wise: "Sir Pellinore, we do now know one another entirely well, and each doth judge that he hath cause of quarrel with the other: thou, that I, for mine own reasons as seemed to me to be fit, have taken away from thee thy kingly estate, and have driven thee into this forest solitude: I, that thou has set thyself up here for to do injury and affront to knights and lords and other people of this kingdom of mine. Wherefore, seeing that I am here as an errant Knight, I do challenge thee for to fight with me, man to man, until either thou or I have conquered the other."

Unto this speech King Pellinore bowed his head in obedience, and thereupon he wheeled his horse, and, riding to some little distance, took his place where he had afore stood. And King Arthur also rode to some little distance, and took his station where he had afore stood. At the same time there came forth from the castle one of those tall pages clad all in sable, pied with crimson, and gave to King Arthur a good, stout spear of ash-wood, well seasoned and untried in battle; and when the two Knights were duly prepared, they shouted and drave their horses together, the one smiting the other so fairly in the midst of his defences that the spears shivered in the hand of each, bursting all into small splinters as they had aforesaid done.

Then each of these two knights immediately voided his horse with great skill and address, and drew each his sword. And thereupon they fell to at a combat, so furious and so violent, that two wild bulls upon the mountains could not have engaged in a more desperate encounter.

King Arthur overcomes King Pellinore

But now, having Excalibur for to aid him in his battle, King Arthur soon overcame his enemy. For he gave him several wounds and yet received none himself, nor did he shed a single drop of blood in all that fight, though his enemy's armor was in a little while all stained with crimson. And at last King Arthur delivered so vehement a stroke that King Pellinore was entirely benumbed thereby, wherefore his sword and his shield fell down from their defence, his thighs trembled beneath him and he sank unto his knees upon the ground, Then he called upon King Arthur to have mercy, saying, "Spare my life and I will yield myself unto thee."

And King Arthur said, "I will spare thee and I will do more than that. For now that thou hast yielded thyself unto me, lo! I will restore unto thee thy power and estate. For I bear no ill-will toward thee, Pellinore, ne'theless, I can brook no rebels against my power in this realm. For, as God judges me, I do declare that I hold singly in my sight the good of the people of my kingdom. Wherefore, he who is against me is also against them, and he who is against them is also against me. But now that thou hast acknowledged me I will take thee into my favor. Only as a pledge of thy good faith toward me in the future, I shall require it of thee that thou shalt send me as hostage of thy good-will, thy two eldest sons, to wit: Sir Aglaval and Sir Lamorack. Thy young son, Dornar, thou mayest keep with thee for thy comfort."

So those two young knights above mentioned came to the Court of King Arthur, and they became very famous knights, and by and by were made fellows in great honor of the Round Table.

And King Arthur and King Pellinore went together into the castle of King Pellinore, and there King Pellinore's wounds were dressed and he was made comfortable. That night King Arthur abode in the castle of King Pellinore, and when the next morning had come, he and Merlin returned unto the Court of the King, where it awaited him in the forest at that place where he had established it.

How King Arthur rode through the forest with great joy and delight

Now King Arthur took very great pleasure unto himself as he and Merlin rode together in return through that forest; for it was the leafiest time of all the year, what time the woodlands decked themselves in their best apparel of clear, bright green. Each bosky dell and dingle was full of the perfume of the thickets, and in every tangled depth the small bird sang with all his might and main, and as though he would burst his little throat with the melody of his singing. And the ground beneath the horses' feet was so soft with fragrant moss that the ear could not hear any sound of hoof-beats upon the earth. And the bright yellow sunlight came down through the leaves so that all the ground was scattered over with a great multitude of trembling circles as of pure yellow gold. And, anon, that sunlight would fall down upon the armed knight as he rode, so that every little while his armor appeared to catch fire with a great glory, shining like a sudden bright star amid the dark shadows of the woodland.

So it was that King Arthur took great joy in that forest land, for he was without ache or pain of any sort and his heart was very greatly elated with the wonderfulness of the success of that adventure into which he had entered. For in that adventure he had not only won a very bitter enemy into a friend who should be of great usefulness and satisfaction to him, but likewise, he had obtained for himself a sword, the like of which the world had never before beheld. And whenever he would think of that singularly splendid sword which now hung by his side, and whenever he remembered that land of Faery into which he had wandered, and of that which had be-fallen him therein, his heart would become so greatly elated with pure joyousness that he hardly knew how to contain himself because of the great delight that filled his entire bosom.

And, indeed, I know of no greater good that I could wish for you in all of your life than to have you enjoy such happiness as cometh to one when he hath done his best endeavor and hath succeeded with great entirety in his undertaking. For then all the world appears to be filled as with a bright shining light, and the body seemeth to become so elated that the feet are uplifted from heaviness and touch the earth very lightly because of the lightness of the spirit within. Wherefore, it is, that if I could have it in my power to give you the very best that the world hath to give, I would wish that you might win your battle as King Arthur won his battle at that time, and that you might ride homeward in such triumph and joyousness as filled him that day, and that the sunlight might shine around you as it shone around him, and that the breezes might blow and that all the

little birds might sing with might and main as they sang for him, and that your heart also might sing its song of rejoicing in the pleasantness of the world in which you live.

Merlin tells King Arthur of the virtues of Excalibur his sheath

Now as they rode thus through the forest together, Merlin said to the King: "Lord, which wouldst thou rather have, Excalibur, or the sheath that holds him?" To which King Arthur replied, "Ten thousand times would I rather have Excalibur than his sheath." "In that thou art wrong, my Lord," said Merlin, "for let me tell thee, that though Excalibur is of so great a temper that he may cut in twain either a feather or a bar of iron, yet is his sheath of such a sort that he who wears it can suffer no wound in battle, neither may he lose a single drop of blood. In witness whereof, thou mayst remember that, in thy late battle with King Pellinore, thou didst suffer no wound, neither didst thou lose any blood."

Then King Arthur directed a countenance of great displeasure upon his companion and he said, "Now, Merlin, I do declare that thou hast taken from me the entire glory of that battle which I have lately fought. For what credit may there be to any knight who fights his enemy by means of enchantment such as thou tellest me of? And, indeed, I am minded to take this glorious sword back to that magic lake and to cast it therein where it belongeth; for I believe that a knight should fight by means of his own strength, and not by means of magic."

"My Lord," said Merlin, "assuredly thou art entirely right in what thou holdest. But thou must bear in mind that thou art not as an ordinary errant knight, but that thou art a King, and that thy life belongeth not unto thee, but unto thy people. Accordingly thou hast no right to imperil it, but shouldst do all that lieth in thy power for to preserve it. Wherefore thou shouldst keep that sword so that it may safeguard thy life."

Then King Arthur meditated that saying for a long while in silence; and when he spake it was in this wise: "Merlin, thou art right in what thou sayest, and, for the sake of my people, I will keep both Excalibur for to fight for them, and likewise his sheath for to preserve my life for their sake. Ne'theless, I will never use him again saving in serious battle." And King Arthur held to that saying, so that thereafter he did no battle in sport excepting with lance and a-horseback.

King Arthur kept Excalibur as the chiefest treasure of

all his possessions. For he said to himself, "Such a sword as this is fit for a king above other kings and a lord above other lords. Now, as God hath seen fit for to intrust that sword into my keeping in so marvellous a manner as fell about, so must He mean that I am to be His servant for to do unusual things. Wherefore I will treasure this noble weapon not more for its excellent worth than because it shall be unto me as a sign of those great things that God, in His mercy, hath evidently ordained for me to perform for to do Him service."

So King Arthur had made for Excalibur a strong chest or coffer, bound around with many bands of wrought iron, studded all over with great nails of iron, and locked with three great padlocks. In this strong-box he kept Excalibur lying upon a cushion of crimson silk and wrapped in swathings of fine linen, and very few people ever beheld the sword in its glory excepting when it shone like a sudden flame in the uproar of battle.

For when the time came for King Arthur to defend his realm or his subjects from their enemies, then he would take out the sword, and fasten it upon the side of his body; and when he did so he was like unto a hero of God girt with a blade of shining lightning. Yea; at such times Excalibur shone with so terrible a brightness that the very sight thereof would shake the spirits of every wrong-doer with such great fear that he would, in a manner, suffer the pangs of death ere ever the edge of the blade had touched his flesh.

So King Arthur treasured Excalibur and the sword remained with him for all of his life, wherefore the name of Arthur and of Excalibur are one. So, I believe that that sword is the most famous of any that ever was seen or heard tell of in all the Courts of Chivalry.

As for the sheath of the blade, King Arthur lost that through the treachery of one who should, by rights, have been his dearest friend (as you shall hear of anon), and in the end the loss of that miraculous sheath brought it about that he suffered a very great deal of pain and sorrow.

All that also you shall read of, God willing, in due season.

So endeth the story of the winning of Excalibur, and may God give unto you in your life, that you may have His truth to aid you, like a shining sword, for to overcome your enemies; and may He give you Faith (for Faith containeth Truth as a scabbard containeth its sword), and may that Faith heal all your wounds

of sorrow as the sheath of Excalibur healed all the wounds of him who wore that excellent weapon. For with Truth and Faith girded upon you, you shall be as well able to fight all your battles as did that noble hero of old, whom men called King Arthur.

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A Biography of Socrates

The biography of SOCRATES, son of the statuary Sophroniscus and of the midwife Phaenarete, starts when he was born at Athens, not earlier than 471 B.C. nor later than May or June 469 B.C. As a youth he received the customary instruction in gymnastics and music; and in after years he made himself acquainted with geometry and astronomy and studied the methods and the doctrines of the leaders of Greek thought and culture. He began life as a sculptor; and in the 2nd century A.D. a group of the Graces, supposed to be his work, was still to be seen on the road to the Acropolis. But he soon abandoned art and gave himself to what may best be called education, conceiving that he had a divine commission, witnessed by oracles, dreams and signs, not indeed to teach any positive doctrine, but to convict men of ignorance mistaking itself for knowledge, and by so doing to promote their intellectual and moral improvement.

He was on terms of intimacy with some of the most distinguished of his Athenian contemporaries, and, at any rate in later life, was personally known to very many of his fellow citizens. His domestic relations were, it is said unhappy. The shrewishness of his wife Xanthippe became proverbial with the ancients, as it still is with ourselves. Aristotle, in his remarks upon genius and its degeneracy speaks of Socrates' sons as dull and fatuous; and in Xenophon's Memorabilia, one of them, Lamprocles, receives a formal rebuke for undutiful behavior towards his mother.

Socrates served as a hoplite at Potidaea (432 - 429 B.C.), where on one occasion he saved the life of Alcibiades, at Delium (424), and at Amphipolis (422). In these campaigns his bravery and endurance were conspicuous. But while he thus performed the ordinary duties of a Greek citizen with credit, he neither attained nor sought political position. His "divine voice," he said, had warned him to refrain from politics, presumably because office would have entailed the sacrifice of his principles and the abandonment of his proper vocation. Yet in 406 he was a member of the senate; and on the first day of the trial of the victors of Arginusae, being president of the prytanis, he resisted: first, in conjunction with his colleagues, afterwards, when they yielded, alone, the illegal and unconstitutional proposal of Callixenus, that the fate of the eight generals should be decided by a single vote of the assembly.

Not less courageous than this opposition to the *civium ardor prava jubentium* was his disregard of the *vultus instantis tyranni* two years later. During the reign of terror of 404 the Thirty, anxious to implicate in their crimes men of repute who might otherwise have opposed their plans, ordered five citizens, one of whom was Socrates, to go to Salamis and bring thence their destined victim Leon. Socrates alone disobeyed. But though he was exceptionally obnoxious to the Thirty as appears not only in this incident, but also in their threat of punishment under a special ordinance forbidding "the teaching of the art of argument," it was reserved for the reconstituted democracy to bring him to trial and to put him to death.

In 399, four years after the restoration and the amnesty, he was indicted as an offender against public morality. His accusers were Meletus the poet, Anytus the tanner and Lycon the orator, all of them members of the democratic or patriot party who had returned from Phyle with Thrasybulus. The accusation ran thus: "Socrates is guilty, firstly, of denying the gods recognized by the state and introducing new divinities, and, secondly, of corrupting the young."

In his unpremeditated defense, so far from seeking to conciliate his judges, Socrates defied them. He was found guilty by 280 votes, it is supposed, against 220. Meletus having called for capital punishment, it now rested with the accused to make a counter-proposition; and there can be little doubt that had Socrates without further remark suggested some smaller but yet substantial penalty, the proposal would have been accepted. But to the amazement of the judges and the distress of his friends, Socrates proudly declared that for the services which he had rendered to the city he deserved, not punishment, but the reward of a public benefactor - maintenance in the Prytaneum at the cost of the state; and although at the close of his speech he professed himself willing to pay a fine of one mina, and upon the urgent entreaties of his friends raised the amount of his offer to thirty minas, he made no attempt to disguise his indifference to the result. His attitude exasperated the judges, and the penalty of death was decreed by an increased majority.

Then in a short address Socrates declared his contentment with his own conduct and with the sentence. Whether death was a dreamless sleep, or a new life in Hades, where he would have opportunities of testing the wisdom of the heroes and the sages of antiquity, in either case he esteemed it a gain to die. In the same spirit he refused to take advantage of a scheme arranged by his friend Crito for an escape from prison.

Under ordinary circumstances the condemned criminal drank the cup of hemlock on the day after the trial; but in the case of Socrates the rule that during the absence of the sacred ship sent annually to Delos no one should be put to death caused an exceptional delay. For thirty days he remained in imprisonment, receiving his intimates and conversing with them in his accustomed manner. How in his last conversation he argued that the wise man will regard approaching death with a cheerful confidence Plato relates in the Phaedo; and, while the central argument which rests the doctrine of the soul's immortality upon the theory of ideas must be accounted Platonic, in all other respects the narrative, though not that of an eye witness, has the air of accuracy and truth.



Jacques-Louis David, 'The Death of Socrates'

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Personal Characteristics of Socrates

What were the personal characteristics of Socrates? Outwardly his presence was mean and his countenance grotesque. Short of stature, thick necked and somewhat corpulent, with prominent eyes, with nose upturned and nostrils outspread, with large mouth and coarse lips, he seemed the

embodiment of sensuality and even stupidity. Inwardly he was as his friends knew, "so pious that he did nothing without taking counsel of the gods, so just that he never did an injury to any



man, whilst he was the benefactor of his associates, so temperate that he never preferred pleasure to right, so wise that in judging of good and evil he was never at fault - in a word, the best and the happiest of men." "His self-control was absolute; his powers of endurance were unailing; he had so schooled himself to moderation that his scanty means satisfied all his wants." "To want nothing," he said himself, "is divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the divine life"; and accordingly he practiced temperance and self-denial to a degree which some thought ostentatious and affected.

Yet the hearty enjoyment of social pleasures was another of his marked characteristics; for to abstain from innocent gratification from fear of falling into excess would have seemed to him to imply a pedantic formalism or a lack of self-control. In short, his strength of

will, if by its very perfection it led to his theoretical identification of virtue and knowledge, secured him in practice against the ascetic extravagances of his associate Antisthenes.

The intellectual gifts of Socrates were hardly less remarkable than his moral virtues. Naturally observant, acute, and thoughtful, he developed these qualities by constant and systematic use. The exercise of the mental powers was, he conceived, no mere occupation of leisure hours, but rather a sacred and ever-present duty; because, moral error being Intellectual error translated into act, he who would live virtuously must first rid himself of ignorance and folly. He had, it may be conjectured, but little turn for philosophical speculation; yet by the careful study of the ethical problems which met him in himself and in others he acquired a remarkable tact in dealing with questions of practical morality; and in the course of the lifelong war which he waged against vagueness of thought and laxity of speech he made himself a singularly apt and ready reasoner.

While he regarded the improvement, not only of himself but also of others, as a task divinely appointed to him, there was in his demeanor nothing exclusive or pharisaical. On the contrary, deeply conscious of his own limitations and infirmities, he felt and cherished a profound sympathy with erring humanity, and loved with a love passing the love of women fellow men who had not learnt, as he had done, to overcome human frailties and weaknesses. Nevertheless great wrongs roused in him a righteous indignation which sometimes found expression in fierce and angry rebuke. Indeed it would seem that Plato in his idealized portrait gives his hero credit not only for a deeper philosophical insight but also for a greater urbanity than facts warranted. Hence, whilst those who knew him best met his affection with a regard equal to his own, there were some who never forgave his stern reproofs, and many

who regarded him as an impertinent busybody.

He was a true patriot. Deeply sensible of his debt to the city in which he had been born and bred, he thought that in giving his life to the teaching of sounder views in regard to ethical and political subjects he made no more than an imperfect return; and, when in the exercise of constitutional authority that city brought him to trial and threatened him with death, it was not so much his local attachment, strong though that sentiment was, as rather his sense of duty, which forbade him to retire into exile before the trial began, to acquiesce in a sentence of banishment when the verdict had been given against, him, and to accept the opportunity of escape, which was offered him during his imprisonment. Yet his patriotism had none of the narrowness which was characteristic of the patriotism of his Greek contemporaries. His generous benevolence and unaffected philanthropy taught him to overstep the limits of the Athenian demus and the Hellenic race, and to regard himself as a "citizen of the world."

He was blest with an all-pervading humor, a subtle but kindly appreciation of the incongruities of human nature and conduct. In a less robust character this quality might have degenerated into sentimentality or cynicism; in Socrates, who had not a trace of either, it showed itself principally in what his contemporaries knew as his "accustomed irony." Profoundly sensible of the inconsistencies of his own thoughts and words and actions, and shrewdly suspecting that the like inconsistencies were to be found in other men, he was careful always to place himself upon the standpoint of ignorance and to invite others to join him there, in order that, proving all things, he and they might hold fast that which is good.

A spirit of whimsical paradox leads him, in Xenophon's Banquet, to argue that his own satyr-like visage was

superior in beauty to that of the handsomest man present. That this irony was to some extent calculated is more than probable; it disarmed ridicule by anticipating it; it allayed jealousy and propitiated envy; and it possibly procured him admission into circles from which a more solemn teacher would have been excluded. But it had for its basis a real greatness of soul, a hearty and unaffected disregard of public opinion, a perfect disinterestedness, an entire abnegation of self. He made himself a fool that others by his folly might be made wise; he humbled himself to the level of those among whom his work lay that he might raise some few among them to his own level; he was all things to all men, if by any means he might win some. It would seem that this humorous depreciation of his own great qualities, this pretence of being no better than his neighbors, led to grave misapprehension amongst his contemporaries. That it was the foundation of the slanders of the Peripatetic Aristoxenus can hardly be doubted.

Socrates was further a man of sincere and fervent piety. "No one," says Xenophon, "ever knew of his doing or saying anything profane or unholy." There was indeed in the popular mythology much which he could not accept. It was incredible, he argued, that the gods should have committed acts which would be disgraceful in the worst of men. Such stories, then, must be regarded as the inventions of lying poets. But, when he had thus purified the contemporary polytheism, he was able to reconcile it with his own steadfast belief in a Supreme Being, the intelligent and beneficent Creator of the universe, and to find in the national ritual the means of satisfying his religious aspirations.

For proof of the existence of "the divine," he appealed to the providential arrangement of nature, to the universality of the belief, and to the revelations and warnings which are given to men through signs and

oracles. Thinking that the soul of man partook of the divine, he maintained the doctrine of its immortality as an article of faith, but not of knowledge. While he held that, the gods alone knowing what is for man's benefit, man should pray, not for particular goods, but for that which is good, he was regular in prayer and punctual in sacrifice, He looked to oracles and signs for guidance in those matters, and in those matters only, which could not be resolved by experience and judgment, and he further supposed himself to receive special warnings of a mantic character through what he called his "divine sign."

Socrates' frequent references to his "divine sign" were, says Xenophon, the origin of the charge of "introducing new divinities" brought against him by his accusers, and in early Christian times, amongst Neoplatonic philosophers and fathers of the church, gave rise to the notion that he supposed himself to be attended by a "genius" or "daemon." The very precise testimony of Xenophon and Plato shows plainly that Socrates did not regard his "customary sign" either as a divinity or, as a genius. According to Xenophon, the sign was a warning, either to do or not to do, which it would be folly to neglect, not superseding ordinary prudence, but dealing with those uncertainties in respect of which other men found guidance in oracles and tokens; Socrates believed in it profoundly, and never disobeyed, it, According to Plato, the sign was a "voice" which warned Socrates to refrain from some act which he contemplated; he heard it frequently and on the most trifling occasions; the phenomenon dated from his early years, and was, so far as he knew, peculiar to himself. These statements have been variously interpreted.

Socrates Home page

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The Eccentricity of Socrates

The eccentricity of Socrates' life was not less remarkable than the oddity of his appearance and the irony of his conversation. His whole time was spent in public; in the Mode of Life market place, the streets, the gymnasia. He had no liking for the country, and seldom passed the gates. "Fields and trees," Plato makes him

say, "will not teach me anything; the life of the streets will." He talked to all corners, to the craftsman and the artist as willingly as to the poet or the politician, questioning them about their



affairs, about the processes of their several occupations, about their notions of morality, in a word, about familiar matters in which they might be expected to take an interest. The ostensible purpose of these interrogatories was to test, and thus either refute or explain, the famous oracle which had pronounced him the wisest of men. Conscious of his own ignorance he had at first imagined that the god was mistaken. When however, experience showed that those who esteemed themselves wise were unable to give an account of their knowledge, he had to admit that, as the oracle had said, he was wiser than others, in so far as whilst they being ignorant, supposed themselves to know, he, being ignorant, was aware of his ignorance.

Such according to *The Apology*, was Socrates' account of his procedure and its results. But it is easy to see that the statement is colored by the accustomed irony. When in the same speech Socrates tells his judges that he would never from fear of death or from any other motive disobey the command of the god, and that, if they put him to death, the loss would be, not his, but theirs, since they would not readily find any one to take his place, it becomes plain that he conceived himself to hold a commission to educate, and was consciously seeking the intellectual and moral improvement of his countrymen.

His end could not be achieved without the sacrifice of self. His meat and drink were of the poorest; summer and Winter his coat was the same; he was shoeless and shirtless. "A slave whose master made him live as you live," says a sophist in the *Memorabilia*, "would run away." But by the surrender of the luxuries and the comforts of life Socrates secured for himself the independence which was necessary that he might go about his appointed business, and therewith he was content.

His message was to all, but it was variously received. Those who heard him perforce and occasionally were apt to regard his teaching either with indifference or with irritation. Socrates, was well aware of the result to which their enforced answers tended. Amongst those who deliberately sought and sedulously cultivated his acquaintance there were some who attached themselves to him as they might have attached themselves to any ordinary sophist, conceiving that by temporary contact with so acute a reasoner they would best prepare themselves for the logomachies of the law courts, the assembly and the senate. Again, there were others who saw in Socrates at once master, counselor and friend, and hoped by associating with him "to become good men and true, capable of doing their duty by house and household, by

relations and friends, by city and fellow-citizens" (Xenophon). Finally, there was a little knot of intimates who, having something of Socrates' enthusiasm, entered more deeply than the rest into his principles, and, when he died, transmitted them to the next generation. Yet even those who belonged to this inner circle were united, not by any common doctrine, but by a common admiration for their master's intellect and character.

For the paradoxes of Socrates' personality and the eccentricity of his behavior, if they offended the many, fascinated the few.

"It is not 'easy for a man in my condition,'" says the intoxicated Alcibiades in Plato's *Symposium*, "to describe the singularity of Socrates' character. But I will try to tell his praises in similitudes. He is like the piping Silenes in the statuaries' shops, which, when you open them, are found to contain images of gods. Or, again, he is like the satyr Marsyas, not only in outward appearance, that, Socrates, you will yourself allow, but in other ways also. Like him, you are given to frolic..I can produce evidence to that; and above all, like him, you are a wonderful musician. Only there is this difference, what he does with the help of his instrument you do with mere words; for whatsoever man, woman or child hears you, or even a feeble report of what you have said, is struck with awe and possessed with admiration. As for myself, were I not afraid that you would think me more drunk than I am, I would tell you on oath how his words have moved me, ay, and how they move me still. When I listen to him my heart beats with a more than Corybantic excitement; he has only to speak and my tears flow. Orators, such as Pericles, never moved me in this way...never roused my soul to the thought of my servile condition; but this Marsyas makes me think that life is not worth living so long as I am what I am. Even now, if I were to listen, I could not resist. So there is nothing for me but to stop my ears against this siren's song

and fly for my life, that I may not grow old sitting at his feet. No one would think that I had any shame in me; but I am ashamed in the presence of Socrates.”

Socrates home

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The Accusations Against Socrates



The Death of Socrates

The life led by Socrates was not likely to win for him either the affection or the esteem of the vulgar. Those who did not know him personally, seeing him with the eyes of the comic poets, conceived him as a “visionary” and a “bore.” Those who had faced him in argument, even if they had not smarted under his rebukes, had at any rate winced under his interrogatory, and regarded him in consequence with feelings of dislike and fear. But the eccentricity of his genius and the ill will borne towards him by individuals are not of themselves sufficient to account for the tragedy of 399. It thus becomes necessary to study the circumstances of the trial, and to investigate the motives which led the accusers to seek his death and the people of Athens to acquiesce in it.

Socrates was accused (1) of denying the gods recognized by the state and introducing instead of them strange divinities and (2) of corrupting the young. The first of these charges rested upon the notorious fact that he supposed himself to be guided by a divine visitant or sign. The second, Xenophon tells us, was supported by a series of particular allegations: (a) that he taught his associates to despise the institutions of the state, and especially election by lot; (b) that he had numbered amongst his associates Critias and Alcibiades, the most dangerous of the representatives of the oligarchical and democratical parties respectively; (c) that he taught the young to disobey parents and guardians and to prefer his own authority to

theirs; (d) that he was in the habit of quoting mischievous passages of Homer and Hesiod to the prejudice of morality and democracy.

