The Virginia Indians

John Smith

Captain John Smith (1579-1631) was one of the founders of the Virginia Colony. His book, TRUE ACCOUNT OF VIRGINIA, *printed in 1608, was the first book written by an Englishman about America.*

Within sixty miles of Jamestown there are about five thousand Indians, but of able men fit for war there are scarcely fifteen hundred. There is a far greater number of women and children than of men. To support so many together, they have yet no means, because they get so small a benefit from their land, be it ever so fertile. Six or seven hundred have been the most that have been seen together.

The people differ very much in stature and especially in language. Some are very great, others very little; but generally tall and straight, of a comely proportion, and of a brown color when they are of age, but white when they are born. Their hair is generally black, and but few have any beard. The men shave one-half of their hair and wear the other half long. For barbers they have the women, who with two shells grate away the hair in any fashion they please. The hair of the women is cut in many fashions suitable to their years, but some part always remains long.

They are very strong, of an able body, and full of agility; able to endure lying in the woods under a tree by the fire in the worst of winter, or in the weeds and grasses in ambush in summer. They are crafty, timorous, and quick of apprehension. Some are of fearful disposition; some are bold; most are cautious; all are savage, and generally like copper, beads, and such trinkets. They are soon moved to anger and seldom forget an injury.

Each household knows its own lands and gardens, and most live by their own labor. For their apparel they are sometimes covered with the skins of wild beasts, which in winter are dressed with the hair, but

in summer without. The better sort use large mantles of deerskins. Some of these mantles are embroidered with white beads, some with copper, others painted after their manner. We have seen some wear mantles made of turkey feathers, so prettily woven with threads that nothing but the feathers could be seen. They were exceedingly warm and very handsome.

They decorate themselves mostly with copper beads and paint. Some of the women have their bodies and faces tattooed with pictures of beasts and serpents, worked into their flesh with black spots. In each ear they have three great holes, from which they hang chains, bracelets, or pieces of copper. Some of the men wear in those holes a small green and yellow colored live snake, nearly half a yard in length.

Some wear on their heads the wing of a bird or some large feather, and a rattle, which they take from the tail of a snake. Many have the whole skin of a hawk or some strange fowl stuffed, with the wings spread. Their heads and shoulders are painted red with a kind of root pounded to powder and mixed with oil: the Virginia Indians claim that this will preserve them from the heat in summer and from the cold in winter.

Men, women, and children have their several names, according to the humor of their parents. The women, they say, love their children very dearly. To make them hardy, they wash them in the rivers in the coldest mornings, and by painting and ointments so tan their skins that after a year or two no weather will hurt them.

The men pass their time in fishing, hunting, wars, and such manlike exercises, scorning to be seen doing any womanlike work. The women and children do all the work. They make mats, baskets, pots, mortars; pound their corn, make their bread, prepare their victuals, plant and gather their corn, and bear all kinds of burdens.

For fishing, hunting, and wars they use their bows and arrows. They bring their bows to the form of ours by scraping with a shell. Their arrows are made of straight young sprigs, which they head with bone two or three inches long. These they use to shoot at squirrels on trees. Another sort of arrow is made of reeds. These are pierced with wood which is headed with splinters of crystal or some other sharp stone, the spurs of a turkey, or the bill of some bird.

For a knife they use the splinter of a reed to cut their feathers in form. With this knife they can joint a deer or any beast, and shape their shoes, buskins, and mantles. To make the notch of their arrows they have the tooth of a boar set in a stick. The arrowhead they quickly make with a little bone, or with any splinter of a stone, or glass in the form of a heart. With the sinews of deer and the tops of deer's horns boiled to a jelly, they make a glue that will not dissolve in cold water, and with this they glue the head to the end of their arrows.

For their wars they use targets that are round and made of the bark of trees, and wear a sword of wood at their backs, but oftentimes they use the horns of a deer, put through a piece of wood in the form of a pick-axe, for swords. Some have a long stone sharpened at both ends and used in the same manner. This they were wont to use for hatchets also, but now by trading they have plenty of iron.

When they intend any wars, the chiefs usually have the advice of their priests and conjurers and their allies and ancient friends, but the priests chiefly determine their resolution. They appoint some muscular fellow captain over each nation. They seldom make war for land or goods, but for women and children and especially for revenge. They have many enemies in all the western countries beyond the mountains and the heads of the rivers.