It is plain that the defense was not calculated to conciliate a hostile jury. Nevertheless, it is at first sight difficult to understand how an adverse verdict became possible. If Socrates rejected portions of the conventional of the mythology, he accepted the established faith and defense. performed its offices with exemplary regularity. If he talked of a mantic sign, it was divinely accorded to him, presumably by the gods of the state. If he questioned the propriety of certain of the institutions of Athens, he was prepared to yield an unhesitating obedience to all. He had never countenanced the misdeeds of Critias and Alcibiades, and indeed, by a sharp censure, had earned the undying hatred of one of them. Duty to parents he inculcated as he inculcated other virtues; and, if he made the son wiser than the father, surely that was not a fault. The citation of a few lines from the poets ought not to weigh against the clear evidence of his large hearted patriotism; and it might be suspected that the accuser had strangely misrepresented his application of the familiar words.

To the modern reader Xenophon's reply, of which the foregoing is in effect a summary, will probably seem sufficient, and more than sufficient. But it must not be forgotten that Athenians of the old school approached the subject from an entirely different point of view. Socrates was in all things an innovator, in religion, in as much as he sought to eliminate from the theology of his contemporaries "those lies which poets tell "; in politics, in as much as he distrusted several institutions dear to Athenian democracy; in education, in as much as he waged war against authority, and in a certain sense made each man the measure of his own actions.

It is because Socrates was an innovator that we, who see in him the founder of philosophical inquiry, regard him as a great man; it was because Socrates was an innovator that old-fashioned Athenians, who saw' in the new fangled culture the origin of all their recent distresses and disasters, regarded him as a great criminal. It is, then, after all in no wise strange that a majority was found first to pronounce him guilty, and afterwards, when he refused to make any submission and professed himself indifferent to any mitigation of the penalty, to pass upon him the sentence of death. That the verdict and the sentence were not in any way illegal is generally acknowledged.

But, though the popular distrust of eccentricity, the irritation of individuals and groups of individuals, the attitude of Socrates himself, and the prevalent dislike of the intellectual movement which he represented, go far to account for the result of the trial, they do not explain the Attack. Socrates' oddity and demeanor were no new things; yet in the past, though they had made him unpopular, they had not brought him into the courts. His sturdy resistance to the demos in 406 B.C. and to the Thirty in 404 had passed, if not unnoticed, at all events unpunished. His political heresies and general unorthodoxy had not caused him to be excluded from the amnesty of 403. Why was it then, that in 399, when Socrates' idiosyncrasies were more than ever familiar, and when the constitution had been restored, the toleration hitherto extended to him was withdrawn? What were the special circumstances which induced three members of the patriot party, two of them leading politicians, to unite their efforts against one who apparently was so little formidable?

For an answer to this question it is necessary to look to the history of Athenian politics. Besides the oligarchical party, properly so called, which in 411 was represented by the Four Hundred and in 404 by the Thirty, and the democratical party, which returned to power in 410 and in 403, there was at Athens during the last years of the Peloponnesian War a party of "moderate oligarchs," antagonistic to both. It was to secure the cooperation of the moderate party that the Four Hundred in 411 promised to constitute the Five Thousand, and that the Thirty in 404 actually constituted the Three Thousand. It was in the hope of realizing the aspirations of the moderate party that Theramenes, its most prominent representative, allied himself, first with the Four Hundred, afterwards with the Thirty.

In 411 the policy of Theramenes was temporarily successful, the Five Thousand superseding the Four Hundred. In 404 the Thirty outwitted him; for though they acted upon his advice so far as to constitute the Three Thousand, they were careful to keep all real power in their own hands. But on both occasions the "polity" for such, in the Aristotelian sense of the term, the constitution of 411 - 410 was, and the constitution of 404 - 403 professed to be was insecurely based, so that it was not long before the "unmixed democracy" was restored.

The program of the "moderates" which included (1) the limitation of the franchise, by the exclusion of those who were unable to provide themselves with the panoply of a hoplite and thus to render to the city substantial service, (2) the abolition of

payment for the performance of political functions, and, as it would seem, (3) the disuse of the lot in the election of magistrates, found especial favor with the intellectual class. Thus Alcibiades was amongst its promoters, and Thucydides commends the constitution established after the fall of the Four Hundred as the best which in his time Athens had enjoyed.

Now it is expressly stated that Socrates disliked election by lot; it is certain that regarding paid educational service as a species of prostitution, he would account paid political service not a whit less odious; and the stress laid by the accuser upon the Homeric quotation, becomes intelligible if we may suppose that Socrates, like Theramenes, wished to restrict the franchise to those who were rich enough to serve as hoplites at their own expense. Thus, as might have been anticipated, Socrates was a "moderate," and the treatment which he received from both the extreme parties suggests that Socrates attempted a rescue—that his sympathy with the moderate party was pronounced and notorious. Even in the moment of democratic triumph the "moderates" made themselves heard, Phormisius proposing that those alone should exercise the franchise who possessed land in Attica; and it is reasonable to suppose that their position was stronger in 399 than in 403.

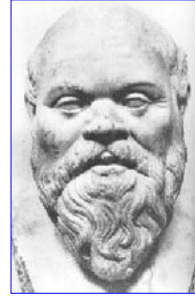
These considerations seem to indicate an easy explanation of the indictment of Socrates by the democratic politicians. It was a blow struck at the "moderates," Socrates being singled out for attack because, though not a professional politician, he was the very type of the malcontent party, and had done much, probably more than any man living, to make and to foster views which, if not in the strict sense of the term oligarchical, were confessedly hostile to the "unmixed democracy." His eccentricity and heterodoxy, as well as the personal animosities which he had provoked, doubtless contributed, as his accusers had foreseen, to bring about the conviction; but in the judgment of the present writer, it was the fear of what may be called *philosophical radicalism* which prompted the action of Meletus, Anytus and Lycon. The result did not disappoint their expectations. The friends of Socrates abandoned the struggle and retired into exile; and, when they returned to Athens, the most prominent of them, Plato, was careful to confine himself to theory, and to announce in emphatic terms his withdrawal from the practical politics of his native city.

Socrates

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The Socratic Method and Doctrine

Socrates was not a "philosopher," nor yet a "teacher," but rather an "educator," having for his function *to rouse, persuade and rebuke* (Plato, *Apology*). Hence, in examining his life's work it is proper to ask, not What was his philosophy? but What was his theory, and what was his practice of education? It is true that he was brought to his theory of education by the study of previous philosophies, and that his practice led to the Platonic revival; but to attribute to him philosophy, except in that loose sense in which philosophy is ascribed to one who, denying the existence of such a thing, can give an account of his disbelief, is misleading and even erroneous. Socrates' theory of education had for its basis a profound and consistent skepticism; that is to say, he not only rejected the conflicting theories of the physicists, of whom "some conceived existence as a unity, others as a plurality; some affirmed perpetual motion, others perpetual rest; some declared becoming and perishing to be universal, others altogether denied such things, "but also condemned, as a futile attempt to transcend the limitations of human intelligence their, "pursuit of knowledge for its own sake."



Unconsciously or more probably consciously, Socrates rested his skepticism upon the Protagorean doctrine that man is the measure of his own sensations and feelings; whence he inferred, not only that knowledge such as the philosophers had sought, certain knowledge of nature and its laws, was unattainable, but also that neither he nor any other person had authority to overbear the opinions of another, or power to convey instruction to one who had it not.

Accordingly, whereas Protagoras and others, abandoning physical speculation and coming forward as teachers of culture, claimed for themselves in this new field power to instruct and authority to dogmatize, Socrates, unable to reconcile himself to this inconsistency, proceeded with the investigation of principles until he found a resting place in the distinction between good and evil. While all opinions were equally true, of these opinions which were capable of being translated into act, he conceived, were as working hypotheses more serviceable than others. It was here that the function of such a one as himself began.

Though he had neither the right nor the power to force his opinions upon another, he might by a systematic interrogatory lead another to substitute a better opinion for a worse, just as a physician by appropriate remedies may enable his patient to substitute a healthy sense of taste for a morbid one. To administer such an interrogatory and thus to be the physician of souls was, Socrates thought, his divinely appointed duty; and, when he described himself as a "talker "or" converser," he not only negatively distinguished himself from those who, whether philosophers or sophists, called themselves "teachers," but also positively indicated the method of question and answer which he consistently preferred and habitually practiced.

That it was in this way that Socrates was brought to regard "dialectic," "question and answer," as the only admissible method of education is no matter of mere conjecture. In the review of theories of knowledge which has come down to us in Plato's *Theaetetus* mention is made of certain "incomplete Protagoreans," who held that, while all opinions are equally true, one opinion is better than another, and that the "wise man" is one who by his arguments causes good opinions to take the place of bad ones, thus reforming the soul of the individual or the laws of a state by a process similar to that of the physician or the farmer; and these "incomplete Protagoreans" are identified with Socrates and the Socratics by their insistence upon the characteristically Socratic distinction between disputation and dialectic, as well as by other familiar traits of Socratic converse. In fact, this passage becomes intelligible and significant if it is supposed to refer to the historical Socrates; and by teaching us to regard him as an "incomplete Protagorean" it supplies the link which connects his philosophical skepticism with his dialectical theory of education. It is no doubt possible that Socrates was unaware of the closeness of his relationship to Protagoras; but the fact, once stated, hardly admits of question.

In the application of the "dialectical" method two processes are distinguishable: the destructive process, by which the worse opinion was eradicated, and the constructive process, by which the better opinion was induced. It was not mere "ignorance" with which Socrates had to contend, but "ignorance mistaking itself for knowledge" or "false conceit of wisdom," a more stubborn and a more formidable foe, who safe so long as he remained in his entrenchments, must be drawn from them, circumvented, and surprised. Accordingly, taking his departure from some apparently remote principle or proposition to which, the respondent yielded a ready assent, Socrates would draw from it an unexpected but undeniable consequence which was plainly inconsistent with the opinion impugned.

In this way he brought his interlocutor to pass judgment upon himself, and reduced him to a state of doubt or perplexity. "Before I ever met you," says Meno in the dialogue which Plato called by his name, I was told that you spent your time in doubting and leading others to doubt; and it is a fact that your witcheries and spells have brought me to that condition; you are like the torpedo: as it benumbs any one who approaches and touches it, so do you. For myself, my soul and my tongue are benumbed, so that I have no answer to give you."

Even if as often happened, the respondent baffled and disgusted by the destructive process, at this point withdrew from the inquiry, he had, in Socrates' judgment, gained something; for, whereas formerly, being ignorant, he had supposed himself to have knowledge, now, being ignorant, he was in some sort conscious of his ignorance, and accordingly would be for the future more circumspect in action. If, however, having been thus convinced of ignorance, the respondent did not shrink from a new effort, Socrates was ready to aid him by further questions of a suggestive sort.

Consistent thinking with a view to consistent action being the end of the inquiry, Socrates would direct the respondent's attention to instances analogous to that in hand, and so lead him to frame for himself a generalization from which the passions and the prejudices of the moment were, as far as might be, excluded. In this Constructive process, though the element of surprise was no longer necessary, the interrogative form was studiously preserved, because it secured at each step the conscious and responsible assent of the learner.

Of the two processes of the dialectical method, the destructive process attracted the more attention, both in consequence of its novelty and because many of those who willingly or unwillingly submitted to it stopped short at the stage of "perplexity." But to Socrates and his intimates the constructive process was the proper and necessary sequel. It is true that in the dialogues of Plato the destructive process is not always, or even often, followed by construction, and that in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon construction is not always, or even often, preceded by the destructive process. There is, however, in this nothing surprising. On the one hand, Xenophon, having for his principal purpose the defense of his master against vulgar calumny, seeks to show by effective examples the excellence of his positive teaching, and accordingly is not careful to distinguish, still less to emphasize, the negative procedure. On the other hand, Plato, his aim being not so much 'to preserve Socrates' positive teaching as rather by written words to stimulate the reader to self-scrutiny, just as the spoken words of the master had stimulated the hearer, is compelled by the very nature of his task to keep the constructive element in the background, and, where Socrates would have drawn an unmistakable conclusion, to confine himself to enigmatical hints.

For example, when we compare Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, with Plato's *Euthyphro*, we note that, while in the former the interlocutor is led by a few suggestive questions to define "piety" as "the knowledge of those laws which are concerned with the gods," in the latter, though on a further scrutiny it appears that "piety "is" " that part of justice which is concerned with the service of the gods," the conversation is ostensibly inconclusive. In short, Xenophon, a mere reporter of Socrates' conversations, gives the results', but troubles himself little about the steps which led to them; Plato, who in early manhood

was an educator of the Socratic type, withholds the results that he may secure the advantages of the stimulus.

What, then, were the positive conclusions to which Socrates carried his hearers, and how were those positive conclusions obtained? Turning to Xenophon for an answer to Induction these questions, we note (1) that the recorded conversations are concerned with practical action, political, definition, moral, or artistic; (2) that in general there is a process from the known to the unknown through a generalization, expressed or implied; (3) that the generalizations are sometimes rules of conduct, justified by examination of known instances, sometimes definitions similarly established.

Thus in *Memorabilia*, Socrates argues from the known instances of horses and dogs that, the best natures stand most in need of training, and then applies the generalization to the instance and discussion of men; and he leads his interlocutor to a definition of "the good citizen," and then uses it to decide between two citizens for whom respectively superiority is claimed. Now in the former of these cases the process which Aristotle would describe as "example " and a modern might regard as "induction" of an uncritical sort sufficiently explains itself. The conclusion is a provisional assurance that in the particular matter in hand a certain course of action is, or is not, to be adopted.

But it is necessary to say a word of explanation about the latter case, in which, the generalization being a definition, that is to say, a declaration that to a given term the interlocutor attaches in general, a specified meaning, the conclusion is a provisional assurance that the interlocutor may, or may not, without falling into inconsistency, apply the term in question to a certain person or act. Moral error, Socrates conceived, is largely due to the misapplication of general terms, which, once affixed to a person or to an act, possibly in a moment of passion or prejudice, too often stand in the way of sober and careful reflection. It was in order to exclude error of this sort that Socrates insisted upon its basis. By requiring a definition and the reference to it of the act or person in question, he sought to secure in the individual at any rate consistency of thought, and in so far, consistency of action. Accordingly he spent his life in seeking and helping others to seek "the what" or the definition, of the various words by which the moral quality to actions is described, valuing the results thus obtained not as contributions to knowledge, but as means to right action in the multifarious relations of life.

While Socrates sought neither knowledge, which in the strict sense of the word he held to be unattainable, nor yet, except as a means to right action, true opinion, the results of observation accumulated until they formed, not perhaps a system of ethics, but at any rate a body of ethical doctrine. Himself blessed with a will so powerful that it moved almost without friction, he fell into the error of ignoring its operations, and was thus led to regard knowledge as the sole condition of well doing. Where there is knowledge, that is to say, practical wisdom, the only knowledge which he recognized, right action, he conceived, follows of itself; for no one knowingly prefers what is evil; and, if there are cases in which men seem to act against knowledge, the inference to be drawn is, not that knowledge and wrongdoing are compatible, but that in the cases in question the supposed knowledge was after all ignorance.

Virtue, then, is knowledge, knowledge at once of end and of means, irresistibly realizing itself in act. Whence it follows that the several virtues which are commonly distinguished are essentially one. *Piety, justice, courage* and *temperance* are the names which wisdom bears in different spheres of action: to be pious is to know what is due to the gods; to be just is to know what is due to men; to be courageous is to know what is to be feared and what is not; to be temperate is to know how to use what is good and avoid what is evil. Further, in as much as virtue is knowledge, it can be acquired by education and training, though it is certain that one's soul has by nature a greater aptitude than another for such acquisition.

But, if virtue is knowledge, what has this knowledge for its object? To this question Socrates replies, Its object is the Good. What, then, is the Good? It is the useful, the advantageous. Utility, the immediate utility of the individual, thus Theory becomes the measure of conduct and the foundation the Good of all moral rule and legal enactment. Accordingly, each precept of which Socrates delivers himself is recommended that obedience to it will promote the comfort, the advancement, the well being of the individual; and Prodicus' apologue of the Choice of Heracles, with its commonplace offers of worldly reward, is accepted as an adequate statement of the motives of virtuous action.

Of the graver difficulties of ethical theory Socrates has no conception, having, as it would seem, so perfectly absorbed, the lessons of what Plato calls political virtue, that morality has become with him a second nature, and the scrutiny of its credentials from an external standpoint has ceased to be possible. His theory is indeed so little systematic that, whereas, as has been seen, virtue or wisdom has the Good for its object, he sometimes identifies the Good, with virtue or wisdom, thus falling into the error which Plato perhaps with distinct reference to Socrates, ascribes to certain cultivated thinkers. In short, the ethical theory of Socrates, like the rest of his teaching, is by confession unscientific; it is the statement of the convictions of a remarkable nature, which statement emerges in the course of an appeal to the individual to study consistency in the interpretation of traditional rules of conduct.

< Socrates - the life of Socrates >

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The Socratics (After Socrates)

Far from having any system, physical or metaphysical, to enunciate, Socrates rejected "the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake" as a delusion and a snare; a delusion, in as much as knowledge, properly so called is unattainable, and a snare, in so far as it draws us away from the study of conduct. He has therefore no claim to be regarded as the founder of a philosophical school. But he had made some tentative contributions to a theory of morality; he had shown both in his life and in his death that his principles stood the test of practical application; and he had asserted "the autonomy of the individual intellect." Accordingly, not one school but several schools sprang up amongst his associates, those of them who had a turn for speculation taking severally from his teaching so much as their pre-existing tendencies and convictions allowed them to assimilate.



Thus Aristippus of Cyrene interpreted hedonistically the theoretical morality; Antisthenes the Cynic copied and caricatured the austere example; Euclides of Megara practised and perverted the elenctic method; Plato the Academic, accepting the whole of the Socratic teaching, first developed it harmoniously in the sceptical spirit of its author, and afterwards, conceiving that he had found in Socrates's agnosticism the germ of a philosophy, proceeded to construct a system which should embrace at once ontology, physics, and ethics. From the four schools thus established sprang subsequently four other schools; the Epicureans being the natural successors of the Cyrenaics, the Stoics of the Cynics, the Sceptics of the Megarians, and the Peripatetics of the Academy. In this way the teaching of Socrates made itself felt throughout the whole of the post Socratic philosophy. Of the influence which he exercised upon Aristippus, Antisthenes and Euclides, the "incomplete Socratics," as they are commonly called, as well as upon the "complete Socratic," Plato, something must now be said.

The "incomplete Socratics" were, like Socrates, sceptics; but, whereas Aristippus, who seems to have been in contact with Protagoreanism before he made acquaintance with Socrates, came to scepticism, as Protagoras had done, from the incomplete standpoint of the pluralists, Antisthenes, like his Socratics, former master Gorgias, and Euclides, in whom the

ancients rightly saw a successor of Zeno, came to scepticism from the standpoint of Eleatic henism. In other words, Aristippus was sceptical because, taking into account the subjective element in sensation, he found himself compelled to regard what are called "things" as successions of feelings, which feelings are themselves absolutely distinct from one another; while Antisthenes and Euclides were sceptical because, like Zeno, they did not understand how the same thing could at the same moment bear various and inconsistent epithets, and consequently conceived all predication which was not identical to be illegitimate.

Thus Aristippus recognized only feelings, denying things; Antisthenes recognized things, denying attributions; and it is probable that in this matter Euclides was at one with him. It is difficult, if not impossible, to see how, if the founder of the school had broken loose from the Zenonian paradox, his successors, and amongst them Stilpo, should have reconciled themselves, as they certainly did, to the Cynic denial of predication.

While the "incomplete Socratics" made no attempt to overpass the limits which Socrates had imposed upon himself, within those limits they occupied each his department. Aristippus, a citizen of the world, drawn to Athens by the fame of Socrates, and retained there by the sincere affection which he conceived for him, interpreted the ethical doctrine of Socrates in accordance with his own theory of pleasure, which in its turn came under the refining influence of Socrates's, theory. Contrary, Antisthenes, a rugged but not ungenerous nature, a hater of pleasure, troubled himself little about ethical theory and gave his life to the imitation of his master's asceticism.

Virtue, he held, depended upon "works," not upon arguments or lessons; all that was necessary to it was the strength of a Socrates. Yet here too the Socratic theory had a qualifying effect; so that Cyrenaic hedonism and Cynic asceticism sometimes exhibit unexpected approximations. The teaching of Euclides, though the Good is still supposed to be the highest object of knowledge, can hardly be said to have an ethical element; and in consequence of this deficiency the dialectic of Socrates degenerated in Megarian hands, first into a series of exercises in fallacies, secondly into a vulgar and futile eristic. In fact, the partial Socraticisms of the incomplete Socratics necessarily suffered, even within their own narrow limits, by the dismemberment which the system had undergone. Apparently the theory of education was not valued by any of the three; and, however this may be, they deviated from Socratic tradition so far as to establish schools, and, as it would seem, to take fees like the professional educators called Sophists.

Of the relations in which the metaphysic of Plato stood to the Socratic search for definitions there are of necessity almost as many theories as there are interpretations of the Platonic system.

Initiated into philosophical speculation by the Heraclitean Cratylus, Plato began his intellectual life as an absolute sceptic, the followers of Heraclitus having towards the end of the 5th century pushed to its conclusion the unconscious scepticism of their master. There would have been then nothing to provoke surprise, if, leaving speculation, Plato had given himself to politics. In 407, however, he became acquainted with Socrates, who gave to his thoughts a new direction. Plato now found an occupation for his intellectual energies, as Socrates had done, in the scrutiny of his beliefs and the systematization of his principles of action. But it was not until the catastrophe of 399 that Plato gave himself to his life's work. An exile, cut off from political ambitions, he came forward as the author of dialogues which aimed at producing upon readers the same effect which the voice of the master had produced upon hearers.

For a time he was content thus to follow in the steps of Socrates, and of this period we have records in those dialogues which are commonly designated Socratic. But Plato had too decided a bent for metaphysics to linger long over propaedeutic studies. Craving knowledge, not merely provisional and subjective knowledge of ethical concepts, such as that which had satisfied Socrates, but knowledge of the causes and laws of the universe, such as that which the physicists had sought, he asked himself what was necessary that the "right opinion" which Socrates had obtained by abstraction from particular instances might be converted into "knowledge" properly so called. In this way Plato was led to assume for every Socratic universal a corresponding unity, eternal, immutable, suprasensual, to be the cause of those particulars which are called by the common name.

On this assumption the Socratic definition or statement of the "what" of the universal, being obtained by the inspection of particulars, in some sort represented the unity, form, or "idea" from which they derived their characteristics, and in so far as valuable; but, in as much as the inspection of the particulars was partial and imperfect, the Socratic definition was only a partial and imperfect representation of the eternal, immutable, suprasensual, idea. How, then, was the imperfect representation of the idea to be converted into a perfect representation? To this question Plato's answer was constant revision of the provisional definitions which imperfectly represented the ideas he hoped to bring them into such shapes that they should culminate in the definition of the supreme principle, the Good, from which the ideas themselves derive their being.

If in this way we could pass from uncertified general notions, reflections of ideas, to the Good, so as to be able to say, not only that the Good causes the ideas to be what they are, but also that the Good causes the ideas to be what we conceive them, we might infer, he thought, that our definitions, hitherto provisional, are adequate representations of real existences. But the Platonism of this period had another ingredient. It has been seen that the Eleatic Zeno had rested his denial of plurality upon certain supposed difficulties of predication, and that they continued to perplex Antisthenes as well as perhaps Euclides and others of Plato's contemporaries.

These difficulties must be disposed of, if the new philosophy was to hold its ground; and accordingly, to the fundamental assertion of the existence of eternal immutable ideas, the objects of knowledge, Plato added two subordinate propositions, namely, (1) *the idea is immanent in the particular* and (2) *there is an idea wherever a plurality of particulars is called by the same name*. Of these propositions the one was intended to explain the attribution of various and even inconsistent epithets to the same particular at the same time, whilst the other was necessary to make this explanation available in the case of common terms other than the Socratic universals. Such was the Platonism of *the Republic* and *the Phaedo*, a provisional ontology, with a scheme of scientific research, which, as Plato honestly confessed, was no more than an unrealized aspiration. It was the non Socratic element which made the weakness of this, the earlier, theory of ideas.

Plato soon saw that the hypothesis of the idea's immanence in particulars entailed the sacrifice of its unity, whilst as a theory of predication that hypothesis was insufficient, because applicable to particulars only, not to the ideas themselves. But with clearer views about relations and negations the paradox of Zeno ceased to perplex; and with the consequent withdrawal of the two supplementary articles the development of the fundamental assumption of ideas, eternal, immutable, suprasensual, might be attempted afresh. In the more definite theory which Plato now propounded the idea was no longer a Socratic universal perfected and hypostatized, but rather the perfect type of a natural kind, to which type its imperfect members were related by imitation, whilst this relation was metaphysically explained by means of a thoroughgoing idealism. Thus, whereas in the earlier theory of ideas the ethical universals of Socrates had been held to have a first claim to hypostatization in the world of ideas, they are now peremptorily excluded, whilst the idealism which reconciles plurality and unity gives an entirely new significance to so much of the Socratic element as is still retained.

The growth of the metaphysical system necessarily influenced Plato's ethical doctrines; but here his final position is less remote from that of Socrates. Content, in the purely Socratic period to elaborate and to record ethical definitions Plato as such as Socrates himself might have propounded, as soon as the theory of ideas offered itself to his imagination, looked to it for the foundation of ethics as of all other sciences. Though in the earlier ages the individual and the state sounded utilitarian morality of the Socratic sort was useful, nay valuable, the morality of the future should, he thought, rest upon the knowledge of the Good. Such is the teaching of *the Republic*, „But with the revision of the metaphysical system came a complete change in the view which Plato took of ethics and its prospects.

Whilst in the previous period it had ranked as the first of sciences, it was now no longer a science; because, though Good absolute still occupied the first place, Good relative and all its various forms; justice, temperance, courage, wisdom - not being ideas, were incapable of being "known." Hence it is that the ethical teaching of the later dialogues bears an intelligible, though perhaps unexpected, resemblance to the simple practical teaching of the unphilosophical Socrates.

Yet throughout these revolutions of doctrine Plato was ever true to the Socratic theory of education. His manner indeed changed; for whereas in the earlier dialogues the characteristics of the master are studiously and skilfully preserved, in the later dialogues Socrates first becomes metaphysical, then ceases to be protagonist, and at last disappears from the scene. But in the later dialogues, as in the earlier, Plato's aim is the aim which Socrates in his conversation never lost sight of, namely, the dialectical improvement of the learner.

Socrates

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The Origin of the Trojan War

At the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis all the gods had been invited with the exception of Eris, or Discord. Enraged at her exclusion, the goddess threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Not willing to decide so delicate a matter, Jupiter sent the goddesses to Mount Ida where Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, was tending his flocks. Till that moment the shepherd-prince had been happy. He was young and beautiful and beloved,-- "White-breasted like a star," says the nymph whom he had wedded.

*White-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard
skin
Dropp'd from his shoulder, but his
sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a
god's:
And his cheek brighten'd as the
foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all
my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere
he came.*

(From Tennyson's CEnone.)

But to him was now committed the judgment between the goddesses. They appeared:

*And at their feet the crocus brake like
fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and
vine,
This way and that, in many a wild
festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled
boughs*

*With bunch and berry and flower thro'
and thro.'*

(From Tennyson's *CEnone*.)

Juno promised him power and riches,
Minerva glory and renown in war,
Venus the fairest of women for his wife,
-- each attempting to bias the judge in
her own favor. Paris, forgetting the fair
nymph to whom he owed fealty,
decided in favor of Venus, thus making
the two other goddesses his enemies.
Under the protection of the goddess of
love, he soon afterwards sailed to
Greece. Here he was hospitably
received by Menelaus, whose wife,
Helen, as fairest of her sex, was
unfortunately the prize destined for
Paris. This fair queen had in time past
been sought by numerous suitors; but
before her decision was made known,
they all, at the suggestion of Ulysses,
son of Laertes, king of Ithaca, had
taken an oath that they would sustain
her choice and avenge her cause if
necessary. She was living happily with
Menelaus when Paris, becoming their
guest, made love to her, and then,
aided by Venus, persuaded her to
elope with him, and carried her to Troy.
From this cause arose the famous
Trojan War, -- the theme of the
greatest poems of antiquity, those of
Homer and Virgil.

Menelaus called upon the chieftains of
Greece to aid him in recovering his
wife. They came forward with a few
exceptions. Ulysses, for instance, who
had married a cousin of Helen's,
Penelope, daughter of Icarius, was
happy in his wife and child, and loth to
embark in the troublesome affair.
Palamedes was sent to urge him. But
when Palamedes arrived at Ithaca,
Ulysses pretended madness. He yoked
an ass and an ox together to the plow
and began to sow salt. The



ambassador, to try him, placed the infant Telemachus before the plow, whereupon the father, turning the plow aside, showed that his insanity was a mere pretense. Being himself gained for the undertaking, Ulysses lent his aid to bring in other reluctant chiefs, especially Achilles, son of Peleus and Thetis. Thetis being herself one of the immortals, and knowing that her son was fated to perish before Troy if he went on the expedition, endeavored to prevent his going. She, accordingly, sent him to the court of King Lycomedes of the island of Scyros, and induced him to conceal himself in the garb of a maiden among the daughters of the king. Hearing that the young Achilles was there, Ulysses went disguised as a merchant to the palace and offered for sale female ornaments, among which had been placed some arms. Forgetting the part he had assumed, Achilles handled the weapons and thereby betrayed himself to Ulysses, who found no great difficulty in persuading him to disregard his mother's counsels and join his countrymen in the war.

It seems that from early youth Paris had been reared in obscurity, because there were forebodings that he would be the ruin of the state. These

forebodings appeared, at last, likely to be realized; for the Grecian armament now in preparation was the greatest that had ever been fitted out.

Agamemnon, king of Mycenae and brother of Menelaus, was chosen commander in chief. Preeminent among the warriors was the swift-footed Achilles. After him ranked his cousin Ajax, the son of Telamon, gigantic in size and of great courage, but dull of intellect; Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, second only to Achilles in all the qualities of a hero; Ulysses, famous for sagacity; and Nestor, the oldest of the Grecian chiefs, to whom they all looked up for counsel.

But Troy was no feeble enemy. Priam the king, son of Laomedon and brother of Tithonus and Hesione, was now old; but he had been a wise prince and had strengthened his state by good government at home and powerful alliances with his neighbors. By his wife Hecuba he had a numerous family; but the principal stay and support of his throne was his son Hector, one of the noblest figures of antiquity. The latter had, from the first, a presentiment of the ruin of Troy, but still he persevered in heroic resistance, though he by no means justified the wrong which brought this danger upon his country. He was united in marriage with the noble Andromache, and as husband and father his character was not less admirable than as warrior. The principal leaders on the side of the Trojans, beside Hector, were his relative, Aeneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, Deiphobus, Glaucus, and Sarpedon.

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Iphigenia in Aulis

After two years of preparation, the Greek fleet and army assembled in the port of Aulis in Boeotia. Here Agamemnon, while hunting, killed a stag that was sacred to Diana. The goddess in retribution visited the army with pestilence and produced a calm which prevented the ships from leaving the port. Thereupon, Calchas the soothsayer announced that the wrath of the virgin goddess could only be appeased by the sacrifice of a virgin, and that none other but the daughter of the offender would be acceptable. Agamemnon, however reluctant, submitted to the inevitable and sent for his daughter Iphigenia, under the pretense that her marriage to Achilles was to be at once performed. But, in the moment of sacrifice, Diana, relenting, snatched the maiden away and left a hind in her place. Iphigenia, enveloped in a cloud, was conveyed to Tauris, where Diana made her priestess of her temple. (Euripides, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, *Iphigenia among the Tauri*).



The Sacrifice of Iphigenia

Iphigenia is represented as thus describing her feelings at the moment of sacrifice:

*"I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years:
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,*

*"Still strove to speak: my voice was thick
with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings, with wolfish
eyes
Waiting to see me die.*

*"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the
shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's
throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more."*

(From Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women.)

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Protesilaus and Laodamia

The wind now proving fair, the fleet made sail and brought the forces to the coast of Troy. The Trojans opposed their landing, and at the first onset one of the noblest of the Greeks, Protesilaus, fell by the hand of Hector. This Protesilaus had left at home his wife Laodamia (a niece of Alcestis), -- who was most tenderly attached to him. The story runs that when the news of his death reached her, she implored the gods for leave to converse with him if but for three hours. The request was granted. Mercury led Protesilaus back to the upper world; and when the hero died a second time Laodamia died with him. It is said that the nymphs planted elm trees round his grave, which flourished till they were high enough to command a view of Troy, then withered away, giving place to fresh branches that sprang from the roots.

Wordsworth has taken the story of Protesilaus and Laodamia for a poem invested with the atmosphere of the classics. The oracle, according to the tradition, had declared that victory should be the lot of that party from which should fall the first victim in the war. The poet represents Protesilaus, on his brief return to earth, relating to Laodamia the story of his fate:

*"The wished-for wind was given: -- I
then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way,
resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine
should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the
strand,--
Mine the first blood that tinged the
Trojan sand.*

*"Yet bitter, of times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved
Wife!*

*On thee too fondly did my memory
hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal
life, --
The paths which we had trod -- these
fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinished
towers.*

*"But should suspense permit the foe to
cry,
'Behold they tremble! -- haughty their
array,
Yet of their number no one dares to
die'?
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: -- but lofty
thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance
wrought." . . .*

*. . . Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was
entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she
died;
And ever, when such stature they had
gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the
sight;
A constant interchange of growth and
blight!*

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Homer's Iliad



The Surrender of Briseis

The war continued without decisive result for nine years. Then an event occurred which seemed likely to prove fatal to the cause of the Greeks, -- a quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. It is at this point that the great poem of Homer, *the Iliad*, begins.

Of this and the other epics from which the story is drawn an account will be found in Chapter XXXII below; and a list of the best English translations, in the corresponding sections of the Commentary. What delight one may derive from reading the Greek epics even in translation is nowhere better expressed than in the following sonnet of John Keats, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*.

*Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold:
-- Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific -- and all his men*

*Look'd at each other with a wild surmise --
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*

The Greeks, though unsuccessful against Troy, had taken the neighboring and allied cities; and in the division of the spoil a female captive, by name Chryseis, daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, had fallen to the share of Agamemnon. Chryses came bearing the sacred emblems of his office and begged the release of his daughter. Agamemnon refused. Thereupon Chryses implored Apollo to afflict the Greeks till they should be forced to yield their prey. Apollo granted the prayer of his priest and sent such pestilence upon the Grecian camp, that a council was called to deliberate how to allay the wrath of the gods and avert the plague. Achilles boldly charged the misfortunes upon Agamemnon as caused by his withholding Chryseis. Agamemnon, in anger, consented, thereupon, to relinquish his captive, but demanded that Achilles should yield to him in her stead Brisers, a maiden who had fallen to that hero's share in the division of the spoil. Achilles submitted, but declared that he would take no further part in the war, -- withdrew his forces from the general camp and avowed his intention of returning to Greece.

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The Enlistment of the Gods

The gods and goddesses interested themselves as much in this famous siege as did the parties themselves. It was well known in heaven that fate had decreed the fall of Troy, if her enemies only persevered. Yet there was room for chance sufficient to excite by turns the hopes and fears of the powers above who took part with either side. Juno and Minerva, in consequence of the slight put upon their charms by Paris, were hostile to the Trojans; Venus for the opposite cause favored them; she enlisted, also, her admirer Mars on the same side. Neptune favored the Greeks. Apollo was neutral, sometimes taking one side, sometimes the other. Jove himself, though he loved Priam, exercised a degree of impartiality, -- not, however, without exceptions.

Resenting the injury done by Agamemnon to her son, Thetis, the silver-footed, repaired to Jove's palace, and besought him to grant success to the Trojan arms and so make the Greeks repent of their injustice to Achilles. The father of the gods, wavering at first, finally sighed and consented, saying, "Go thou now, but look to it that Juno see thee not, for oft she taunts me that I aid the Trojan cause." Vain precaution: the jealous queen had seen only too well, and quickly she confronted the Thunderer with her suspicions, --

"Fateful favor to Achilles, hast thou granted now I trow!"

said she.

*Zeus that rolls the clouds of heaven,
her addressing answered then:
"Moonstruck! thou art ever trowing;
never I escape thy ken.
After all, it boots thee nothing; leaves*

*thee of my heart the less, --
So thou hast the worser bargain. What
if I the fact confess?
It was done because I willed it. Hold
thy place -- my word obey,
Lest if I come near, and on thee these
unconquered hands I lay,
All the gods that hold Olympus naught
avail thee here to-day."*

(Gladstone's Translations from the
Iliad.)

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Agamemnon Calls A Council

In the events which immediately follow we are introduced to the more important human personages on both sides. To begin with, Agamemnon, king of men, deceived by a dream sent by Jupiter, calls a council of the Greeks in which, desiring to arouse them to fresh onslaught upon the Trojans, he tests their patience first by depicting the joys of the return home to Greece, and nearly overreaches himself in his cunning; for had it not been for the wise Nestor, king of sandy Pylos, and Ulysses of many devices, peer of Jove in wisdom, the common soldiers, fired with hope of viewing their dear native land and wives and little children once more, would have launched the ships and sailed forthwith. Among the murmuring host of those who clamor for retreat the leader is Thersites, uncontrolled of speech, full of disorderly words, striving idly against the chieftains, aiming ever to turn their authority into ridicule. He is the one ludicrous character of the Iliad, this boaster and scandalmonger, sneering and turbulent of tongue:

*His figure such as might his soul
proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was
lame;
His mountain shoulders half his breast
o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrewed his long
misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart
possest,
And much he hated all, but most the
best.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.*

*Him Ulysses hearing rebukes, raising
his scepter to strike:*

*"Peace, factious monster, born to vex
the state,*

*With wrangling talents formed for foul
debate. . . .
Have we not known thee, slave of all
our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids
the most? . . ."*
*He said, and cowering as the dastard
bends,
The weighty scepter on his back
descends;
On the round bunch the bloody tumors
rise;
The tears spring starting from his
haggard eyes:
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject
fears,
From his wild visage wiped the
scalding tears.*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation).

The revolt is thus stayed. A banquet of the Greek chieftains is then held, merely of the greatest -- Nestor, Idomeneus of Crete, Ajax the son of Telamon and cousin of Achilles, and Ajax the less, son of Oileus, Ulysses, also, and Agamemnon himself. Menelaus comes, unbid but not unwelcome. Sacrifices are offered, but in vain; Jove heeds them not. Finally, a muster of the Greek troops, by nations and by kings, is determined upon; and so the army is set in array.

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Paris Plays the Champion

Likewise the army of the Trojans; and battle is about to be joined when forth from the Trojan ranks steps Paris himself to challenge some champion of the opposing host to single combat, -- the beauteous Paris,

*In form a god! The panther's speckled hide
Flowed o'er his armor with an easy pride, --
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation).

Him, Menelaus whom he had betrayed, Menelaus loved of Mars, raging like a lion, swift espies and, leaping from his chariot, hastens to encounter. But Paris, smitten with a sense of his own treachery, fearful, trembling, pale at sight of the avenger, betakes himself to his heels and hides in the thick of the forces behind. Upbraided, however, by the generous Hector, noblest of Priam's sons, the handsome Trojan recovers his self-possession and consents to meet Menelaus in formal combat between the opposing hosts: Helen and the wealth she brought to be the prize; and, thus, the long war to reach its termination. The Greeks accept the proposal, and a truce is agreed upon that sacrifices may be made on either side for victory, and the duel proceed.

Meantime, Iris, the goddess of the rainbow, summons Helen to view the impending duel. At her loom in the Trojan palace the ill-starred daughter of

Leda is sitting, weaving in a golden web her own sad story. At memory of her former husband's love, her home, her parents, the princess drops a tear; then, softly sighing, turns her footsteps to the Scaean gate. No word is said of her matchless beauty, but what it was Homer shows us by its effect. For as she approaches the tower where aged Priam and his gray-haired chieftains sit, these cry, --

*"No wonder such celestial [charms](#)
For nine long years have set the world
in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic
mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a
queen.
Yet hence, oh Heaven! convey that
fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan
race."*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation).

Words reechoed by Marlowe, two thousand years later:

*Was this the face that launched a
thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?*

*Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a
kiss. --
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where
it flies!
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul
again!
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these
lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena. . . .
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
. . . .
And none but thou shalt be my
paramour!*

(Christopher Marlowe - *Doctor Faustus*.)

Priam, receiving his daughter-in-law tenderly, inquires of her the names of one and another of the Greeks moving

on the plain below. --

*"Who, that
Around whose brow such martial
graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?"*

*"The son of Atreus," answers she,
shamefacedly. "Agamemnon, king of
kings, my brother once, before my
days of shame."*

*"What's he whose arms lie scattered
on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders
larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his
head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct
small;
From rank to rank he moves and
orders all."*

*"That is Ulysses," replies Helen, "of the
barren isle of Ithaca; but his fame for
wisdom fills the earth."*

Old Antenor, seated by Priam's side,
thereupon recalls the modesty and the
restrained but moving eloquence of the
wondrous son of Laertes.

*The king then asked, as yet the camp
he viewed,
"What chief is that, with giant strength
endued;
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose
swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?"*

*"That is Ajax the great," responds the
beauteous queen, "himself a host,
bulwark of the Achaeans." And she
points out Idomeneus, also, the godlike
king of Crete; then scans the array for
her own dear brothers Castor and
Pollux; -- in vain, for them the
life-giving earth held fast there in
Lacedaemon, their native land.*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation).

Now from both sides sacrifices have
been made to Jove, avenger of oaths,
with prayer for victory and vow of
fidelity to the contract made. But Jove

vouchsafes not yet fulfillment. The lists are measured out by Hector and Ulysses. The duel is on, Paris throws his spear: it strikes, but fails to penetrate the shield of Menelaus, Menelaus then breaks his blade upon the helmet of the Trojan, seizes him by the horse-hair crest, and drags him toward the Grecian lines. But Aphrodite touches the chin strap of Paris' headpiece so that it breaks and leaves the futile helmet in the victor's hand. Then, wrapping her favorite in a mist, the goddess bears him from the pursuit of the furious Menelaus, and, laying him safe in Helen's chamber, summons his mistress, who first upbraids, then soothes him with her love.

The Greeks claim the victory, and with justice. The Trojans, then and there, would have yielded Helen and her wealth, and the fate of Troy might have been averted, had it not been for the machinations of the goddesses, Juno and Minerva. These could not bear that the hated city should thus escape. Prompted by the insidious urging of Minerva, one of the Trojans, Pandarus, breaks the truce; he shoots his arrow full at the heart of the unsuspecting Menelaus. Minerva, of course, deflects the fatal shaft. But the treachery has accomplished its purpose; the war is reopened with fresh bitterness.

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The Two Days' Battle

The battle which then begins lasts for two whole days. In its progress we witness a series of single combats. Pandarus the archer wounds Diomedes, the son of Tydeus. He in turn, raging over the plain, fells Pandarus with his spear and crushes Aeneas, Priam's valiant kinsman, to his knees with a great stone. Venus shrouds her fallen son in her shining veil and will rescue him. But Diomedes, clear of vision, spies her out and drives his pointed spear against her hand, grazing the palm of it. Out leaps the ichor, life-stream of the blessed gods, and the goddess shrieking drops her burden and flees from the jeering Diomedes; -- nay, mounts even to Olympus where, sobbing in the arms of her mother, Dione, she finds solace of her pain, and straightway turns to hopes of vengeance. Aeneas, meantime, is wrapped by Phoebus Apollo in a dusky cloud and borne aloof to that god's temple, where Diana and Latona heal him.

To Diomedes still breathing slaughter, the god of war himself, Mars, now appears in form of a Thracian captain, opposing him and stirring Hector and the swiftly recovered Aeneas and the god-like Sarpedon against the Greeks. And the Greeks give back, but the keen eye of Diomedes pierces the disguise of the War-god, and he shouts a warning to his comrades. Then Minerva descends to where Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, is resting beside his chariot, and she spurs him afresh to the fray. "Thou joy of my heart," says she, "fear thou neither Mars nor any other of the immortals, for I shall help thee mightily." So she takes the place of his charioteer, and together they drive upon the War-god. And that one cannot come at the son of Tydeus to strike him down, because of the ward that Minerva vouchsafes. But, for his part, Diomedes strikes his spear against the nethermost belly of Mars and wounds him, rending his fair skin; and he plucks forth the spear again. Then brazen Mars bellows loud as nine or ten thousand soldiers all at once; and, like Venus before him, betakes himself to Olympus. There, complaining to Jove, he receives stern reprimand for his intolerant and hateful spirit, stirring men ever to strife, -- "like thine own mother Juno, after whom, not after me, thou takest." Thus, the father of the gods; and he makes an end, and bids Paeon, the family physician, heal him.

Diomedes, still bearing down upon the Trojans, is about to fight with a young warrior when, struck by his appearance, he inquires his name. It is

Glaucus, and the youth is grandson of the noble Bellerophon. Then Diomedes of the loud war cry is glad and strikes his spear into the earth and declines to fight. "For lo," says he, "our grandfathers were guest-friends, and guest-friends are we. Why slay each other? There are multitudes of Trojans for me to slay, and for thee Achaeans in multitude, if thou canst. Let us twain rather exchange arms as a testimony of our good faith." And this they do; and Diomedes gets the best of the bargain, his armor being worth but nine oxen, and young Glaucus' five score.

Hector and Andromache



Hector's Farewell (Thorwaldsen)

The Trojans being still pushed nearer to their own walls, Hector, bravest of Priam's sons, returns to the city to urge the women to prayer, and to carry the loitering Paris back with him to the defense. Here he meets his brave mother Hecuba, and then the fair Helen; but most to our purpose and his, his wife, the white-armed Andromache, the noblest of the women of the Iliad, for whom he has searched in vain.

But when he had passed through the great city and was come to the Scaean gates, whereby he was minded to issue upon the plain, then came his dear-won wife, running to meet him, even Andromache, daughter of great-hearted Eetion. . . So she met him now; and with her went the handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star. Him Hector called Scamandrius, but all the folk Astyanaz, "defender of the city." So now he smiled and gazed at his boy silently, and Andromache stood by his side weeping, and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called upon his name. "Dear my lord, this thy hardihood will undo thee, neither hast thou any pity for thine infant boy, nor for hapless me that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will the Achaeans all set upon thee and slay thee. But it were better for me to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for

nevermore will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, -- but only sorrow. Moreover I have no father, now, nor lady mother. . . . And the seven brothers that were mine within our halls, all these on the selfsame day went within the house of Hades; for fleet-footed, goodly Achilles slew them all amid their kine of trailing gait and white-faced sheep. . . . Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow."

Then great Hector of the glancing helm answered her: "Surely I take thought for all these things, my wife; but I have very sore shame of the Trojans and Trojan dames with trailing robes, if like a coward I shrink away from battle, Moreover mine own soul forbiddeth me, seeing I have learnt ever to be valiant and fight in the forefront of the Trojans, winning my father's great glory and mine own. Yea of a surety, I know this in heart and soul; the day shall come for holy Ilios to be laid low, and Priam and the folk of Priam of the good ashen spear. Yet doth the anguish of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hecuba's own, neither king Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaean shall lead thee weeping, and rob thee of the light of freedom.... But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity.

(Illiad - Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation)

So spoke the great-hearted hero, and stretched his arms out to take his little boy. But..

*The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child, -
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods, preferred a father's prayer:*

*"O thou ! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successive toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame':*

*While, pleased, amidst the general shouts of
Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation)

So prayed he, the glorious Hector, foreboding of the future, but little thinking that, when he himself was slain and the city sacked, his starlike son should be cast headlong to death from Troy's high towers, and his dear wife led into captivity as he had dreaded, indeed, and by none other than Neoptolemus, the son of his mortal foe, Achilles. But now Hector laid the boy in the arms of his wife, and she, smiling tearfully, gathered him to her fragrant bosom; and her husband pitied her, and caressed her with his hand, and bade her farewell, saying:

*"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb,
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more--but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."*

(*Iliad* - Pope's translation)

He took up his horsehair crested helmet; and she departed to her home, oft looking back and letting fall big tears, thinking that he would no more come back from battle.

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Neptune Aids the Discouraged Greeks

But the end was not to be so soon. Hector, returning to the field, challenged the bravest of the Greeks to combat. Nine accepted the challenge; but the lot fell upon Ajax, the son of Telamon. The duel lasted till night, with deeds of valor on both sides; and the heroes parted, each testifying to his foeman's worth. The next day a truce was declared for the burning of the dead; but, soon after, the conflict was renewed, and before the might of Hector and his troops the Greeks were driven back to their trenches.

Then Agamemnon, king of men, called another council of his wisest and bravest chiefs and, grievously discouraged, proposed, this time in earnest, that they reembark and sail home to Greece. In the debate that ensued Nestor advised that an embassy should be sent to Achilles persuading him to return to the field; and that Agamemnon should yield the maiden, the cause of dispute, with ample gifts to atone for the wrong he had done. Agamemnon assented; and Ulysses, Ajax, and Phoenix were sent to carry to Achilles the penitent message. They performed that duty, but Achilles was deaf to their entreaties. He positively refused to return to the attack and persisted in his determination to embark for Greece without delay.



Meanwhile the Greeks, having constructed a rampart around their ships, were now, instead of besieging Troy, in a manner themselves besieged, within their rampart. The next day after the unsuccessful embassy to Achilles, another battle was fought, in which Agamemnon raged mightily with his spear till, wounded, he was forced to retire to the hollow ships; and Ulysses,

too, bravely warring, had a narrow escape with life. Then the Trojans, favored by Jove, succeeded in forcing a passage through the Grecian rampart and were about to set fire to the ships. But Neptune, seeing the Greeks hard pressed, came to their rescue. Appearing in the form of Calchas the prophet, he raised the ardor of the warriors to such a pitch that they forced the Trojans to give way. Here Ajax, son of Telamon, performed prodigies of valor. Bearing his massy shield and "shaking his far-shadowing spear," he encountered Hector. The Greek shouted defiance, to which Hector replied, and hurled his lance at the huge warrior. It was well aimed and struck Ajax where the belts that bore his sword and shield crossed each other on the breast, but the double guard prevented its penetrating, and it fell harmless. Then Ajax, seizing a huge stone, one of those that served to prop the ships, hurled it at Hector. It struck him near the neck and stretched him on the plain. His followers instantly seized him and bore him off stunned and wounded.

Jupiter Inspirts the Trojans

While Neptune was thus aiding the Greeks and driving back the Trojans, Jupiter saw nothing of what was going on, for his attention had been drawn from the field by the wiles of Juno. That goddess had arrayed herself in all her [charms](#), and to crown all had borrowed of Venus her girdle, the Cestus, which enhanced the wearer's charms to such a degree that they were irresistible. So prepared, Juno had joined her husband, who sat on Olympus watching the battle. When he beheld her, the fondness of his early love revived and, forgetting the contending armies and all other affairs of state, he gave himself up to her and let the battle go as it would.