WORDS TO WATCH

scarcely	agility	apprehension	ointments
fertile	ambush	disposition	victuals
stature	crafty	cautious	buskins
proportion	timorous	savage	sinews

QUESTIONS

1. How did an Indian get a haircut?
2. What was the work of the Indian woman?
3. What were some of the weapons used by the Virginia Indians?
4. Why did these Indians make war?
5. Who was Captain Smith? Find out more about him.

Wampum

C. J. Anderson

The Red Men who lived in our country over three hundred years ago used wampum for money. *Wampum* is an Indian word which means "strings of white beads." These strings of beads were made by the Indians from small, thick, spiral shells, found along the Atlantic coast. They gathered these shells and bored holes through the centers, making beads which could be strung on leather strings. With these beads the Indians made necklaces and wristlets or wove them into belts which were often embroidered in beautiful designs.

When two Indians wished to trade, they would decide upon the number of "beads" the article was worth. Each bead had a known value. White beads had only half the value of purple or black beads. The purchaser would strip off the required number of shells from the end of the design or cut a piece from the beautiful belt, and the deal was closed.

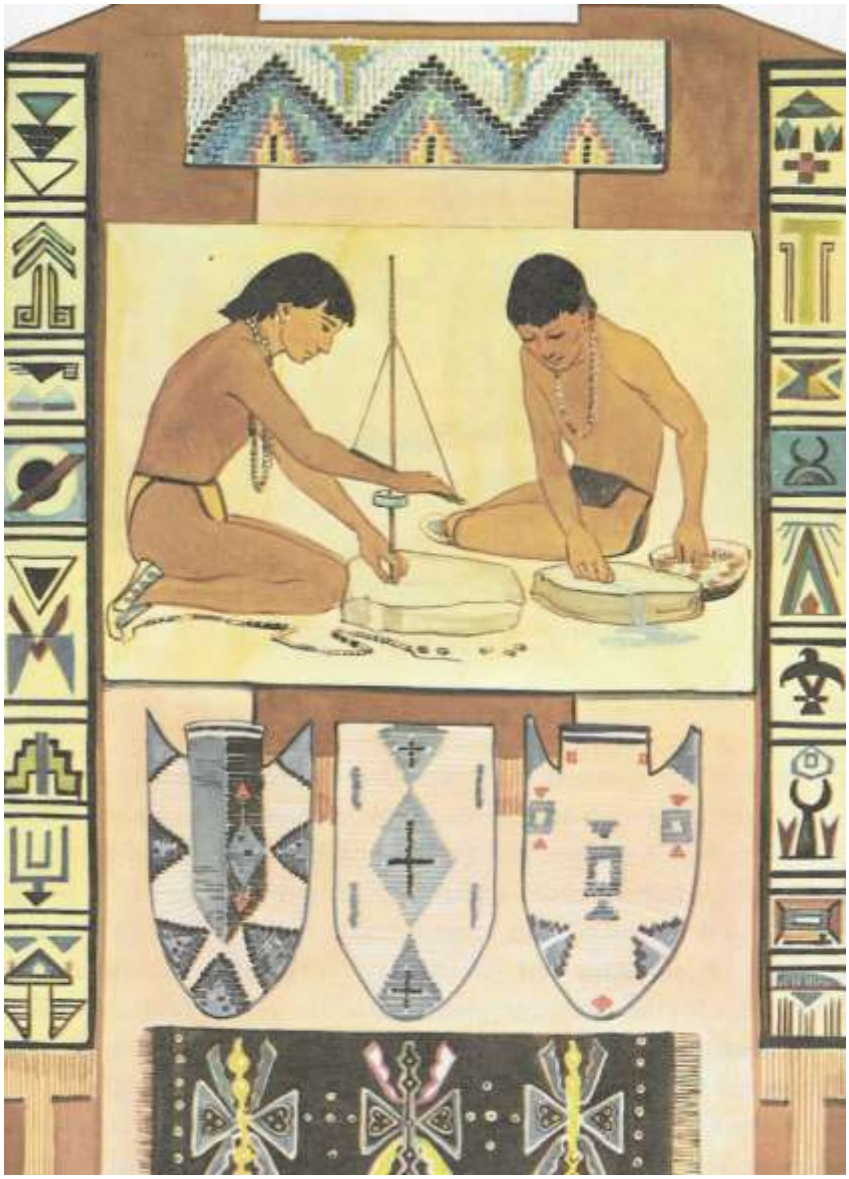
At times, when trouble arose between tribes of Indians, the stronger tribe would compel the weaker to pay a tax in wampum. The Indians also gave and received wampum belts when they made treaties, and they considered such an act a seal of friendship.