But this oblivion did not continue long. When, upon turning his eyes downward, the cloud-compeller beheld Hector stretched, almost lifeless, on the plain, he angrily dismissed Juno, commanding her to send Iris and Apollo to him. The former bore a peremptory message to Neptune, ordering him to quit the contest.

Apollo was dispatched to heal Hector's bruises and to inspirit his heart. These orders were obeyed with such speed that while the battle was still raging, Hector returned to the field and Neptune betook himself to his own dominions.

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The End of the Iliad

The story of the Iliad ends with the death of Hector, and it is from the Odyssey and later poems that we learn the fate of the other heroes. After the death of Hector, Troy did not immediately fall, but receiving aid from new allies, still continued its resistance. One of these allies was Memnon, the Ethiopian prince. Another was Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who came with a band of female warriors. All the authorities attest the valor of these women and the fearful effect of their war cry. Penthesilea, having slain many of the bravest Greeks, was at last slain by Achilles. But when the hero bent over his fallen foe and contemplated her beauty, youth, and valor, he bitterly regretted his victory. Thersites, the insolent brawler and demagogue, attempting to ridicule his grief, was in consequence slain by the hero.



Achilles and Penthesilea

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The Death of Achilles

Achilles himself was not destined to a long life. Having by chance seen Polyxena, daughter of King Priam, perhaps on occasion of the truce which was allowed the Trojans for the burial of Hector, he was captivated with her charms; and to win her in marriage, it is said (but not by Homer) that he agreed to influence the Greeks to make peace with Troy. While the hero was in the temple of Apollo negotiating the marriage, Paris discharged at him a poisoned arrow, which, guided by Apollo, fatally wounded him in the heel. This was his only vulnerable spot; for Thetis, having dipped him when an infant in the river Styx, had rendered every part of him invulnerable except that by which she held him.

The body of Achilles so treacherously slain was rescued by Ajax and Ulysses. Thetis directed the Greeks to bestow her son's armor on that hero who of all survivors should be judged most deserving of it. Ajax and Ulysses were the only claimants. A select number of the other chiefs were appointed to award the prize. By the will of Minerva it was awarded to Ulysses, -- wisdom being thus rated above valor. Ajax, enraged, set forth from his tent to wreak vengeance upon the Atridae and Ulysses. But the goddess robbed him of reason and turned his hand against the flocks and herds of the Argives, which he slaughtered or led captive to his tent, counting them the rivals who had wronged him. then the cruel goddess restored to him his wits. And he, fixing his sword in the ground, prepared to take his own life:

*"Come and look on me,
O Death, O Death, -- and yet in yonder
world
I shall dwell with thee, speak enough
with thee:*

*And thee I call, thou light of golden
day,
Thou Sun, who drivest on thy glorious
car,
Thee, for this last time, -- never more
again!
O Light, O sacred land that was my
home;
O Salamis where stands my father's
hearth.
Thou glorious Athens, with thy kindred
race;
Ye streams and rivers here, and Troia's
plains,
To you that fed my life I bid farewell;
This last, last word does Ajax speak to
you;
All else, I speak in Hades to the dead."*

(Sophocles)

Then, falling upon his sword, he died.
So, in the words of his magnanimous
foe, Ulysses, passed to the god that
ruleth in gloom.

*"The best and bravest of the Argive
host,
Of all that came to Troia, saving one,
Achilles' self"*

(Sophocles)

On the spot where his blood sank into
the earth a hyacinth sprang up, bearing
on its leaves the first two letters of his
name, Ai, the Greek interjection of
woe.

It was now discovered that Troy could
not be taken but by the aid of the
arrows of Hercules. They were in
possession of Philoctetes, the friend
who had been with Hercules at the last
and had lighted his funeral pyre.
Philoctetes had joined the Grecian
expedition against Troy; but he
accidentally wounded his foot with one
of the poisoned arrows, and the smell
from the wound proved so offensive
that his companions carried him to the
isle of Lemnos and left him there.
Diomedes and Ulysses, or Ulysses and
Neoptolemus (son of Achilles), were
now sent to induce him to rejoin the
army. They succeeded. Philoctetes

was cured of his wound by Machaon,
and Paris was the first victim of the
fatal arrows.

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Paris and CEnone



CEnone warning Paris

In his distress Paris bethought him of one whom in his prosperity he had forgotten. This was the nymph CEnone, whom he had married when a youth and had abandoned for the fatal beauty of Helen. CEnone, remembering the wrongs she had suffered, refused to heal the wound; and Paris went back to Troy and died. CEnone quickly repented and hastened after him with remedies, but came too late, and in her grief hanged herself.

The Palladium

There was in Troy a celebrated statue of Minerva called the Palladium. It was said to have fallen from heaven, and the belief was that the city could not be taken so long as this statue remained within it. Ulysses and Diomedes entered the city in disguise and succeeded in obtaining the palladium, which they carried off to the Grecian camp.

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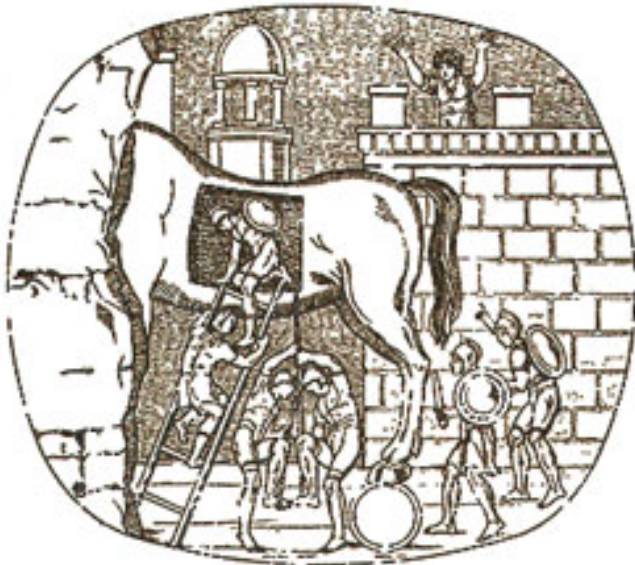
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The Wooden Horse

But Troy still held out. The Greeks began to despair of subduing it by force, and by advice of Ulysses they resorted to stratagem. They pretended to be making preparations to abandon the siege; and a number of the ships were withdrawn and concealed behind a neighboring island. They then constructed an immense wooden horse, which they gave out was intended as a propitiatory offering to Minerva; but it was, in fact, filled with armed men. The rest of the Greeks then betook themselves to their ships and sailed away, as if for a final departure. The Trojans, seeing the encampment broken up and the fleet gone, concluded that the enemy had abandoned the siege. The gates of the city were thrown open, and the whole population issued forth, rejoicing at the long-prohibited liberty of passing freely over the scene of the late encampment.

The great horse was the chief object of curiosity. Some recommended that it be taken into the city as a trophy; others felt afraid of it. While they hesitated, Laocoon, the priest of Neptune, exclaimed, "What madness, citizens, is this! Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on your guard against it? For my part, I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." So saying, he threw his lance at the horse's



side. It struck, and a hollow sound

reverberated like a groan. Then perhaps the people might have taken his advice and destroyed the fatal horse with its contents, but just at that moment a group of people appeared dragging forward one who seemed a prisoner and a Greek. Stupefied with terror, the captive was brought before the chiefs. He informed them that he was a Greek, Sinon by name, and that in consequence of the malice of Ulysses, he had been left behind by his countrymen at their departure. With regard to the wooden horse, he told them that it was a propitiatory offering to Minerva, and had been made so huge for the express purpose of preventing its being carried within the city; for Calchas the prophet had told them that if the Trojans took possession of it, they would assuredly triumph over the Greeks.

Laocoon and the Serpents

This language turned the tide of the people's feelings, and they began to think how they might best secure the monstrous horse and the favorable auguries connected with it, when suddenly a prodigy occurred which left no room for doubt. There appeared advancing over the sea two immense serpents. They came upon the land and the crowd fled in all directions. The serpents advanced directly to the spot where Laocoon stood with his two sons. They first attacked the children, winding round their bodies and breathing pestilential breath in their faces. The father, attempting to rescue them, was next seized and involved in the serpent's coils.

*"The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clinch; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,, -- the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp
on gasp."*

(Byron - *Childe Harold*)

He struggled to tear them away,, but they overpowered al his efforts and strangled him and the children in their poisonous folds. The event was regarded as a clear

indication of the displeasure of the gods at Laocoon's irreverent treatment of the wooden horse, which they no longer hesitated to regard as a sacred object and prepared to introduce with due solemnity into the city. They did so with songs and triumphal acclamations, and the day closed with festivity. In the night, the armed men who were enclosed in the body of the horse, being let out by the traitor Sinon, opened the gates of the city to their friends who had returned under cover of the night. The city was set on fire; the people, overcome with feasting and sleep, were put to the sword, and Troy completely subdued.

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The Death of Priam and Results of the Fall



The Sack of Troy

Priam lived to see the downfall of his kingdom and was slain at last on the fatal night when the Greeks took the city. He had armed himself and was about to mingle with the combatants, but was prevailed on by Hecuba to take refuge with his daughters and herself as a suppliant at the altar of Jupiter. While there, his youngest son, Polites, pursued by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, rushed in wounded and expired at the feet of his father; whereupon Priam, overcome with indignation, hurled his spear with feeble hand against Pyrrhus and was forthwith slain by him

The Survivors

Queen Hecuba and her daughter Cassandra were carried captives to Greece. Cassandra had been loved by Apollo, who gave her the gift of prophecy; but afterwards offended with her, he had rendered the gift unavailing by ordaining that her predictions should never be believed. Polyxena, another daughter, who had been loved by Achilles, was demanded by the ghost of that warrior and was sacrificed by the Greeks upon his tomb. Of the fate of the white-armed Andromache - she was carried off as the wife of Neoptolemus, but he was faithful to her for only a short time. After he had cast her aside she married Elenus, a brother of Hector, and still after returned to Asia Minor

Helen, Menalaus and Agamemnon

On the fall of troy, Menelaus recovered possession of his wife, who, it seems, had not ceased to love him, though she had yielded to the might of Venus and deserted him for another. After the death of Paris, she aided the Greeks

secretly on several occasions; in particular when Ulysses and Diomedes entered the city in disguise to carry off the Paladium. She then saw and recognized Ulysses, but kept the secret and even assisted them in obtaining the image. Thus she became reconciled to Menelaus, and they were among the first to leave the shores of Troy for their native land. But having incurred the displeasure of the gods, they were driven by storms from shore to shore of the Mediterranean, visiting Cyprus, Phoenicia, and Egypt. In Egypt they were treated kindly and presented with rich gifts, of which Helen's share was a golden spindle and a basket on wheels.

*"...Many yet adhere
To the ancient distaff at the bosom fixed,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk.
...This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when the Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too beauteous Helen; no uncourtly gift.:*

(Dryer - *The Fleece*)

Milton also alludes to a famous recipe for an invigorating draft, called Nepenthes, which the Egyptian queen gave to Helen:

*Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly or so cool to thirst.*

(Milton - *Comus*)

At last, arriving in safety at Sparta, Menelaus and Helen resumed their royal dignity, and lived and reigned in splendor; and when Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, in search of his father, arrived at Sparta, he found them celebrating the marriage of their daughter Hermione to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles.

Agamemnon was not so fortunate in the issue. During his absence his wife Clytemnestra had been false to him; and when his return was expected, she with her paramour, Aegisthus, son of Thyestes, laid a plan for his destruction. Cassandra warned the king, but as usual her prophecy was not regarded. While Agamemnon was bathing previous to the banquet given to celebrate his return, the conspirators murdered him.

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Achilles and Patroclus

An arrow from the bow of Paris had wounded Machaon, son of AEsculapius, a brave warrior, who, having inherited his father's art, was of great value to the Greeks as their surgeon. Nestor, taking Machaon in his chariot, conveyed him from the field. As they passed the ships of Achilles, that hero, looking over the battle, saw the chariot of Nestor, and recognized the old chief, but could not discern who the wounded warrior was. Calling Patroclus, his companion and dearest friend, he sent him to Nestor's tent to inquire. Patroclus, performing the behest, saw Machaon wounded and, having told the cause of his coming, would have hastened away, but Nestor detained him to tell him the extent of the Grecian calamities. He reminded him also how, at the time of the departure for Troy, Achilles and himself had been charged by their respective sires: the one to aspire to the highest pitch of glory; the other, as the elder, to keep watch over his friend and to guide his inexperience. "Now," said Nestor, "is the time for such guidance. If the gods so please, thou mayest win Achilles back to the common cause; but if not, let him at least send his soldiers to the field, and come thou, Patroclus, clad in his armor. Perhaps the very sight of it may drive back the Trojans."

Patroclus, strongly moved by this address, hastened to his friend, revolving in his mind what he had seen and heard. He told the prince the sad condition of affairs at the camp of their late associates; Diomedes, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Machaon, all wounded, the rampart broken down, the enemy among the ships preparing to burn them and thus to cut off all means of return to Greece. While they spoke, the flames burst forth from one of the ships. Achilles, at the sight, relented so far as to entrust Patroclus with the

Myrmidons for the onslaught and to lend him his armor that he might thereby strike the more terror into the minds of the Trojans. Without delay the soldiers were marshaled, Patroclus put on the radiant armor, mounted the chariot of Achilles, and led forth the men ardent for battle. But before his friend went, Achilles strictly charged him to be content with repelling the foe. "Seek not," said he, "to press the Trojans without me, lest thou add still more to the disgrace already mine." Then exhorting the troops to do their best, he dismissed them full of ardor to the fight.

Patroclus and his Myrmidons at once plunged into the contest where it raged hottest. At the sight of them the joyful Grecians shouted, and the ships reechoed the acclaim; but the Trojans, beholding the well-known armor, struck with terror, looked everywhere for refuge. First those who had got possession of the ship and set it on fire allowed the Grecians to retake it and extinguish the flames. Then the rest fled in dismay. Ajax, Menelaus, and the two sons of Nestor performed prodigies of valor. Hector was forced to turn his horses' heads and retire from the enclosure, leaving his men encumbered in the fosse to escape as they could. Patroclus drove all before him, slaying many; nor did one dare to make a stand against him.

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The Deaths of Sarpedon and Patroclus

At last the grandson of Bellerophon, Sarpedon, son of Jove and Laodamia, ventured to oppose the Greek warrior. The Olympian looked down upon his son and would have snatched him from the fate impending, but Juno hinted that if he did so, the other inhabitants of heaven might be induced to interpose in like manner whenever any of their offspring were endangered, - an argument to which Jove yielded. Sarpedon threw his spear, but missed Patroclus; the spear of the Greek, on the other hand, pierced Sarpedon's breast, and he fell, calling to his friends to save his body from the foe. Then a furious contest arose for the corpse. The Greeks succeeded in stripping Sarpedon of his armor, but Jove would not suffer the body to be dishonored. By his command Apollo snatched it from the midst of the combatants and committed it to the care of the twin brothers Death and Sleep. By them it was transported to Lycia, Sarpedon's native land, and there received due funeral rites.

Thus far Patroclus had succeeded to the utmost in repelling the foe and relieving his countrymen, but now came a change of fortune. Hector, borne in his chariot, confronted him. Patroclus threw a vast stone at the Trojan, which missed its aim, but



smote Cebriones, the charioteer, and felled him from the car. Hector leaped from the chariot to rescue his friend, and Patroclus also descended to complete his victory. Thus the two heroes met face to face. At this decisive moment the poet, as if reluctant to give Hector the glory, records that Phoebus Apollo, taking part against Patroclus, struck the helmet from his head and the lance from his hand. At the same moment an obscure Trojan wounded him in the back, and Hector pressing forward pierced him with his spear. He fell mortally wounded.

Then arose a tremendous conflict for the body of Patroclus; but his armor was at once taken possession of by Hector, who, retiring a short distance, divested himself of his own mail, put on that of Achilles, then returned to the fight. Ajax and Menelaus defended the body, and Hector and his bravest warriors struggled to capture it. The battle still raged with equal fortune, when Jove enveloped the whole face of heaven in a cloud. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and Ajax, looking round for some one whom he might dispatch to Achilles to tell him of

the death of his friend and of the imminent danger of his remains falling into the hands of the enemy, could see no suitable messenger. In desperation he exclaimed:

*"Father of heaven and earth ! deliver thou
Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;
Give day; and, since thy sovereign will is such,
Destruction with it; but, oh, give us day !"*

(Cowper's translation)

Jupiter heard the prayer and dispersed the clouds. Ajax sent Antilochus to Achilles with the intelligence of Patroclus' death and of the conflict raging for his remains; and the Greeks at last succeeded in bearing off the body to the ships, closely pursued by Hector and Aeneas and the rest of the Trojans.

The Remorse of Achilles

Achilles heard the fate of his friend with such distress that Antilochus feared for a while lest he might destroy himself. His groans reached the ears of Thetis, far down in the deeps of ocean where she abode, and she hastened to inquire the cause. She found him overwhelmed with self-reproach that he had suffered his friend to fall a victim to his resentment. His only consolation was the hope of revenge. He would fly instantly in search of Hector. But his mother reminded him that he was now without armor and promised, if he would out wait till the morrow, to procure for him a suit of armor from Vulcan more than equal to that he had lost.

He consented, and Thetis immediately repaired to Vulcan's palace. She found him busy at his forge, making tripods for his own use, so artfully constructed that they moved forward of their own accord when wanted, and retired again when dismissed. On hearing the request of Thetis, Vulcan immediately

laid aside his work and hastened to comply with her wishes. He fabricated a splendid suit of armor for Achilles; first a shield adorned with elaborate devices, of which a noble description is given by Homer, then a helmet crested with gold, then a corselet and greaves of impenetrable temper, all perfectly adapted to the hero's form, and of consummate workmanship. The suit was made in one night, and Thetis, receiving it, descended to earth and laid it at Achilles' feet at the dawn of day.

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The Reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles

The first glow of pleasure that Achilles had felt since the death of Patroclus was at the sight of this splendid armor. And now arrayed in it, he went forth to the camp, calling the chiefs to council. When the leaders were assembled, Achilles addressed them. Renouncing his displeasure against Agamemnon and bitterly lamenting the miseries that had resulted from it, he called on them to proceed at once to the field. Agamemnon made a suitable reply, laying the blame on Ate, the goddess of infatuation; and thereupon complete reconciliation took place between the heroes.

Then Achilles went forth to battle, heartened by the inspiration of Minerva and filled with a rage and thirst for vengeance that made him irresistible. As he mounted his chariot, one of his immortal coursers was, strange to say, endowed suddenly with speech from on high and, breaking into prophecy, warned the hero of his approaching doom. But, nothing daunted, Achilles pressed upon the foe. The bravest warriors fled before him or fell by his lance.

Hector, cautioned by Apollo, kept aloof; but the god, assuming the form of one of Priam's sons, Lycaon, urged Aeneas to encounter the terrible warrior. Aeneas, though he felt himself unequal, did not decline the combat. He hurled his spear with all his force against the shield, the work of Vulcan. The spear pierced two plates of the shield, but was stopped in the third. Achilles threw his spear with better success. It pierced through the shield of Aeneas, but glanced near his shoulder and made no wound. Then Aeneas, seizing a stone, such as two men of modern times could hardly lift,

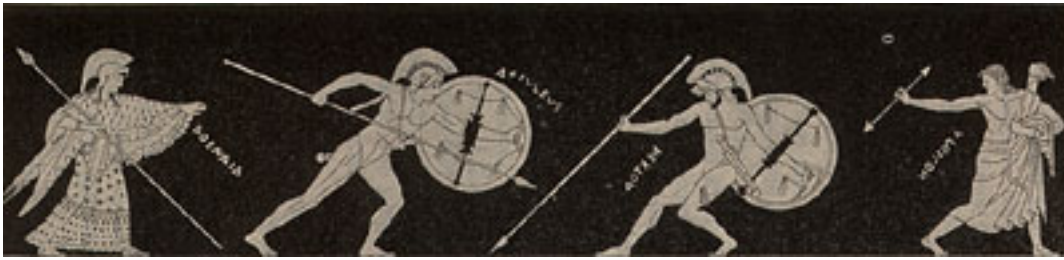
was about to throw it, -- and Achilles, with sword drawn, was about to rush upon him, -- when Neptune, looking out upon the contest, had pity upon Aeneas, who was sure to have the worst of it. The god, consequently, spread a cloud between the combatants and, lifting the Trojan from the ground, bore him over the heads of warriors and steeds to the rear of the battle.

Achilles, when the mist cleared away, looked round in vain for his adversary, and acknowledging the prodigy, turned his arms against other champions. But none dared stand before him; and Priam from his city walls beheld the whole army in full flight toward the city. He gave command to open wide the gates to receive the fugitives, and to shut them as soon as the Trojans should have passed, lest the enemy should enter likewise. But Achilles was so close in pursuit that that would have been impossible if Apollo had not, in the form of Agenor, Priam's son, first encountered the swift-footed hero, then turned in flight, and taken the way apart from the city. Achilles pursued, and had chased his supposed victim far from the walls before the god disclosed himself.

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The Death of Hector



Contest of Achilles and Hector

But when the rest had escaped into the town Hector stood without, determined to await the combat. His father called to him from the walls, begging him to retire nor tempt the encounter. His mother, Hecuba, also besought him, but all in vain. "How can I," said he to himself, "by whose command the people went to this day's contest where so many have fallen, seek refuge for myself from a single foe? Or shall I offer to yield up Helen and all her treasures and ample of our own beside? Ah no! even that is too late. He would not hear me through, but slay me while I spoke." While he thus ruminated, Achilles approached, terrible as Mars, his armor flashing lightning as he moved. At that sight Hector's heart failed him and he fled Achilles swiftly pursued. They ran, still keeping near the walls, till they had thrice encircled the city. As often as Hector approached the walls Achilles intercepted him and forced him to keep out in a wider circle. But Apollo sustained Hector's strength and would not let him sink in weariness.

Then Pallas, assuming the form of Deiphobus, Hector's bravest brother, appeared suddenly at his side. Hector saw him with delight, and thus strengthened, stopped his flight, and, turning to meet Achilles, threw his spear. It struck the shield of Achilles and bounded back. He turned to receive another from the hand of Deiphobus, but Deiphobus was gone. Then Hector understood his doom and said, "Alas ! it is plain this is my hour to die! I thought Deiphobus at hand, but Pallas deceived me, and he is still in Troy. But I will not fall inglorious." So saying he drew his falchion from his side and rushed at once to combat. Achilles, secure behind his shield, waited the approach of Hector. When he came within reach of his spear, Achilles, choosing with his eye a vulnerable part where the armor leaves the neck uncovered, aimed his spear at that part, and Hector fell, death-wounded. Feebly he said, "Spare my body! Let my parents ransom it, and let me receive funeral rites from the sons and daughters of Troy." To which Achilles replied, "Dog, name not ransom nor pity to me, on whom you have brought such dire distress. No! trust me, nought shall save thy carcass from the dogs. Though twenty ransoms and thy weight in gold were offered, I should refuse it all."

Achilles drags the Body of Hector

So saying, the son of Peleus stripped the body of its armor, and, fastening cords to the feet, tied them behind his chariot, leaving the body to trail along the ground. Then mounting the chariot he lashed the steeds and so dragged the body to and fro before the city. No words can tell the grief of Priam and Hecuba at this sight. His people could scarce restrain the aged king from rushing forth. He threw himself in the dust and besought them each by name to let him pass. Hecuba's distress was not less violent. The citizens stood round them weeping. The sound of the mourning reached the ears of Andromache, the wife of Hector, as she sat among her maidens at work; and anticipating evil she went forth to the wall. When he saw the horror there presented, she would have thrown herself headlong from the wall, but fainted and fell into the arms of her maidens. Recovering, she bewailed her fate, picturing to herself her country ruined, herself a captive, and her son, the youthful Astyanax, dependent for his bread on the charity of strangers.



Achilles Over the Body of Hector at the Tomb of Patroclus

After Achilles and the Greeks had thus taken their revenge on the slayer of Patroclus, they busied themselves in paying due funeral rites to their friend. A pile was erected, and the body burned with due solemnity. Then ensued games of strength and skill, chariot races, wrestling, boxing, and archery. Later, the chiefs sat down to the funeral banquet, and finally retired to rest. But Achilles partook neither of the feast nor of sleep. The recollection of his lost friend kept him awake, -- the memory of their companionship in toil and dangers, in battle or on the perilous deep. Before the earliest dawn he left his tent, and joining to his chariot his swift steeds, he fastened Hector's body to be dragged behind. Twice he dragged him round the tomb of Patroclus, leaving him at length stretched in the dust. But Apollo would not permit the body to be torn or disfigured with all this abuse; he preserved it free from taint or defilement.

While Achilles indulged his wrath in thus disgracing Hector, Jupiter in pity summoned Thetis to his presence. Bidding her prevail on Achilles to restore the body of Hector to the Trojans, he sent Iris to encourage Priam to beg of Achilles the body of his son. Iris delivered her message, and Priam prepared to obey. He opened his treasures and took out rich garments and cloths, with ten talents in gold and two splendid tripods and a golden cup of matchless workmanship. Then he called to his sons and bade them draw forth his litter and place in it the various articles designed for a ransom to Achilles. When all was ready, the old king with a single companion as aged as himself, the herald Idaeus, drove forth from the gates, parting there with Hecuba his queen, and all his friends, who lamented him as going to certain death.

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Priam in the Tent of Achilles



Priam's Visit to Achilles

Jupiter, beholding with compassion the venerable king, sent Mercury to be his guide and protector, Assuming the form of a young warrior, Mercury presented himself to the aged couple; and, when at the sight of him they hesitated whether to fly or yield, approaching he grasped Priam's hand and offered to be their guide to Achilles' tent. Priam gladly accepted his service, and Mercury, mounting the carriage, assumed the reins and conveyed them to the camp. Then having cast the guards into a heavy sleep, he introduced Priam into the tent where Achilles sat, attended by two of his warriors.

The aged king threw himself at the feet of Achilles and kissed those terrible hands which had destroyed so many of his sons. "Think, O Achilles," he said, "of thine own father, full of days like me, and trembling on the gloomy verge of life. Even now, mayhap, some neighbor chief oppresses him and there is none at hand to succor him in his distress. Yet, knowing that Achilles lives, he doubtless still rejoices, hoping that one day he shall see thy face again. But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons, so late the flower of Ilium, all have fallen. Yet one I had, one more than all the rest the strength of my age, whom fighting for his country thou hast slain. His body I come to redeem, bringing inestimable ransom with me. Achilles! reverence the gods! recollect thy father! for his sake show compassion to me!"

These words moved Achilles, and he wept, remembering by turns his absent father and his lost friend. Moved with pity of Priam's silver locks and beard, he raised him from the earth and spake: "Priam, I know that thou hast reached this place conducted by some god, for without aid divine no mortal even in his prime of youth had dared the attempt. I grant thy request, for I am moved thereto by the manifest will of love." So saying he arose, went forth with his two friends, and unloaded of its charge the litter, leaving two mantles and a robe for the covering of the body. This they placed on the litter and spread the garments over it, that not unveiled it should be borne back to Troy. Then Achilles dismissed the old king, having first pledged himself to a truce of twelve days for the funeral solemnities.

As the litter approached the city and was descried from the walls, the people poured forth to gaze once more on the face of their hero. Foremost of all, the mother and the wife of Hector came, and at the sight of the lifeless body renewed their lamentations. The people wept with them, and to the going down of the sun there was no pause or abatement of their grief.

The next day, preparations were made for the funeral solemnities. For nine days the people brought wood and built the pile; and on the tenth they placed the body on the summit and applied the torch, while all Troy, thronging forth, encompassed the pyre. When it had completely burned, they quenched the cinders with wine, and, collecting the bones, placed them in a golden urn, which they buried in the earth. Over the spot they reared a pile of stones.

*Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's
shade.*

(*Iliad*, - Pope's translation)

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Opium Production In Turkey

The flowers of the poppy plant grown in Turkey are usually of a purplish color, but are sometimes white, and the seeds, like the petals, vary in tint from dark violet to white. The cultivation was carried on, both on the more elevated and lower lands, chiefly by peasant proprietors. A naturally light and rich soil, further improved by manure, was necessary, and moisture was indispensable, although injurious in excess, so that after a wet winter the best crops were obtained on hilly ground, and in a dry season on the plains. The land was ploughed twice, the second time crosswise. The crop was very uncertain owing to droughts, spring frosts and locusts, and, in order to avoid a total failure and to allow time for collecting the produce, there were three sowings at intervals from October to March

But notwithstanding these precautions quantities of the drug were wasted when the crop was a full one, owing to the difficulty of gathering the whole in the short time during which collection is possible. The first sowing produced the hardiest plants, the yield of the other two depending almost entirely on favorable weather. In localities where there was hoar frost in autumn and spring the seed was sown in September or at latest in the beginning of October, and the yield of opium and seed was then greater than if sown later. After sowing, the land was harrowed, and the young plants were hoed and weeded, chiefly by women and children, from early spring until the time of flowering.

In the plains the flowers expanded at the end of May, on the uplands in July. At this period gentle showers were of great value, as they caused an increase in the subsequent yield of opium. The petals fall in a few hours, and the capsules grew so rapidly that in a short time, generally from nine to fifteen days, the opium was fit for collection. This period was known by the capsules yielding to pressure with the fingers, assuming a lighter green tint and exhibiting a kind of bloom called *cougak*, easily rubbed off with the fingers. The incisions were made by holding the capsule in the left hand and drawing a knife two-thirds round it, or spirally beyond the starting-point, great care being taken not to let the incisions penetrate to the interior lest the juice should flow inside and be lost. The operation was usually performed after the heat of the day, commencing early in the afternoon and continuing to nightfall, and the exuded juice collected the next morning. This done by scraping the capsule with a knife and transferring the concreted juice to a poppy-leaf held in the left hand, the edges of the leaf being turned in to avoid spilling the juice, and the knife-blade moistened with saliva by drawing it through the mouth after every alternate scraping to prevent the juice from adhering to it.

When as much opium has been collected as the size of the leaf will allow, another leaf was wrapped over the top of the lump, which is then placed in the shade to dry for several days. The pieces varied in size. The capsules were generally incised only once but the fields were visited a second or third time to collect the opium from the poppy-leaves subsequently developed by the branching of the stem. The whole of the operation must, have been completed in the few days during which the capsules were capable of yielding the drug. A cold wind or a chilly atmosphere at the time of collection lessens the yield, and rain washed the opium off the capsules. Before the crop was all gathered in a meeting of buyers and sellers takes place in each district, at which the price to be asked is discussed and settled, and the opium handed to the buyers, who in many instances advanced money on the standing crop. When sufficiently solid the pieces of opium were packed in cotton bags, a quantity of the fruits being thrown in to prevent the cakes from adhering together. The bags were then sealed up, packed in oblong or circular baskets and sent to Smyrna or other ports on mules.

On the arrival of the opium at its destination, in the end of July or beginning of August, it was placed in cool warehouses to avoid loss of weight until sold. The substances used to adulterate opium are grape-juice thickened with flour, fig-paste, liquorices, half-dried apricots, inferior gum tragacanth and sometimes clay or pieces of lead or other metals. Turkey opium was principally used in medicine on account of its purity and the large percentage of morphia that it contains, a comparatively small quantity being exported for smoking purposes.

About three-quarters of the opium prepared in Turkey was produced in Anatolia, and was exported by way of Smyrna, and the remainder was produced in the hilly districts of the provinces near the southern coast of the Black Sea.

The Turkish government encouraged the development of the industry by remitting the tithes on opium and poppy-seed for one year on lands sown for the first time, and by distributing printed instructions for cultivating the poppy and preparing the opium. In these directions it was pointed out that the opium crop is ten times as profitable as that of wheat. Four varieties of poppy are distinguished - two with white flowers, large oval capsules without holes under their combs and bearing respectively yellow and white seed, and the other two having red or purple flowers and seeds of the same color, one bearing small capsules perforated at the top, and the other larger oval capsules not perforated. The white varieties were recommended as yielding a more abundant opium of superior quality. The yellow seed was said to yield the best oil; that obtained by hot pressure was used for lamps and for paint, and the cold pressed oil for culinary purposes.

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Opium Production In India

The poppy grown in India is usually the white-flowered variety, but in the Himalayas a red-flowered poppy with dark seeds is cultivated. The opium industry in Bengal was a government monopoly, under the control of officials residing respectively at Patna and Ghazipore. It was considered that with greater freedom the cultivator would produce too great a quantity, and loss to the government would soon result. Advances of money were often made by the government to enable the growth of the poppy. The chief centers of production were Bihar in Bengal. The opium manufactured at Patna were of two classes, Provision opium manufactured for export, and Excise or Akbari opium intended for local consumption in India. These differed in consistence: Excise opium was prepared to contain 90% of non-volatile solid matter and made up into cubes weighing one seer, and wrapped in oiled paper, whilst Provision opium was made up into balls, protected by a leafy covering, made of poppy petals, opium and *pussewah*, or liquid drainings of the crude opium; that of Patna is made to contain 75% of solid matter, and that of Ghazipore, which is known as Benares opium.

The cultivation of Malwa opium was free and extremely profitable, the crop realizing usually from three to seven times the value of wheat or other cereals, and in exceptionally advantageous situations, from twelve to twenty times as much. On its entering British territory a heavy duty was imposed on Malwa opium, so as to raise its price to an equality with the government article. It was shipped from Bombay to northern China, where nearly the whole of the exported Malwa opium was consumed. The poppy was grown for opium in the Punjab to a limited extent, but it had been decided to entirely abolish the cultivation there

within a short time. In Nepal, Bashahr and Rampur, and at Doda Kashtwar in the Jammu territory, opium was produced and exported to Yarkand, Khotan and Aksu. The cultivation of the poppy was also carried on in Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal and the Shan states of Burma, but the areas and production are not known.

A small amount of opium alkaloids was only manufactured in India. The surplus above that issued to government medical institutions in India is sold in London.

The land intended for poppy culture was usually selected near villages, in order that it was more easily manured and irrigated. On a rich soil a crop of maize or vegetables was grown during the rainy season, and after its removal in September the ground was prepared for the poppy-culture. Under less favorable circumstances the land was prepared from July till October by ploughing and weeding.



The seed was sown between the 1st and 15th of November, and germinates in ten or fifteen days. The fields were divided for purposes of irrigation into beds about 10 ft. square, which usually were irrigated twice between November and February, but if the season was cold, with hardly any rain, the operation was repeated five or six times. When the seedlings were 2 or 3 in. high they were thinned out and weeded. The plants during growth were liable to injury by severe frost, excessive rain, insects, fungi and the growth of a root-parasite (*Orobanche indica*). The poppy blossomed about the middle of February, and the petals

when about to fall were collected for the purpose of making leaves for the spherical coverings of the balls of opium. These were made by heating a circular-ridged earthen plate over a slow fire, and spreading the petals, a few at a time, over its surface. As the juice exuded, more petals were pressed on to them with a cloth until a layer of sufficient thickness is obtained. The leaves are forwarded to the opium-factories, where they are sorted into three classes, according to size and color, the smaller and dark-colored being reserved for the inside of the shells of the opium-balls, and the larger and least colored for the outside.

The collection of opium commenced in Behar about 25th February, and continues to about 25th March, but in Malwa was performed in March and April. The capsules are scarified vertically in most districts. The nushtur consists of three to five flattened blades forked at the larger end, and separated about one-sixteenth of an inch from each other by winding cotton thread between them, the whole being also bound together by thread, and the protrusion of the points being restricted to one-twelfth of an inch, by which the depth of the incision is limited. The operation was usually performed about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and the opium collected the next morning.

In Bengal a small sheet iron scoop or *seetoah* is used for scraping off the dried juice, and, as it becomes filled, the opium was emptied into an earthen pot carried for the purpose. In Malwa a flat scraper is employed, a small piece of cotton soaked in linseed oil being attached to the upper part of the blade, and used for smearing the thumb and edge of the scraper to prevent adhesion of the juice; sometimes water was used instead of oil, but both practices injured the quality of the product. Sometimes the opium was in a fluid state by reason of dew, and in some places it was rendered still more so by the practice adopted by collectors of washing their scrapers,

and adding the washings to the morning's collection.

The juice, when brought home, is consequently a wet granular mass of pinkish color, from which a dark fluid drains to the bottom of the vessel. In order to get rid of this fluid, called *pasewa* or *pussewah*, the opium was placed in a shallow earthen vessel tilted on one side, and the *pussewah* drained off. The residual mass was then exposed to the air in the shade, and regularly turned over every few days, until it had reached the proper consistence, which took place in about three or four weeks. The drug was then taken to the government factory to be sold. It was turned out of the pots into wide tin vessels or tagars, in which it was weighed in quantities not exceeding 21 lb. It was then examined by a native expert (*purkhea*) as to impurities, color, fracture, aroma and consistence. To determine the amount of moisture, which should not exceed 30%, a weighed sample was evaporated and dried in a plate on a metallic surface heated by steam. Adulterations such as mud, sand, powdered charcoal, soot, cow-dung, powdered poppy petals and powdered seeds of various kinds were easily detected by breaking up the drug in cold water. Flour, potato-flour, ghee and ghoor (crude datesugar) were revealed by their odor and the consistence they impart.

Various other adulterants were sometimes used, such as the juice of the prickly pear, extracts' from tobacco, stramonium and hemp, pulp of the tamarind and bael fruit, mahwah flowers and gums of different kinds. The price paid to the cultivator was regulated chiefly by the amount of water contained in the drug. When received into the government stores the opium was kept in large wooden boxes.

The care bestowed on the selection and preparation of the drug in the Bengal opium-factories is such that the merchants who purchased it rarely

required to examine it, although permission was given to open at each sale any number of chests or cakes that they may desire.

In Malwa the opium was manufactured by private enterprise, the government levying an export duty. It was not made into balls but into rectangular or rounded masses, and was not cased in poppy petals. It contained as much as 95 % of dry opium, but is of much less uniform quality than the Bengal drug, and, having no guarantee as to purity, and wasn't considered so valuable.

The cultivation in Malwa did not differ in any important particular from that in Bengal. The opium was collected in March and April, and the crude drug was thrown into an earthen vessel and covered with linseed oil to prevent evaporation. In this state it was sold to itinerant dealers. It was afterwards tied up in quantities of 25 lb and 50 lb in double bags of sheeting, which were suspended to a ceiling out of the light and draught to allow the excess of oil to drain off. In June and July, when the rains begin, the bags were taken down and emptied into shallow vats so to 15 ft. across, and 6 to 8 in. deep, in which the opium was kneaded until uniform in color and consistence and tough enough to be formed into cakes of 8 or 10 oz. in weight. These were thrown into a basket containing chaff made from the capsules. They were then rolled in broken leaves and stalks of the poppy and left, with occasional turning, for a week or so, when they became hard enough to bear packing.

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Opium Production In Europe

Experiments made in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Spain, Germany, and even in Sweden, proved that opium as rich in morphia as that of Eastern countries was able to be produced in Europe.

In 1830 Young, a surgeon at Edinburgh, succeeded in obtaining 56 lb of opium from an acre of poppies. In France the cultivation had been carried on since 1844 at Clermont-Ferrand by Aubergier. The juice evaporated by artificial heat immediately after collection and yielded about one-fourth of its weight of opium, and the percentage of morphia varied according to the variety of poppy used, the purple one giving the best results.

Some specimens of French opium have been found by Guibourt to yield 22% of morphia, being the highest percentage observed at that time in any opium. Experiments made in Germany obtained in that country opium of excellent quality, containing from 8 to 13% of morphia.

It was found that the method yielding the best results were to make incisions in the poppy-heads soon after sunrise, to collect the juice with the finger immediately after incision and evaporate it as speedily as possible, the color of the opium being lighter and the percentage of morphia greater than when the juice was allowed to dry on the plant. Cutting through the poppy-head caused the shriveling up of the young fruit, but the heads which had been carefully incised yielded more seed than those which had not been cut at all. Newly manured soil was found to act prejudicially on the poppy. The giant variety of poppy yielded most morphia.



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Opium in China

Opium is said to have been introduced into China by the Arabs probably in the 13th century, and it was originally used there as a medicine. In a Chinese Herbal compiled before 1700 both the plant and its juice are described, together with the mode of collecting it, and in the General History of the Southern Provinces of Yunnan, revised and republished in 1736, opium is noticed as a common product.



FIG. 3.—Opium-smoking Apparatus. *a*, pipe; *b*, dipper; *c*, lamp.

The first edict prohibiting opium smoking was issued by the emperor Yung Cheng in 1729. Up to that date the amount imported did not exceed 200 chests, and was usually brought from India by junks as a return cargo. In the year 1757 the monopoly of opium cultivation in India passed into the hands of the East India Company through the victory of Clive at Plassey. Up to 1773 the trade with China had been in the hands of the Portuguese, but in that year the East India Company took the trade under their own charge. Although the importation was forbidden by the Chinese imperial authorities in 1796, and opium smoking punished with severe penalties (ultimately increased to transportation and death), the trade continued and had increased during 1820 - 1830 to 16,877 chests per annum. The trade was contraband, and the opium was bought by the Chinese from depot ships at the ports.

Opium War

Up to 1839 no effort was made to stop the trade, but in that year the emperor Tao-Kwang sent a commissioner, Li. Tsze-su, to Canton to put down the traffic. Li issued a proclamation threatening hostile measures if the British opium ships serving as depots were not sent away. The demand for removal not being complied with, 20,291 chests of opium, valued at £2,000,000, were destroyed by the Chinese commissioner Li.; but still the British sought to smuggle cargoes on shore, and some outrages committed on both sides led to an open war, which was ended by the treaty of Nankifig in 1842. The importation of

opium continued and was legalized in 1858.

From that time, in spite of the remonstrance of the Chinese government, the exportation of opium from India to China continued. While, however, the court of Peking was honestly endeavoring to suppress the foreign trade in opium from 1839 to 1858 several of the provincial viceroys encouraged the trade, nor could the central government put a stop to the home cultivation of the drug. The cultivation increased so rapidly that at the beginning of the 20th century opium was produced in every province of China. The western provinces yielded and the other provinces produced nearly two thirds. Of this amount China required for home consumption, the remainder being chiefly exported to Indochina, while more foreign opium was imported into China. Of the whole amount of opium used in China and about one-seventh came from India.

The Chinese government regarded the use of opium as one of the most acute moral and economic questions which as a nation they had to face decided in 1906 to put an end to the use of the drug within ten years, and issued an edict on the 20th of September 1906, forbidding the consumption of opium and the cultivation of the poppy. As an indication of their earnestness of purpose the government allowed officials a period of six months in which to break off the use of opium, under heavy penalties if they failed to do so. In October of the same year the American government in the Philippines, having to deal with the opium trade, raised the question of the taking of joint measures for its suppression by the powers interested, and as a result a conference met at Shanghai on the 1st of February 1909 to which China, the United States of America, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Persia, Portugal and Russia sent delegates. At this meeting it was resolved that it was the duty of the respective governments to prevent the export of opium to any countries prohibiting its importation; that drastic measures should be taken against the use of morphine; that anti-opium remedies should be investigated; and that all countries having concessions in China should close the opium divans in their possessions.

The British government made an offer in 1907 to reduce the export of Indian opium to countries beyond the seas each year until the year 1910, and that if during these three years the Chinese government had carried out its arrangements for proportionally diminishing the production and consumption of opium in China, the British government were prepared to continue the same rate of reduction, so that the export of Indian

opium to China would cease in ten years; the restrictions of the imports of Turkish, Persian and other opium being separately arranged for by the Chinese government, and carried out simultaneously. The above proposal was gratefully received by the Chinese government. A non official report by Mr. E. S. Little, after traveling through western China, which appeared in the newspapers in May 1910, stated that all over the province of Szechwan opium had almost ceased to be produced, except only in a few remote districts on the frontier.

The difficulties of the task undertaken by the Chinese government to eradicate a national and popular vice were increased by the fact that the opium habit has been indulged in by all classes of society, that opium has been practically the principal if not the only national stimulant; that it involved a considerable loss of revenue, which had to be made up by other taxes, and by the fact that its cultivation was more profitable than that of cereals.

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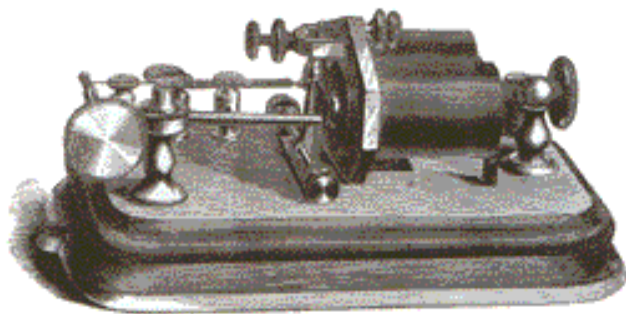
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Invention of the Electric Telegraph

Ancient Methods of Communication

Before the application of electricity to methods of conveying news from place to place there were many crude inventions for that purpose, which, while they answered the requirements demanded of them, performed their work so imperfectly that they were constantly liable to error. Important news, in France, a century or two ago, was shouted from the top of a high hill ; a person at a distance hearing it answered the sender, and shouted it to a third party, who in turn cried the message, and news traveled in this manner long distances quickly. This method was employed in the time of Caesar in calling the people to arms. Fires lighted upon elevations gave signs in their arrangement which could be readily understood. A signal fire upon Hero's tower lighted Leander across the Hellespont. In the Middle Ages a fiery cross shone along the British coast, announcing the approach of the Normans. Signal posts were organized systematically in France by Louis XI., and for a long time this method was sufficient for all purposes of transmission.

The aerial telegraph came next, consisting of great towers erected on rising ground in the country. These towers were surmounted by movable turrets which could be turned to any point to which it was desired to send a message. Above the tower were two long black arms connected by an immovable bar. The arms, moving in various ways, made signs which represented words and even complete phrases. This worked well enough in clear weather, but in rainy or foggy atmospheres its operation was ineffectual.



Invention of the Electric Telegraph

For a time the electric telegraph was considered a mere curiosity. The system invented by

Professor Samuel Morse in 1831 was looked upon as chimerical, and he was obliged to wait eight years before he succeeded in getting his invention before the public, although its machinery was almost as perfect as it is at the present day. Many savants in ancient times astonished the world with experiments, the chief motor of which was electricity. Among these may be mentioned the Abbe Noblet, Dafay, Mesmer, and Cagliostro. In 1790, Galvani discovered a singular fact which has been followed by the most splendid results, and later Volta brought to light the voltaic pile. Many persons claim that the true inventor of the electric telegraph was Wheatstone, who set up the first telegraph line in England and afterwards one in France ; but the Morse system was the simplest, and was eventually adopted in nearly all countries.



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The Morse System

Early on there were many competing systems and languages which attempted to become the universal telegraph communicator. But the Morse system was the simplest, and Morse Code eventually became its standard language. Listed are a couple of systems which were used in the late nineteenth century.

The Digney System

The *Digney System* prepared the dispatch by means of a special machine called a perforator. A band of paper passed under two keys, one of which being depressed the paper passed under without indentation ; when the other was depressed a steel punch cut into the paper, and made a single point. Two consecutive pressures upon the second key gave two points run together, or a dash. The dots and dashes of Morse Code as an alphabet were also employed in this method. The band of paper unrolled from the perforator with a message written upon it in these characters, and it was able to be revised, if needed, before sending. The band of paper was placed in a manipulator.

This instrument was composed of an elbowed lever easily movable, one arm of which rested constantly upon the perforated paper. The battery communicated with the lever and the line instrument with the metallic plate over which the paper rolled ; when the lever dropped on the paper no current passes ; when it fell on a perforation it touched the metallic plate, and the current passed into the line, thus repeating the message as it was cut into the band. In this manner the receiver registered a dispatch exactly similar to the one placed in the manipulator. A skillful operator was able to send by this system 175 letters a minute ; the ordinary, or Morse method, sent about one hundred and fifty.

Other Systems

The *Hughes Telegraph* began to be employed on great ship line; it was very ingenious, but proved to be too complicated and eventually fell out of favor.

Caselli's Pantelegraph was able to transmit the autograph of the operator, and worked perfectly during a thunder-shower, but its use was also discontinued.

The Morse System

The *Morse System* operated entirely by sound,

and it was said that sound reading was discovered by the operators, who noticed the action of the armature in writing the message on the paper band made peculiar sounds. In time

TELEGRAPH ALPHABET.									
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q		
R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
&									
FIGURES.									
1	2	3	4	5	6				
	7	8	9	0					
Period	Comma	Interrogation	Exclamation						
Semicolon	Italics	Quotation	Paragraph						
Fraction $\frac{1}{2}$									

they became so familiar with these sounds that they read without recourse to the written message. The operators became so proficient that the register or receiver was entirely done away with, which proved to be a great saving to the companies.

In this system the armature was furnished with a steel point or style, which made marks in the form of dots and dashes on a strip of paper where the receiver was used ; these arranged in combinations to form an alphabet. Without the receiver the letters were formed in the same manner, and were read by the duration of the sound of the armature striking on the upper and lower binding screws. Shadow-reading by means of a point of light reflected upon a scale from a mirror enclosed in a magnetized frame suspended by a human hair, was used in long distances, where it was impossible to locate intermediate stations, as in submarine cables.

CORRECT FORM OF TELEGRAM.

6 Pd 25. TRENTON, N. J., May 24th, 1882.

To Thompson's Telegraph Institute,
New York.

Send me circular of your institution.
J. L. DAVIS,

The foregoing message should be thus written on the line:



The check (CK) 6 Pd 25 signifies that there are six words in the message, and that the price of transmission is 25 cents; the abbreviation "Pd." shows that the dispatch is prepaid. When "Col." accompanies the check, it indicates that the charges are to be collected. The month and year of the date are never sent over the line. The abbreviations "Fr." (from) "Sig." (signature) are never copied by the receiver.



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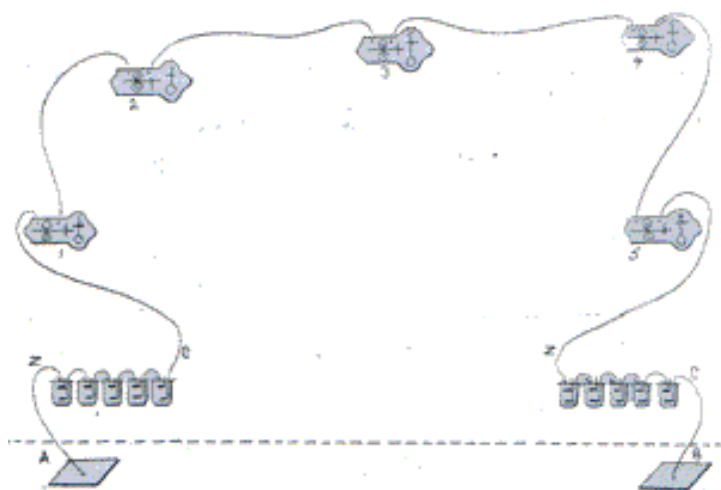
The Science of Telegraphy

Telegraph Lines

Construction of telegraph lines was a work of no ordinary undertaking. The country through which the lines had to pass has to be explored, and the services of experienced engineers were engaged. The shortest route was generally chosen, running along a highway or railway if possible; forests and sudden turns were avoided; where curves were necessary, they were designed as long as possible, so that the solidity of the supports were not endangered. The posts were made 150 to 200 feet apart ; new supports were added if the weight of the wires was too great. Sometimes posts were charred to avoid decay, and across them arms placed, on which porcelain or glass cups were fixed in a reversed position to avoid accumulation of moisture. The wire passed around these cups, and was thus insulated from the earth. The wire was galvanized, size from 9 to 12, a mile of wire weighing about 375 pounds. When wire was being run, the ends were twisted firmly together by means of a tackle and vise. When wire runs through damp places like tunnels, it was covered with gutta percha.