WORDS TO WATCH

spiral	wristlets	compel	seal
	purchaser	treaties	

QUESTIONS

1. How was wampum used among the Indians?
2. How was wampum made?
3. Who decided the value of an article?
4. Which is easier to use—wampum or money? Why?



Penn and the Indians

H. A. Guerber

In 1680 the Quakers in England had greatly increased in number. There were many rich and clever people among them besides William Penn, who was a scholar and preacher. He had become a Quaker in spite of all his father's efforts to make him a courtier.

The elder Penn was an admiral and a great friend of Charles II, to whom he lent large sums of money. As the king could not repay this money, William Penn suggested, after his father's death, that King Charles should give him, instead of all other payment, a large tract of land in the New World.

King Charles was only too happy to clear his debt in such an easy way. He therefore made William Penn a grant of woodland, which he insisted upon calling Pennsylvania ("Penn's Woodland"), in honor of Admiral Penn.

In exchange for this tract, all the king asked was two beaver skins a year and one-fifth of all the gold and silver found there.

The land secured, Penn prepared to carry out a long-cherished plan, which was to found colonies of Friends in the New World. For that purpose, he had already bought a share in the West New Jersey colony, and in 1682, he crossed over to America himself.

Although Pennsylvania had been given him by the king, he rightly considered the Indians the real owners of the soil and decided to pay them for it.

He therefore sent for the chiefs, whom he met under a huge elm. Penn came among the Indians unarmed, and after smoking a peace pipe with them, bargained for the purchase of a large tract of land. Under this elm he also made a treaty which lasted for more than sixty years,—"the only one never sworn to and never broken."

On this occasion Penn made a speech, to which the Indians replied by saying, "We will live in peace with Penn and his children while the rivers run and the moon and the sun shall shine." Then the two parties exchanged gifts, the Indians giving the Quaker a wampum belt on which a paleface and a redskin were represented hand in hand. This belt is still carefully and proudly kept by the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

The elm under whose branches this interview took place was carefully preserved for many years. Even during the Revolutionary War, sentinels mounted guard over it so that none of its branches should be cut off for firewood. But in 1810 it was unfortunately blown down, and a monument bearing the inscription "Unbroken Faith" now marks the spot where Penn and the Indians first met.

It was Penn himself who founded the first town in his grant. He called it Philadelphia, or the "City of Brotherly Love," because he wished all the people to live in peace together, like one family. The first houses were built of wood, later ones of brick; and each cottage was soon surrounded by a neat garden, in which bloomed gay flowers. Many Germans came over before long, at Penn's invitation, and settled just north of Philadelphia, in what is still known as Germantown.

WORDS TO WATCH

Quaker	admiral	long-cherished	monument
courtier	Pennsylvania	sentinels	Philadelphia

QUESTIONS

1. Why did William Penn get a large tract of land in America?
2. What is the meaning of the word *Pennsylvania*?
3. What is the meaning of the word *Philadelphia*?
4. What kind of man was William Penn?

He most lives who lives for others.

He that does good to another, does good to himself.

Seneca

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Cary

Arowp

Yuma Song of the Mockingbird

This song of the Mockingbird was sung by Chiparopai. It is a song of happiness. The Yuma Indians live beneath rainless desert skies and love the days when thin little clouds veil the blue. The mockingbird is a voice of melody in the silent desert. Of this song Chiparopai said, "I am going my way when I hear the mockingbird singing. It sings only when it is happy, so I stop to listen. It sings that the world is fair, the clouds are in the sky, and it is glad at heart. Then I, too, am glad at heart and go on my uphill road, the road of goodness and happiness."

The meaning is not fully expressed by the words of the song, but the Indian understands all that lies behind the few syllables.