Telegraph Offices

Each office had a call or signal for itself. Any one or two letters of the alphabet suited, and served in working over the line as the name of whatever office it was applied to. One office desiring to communicate with another wrote on the line the call of that office three or four times, followed by his own call, and repeated this operation indefinitely, or until it was answered by the office called. The office answering the call made the letter "I" three or four times, and signed his own call. The receipt of a communication was answered by the signal "O. K." followed by the signal or call of the office receiving it. If the receiver, from any cause, failed to read or understand any portion of the communication, he called for a repetition by "breaking in" and saying "G. A." (go ahead), and giving the last word understood by him. If he wished it repeated entirely he says "R. R" (Repeat).



With wires of many miles in length, main batteries, containing a large number of cells were placed at the end stations. The return circuit was made through the entire distance of the earth, and each office connected with the line in the manner here described. The means employed to "tap" a telegraph line (which is sometimes done in case of railway accidents and for other purposes) were very simple. The wire was cut, and its two ends connected to a portable instrument in the hands of a "sound" operator, who was then easily able to read all that passed over the wire.

As lightning was frequently attracted to out-door lines, and thereby would sometimes enter the offices, damaging the instruments and even setting fire to curtains or other inflammable material about the instrument table, a simple instrument called "Lightning Arrester and Cut-out" was used for the purpose of intercepting and carrying to the earth such discharges of lightning as would be liable to cause damage. This apparatus was entirely effective, and was a complete safeguard against lightning.

Relay

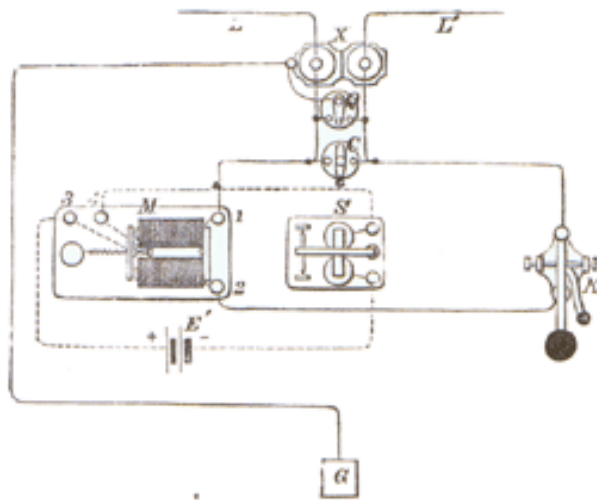
The relay was used only on main lines, and was made with greater or less resistance, according to the length of the wire. It was connected in the main line, and operated by the key. The armature of the relay closed the local circuit by striking the screw above the magnet, and was simply the key to work the local sounder.

In the previous description it is assumed that the instrument was worked directly by the current sent along the line. In long circuits, however, direct working could only be accomplished by great battery power, as, owing to inevitable loss by leakage, a current loses greatly before it reaches its destination. It was found to be a much better arrangement to have the instrument worked by a "local current" derived from a local battery at the receiving station.

When two stations far apart were to be connected by telegraph, it was usual to transmit the signal to a half-way station, and thence to re-transmit it. This was done by making the intermediate instrument act as a relay.

Arrangement of a Way Station

The annexed plan shows the instruments and connections of a way station. The line entered at L, passed through the lightning arrester, X, and thence through the relay, M, key, K, and back to the lightning



arrester, and thence to the next station by the line L. The button C, arranged as shown in the figure, is called a "Cut-out." When turned so as to connect the two wires leading into the office, it allowed the line current to pass across from one to the other without going through the instruments. The instruments were always cut out, by means of this apparatus, when leaving the office temporarily or for the night, and also during a thunder-storm, to avoid damage to the apparatus. The local circuit commenced at the X pole of the local battery, E', and through the platinum points of the relay by the binding screws 3, 4, thence through the sounder coils, S, and back to the other pole of the battery.

Other essential parts were the *Pony Sounder* (used in offices to receive from), the *Key*, with circuit-breaker, and the *Battery*, by means of which action was produced. If the battery was a gravity battery, it had the copper in the bottom of a glass jar, and the zinc suspended in the top. The circuit was formed by connecting with wire the copper (or positive pole) to the binding screw of the key, and the zinc (or negative pole) to the binding screw of the sounder. A small quantity of blue vitriol was placed in the bottom of the jar, and the jar filled with water to cover the zinc; the instrument is then in condition for operation.



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History of Early American Taverns

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The Puritan Ordinary



Consideration for the welfare of travellers, and a desire to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, seemed to the magistrates important enough reasons not only to counsel but to enforce the opening of some kind of a public house in each community, and in 1656 the General Court of Massachusetts made towns liable to a fine for not sustaining an ordinary. Towns were fined and admonished for not conforming to this law; Concord, Massachusetts, was one of the number. The Colonial Records of Connecticut, in 1644, ordered "one sufficient inhabitant" in each town to keep an ordinary, since "strangers were straitened" for want of entertainment. A frequent and natural choice of location for establishing an ordinary was at a ferry. Tristram Coffyn kept both

ferry and ordinary at Newbury, Massachusetts; there was an ordinary at Beverly Ferry, known until 1819 as the "Old Ferry Tavern."

Constant and strenuous efforts were made from earliest days to prevent drunkenness and all tavern disorders. As early as 1637 complaints had been made that "much drunkenness, waste of the good creatures of God, mispense of time, and other disorders" had taken place at the ordinaries. Frequent laws were made about selling liquor to the "devilish bloody salvages," and many were the arrests and fines and punishments therefor.

Landlords were forbidden by the Court in 1645 "to suffer anyone to be drunk or drink excessively, or continue tippling above the space of half an hour in any of their said houses under penalty of 5s, for every such offence suffered; and every person found drunk in the said houses or elsewhere shall forfeit 10s.; and for every excessive drinking he shall forfeit 3s. 4d.; for sitting idle and continuing drinking above half an hour, 2s. 6d.; and it is declared to be excessive drinking of wine when above



It might be inferred from the clause I have italicized that the Puritan drunkard was not without guile, and that some had worn the scarlet

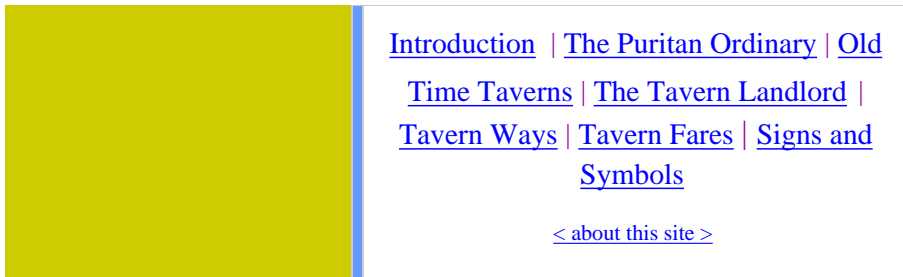
letter and hidden it from public view as skilfully as the moral brand is often hidden from public knowledge to-day. Women, also, were punished severely for "intemperate drinking from one ordinary to another," but such examples were rare.

Lists of names of common drunkards were given to landlords in some towns (among them New Castle, New Hampshire), and landlords were warned not to sell liquor to them. Licenses were removed and fines imposed on those who did not heed the warning.

The tithing-man, that amusing but most bumptious public functionary of colonial times, was at first the official appointed to spy specially upon the ordinaries. He inspected these houses, made complaint of any disorders he discovered, and gave in to the constable the names of idle drinkers and gamers. He warned the keepers of public houses to sell no more liquor to any whom he fancied had been tipping too freely. John Josselyn, an English visitor in Boston in 1663, complained bitterly thus:--

"At houses of entertainment into which a stranger went, he was presently followed by one appointed to that office, who would thrust himself into the company uninvited, and if he called for more drink than the officer thought in his judgement he could soberly bear away, he would presently countermand it, and appoint the proportion, beyond which he could not get one drop."

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Old Time Taverns



BY the close of the seventeenth century the word ordinary was passing into disuse in America; public houses had multiplied vastly and had become taverns, though a few old-fashioned folk--in letters, and doubtless in conversation--still called them ordinaries--Judge Sewall was one. The word inn, universal in English speech, was little heard here, and tavern was universally adopted. Though to-day somewhat shadowed by a formless reputation of being frequently applied to hostelries of vulgar resort and coarse fare and ways, the word tavern is nevertheless a good one, resonant of sound and accurate of application, since to this present time in the commonwealth of Massachusetts and in other states such large and sumptuous caravansaries as the Touraine and the Somerset Hotel

of Boston are in the eye and tongue of the law simply taverns, and their proprietors inn-holders or tavern-keepers.

In the Middle colonies ordinaries and inns were just as quickly opened, just as important, just as frequent, as in New England; but in the Southern colonies, the modes of settlement were so different, there were so few towns and villages, that hospitality to the traveller was shown at each plantation, every man's home was an inn; every planter was a landlord.

Old Time Taverns of the South: In general no charge was made for the entertainment of the chance visitor whose stay was deemed a pleasure in the secluded life of the Virginia tobacco planter. Indeed, unless a distinct contract had been made in advance and terms stated, the host could not demand pay from a guest, no matter how long the visitor remained. Rates of prices were set for the first Virginian ordinaries; previous to 1639 six pounds of tobacco were paid for a dinner, or about eighteen pence in coin; but as food soon grew more abundant, the price was reduced to twelve pence, and it was enjoined that the food must be wholesome and plentiful. Then the charges grew exorbitant,--twenty pounds of tobacco for a meal for a master, fifteen for a servant. Throughout the country the prices wavered up and down, but were never low. There were apparently two causes for this: the fact that ordinary-keepers captured so few guests, and also that the tobacco leaf varied and depreciated in value.



By 1668 so many small tippling-houses and petty ordinaries existed in the colony of Virginia that laws were passed restricting the number in each county to one at the court-house, and possibly one at a wharf or ferry. Then the magistrates tried to limit the drinks sold in these houses to beer and cider; and private individuals were warned not to sell "any sort of drink or liquor whatsoever, by retail under any color, pretence, delusion, or subtle evasion whatsoever." Those conditions did not last long. Soon the Virginia ordinaries had plentiful domestic and imported liquors, and at very low prices. Mr. Bruce says that "Madeira, Canary, Malaga, and Fayal wines were probably much more abundant in the Colony than in England at this time, and were drunk by classes which in the mother country were content with strong and small-beer."



But the ordinaries did scant business as lodging places. Governor Harvey complained that he could with as much justice be called the host as the Governor of Virginia, from the great number of persons entertained by him. This condition of affairs continued outside the cities till well into this century. In the large towns, however, comfortable taverns were everywhere established; and they were, as in the Northern colonies, the gathering places of many serious and many frivolous assemblages. The best of our American taverns were found in Southern cities; Baltimore had the fountain Inn built around a courtyard like an old English inn, and furnished very handsomely

Old Time Taverns Of New York: Few of these ancient taverns still remain. The old Indian Queen Tavern is still standing at Bladensburg, Maryland. Its picture is given opposite page 33. This view is from a painting by Mr. Edward Lamson Henry. It shows also an old stagewagon such as was used in the eighteenth century,

starting out from the tavern door. Mr. Henry has made a most exhaustive study of old-time modes of travel, as well as a fine collection of old might be erected at the rear of the inn; right was given to retail the East India Company's wine and brandy; and some dull records exist of the use of the building as an inn. It had a career afterward of years of use and honor as the Stadt Huys, or City Hall; I have told its story at length in a paper in the Half-Moon Series on Historic New York.

The building was certainly not needed as a tavern, for in 1648 one-fourth of the buildings in New Amsterdam had been turned into tap-houses for the sale of beer, brandy, and tobacco. Governor Stuyvesant placed some restraint on these tapsters; they had to receive unanimous consent of the Council to set up the business; they could not sell to Indians.



"Unreasonable night-tipping," that is, drinking after the curfew bell at nine o'clock, and "intemperate drinking on the Sabbath," that is, drinking by any one not a boarder before three o'clock on the Sabbath (when church services were ended), were heavily fined. Untimely "sitting of clubs" was also prohibited. These laws were evaded with as much ease as the Raines Law provisions of later years in the same neighborhood.

In 1664 the red cross of St. George floated over the city; the English were in power; the city of New Amsterdam was now New York. The same tavern laws as under the Dutch obtained, however, till 1748, and under the English, taverns multiplied as fast as under Dutch rule. They had good old English names on their sign-boards: the Thistle and Crown, the Rose and Thistle, the Duke of Cumberland, the Bunch of Grapes, St. George and the Dragon, Dog's Head in the Porridge Pot, the Fighting Cocks, the White Lion, the King's Head.

On the Boreel Building on Broadway is a bronze commemorative tablet, placed there in 1890 by the Holland Society.

The site of this building has indeed a history of note. In 1754 Edward Willet opened there a tavern under the sign of the Province Arms; and many a distinguished traveller was destined to be entertained for many a year at this Province Arms and its successors. It had been the home residence of the De Lanceys, built about 1700 by the father of Lieutenant-Governor James De Lancey, and was deemed a noble mansion. The Province Arms began its career with two very brilliant public dinners: one to the new English Governor, Sir Charles Hardy; the other upon the laying of the corner-stone of King's College. A grand function this was, and the Province Arms had full share of honor. All the guests, from Governor to students, assembled at the tavern, and proceeded to the college grounds; they laid the stone and returned to Landlord Willet's, where, says the chronicle, "the usual loyal healths were drunk, and

Prosperity to the College; and the whole was conducted with the utmost Decency and Propriety."



In 1763 the Province Arms had a new landlord, George Burns, late of the King's Head in the Whitehall, and ere that of the Cart and Horse. His advertisements show his pretensions to good housekeeping, and his house was chosen for a lottery-drawing of much importance--one for the building of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. This lottery was for six thousand pounds, and lighthouse and lottery were special pets of Cadwallader Colden, then President of his Majesty's Council. Lotteries were usually drawn at City Hall, but just at that time repairs were being made upon that building, so Mr. Burns's long room saw this important event. The lighthouse was built. The New York Magazine for 1790 has a picture and description of it. It is there gravely stated that the light could be seen at a distance of ten leagues, that is, thirty miles. As the present light at Sandy Hook is officially registered to be seen at fifteen miles' distance, the marvel of our ancestors must have shone with "a light that never was on land or sea."

Troublous times were now approaching. George Burns's long room held many famous gatherings anent the Stamp Act--at the first the famous Non-Importation Agreement was signed by two hundred stout-hearted New York merchants. Sons of Liberty drank and toasted and schemed within the walls of the Province Arms. Concerts and duels alternated with suppers and society meetings; dancing committees and governors of the college poured in and out of the Province Arms. In 1792 Peter De Lancey sold it to the Tontine Association; the fine old mansion was torn down, and the City Hotel sprang up in its place.

In the early half of the eighteenth century the genteel New York tavern was that of Robert Todd, vintner. It was in Smith (now William) Street between Pine and Cedar, near the Old Dutch Church. The house was known by the sign of the Black Horse. Concerts, dinners, receptions, and balls took place within its-elegant walls. On the evening of January 19, 1736, a ball was therein given in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday. The healths of the Royal Family, the Governor, and Council had been pledged loyally and often at the fort through the day, and "the very great appearance of ladies and gentlemen and an elegant entertainment." at the ball fitly ended the celebration. The ladies were said to be "magnificent." The ball opened with French dances and then proceeded to country dances, "upon which Mrs. Morris led up to two new country dances made upon the occasion, the first of which was called the Prince of Wales, the second the Princes of Saxe-Gotha."

The Black Horse was noted for its Todd drinks, mainly composed of choice West India rum; and by tradition it is gravely asserted that from these delectable beverages was derived the old drinking term "toddy." (Truth compels the accompanying note that the word "toddy," like many of our drinking names and the drinks themselves, came from India, and the word is found in a geographical description of India written in 1671, before Robert Todd was born, or the Black Horse Tavern thought of.)

When Robert of toddy fame died, after nine years of successful hospitality, his widow Margaret reigned in his stead. She had a turn for trade, and advertised for sale, at wholesale, fine wines and playing cards, at reasonable rates. In 1750 the Boston Post made this tavern its headquarters, but its glory of popularity was waning and soon was wholly gone.

The better class of old-time taverns always had a parlor. This was used as a sitting room for women travellers, or might be hired for the exclusive use of some wealthy person or family. It was not so jovial a room as the taproom, though in winter a glowing fire in the open fireplace gave to the formal furnishings that look of good cheer and warmth and welcome which is ever present, even in the meanest apartment, when from the great logs the flames shot up and "the old rude-furnished room burst flower-like into rosy bloom." We are more comfortable now, with our modern ways of house-heating, but our rooms do not look as warm as when we had open fires. In the summer time the fireplace still was

an object of interest. A poet
writes:--

"'Tis summer now; instead of
blinking flames
Sweet-smelling ferns are hanging
o'er the grate.

With curious eyes I pore

Upon the mantel-piece with
precious wares,
Glazed Scripture prints in black
lugubrious frames,
Filled with old Bible lore;

The whale is casting Jonah on the
shore:

Pharaoh is drowning in the curling
wave.

And to Elijah sitting at his cave
The hospitable ravens fly in pairs
Celestial food within their horny
beaks."

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The Tavern Landlord



THE landlord of colonial days may not have been the greatest man in town, but he was certainly the best-known, often the most popular, and ever the most picturesque and cheerful figure.

Travellers did not fail to note him and his virtues in their accounts of their sojourns. In 1686 a gossiping London bookseller and author, named John Dunton, made a cheerful visit to Boston. He did not omit to pay tribute in his story of colonial life to colonial landlords. He thus pictures George Monk, the landlord of the Blue Anchor of Boston:--

"A person so remarkable that, had I not been acquainted with him, it would be a hard matter to make any New England man believe I had been in Boston; for there was no one house in all the town more noted, or where a man might meet with better accommodation. Besides, he was a brisk and jolly man, whose conversation was coveted by all his guests as the life and spirit of the company."

This picture of an old-time publican seems more suited to English atmosphere than to the stern air of New England Puritanism.

Grave and respectable citizens were chosen to keep the early ordinaries and sell liquor. The first "house of intertainment" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was kept by a deacon of the church, afterward Steward of Harvard College. The first license in that town to sell wine and strong water was to Nicholas Danforth, a selectman, and Representative to the General Court. In the Plymouth Colony Mr. William Collier and Mr. Constant South-worth, one of the honored Deputies, sold wine to their neighbors.

Dr. Dwight in his Travels said that English-men often laughed at the fact that inns in New England were

kept by men of consequence. He says:--

"Our ancestors considered the inn a place where corruption might naturally arise and easily spread; also as a place where travellers must trust themselves, their horses, baggage, and money, and where women must not be subjected to disagreeable experiences. To provide for safety and comfort and against danger and mischief they took particular pains in their laws to prevent inns from being kept by unprincipled or worthless men. Every innkeeper in Connecticut must be recommended by the selectmen and civil authorities, constables and grand jurors of the town in which he resides, and then licensed at the discretion of the Court of Common Pleas. It was substantially the same in Massachusetts and New Hampshire."

Lieutenant Francis Hall, travelling through America in 1817, wrote:--

"The innkeepers of America are in most villages what we call vulgarly, topping men--field officers of militia, with good farms attached to their taverns, so that they are apt to think what, perhaps, in a newly settled country is not very wide of the truth, that travellers rather receive than confer a favour by being accommodated at their houses. The daughters of the host officiate at tea and breakfast and generally wait at dinner."

An English traveller who visited this country shortly after the Revolution speaks in no uncertain terms of "the uncomplying temper of the landlords of the country inns in America." Another adds this

testimony:--

"They will not bear the treatment we too often give ours at home. They feel themselves in some degree independent of travellers, as all of them have other occupations to follow; nor will they put themselves into a bustle on your account; but with good language, they are very civil, and will accommodate you as well as they can."

Brissot comprehended the reason for this appearance of independence; he wrote in 1788:--

"You will not go into one without meeting neatness, decency, and dignity. The table is served by a maiden well-dressed and pretty; by a pleasant mother whose age has not effaced the agreeableness of her features; and by men who have that air of respectability which is inspired by the idea of equality, and are not ignoble and base like the greater part of our own tavern-keepers."

Captain Basil Hall, a much-quoted English traveller who came to America in 1827, designated a Salem landlord as the person who most pleased him in his extended visit. Sad to say he gives neither the name of the tavern nor the host who was "so devoid of prejudice, so willing to take all matters on their favourable side, so well informed about every-thing in his own and other countries, so ready to impart his knowledge to others; had such mirthfulness of fancy, such genuine heartiness of good-humour," etc.



In 1828 a series of very instructive and entertaining letters on the United States was published under the title, *Notions of the Americans*. They are accredited to James Fenimore Cooper, and were addressed to various foreigners of distinction. The travels took place in 1824, at the same time as the visit of Lafayette, and frequently in his company. Naturally inns, hotels, and modes of travel receive much attention. He speaks thus lucidly and pleasantly of the landlords:--

"The innkeeper of Old England and the innkeeper of New England form the very extremes of their class. The former is obsequious to the rich; the other unmoved and often apparently cold. The first seems to calculate at a glance the amount of profit you are likely to leave behind you, while his opposite appears to calculate only in what manner he can most contribute to your comfort without materially impairing his own. . . . He is often a magistrate, the chief of a battalion of militia or even a member of a state legislature. He is almost always a man of character, for it is difficult for any other to obtain a license to exercise the calling."

John Adams thus described the host and hostess of the Ipswich Inn:--

"Landlord and landlady are some of the grandest people alive, landlady is the great-granddaughter of Governor Endicott and has all the notions of high family that you find in the Winslows, Hutchinsons, Quincys, Saltonstalls, Chandlers, Otises, Learneds, and as you might find with more propriety in the Winthrops. As to landlord, he is as happy and as big, as proud, as conceited, as any nobleman in England, always calm and good-natured and lazy, but the contemplation of his farm and his sons, his house and pasture and cows, his sound judgment as he thinks, and his great holiness as well as that of his wife, keep him as erect in his thoughts as a noble or a prince."

The curiosity and inquisitiveness of many landlords was a standing jest.

"I have heard Dr. Franklin relate with great pleasantry," said one of his friends, "that in travelling when he was young, the first step he took for his tranquillity and to obtain immediate attention at the inns, was to anticipate inquiry by saying, 'My name is Benjamin Franklin. I was born in Boston. I am a printer by profession, am travelling to Philadelphia, shall have to return at such a time, and have no news. Now, what can you give me for dinner?'"

The landlord was usually a politician, sometimes a rank demagogue. He often held public office, was selectman, road commissioner, tax assessor, tax collector, constable, or town moderator; occasionally he performed all these duties. John Adams wrote bitterly that at public houses men sat drinking heavily

while "plotting with the landlord to get him at the next town-meeting an election either for selectman or representative."

They were most frequently soldiers, either officers in the militia or brave fighters who had served in the army. It was a favorite calling for Revolutionary soldiers who lived till times of peace. They were usually cheerful men; a gloomy landlord made customers disappear like flowers before a frost. And these cheery hosts were fond of practical jokes.

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Tavern Ways

IN the year 1704 a Boston widow named Sarah Knights journeyed "by post," that is, went on horseback, in the company of the government postman, from Boston to New York, and returned a few months later. She kept a journal of her trip, and as she was a shrewd woman with a sharp eye and sharper tongue, her record is of interest. She stopped at the various hostelries on the route, some of which were well-established taverns,



others miserable makeshifts; and she gives us some glimpses of rather rude fare. On the first night of her journey she rode late to "overtake the post," and this is the account of her reception at her first lodging-place:--

"My guide dismounted and very complasently shewed the door signing to me to Go in, which I

Gladly did. But had not gone many steps into the room ere I was interrogated by a young Lady with these or words to this purpose, viz., Law for mee--what in the world brings you here this time-a-night? I never see a Woman on the Rode so Late in all my Varsall Life! Who are you? Where are you goeing? Im scar'd out of my witts. . . . She then turned agen to mee and fell anew into her silly questions without asking mee to sit down. I told her she treated me very Rudely and I did not think it my duty to answer her unmannerly questions. But to get ridd of them I told her I come there to have the Posts company with me to-morrow on my journey."

She thus describes one stopping-place:--

"I pray'd her to show me where I must lodge. Shee conducted mee to a parlour in a little back Lento, which was almost filled with the bedstead, which was so high that I was forced to climb on a chair to gitt up to ye wretched bed that lay on it, on which having Strecht my tired Limbs and lay'd my Head on a Sad-coloured pillow, I began to think on the transactions of ye past day."

At another place she complained that the dinner had been boiled in the dye-kettle, that the black slaves ate at the table with their master, "and into the dish goes the black hoof as freely as the white hand. . . ." Again she says:--

"We would have eat a morsell, but the Pumpkin and Indian-mixt Bread has such an aspect, and the Bare-legg'd Punch so awkerd or rather awfull a sound that we left both."

At Rye, New York, she lodged at an ordinary kept by a Frenchman. She thus writes:--

"Being very hungry I desired a Fricassee which the landlord undertaking managed so contrary to my notion of Cookery that I hastened to Bed superless. Being shew'd the way up a pair of Stairs which had such a narrow passage that I had almost stopt by the Bulk of my Body; But arriving at my Apartment found it to be a little Lento Chamber furnisht among other Rubbish with a High Bedd and a Low one, a Long Table, a Bench and a Bottomless Chair. Little Miss went to scratch up my Kennell which Russelled as if shee'd bin in the Barn among the Husks and suppose such was the contents of the Tickin--nevertheless being exceedingly weary down I laid my poor Carkes never more tired and found my Covering as scanty as my bed was hard. Anon I heard another Russelling noise in the room--called to know the matter--Little Miss said she was making a bed for the men; who when they were in Bed complain'd their Leggs lay out of it by reason of its shortness--my poor bones complained bitterly not being used to such Lodgings, and so did the man who was with us; and poor I made but one Grone which was from the time I went to bed to the time I riss which was about three in the morning Setting up by the fire till light."

Manners were rude enough at many country taverns until well into the century. There could be no putting on of airs, no exclusiveness. All travellers sat at the same table. Many of the rooms

were double-bedded, and four who were strangers to each other often slept in each other's company.

An English officer wrote of this custom in America:--

"The general custom of having two or three beds in a room to be sure is very disagreeable; it arises from the great increase of travelling within the last few years, and the smallness of their houses, which were not built for houses of entertainment."

Mr. Twining said that after you were asleep the landlord entered, candle in hand, and escorted a stranger to your side, and he calmly shared the bed till morning. Thurlow Weed said that any one who objected to a stranger as a bedfellow was regarded as obnoxious and as unreasonably fastidious. Still Captain Basil Hall declared that even at remote taverns his family had exclusive apartments; while in crowded inns it was never even suggested to him that other travellers should share his quarters.

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Tavern Fares

Stage-coach and Tavern Days

	<i>s. d.</i>
To 1 Dinner	9
To Bread and Cheese	7
To breakfast & dinner	1 3
To 1 Bowl Toddy	9
To Lodging you and wife	6
To 1 1/4 Bowl Toddy	1 1 1/2
To 1/2 Mug Cyder	1 1/2
To lodge self and wife	6
To 1 Gill Brandy	5 1/2
To breakfast	9 1/2
Mug Cyder	1 1/2
To 1/2 bowl Toddy	4 1/2
Dinner	8
To 15 Lb Tobacco at 6d.	7 6
To 1/4 Bowl Toddy	4 1/2
To 1/2 Mug Cyder	1 1/2
To Supper	6

Many old tavern account-books and bills exist to show us the price of tavern fare at various dates.

Mr. Field gives a bill of board at the Bowen Inn at Barrington, Rhode Island. John Tripp and his wife put up at the inn on the 11th of May, 1776.

I suppose the quarter bowls of toddy were for Madam Tripp.

The house known for many years as the Ellery Tavern is still standing in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and is a very good example of the overhanging second story, as is shown in the front view of it given on page 79; and also of the lean-to, or sloping-roofed ell, which is shown by the picture on page 83 of the rear of the house. This house was built by Parson White in 1707, and afterward

kept as a tavern by James Stevens till 1740; then it came into the hands of Landlord Ellery. As in scores of other taverns in other towns, the selectmen of the town held their meetings within its doors. There were five selectmen in 1744, and their annual salary for transacting the town's business was five dollars apiece. The tavern charges, however, for their entertainment amounted to pound 30, old tenor. It is not surprising, therefore, to read in the town records of the following year that the citizens voted the selectmen a salary of pound 5, old tenor, apiece, and "to find themselves." Nevertheless, in 1749, there was another bill from the Ellery Tavern of pound 78, old tenor, for the selectmen who had been sworn in the year previously and thus welcomed, "Expense for selectmen and Licker, pound 3. 18s." The Ellery Tavern has seen many another meeting of good cheer since those days.

The selectmen of the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, met at the Blue Anchor Tavern, which was established as an ordinary as early as 1652. Their bill for 1769 runs thus:--

"The Selectmen of the Town of Cambridge to Ebenezer Bradish, Dr. 1769:

March, To dinners and drink	£0. 17. 8
April, To flip and punch	2.
May, To wine and eating	6. 8
May, To dinners, drink and suppers	18.
May, To flip and cheese	1. 8
May, To wine and flip	4.
June, To punch	2. 8
July, To punch and eating	4.
August, To punch and cheese	3. 7
October, To punch and flip	4. 8
October, To dinners and drink	13. 8
Sundries	12.
	£4. 10. 7 ¹¹

"Ordination Day" was almost as great a day for the tavern as for the meeting-house. The visiting ministers who came to assist at the religious service of ordination of a new minister were usually entertained at the tavern. Often a specially good beer was brewed

called "ordination beer," and in Connecticut an "ordination ball" was given at the tavern--this with the sanction of the parsons. The bills for entertaining the visitors, for the dinner and lodging at the local taverns, are in many cases preserved.

The bill is endorsed with unconscious humor, "This all paid for except the Ministers Rum."

A copy is given of a bill of the "O. Cromwell's Head Tavern" of Boston, which was made from a plate engraved by Paul Revere. This tavern was kept for over half a century by members of the Brackett family. It was distinctly the tavern of the gentry, and many a distinguished guest had "board, lodging, and eating" within its walls, as well as the wine, punch, porter, and liquor named on the bill. It will be noted that the ancient measure--a pottle--is here used. Twenty years before the Revolutionary War, and just after the crushing defeat of the British general, Braddock, in what was then the West, an intelligent young Virginian named George Washington, said to be a good engineer and soldier, lodged at the Cromwell's Head Tavern, while he conferred with Governor Shirley, the great war Governor of the day, on military affairs and projects. When this same Virginian soldier entered Boston at the head of a victorious army, he quartered his troops in Governor Shirley's mansion and grounds.

The sign-board of this tavern bore a portrait of the Lord Protector, and it is said it was hung so low that all who passed under it had to make a necessary reverence.

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History of Early American Taverns

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Signs and Symbols



BEFORE named streets with numbered houses came into existence, and when few persons could read, painted and carved sign-boards and figures were more useful than they are to-day; and not only innkeepers, but men of all trades and callings sought for signs that either for quaintness, appropriateness, or costliness would attract the eyes of customers and visitors, and fix in their memory the exact locality of the advertiser. Signs were painted and carved in wood; they were carved in stone; modelled in terra-cotta and plaster; painted on tiles; wrought of various metals; and

even were made of animal' heads stuffed.

As education progressed, signs were less needed, and when thoroughfares were named and sign-posts set up and houses numbered, the use of business signs vanished. They lingered sometimes on account of their humor, sometimes because they were a guarantee of an established business, but chiefly because people were used to them.



The shops in Boston were known by sign-boards. In 1761 Daniel Parker, goldsmith, was at the Golden Ball, William Whitmore, grocer, at the Seven Stars, Susannah Foster was "next the Great Cross," and John Loring, chemist, at the Great Trees. One hatter had a "Hatt & Beaver," another a "Hatt & Helmit"; butter was sold at the "Blue Glove" and "Brazen Head"; dry-goods at the "Sign of the Stays" and at the "Wheat Sheaf"; rum at the "Golden Keys"; pewter ware at the "Crown and Beehive"; knives at the "Sign of the Crown and Razor." John Crosby, for many years a noted lemon trader, had as a sign a basket of lemons. In front of a nautical instrument store on the corner of State and Broad streets, Boston, still stands a quaint wooden figure of an ancient naval officer resplendent in his blue coat, cocked

hat, short breeches, stockings, and buckles, holding in his hand a quadrant. The old fellow has stood in this place, continually taking observations of the sun, for upwards of one hundred years. It will be seen that these signs were often incongruous and non-significant, both as to their relation to the business they indicated, and in the association of objects which they depicted.

Many of the apparently meaningless names on tavern signs come through the familiar corruptions of generations of use, through alterations both by the dialect of speakers and by the successive mistakes of ignorant sign-painters. Thus "The Bag o' Nails," a favorite sign, was originally "The Bacchanalians." The familiar "Cat and Wheel" was the "Catherine Wheel," and still earlier "St. Catherine's Wheel," in allusion to the saint and her martyrdom. The "Goat and Compass" was the motto "God encompasseth us." "The Pig and Carrot" was the "Pique et Carreau" (the spade and diamond in playing cards). Addison thus explains the "Bell Savage," a common sign in England, usually portrayed by an Indian standing beside a bell. "I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in French, La Belle Sauvage, and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage."

"The Bull and Mouth" celebrates in corrupt wording the victory of Henry VIII. in "Boulougne Mouth"

or Harbor. In London the Bull and Mouth Inn was a famous coach office, and the signboard bore these lines:--

"Milo the Cretonian
An ox slew with his fist,
And ate it up at one meal,
Ye Gods! what a glorious twist."

Twist was the old cant term for appetite.

The universal use of sign-boards furnished employment to many painters of inferior rank, and occasionally even to great artists, who, either as a freak of genius, to win a wager, to crown a carouse, or perhaps to earn with ease a needed sum, painted a sign-board. At the head of this list is Hogarth. Richard Wilson painted "The Three Loggerheads" for an ale-house in North Wales. George Morland has several assigned to him: "The Goat in Boots," "The White Lion," "The Cricketers." Ibbetson paid his bill to Landlord Burkett after a sketching and fishing excursion by a sign with one pale and wan face and one equally rubicund. The accompanying lines read:--

"Thou mortal man that livest by
bread,
What makes thy face to look so
red?
Thou silly fop that looks so pale,
'Tis red with Tommy Burkett's
ale."



Benjamin West painted many tavern signs in the vicinity of Philadelphia, among them in 1771 that of the Three Crowns, a noted hostelry that stood on the King's High-way in Salisbury Township, Lancaster County. This neighborhood was partly settled by English emigrants, and the old tavern was kept by a Tory of the deepest dye. The sign-board still bears the marks of the hostile bullets of the Continental Army, and the proprietor came near sharing the bullets with the sign. This Three Crowns was removed in 1816 to the Waterloo Tavern, kept by a relative of the old landlord. The Waterloo Tavern was originally the Bull's Head, and was kept by a Revolutionary officer. Both sides of the Three Crowns sign-board are shown on page 143. By tradition West also painted the sign-board of the old Hat Tavern shown on page 147. This was kept by Widow Caldwell in Leacock Township, Lancaster County, on the old Philadelphia road.

The Bull's Head Inn of Philadelphia had a sign suited to its title; it was sold in the middle of this century to an Englishman as the work of Benjamin West. The inn stood in Strawberry Alley, and West once lived in the alley; and so also did Bernard Wilton, a painter and glazier, in the days when the inn was young and had no sign-board. And as the glazier sat one day in the taproom, a bull ran foaming into the yard and thrust his head with a roar in the tavern window. The glazier had a ready wit, and quoth he: "This means something. This bull thrust his head in as a sign, so it shall be the sign of the inn, and bring luck and custom forever." I think those were his words; at any rate, those were the deeds.

West also painted the "Ale Bearers." One side had a man holding a glass of ale and looking through it. The other side showed two brewers' porters carrying an ale cask slung with case hooks on a pole--as was the way of ale porters at that day. It is said that West was offered five hundred dollars for a red lion sign-board he had painted in his youth. In the vicinity of Philadelphia several taverns claimed to have sign-boards painted by the Peales and by Gilbert Stuart, and an artist named Hicks is said to have contributed some wonderful specimens to this field of art.

General Wolfe was a favorite name and figure for pre-Revolutionary taverns and sign-boards. There was a Wolfe Tavern near Faneuil Hall in Boston; and the faded sign-board of the Wolfe Tavern of Brooklyn, Connecticut, is shown on page 211 as it swung when

General Israel Putnam was the tavern landlord. These figures of the English officer were usually removed as obnoxious after the Declaration of Independence. But the Wolfe Tavern at Newburyport continued to swing the old sign "in the very centre of the place to be an insult to this truly republican town." This sign is shown in its spruce freshness on page 180. It is a great contrast to "Old Put's" Wolfe sign-board.

The Revolutionary War developed originality in American tavern signs. The "King's Arms," "King's Head," "St. George and the Dragon," and other British symbols gave place to rampant American eagles and portraits of George Washington. Every town had a Washington Tavern, with varied Washington sign-boards. That of the Washington Hotel at Salem, Massachusetts, is on page 63.

The landlord of the Washington Inn at Holmesburg, Pennsylvania, one James Carson, issued this address in 1816:--

"Ye good and virtuous Americans--come! whether business or pleasure be your object--call and be refreshed at the sign of Washington. Here money and merit will secure you respect and honor, and a hearty welcome to choice liquors and to sumptuous fare. Is it cold? You shall find a comfortable fire. Is it warm? Sweet repose under a cool and grassy shade. In short, every exertion shall be made to grace the sign of the hero and statesman who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

On Beach Street a tavern, with the name Washington Crossing the

Delaware, had as a sign-board a copy of Sully's famous picture. This must have been a costly luxury. A similar one used as a bridge sign-board is on page 239.

About 1840 one Washington Tavern in Philadelphia, on Second and Lombard streets, displayed a sign which was a novelty at that time. It was what was known as a "slat-sign"; perpendicular strips or slats were so set on the sign that one view or picture was shown upon taking a full front view, a second by looking at it from one side, a third from the other. The portrait of Washington and other appropriate pictures were thus shown.

Other patriotic designs became common,--the Patriotic Brothers having a sign representing the Temple of Liberty with weapons of war. On the steps of the temple a soldier and sailor grasp hands, with the motto, "Where Liberty dwells, there is my country."

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History of Alcohol in America

Rum



The name is doubtless American. A manuscript description of Barbadoes, written twenty-five years after the English settlement of the island in 1651, is thus quoted in The Academy: "The chief fudling they make in the island is Rumbullion, alias Kill-Divil, and this is made of sugar canes distilled, a hot, hellish, and terrible liquor." This is the earliest-known allusion to the liquor rum; the word is held by some antiquaries in what seems rather a strained explanation to be the gypsy rum, meaning potent, or mighty. The word rum was at a very early date adopted and used as English university slang. The oldest American reference to the word rum (meaning the liquor) which I have found is in the act of the General Court of Massachusetts in May, 1657, prohibiting the sale of strong

liquors "whether knowne by the name of rumme, strong water, wine, brandy, etc., etc." The traveller Josselyn wrote of it, terming it that "cursed liquor rhum, rumbullion or kill-devil."

English sailors still call their grog rumbowling. But the word rum in this word and in rumbooze and in rumfustian did not mean rum; it meant the gypsy adjective powerful.

Rumbooze or rambooze, distinctly a gypsy word, and an English university drink also, is made of eggs, ale, wine, and sugar. Rumfustian was made of a quart of strong beer, a bottle of white wine or sherry, half a pint of gin, the yolks of twelve eggs, orange peel, nutmeg, spices, and sugar. Rum-barge is another mixed drink of gypsy name. It will be noted that none of these contains any rum.

In some localities in America rum was called in early days Barbadoes-liquor, a very natural name, occasionally also Barbadoes-brandly. The Indians called it ocuby, or as it was spelled in the Norridgewock, tongue, ah-coobee. Many of the early white settlers called it by the same name. Kill-devil was its most universal name, not only a slang name, but a trading-term used in bills of sale. A description of Surinam written in 1651 says: "Rhum made from sugar-canes is called kill-devil in New England." At thus early a date had the manufacture of rum become associated with New England.

The Dutch in New York called the liquor brandy-wine, and soon in that colony wherever strong waters were named in taverns lists, the liquor was neither aqua vitae nor gin nor brandy, but New England rum.

It soon was cheap enough. Rev. Increase Mather, the Puritan parson, wrote, in 1686: "It is an unhappy thing that in later years a Kind of Drink called Rum has been common among us. They that are poor and wicked, too, can for a penny make themselves drunk." From old account-books, bills of lading, grocers' bills, family expenses, etc., we have the price of rum at various dates, and find that his assertion was true.

In 1673 Barbadoes rum was worth 6s. a gallon. In 1687 its price had vastly fallen, and New England rum sold for 1s. 6d. a gallon. In 1692 2s. a gallon was the regular price. In 1711 the price was 3s. 3d. In 1757, as currency grew valueless, it was 21s. a gallon. In 1783 only a little over a shilling; then it was but 8d. a quart. During this time the average cost of molasses in the West Indies was 12d. a gallon; so, though the distillery plant for its production was costly, it can be seen that the profits were great.



Burke said about 1750: "The quantity of spirits which they distill in Boston from the molasses which they import is as surprising as the cheapness at which they sell it, which is under two shillings a gallon; but they are more famous for the quantity and cheapness than for the excellency of their rum." An English traveller named Bennet wrote as the same date of Boston society: "Madeira wine and rum punch are the liquors they drink in common." Baron Riedesel, who commanded the foreign troops in America during the Revolution, wrote of the New England inhabitants: "Most of the males have a strong passion for strong drink, especially rum." While President John Adams said caustically: "If the ancients drank wine as our people drink rum and cider, it is no wonder we hear of so many possessed with devils;" yet he himself, to the end of his life, always began the day with a tankard of hard cider before breakfast.

The Dutch were too constant beer drinkers to become with speed great rum consumers, and they were too great lovers

of gin and schnapps. But they deprecated the sharp and intolerant prohibition of the sale of rum to the Indians, saying: "To prohibit all strong liquor to them seems very hard and very Turkish. Rum doth as little hurt as the Frenchman's Brandie, and in the whole is much more wholesome." The English were fiercely abhorrent of intemperance among the Indians, and court records abound in laws restraining the sale of rum to the "bloody salvages," of prosecutions and fines of white traders who violated these laws, and of constant and fierce punishment of the thirsty red men, who simply tried to gratify an appetite instilled in them by the English.

William Penn wrote to the Earl of Sutherland in 1683: "Ye Dutch, Sweed, and English have by Brandy and Specially Rum, almost Debaucht ye Indians all. When Drunk ye most Wretched of Spectacles. They had been very Tractable but Rum is so dear to them."

Rum formed the strong intoxicant of all popular tavern drinks; many are still mixed to-day. Toddy, sling, grog, are old-time concoctions.

A writer for the first *Galaxy* thus parodied the poem, I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled:---

"I knew by the pole that's so gracefully crown'd
Beyond the old church, that a tavern was near,

And I said if there's black-strap
on earth to be found,
A man who had credit might
hope for it here."

Josiah Quincy said that
black-strap was a composition
of which the secret, he fervently
hoped, reposed with the lost
arts. Its principal ingredients
were rum and molasses, though
there were other simples
combined with it. He adds, "Of
all the detestable American
drinks on which our inventive
genius has exercised itself, this
black-strap was truly the most
outrageous."

Casks of it stood in every
country store and tavern, a
salted cod-fish hung alongside,
slyly to tempt by thirst additional
purchasers of black-strap.
"Calibogus," or "bogus," was
unsweetened rum and beer.

Mimbo, sometimes abbreviated
to mim, was a drink made of
rum and loaf-sugar--and
possibly water.

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History of Alcohol in America

Scotchem



Many years ago, one bitter winter day, there stepped down from a rocking mail-coach into the Washington Tavern in a Pennsylvania town, a dashing young man who swaggered up to the bar and bawled out for a drink of "Scotchem." The landlord was running here and there, talking to a score of people and doing a score of things at once, and he called to his son, a lubberly, countrified young fellow, to give the gentleman his Scotchem. The boy was but a learner in the taproom, but he was a lad of few words, so he hesitatingly mixed a glass of hot water and Scotch whiskey, which the traveller scarcely tasted ere he roared out: "Don't you know what Scotchem is? Apple-jack, and boiling water, and a good dash of ground mustard. Here's a shilling to pay for it." The boy stared at the uninviting recipe, but faithfully compounded it,

when toot-toot sounded the horn--the coach waited for no man, certainly not for a man to sip a scalding drink--and such a drink, and off in trice went full coach and empty traveller. The young tapster looked dubiously at the great mug of steaming drink; then he called to an old trapper, a town pauper, who, crippled with rheumatism, sat ever in the warm chimney corner of the taproom, telling stories of coons and catamounts and wolverines, and taking such stray drops of liquid comfort as old companions or new sympathizers might pityingly give him. "Here, Ezra," the boy said, "you take the gentleman's drink. It's paid for." Ezra was ever thirsty and never fastidious. He gulped down the Scotchmen. "It's good," he swaggered bravely, with eyes streaming from the scalding mustard, "an' it's tasty, too, ef it does favor tomato ketchup."

Forty years later an aged man was swung precariously out with a violent jerk from a rampant trolley car in front of the Washington Hotel. He wearily entered the gaudy office, and turned thence to the bar. The barkeeper, a keen-eyed, lean old fellow of inscrutable countenance, glanced sharply at him, pondered a moment, then opened a remote closet, drew forth from its recess an ancient and dusty demijohn of apple-jack, and with boiling water and a dash of mustard compounded a drink which he

placed unasked before the traveller. "Here's your Scotchem," he said laconically. The surprised old man looked sharply around him. Outside the window, in the stable yard, a single blasted and scaling buttonwood tree alone remained of the stately green row whose mottled trunks and glossy leaves once bordered the avenue. The varying grades of city streets had entirely cut off the long porch beloved of old-time tavern loafers. The creaking sign-board had vanished. Within was no cheerful chimney corner and no welcoming blazing fire, but the old taproom still displayed its raftered ceiling. The ancient traveller solemnly drank his long-paid-for mug of Scotchem. "It's good," he said, "and tasty, if it does favor tomato ketchup."

A ray of memory darted across the brain of the old barkeeper, and albeit he was not a member of the Society of Psychical Research and could not formulate his brain impressions, yet he pondered on the curious problem of thought transference, of forced sequence of ideas, of coincidences of mental action resulting from similar physical conditions and influences.

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Flip



Flip was a dearly loved drink of colonial times, far more popular in America than in England, much different in concoction in America than in England, and much superior in America--a truly American drink. As its chief ingredient is beer, it might be placed in the chapter on small drink, but the large amount consumed entitles it to a place with more rankly intoxicating liquors.

The earliest date that flip named in New England is 1690. From that year till the middle of this century there never was a day, never a minute of the day, and scarce of the night, that some old Yankee flip drinker was not plunging in a loggerhead, or smacking his lips over a mug of creaming flip.

In the New England Almanac for 1704 we read under December:-

"The days are short, the weather's cold,
By tavern fires tales are told.
Some ask for dram when first come in,
Others with flip and bounce begin."

American flip was made in a great pewter mug or earthen pitcher filled two-thirds full of strong beer; sweetened with sugar, molasses, or dried pumpkin, according to individual taste or capabilities; and flavored with "a dash"--about a gill--of New England rum. Into this mixture was thrust and stirred a red-hot loggerhead, made of iron and shaped like a poker, and the seething iron made the liquor foam and bubble and mantle high, and gave it the burnt, bitter taste so dearly loved. A famous tavern host of Canton, Massachusetts, had a special fancy in flip. He mixed together a pint of cream, four eggs, and four pounds of sugar, and kept this on hand. When a mug of flip was called for; he filled a quart mug two-thirds full of bitter beer, added four great spoonfuls of his creamy compound, a gill of rum, and thrust in the loggerhead. If a fresh egg were beaten into the mixture, the froth poured over the top of the mug, and the drink was called "bellows-top."

Let me not fail to speak of the splendid glasses in which flip was often served--I mean the great glass tumblers without handles which, under the name of flip glasses, still are found in

New England homes. They are vast drinking-vessels, sometimes holding three or four quarts apiece, and speak to us distinctly of the unlimited bibulous capacities of our ancestors. They are eagerly sought for by glass and china collectors, and are among the prettiest and most interesting of old-time relics.

English flip is not so simple nor so original nor so good a drink as American flip. It might be anything but flip, since it is compounded in a saucepan, and knows naught of the distinctive branding of flip, the seething loggerhead. If it contained no spirits, it was called "egg-hot."

A rule for flip which seems to combine the good points of the American and English methods, uses ale instead of home-brewed. It may be given "in the words of the Publican who made it":-

"Keep grated Ginger and Nutmeg with a fine dried Lemon Peel rubbed together in a Mortar. To make a quart of Flip: Put the Ale on the Fire to warm, and beat up three or four Eggs with four ounces of moist Sugar, a teaspoonful of grated Nutmeg or Ginger, and a Quarter of good old Rum or Brandy. When the Ale is near to boil, put it into one pitcher, and the Rum and Eggs, etc., into another: turn it from one Pitcher to another till it is as smooth as cream. To heat plunge in the red hot Loggerhead or Poker. This quantity is styled One Yard of

Flannel."

A quartern is a quarter of a gill, which is about the "dash" of rum.

No flip was more widely known and more respected than the famous brew of Abbott's Tavern at Holden, Massachusetts. This house, built in 1763, and kept by three generations of Abbotts, never wavered in the quality of its flip. It is said to have been famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific--and few stage-coaches or travellers ever passed that door without adding to its praises and thereafter spreading its reputation. It is said to add that I don't know exactly how it was made. A bill still existing tells its price in Revolutionary days; other items show its relative valuation:-

"Mug New England Flip
9d.
Mug West India Flip 11d.
Lodging per night 3d.
Pot luck per meal 8d.
Boarding commons Men
4s. 8d.
Boarding commons Weomen . .
. 2s."

This is the only tavern bill I have ever seen in which nice distinctions were made in boarding men and women. I am glad to know that the "weo-men" traveller in those days had 2s. 8d. of daily advantage over the men.

Other names for the hospital loggerhead were flip-dog and hottle. The loggerhead was as much a part of the chimney furniture of an old-time New

England tavern and farm-house as the bellows or andirons. In all taverns and many hospitable homes it was constantly kept warm in the ashes, ready for speedy heating in a bed of hot coals, to burn a mug of fresh flip for every visitor or passer by. Cider could be used instead of beer, if beer could not be had. Some wise old flip tasters preferred cider to beer. Every tavern bill of the eighteenth century was punctuated with entries of flip. John Adams said if you spent the evening in a tavern, you found it full of people drinking drams of flip, carousing, and swearing. The old taprooms were certainly cheerful and inviting gathering-places; where mine host sat behind his cagelike counter surrounded by cans and bottles and glasses, jars of whole spices and whole loaves of sugar; where an inspiring row of barrels of New England rum, hard cider, and beer ranged in rivalry at an end of the room, and

"Where dozed a fire of beechen logs that bred
Strange fancies in its embers golden-red,
And nursed the loggerhead,
whose hissing dip,
Timed by wise instinct, creamed
the bowl of flip."

These fine lines of Lowell's seem to idealize the homely flip and the loggerhead as we love to idealize the customs of our forbears. Many a reader of them, inspired by the picture, has heated an iron poker or

flip-dog and brewed and drunk a mug of flip. I did so not long ago, mixing carefully by a rule for flip recommended and recorded and used by General Putnam--Old Put--in the Revolution. I had the Revolutionary receipt and I had the Revolutionary loggerhead, and I had the oldtime ingredients, but alas, I had neither the tastes nor the digestion of my Revolutionary sires, and the indescribable scorched and puckering bitterness of taste and pungency of smell of that rank compound which was flip, will serve for some time in my memory as an antidote for any overweening longing for the good old times.

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History of Alcohol in America

Punch



Another universal and potent colonial drink was punch. It came to the English colonies in America from the English colonies in India. To the Orientals we owe punch--as many other good things. The word is from the Hindustani panch, five, referring to the five ingredients then used in the drink, namely: tea, arrack, sugar, lemons, water.

In 1675 one Tryer drank punch in India and, like the poor thing that he was, basely libelled it as an enervating liquor. The English took very quickly to the new drink, as they did to everything else in India, and soon the word appeared in English ballads, showing that punch was well known.

Englishmen did not use without change the punch-bowls of

India, but invented an exceptionally elegant form known by the name of Monteith. It was called after a man of fashion who was marked and remarkable for wearing a scalloped coat. In the Art of Cookery we find reference to him and the Monteith punch bowl:-

"New things produce new words, and so Monteith
Has by one vessel saved
himself from death."

Monteiths seems to have come into fashion about 1697. The rim was scalloped like its namesake's coat, or cut in battlements, thus forming indentations, in which a punch ladle and lemon strainer and tall wine-glasses were hung on their sides, the foot out. The rim was usually separate from the bowl, and was lifted off with the glasses and ladle and strainer, for the punch to be brewed in the bowl. When the punch was duly finished, the ornamental rim was replaced. A porcelain imitation of a Monteith is here shown, which was made in China for an American ship-owner, doubtless from a silver model.

Punch became popular in New England just as it did in old England, in fact, wherever English-speaking sea rovers could tell of the new drink. In 1682 John Winthrop wrote of the sale of a punch bowl in Boston, and in 1686 John Dunton told of more than one noble bowl of punch in New England.

Every buffet of people of good station in prosperous times soon had a punch bowl. Every dinner was prefaced by a bowl of punch passed from hand to hand, while the liquor was drunk from the bowl. Double and "thribble" bowls of punch were served in taverns; these held two and three quarts each.

To show the amount of punch drunk at a minister's ordination in New England in 1785, I will state that the eighty people attending in the morning had thirty bowls of punch before going to meeting; and the sixty-eight who had dinner disposed of forty-four bowls of punch, eighteen bottles of wine, eight bowls of brandy, and a quantity of cherry rum.

Punch was popular in Virginia, it was popular in New York, it was popular in Pennsylvania.

William Black recorded in his diary in 1744 that in Philadelphia he was given cider and punch for lunch; rum and brandy before dinner; punch, Madeira, port, and sherry at dinner; punch and liqueurs with the ladies; and wine, spirit, and punch till bedtime; all in punch bowls big enough for a goose to swim in.

In 1757 S. M. of Boston, who was doubtless Samuel Mather, the son of Cotton Mather, sent to Sir Harry Frankland, the hero of the New England romance of Agnes Surriage, a box of lemons with these lines:-

"You know from Eastern India came

The skill of making punch as did
the name.

And as the name consists of
letters five,

By five ingredients is it kept
alive.

To purest water sugar must be
joined,

With these the grateful acid is
combined.

Some any sours they get
contented use,

But men of taste do that from
Tagus choose.

When now these three are
mixed with care

Then added be of spirit a small
share.

And that you may the drink
quite perfect see,

Atop the musky nut must grated
be."

From the accounts that have
come down to us, the "spirits a
small share" of the Puritan
Mather's punch receipt was
seldom adhered to in New
England punches.

The importation to England and
America of lemons, oranges,
and limes for use as punch
"sowrings," as they were called,
was an important part of the
West Indian and Portuguese
trade. The juices of lemons,
oranges, limes, and pineapples
were all used in punches, and
were imported in demijohns and
bottles. The appetizing
advertisements of J. Crosby, a
Boston fruit importer, are
frequent for many years in New
England newspapers. Here is
one from the Salem Gazette in
1741 :- Extraordinary good and
very fresh Orange juice which

some of the very best Punch Tasters prefer to Lemmon, at one dollar a gallon. Also very good Lime Juice and Shrub to put into Punch at the Basket of Lemmons, J. Crosby, Lemmon Trader."

I don't know whether the punch tasters referred to were professional punch mixers or whether it was simply a term applied to persons of well-known experience and judgment in punch-drinking.

In Salem, New Jersey, in 1729, tavern prices were regulated by the Court. They were thus:--

"A rub of punch made with double-refined sugar and one and a half gills of rum 9d.
A rub of punch made with single refined sugar and one and a half gills of rum 8d.
A rub made of Muscovado sugar and one and a half gills of rum 7d.
A quart of flipp made with a pint of rum . . 9d.
A pint of wine 1s.
A gill of rum 3d.
A quart of strong beer 4d.
A gill of brandy or cordial 6d.
A quart of metheglin 9d.
A quart of cider royal 8d.
A quart of cider 4d."

Punches were many of name, scores of different ones were given by drink compounders, both amateur and professional. Punches were named for persons, for places; for taverns and hosts; for bartenders and stage-coach drivers; for unusual ingredients or romantic

incidents. Sometimes honor was conferred by naming the punch for the person; sometimes the punch was the only honor the original ever had. In these punches all kinds of flavoring and spices were used, and all the strong liquors of the world, all the spirits, wines, liqueurs, drops, distilled waters and essences--but seldom and scant malt liquors, if it were truly punch.

With regard to the proper amounts of all these various fluids to be used in composition opinions always differed. Many advised a light hand with cordials, some disliked spices; others wished a plentiful amount of lemon juice, others wished tea. In respect of the proportions of two important and much-discussed ingredients, old-time landlords apparently heeded directions similar to those I once heard given impressively by an old Irish ecclesiastic of high office: "Shtop! shtop! ye are not commincin' right and in due ordher! Ye musthn't iver put your whiskey or rum foorst in your punch-bowl and thin add wather; for if ye do, ivery dhrop of wather ye put in is just cruel spoilin' of the punch; but--foorst--put some wather in the bowl--some, I say, since in conscience ye must--thin pour in the rum; and sure ye can aisily parcaive that ivery dhrop ye put in is afther makin' the punch betther and betther."

Charles Lamb tells in his Popular Fallacies of "Bully

Dawson kicked by half the town and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This Bully Dawson was a famous punch brewer; his rule was precisely like that of a famous New England landlord, and is worth choosing among a score of rules:--

"The man who sees, does, or thinks of anything else while he is making Punch may as well look for the Northwest Passage on Mutton Hill. A man can never make good punch unless he is satisfied, nay positive, that no man breathing can make better. I can and do make good Punch, because I do nothing else, and this is my way of doing it. I retire to a solitary corner with my ingredients ready sorted; they are as follows, and I mix them in the order they are here written. Sugar, twelve tolerable lumps; hot water, one pint; lemons, two, the juice and peel; old Jamaica rum, two gills; brandy, one gill; porter or stout, half a gill; arrack, a slight dash. I allow myself five minutes to make a bowl in the foregoing proportions, carefully stirring the mixture as I furnish the ingredients until it actually foams; and then Kangaroos! how beautiful it is!"

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History of Alcohol in America

Ale



The American colonists were not enthusiastic water drinkers, and they soon imported malt and established breweries to make the familiar ale and beer of old England. The Dutch patroons found brewing a profitable business in New York, and private families in all the colonies built home brew-houses and planted barley and hops.

In Virginia a makeshift ale was made from maize as early as 1620. George Thorpe wrote that it was a good drink, much preferable to English beer. Governor Berkeley wrote of Virginians a century later:--

"Their small-drink is either wine or water, beer, milk and water, or water alone. Their richer sort generally brew their small-beer with malt, which they have from England, though barley grows there very well; but for the want of convenience of malt-houses, the inhabitants take no care to sow it. The poorer sort brew

their beer with molasses and bran; with Indian corn malted with drying in a stove: with persimmons dried in a cake and baked; with potatoes with the green stalks of Indian corn cut small and bruised, with pompions, with the Jerusalem artichoke which some people plant purposely for that use, but this is the least esteemed."

Similar beers were made in New England. The court records are full of enactments to encourage beer-brewing. They had not learned that liberty to brew, when and as each citizen pleased, would prove the best stimulus. Much personal encouragement was also given. The President of Harvard College did not disdain to write to the court on behalf of "Sister Bradish," that she might be "encouraged and countenanced" in her baking of bread and brewing and selling of penny beer. And he adds in testimony that "such is her art, way, and skill that shee doth vend such comfortable penniworths for the relief of all that send unto her as elsewhere they can seldom meet with." College students were permitted to buy of her to a certain amount; and with the light of some contemporary evidence as to the quality of the college commons we can believe they needed very "comfortable penniworths."

Some New England taverns were famous for their spruce, birch, and sassafras beer, boiled with scores of roots and

herbs, with birch, spruce, or sassafras bark, with pumpkin and apple parings, with sweetening of molasses or maple syrup, or beet tops and other makeshifts. A colonial song writer boasted--

"Oh, we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins, of parsnips, of walnut-tree chips."

According to Diodorus Siculus, the ancient Britons drank on festive occasions liquors made from honey, apples, and barley, viz., mead, cider, and ale. The Celts drank mead and cider--natural drinks within the capabilities of manufacture by slightly civilized nations; for wild honey and wild apples could be found everywhere. Ale indicated agriculture and a more advanced civilization.

Mead, or metheglin, of fermented honey, herbs, and water, has been made by every race and tribe on this globe, living where there was enough vegetation to cherish bees. It had been a universal drink in England, but was somewhat in disuse when this country was settled.

Harrison wrote:--

"The Welsh make no less account of metheglin than the Greeks did of their ambrosia or nectar, which for the pleasantness thereof was supposed to be such as the gods themselves did delight in. There is a kind of swishwash made also in Essex, and divers other places, with honeycomb

and water, which the homely country-wives putting some pepper and a little other spice among, called mead: very good in mine opinion for such as love to be loose-bodied at large, or a little eased of the cough.

Otherwise it differeth so much from true metheglin as chalk from cheese; and one of the best things that I know belonging thereto is, that they spend but little labour and less cost in making of the same, and therefore no great loss if it were never occupied."

Mathaglin was one of the drinks of the American colonists. It was a favorite drink in Kentucky till well into this century. As early as 1633, the Piscataqua planters of New Hampshire, in their list of values which they set in furs,--the currency of the colony,--made "6 Gallon Mathaglin equal 2 Lb Beaver." In Virginia, whole plantations of honey locust were set out to supply metheglin. The long beans of the locust were ground and mixed with honey herbs and water, and fermented.

In a letter written from Virginia in 1649, it is told of "an ancient planter of twenty-five years standing," that he had good store of bees and "made excellent good Matheglin, a pleasant and strong drink."

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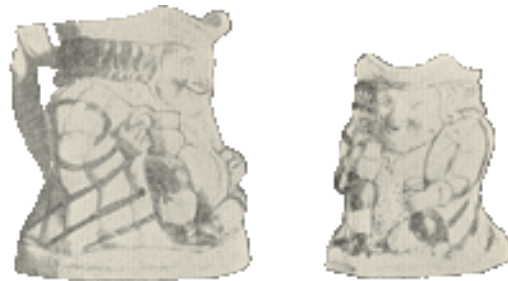
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History of Alcohol in America

Cider



In New England drinking habits soon underwent a marked and speedy change. English grains did not thrive well those first years of settlement, and were costly to import, so New Englanders soon drifted from beer-drinking to cider-drinking. The many apple orchards planted first by Endicott and Blackstone in Massachusetts, and Wolcott in Connecticut, and seen in a few decades on every prosperous and thrifty farm, soon gave forth their bountiful yield of juicy fruit. Perhaps this change in drinking habits was indirectly the result of the influence of the New England climate. Cider seemed more fitted for sharp New England air than ale. Cider was soon so cheap and plentiful through-out the colony that all could have their fill. Josselyn said in 1670: "I have had at the tap-houses of Boston an ale-quart of cider

spiced and sweetened with sugar for a groat."

All the colonists drank cider, old and young, and in all places,--funerals, weddings, ordainings, vestry-meetings, church-raisings, etc. Infants in arms drank mulled hard cider at night, a beverage which would kill a modern babe. It was supplied to students at Harvard and Yale colleges at dinner and beverage, being passed in two quart tankards from hand to hand down the commons table. Old men began the day with a quart or more of hard cider before breakfast. Delicate women drank hard cider. All laborers in the field drank it in great draughts that were often liberally fortified with drams of New England rum. The apple crop was so wholly devoted to the manufacture of cider that in the days of temperance reform at the beginning of this century, Washingtonian zealots cut down great orchards of full-bearing trees, not conceiving any adequate use of the fruit for any purpose save cider-making.

A friend--envious and emulous of the detective work so minutely described by Conan Doyle--was driving last summer on an old New England road entirely unfamiliar to him. He suddenly turned to the stage-driver by his side and, pointing to a house alongside the road, said, "The man who lives there is a drunkard."--"Why, yes," answered the driver in surprise,

"do you know him?"--"No," said the traveller, "I never saw him and don't know his name, but he's a drunkard and his father was before him, and his grandfather."--"It's true," answered the driver, with much astonishment; "how could you tell?"--"Well, there is a large orchard of very old apple trees round that house, while all his neighbors, even when the houses are old, have younger orchards. When the 'Washingtonian or Temperance Movement' reached this town, the owner of this place was too confirmed a drunkard to reform and cut down his apple trees as his neighbors did, and he kept on at his hard cider and cider brandy, and his son and grandson grew up to be drunkards after him." Later inquiry in the town proved the truth of the amateur detective's guesswork.

Cider was tediously made at first by pounding the apples in wooden mortars; the pomace was afterward pressed in baskets. Then rude mills with a spring board and heavy maul crushed the apples in a hollowed log. Then presses for cider-making begin to be set up about the year 1650.

Apples were at that time six to eight shillings a bushel; cider 1s. 8d. a gallon--as high-priced as New England rum a century later.

Connecticut cider soon became specially famous. Roger Williams in 1660 says John Winthrop's loving letter to him

was as grateful as "a cup of your Connecticut cider." By 1679 it was cheap enough, ten shillings a barrel; and in the year 1700, about seven shillings only. It had then replaced beer in nearly all localities in daily diet; yet at the Commencement dinner at Harvard in 1703, four barrels of beer were served and but one of cider, with eighteen gallons of wine.

In 1721 one Massachusetts village of forty families made three thousand barrels of cider, and Judge Joseph Wilder of Lancaster, Massachusetts, made six hundred and sixteen barrels in the year 1728.

Bennett, an English traveller, writing of Boston in the year 1740, says that "the generality of the people with their victuals" drank cider, which was plentiful and good at three shillings a barrel. It took a large amount of cider to supply a family when all drank, and drank freely. Ministers often stored forty barrels of cider for winter use.

By the closing years of the seventeenth century nearly all Virginia plantations had an apple orchard. Colonel Fitzhugh had twenty-five hundred apple trees. So quickly did they mature, that six years after the scions were planted, they bore fruit. Many varieties were common, such as russets, costards, pippins, mains, marigolds, kings, and batchelors. So great was the demand for cider in the South that apple orchards were deemed the most desirable

leasing property. Cider never reached a higher price, however, than two shillings and a half in Virginia during the seventeenth century. Thus it could be found in the house of every Maryland and Virginia planter. It was supplied to the local courts during their times of sitting. Many households used it in large quantity instead of beer or metheglin, storing many barrels for everyday use.

At a very early date apple trees were set out in New York, and cultivated with much care and much success. Nowhere else in America, says Dankers, the Labadist traveller, had he seen such fine apples. The names of the Newton pippin, the Kingston spitzenburgh, the Poughkeepsie swaar apple, the red streak, guelderleng, and others of well-known quality, show New York's attention to apple-raising. Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, spoke of the splendid apple orchards which he saw throughout New York in 1749, and told of the use of the horse press in the Hudson Valley for making cider. Cider soon rivalled in domestic use in this province the beer of the Fatherland. It was constantly used during the winter season, and, diluted with water, sweetened and flavored with nutmeg, made a grateful summer drink. Combined with rum, it formed many of the most popular and intoxicating colonial drinks, of which "stone-wall" was the most potent. Cider-royal was made by boiling four barrels of cider into one

barrel. P. T. Barnum said
cider-spirits was called
"gumption."

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History of Alcohol in America

Beverige



A very mild tavern drink was beverage; its concoction varied in different localities.

Sometimes beverage was water-cider or ciderkin; at other times cider, spices, and water. Water flavored with molasses and ginger was called beverage, and is a summer drink for New England country-folk to-day.

John Hammond wrote of Virginia in 1656 in his Leah and Rachel:

"Beare is indeed in some places constantly drunken, in other some nothing but Water or Milk, and Water or Beverage; and that is where the good-wives (if I may so call them) are negligent

and idle; for it is not want of Corn to make Malt with, for the Country affords enough, but because they are slothful and careless; and I hope this Item will shame them out of these humours; that they will be adjudged by their drinke, what kind of Housewives they are."

Vinegar and water--a drink of the ancient Roman soldiery--was also called beverage. Dr. Rush wrote a pamphlet recommending its use by harvest laborers.

Switchel was a similar drink, strengthened with a dash of rum. Ebulum was the juice of elder and juniper berries, spiced and sweetened. Perry was made from pears, and peachy from peaches.

A terrible drink is said to have been popular in Salem. It is difficult to decide which was worse, the drink or its name. It was sour household beer simmered in a kettle, sweetened with molasses, filled with crumbs of "ryneinjun" bread, and drunk piping hot; its name was whistle-belly-vengeance, or whip-belly-vengeance. This name was not a Yankee vulgarism, but a well-known old English term. Bickerdyke says small beer was rightly stigmatized by this name. Dean Swift in his Polite Conversations gives this smart dialogue:--

"Hostess (offering ale to Sir John Linger). I never taste malt-liquor, but they say ours is well-hopp'd.

Sir John. Hopp'd ! why if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river.

Hostess. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Yes ! strong of the water. I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith! it is more whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share."

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History of Alcohol in America

Sack



It is vain to enter here into a discussion of exactly what sack was, since so much has been written about it. The name was certainly applied to sweet wines from many places. A contemporary authority, Gervayse Markham, says in *The English Housewife*, "Your best Sackes are of Seres in Spain, your smaller of Galicia or Portugal: your strong Sackes are of the islands of the Canaries."

Sack was, therefore, a special make of the strong, dry, sweet, light-colored wines of the sherry family, such as come from the South, from Portugal, Spain, and the Canary Islands. By the seventeenth century the name was applied to all sweet wines of this class, as distinguished from Rhenish wines on one hand and red wines on the other. Many do not wish to acknowledge that sack was sherry, but there was little

distinction between them.
Sherris-sack, named by
Shakespeare, was practically
also sherry.

Sack was so cheap that it could
be used by all classes. From an
original license granted by Sir
Walter Raleigh, in 1584, to one
Bradshaw to keep a tavern we
learn that sack was then worth
two shillings a gallon.

Perhaps the most famous use
of sack was in the making of
sack-posset, that drink of
brides, of grooms, of wedding
and christening parties. A
rhymed rule for sack-posset
found its way into many
collections, and into English and
American newspapers. It is said
to have been written by Sir
Fleetwood Fletcher. It was thus
printed in the New York Gazette
of February 13, 1744:-

" A Receipt for all young Ladies
that are going to be Married. To
make a

SACK-POSSET

From famed Barbadoes on the
Western Main
Fetch sugar half a pound; fetch
sack from Spain
A pint; and from the Eastern
Indian Coast
Nutmeg, the glory of our
Northern toast.
O'er flaming coals together let
them heat
Till the all-conquering sack
dissolves the sweet.
O'er such another fire set eggs,
twice ten,
New born from crowing cock
and speckled hen;
Stir them with steady hand, and

conscience pricking
To see the untimely fate of
twenty chicken.
From shining shelf take down
your brazen skillet,
A quart of milk from gentle cow
will fill it.
When boiled and cooked, put
milk and sack to egg,
Unite them firmly like the triple
League.
Then covered close, together let
them dwell
Till Miss twice sings: You must
not kiss and tell.
Each lad and lass snatch up
their murdering spoon,
And fall on fiercely like a
starved dragoon."

Sack was drunk in America during the first half-century of colonial life. It was frequently imported to Virginia; and all the early instructions for the voyage cross-seas, such as Governor Winthrop's to his wife and those of the Plymouth Plantations, urge the shipping of sack for the sailors. Even in Judge Sewall's day, a century after the planting of Boston, sack-posset was drunk at Puritan weddings, but a psalm and a prayer made it properly solemn. Judge Sewall wrote of a Boston wedding:-

"There was a pretty deal of company present. Many young gentlemen and young gentlewomen. Mr. Noyes made a speech, said love was the sugar to sweeten every condition in the marriage state. After the Sack-Posset sang 45th Psalm from 8th verse to end."

Canary soon displaced sack in

popular affection, and many varieties of closely allied wines were imported. Sir Edmund Andros named in his excise list "Fayal wines, or any other wines of the Western Islands, Madeira, Malaga, Canary, Tent, and Alcant." Claret was not popular. The consumption of sweet wines was astonishing, and the quality was exceeding good. Spiced wines were much sold at taverns, sangaree and mulled wines. Brigham's Tavern at Westborough had a simple recipe for mulled wine: simply a quart of boiling hot Madeira, half a pint of boiling water, six eggs beaten to a froth, all sweetened and spiced. Nutmeg was the favorite flavoring, and nutmegs gilded and beribboned were an esteemed gift. The importation of them was in early days wholly controlled by the Dutch. High livers-bon vivants-carried nutmegs in their pockets, fashionable dames also. One of the prettiest trinkets of colonial times is the dainty nutmeg holder, of wrought silver or Battersea enamel, just large enough to hold a single nutmeg. The inside of the cover is pierced or corrugated to form a grater. The ones now before me, both a century and a half old, when opened exhale a strong aroma of nutmeg, though it is many a year since they have been used. With a nutmeg in a pocket holder, the exquisite traveller, whether man or woman, could be sure of a dainty spiced wine flavored to taste; "atop the musky nut could grated be," even in the most remote tavern, for wine was

everywhere to be found, but nutmegs were a luxury. Negus, a washy warm wine-punch invented in Queen Anne's day by Colonel Negus, was also improved by a flavoring of nutmeg.

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John Paul Jones, Naval Hero

JOHN PAUL JONES, the popular naval hero of the Revolution, the son of John Paul, a gardener in Scotland, was born July 6, 1747, at a cottage on the estate of his father's employer, Mr. Craik, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean. His parents belonged to a respectable class of the population of the country. The boy, as is wont with Scottish boys, however humble, received the elements of education, but could not have advanced very far with his books, since we find him at the age of twelve apprenticed to the sea. The situation of Kirkbean, on the shore of the Solway, naturally gave a youth of spirit an inclination to life on the ocean; and he had not far to seek for employment in the trading-port of Whitehaven, in the opposite county of Cumberland. Paul's first adventure--the appendix of Jones was an after-thought of his career--was in the service of Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade, who sent his apprentice on a voyage to Virginia, where an elder brother of Paul had profitably established himself at Fredericksburg. This gave him an early introduction to the country with which the fame of the future soldier of fortune was to be especially identified.



The person of Paul Jones is well known by the numerous prints devoted to his brilliant exploits. You will see him, a little active man of medium height, not robust but vigorous, a keen black eye, lighting a dark, weather-beaten visage, compact and determined, with a certain melancholy grace.

John Paul Jones was one of nature's self-made men;





that is, nature gave the genius, and he supplied the industry, for he knew how to labor, and must have often exerted himself to secure the attainments which he possessed. He

was a good sea-man, as well as a most gallant officer; sagacious in the application of means; vain, indeed, and expensive, but natural and generous; something of a poet in verse, much more in the quickness and vivacity of his imagination, which led him to plan nobly; an accomplished writer; and as he was found worthy of the warm and unchanging friendship of Franklin, that sage who sought for excellence while he looked with a kindly eye upon human infirmity, we, too, may peruse the virtues of the man and smile upon his frailties.

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