"Thin little clouds are spread	'Mai ariwa—
Across the blue of the sky,	'riwa—
Thin little clouds are spread—	'Mai ariwa—
Oh, happy am I as I sing,	'riwa—
I sing of the clouds in the sky."	

Thus tells the bird,	Shakwa tza mi na hi
'Tis the mockingbird who sings,	Shakwa tza mi na
And I stop to hear,	
For he is glad at heart	
And I will list to his message.	
Then up the hill,	Hunya kwa pai va
Up the hill I go my straight road,	Hunya kwa hul pa
The road of good—	
Up the hill I go my straight road,	
The happy road and good.	

Flying-Squirrel Gathers Bulrushes

Holling C. Holling

Flying-Squirrel was proud of her cousin, Otter-Tail, the brave hunter who had killed a moose. While they husked corn, the girls talked it all over time and again. But that did not slow up the corn-husking. Swish, swosh—two movements, and the husk came off the yellow ear. Plop, and the ear went into the basket. What a glorious time it was! Trees all yellow and red, platforms golden with heaped ears, orange and brown pumpkins and squashes being cut into long corkscrews for drying.

When the first frosts had tumbled the nuts from the trees, the children raced squirrels for them. Walnuts and butternuts were hulled, and the hulls saved for dyeing quills. Beechnuts, hazelnuts, hickory nuts—baskets bulged with them.

Men and boys were setting snares and deadfalls these days. Up little marshy creeks they paddled, finding beaver ponds and otter slides. Many piles of soft pelts came home in the canoes.

Then Winter Spirits breathed cold blasts on the lakes and changed them to ice, so that the canoes were of no use and must be stored. The women and girls helped in this work. The bark boats were lined up side by side on a stretch of sandy beach high above the lake and were completely covered with sand, so that nothing could be seen but a series of long mounds.

"You see," said Grandmother Mink-Woman to Flying-Squirrel, "now the wood and bark of the canoes will not dry out and crack. When spring comes and we take them out of their dens again, they will be like new."

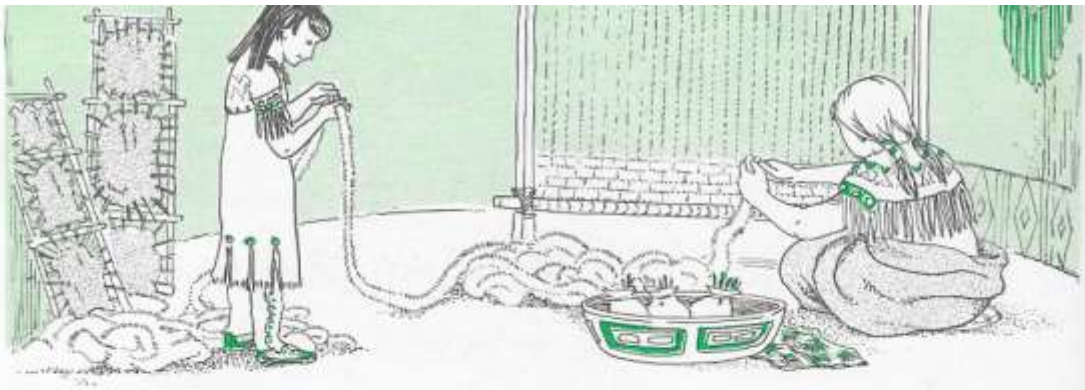
Moose-Heart, Otter-Tail, and Wolverine were making new snowshoes and mending old ones. While Wolverine bent the spruce and cedar frames, Otter-Tail cut thongs for the webbing. From a disc of dried deerhide as big as a dishpan he pared a continuous string, around and around. It seemed endless, it was so long. Then Moose-Heart soaked it until it was just right, and wove the intricate mesh patterns for walking on soft snow.

On clear pond or lake ice, the children played their old, old ice game. It was the shinney or hockey still played today. Sticks were carefully curved and carved in gay patterns. And that block of wood, the puck, went spinning from goal to goal. The Indian children had no skates, only moccasins, but the game was played swiftly with a grand rumpus of flying sticks, arms, and legs. And nobody enjoyed it more than the dogs, who were always tangled up with everything.

Then came Winter in earnest.

The wickiup village was a huddle of snow-covered mounds, each mound smoking in the middle. Trails led from door to door, and piles of dead wood were everywhere. The women and girls had gathered it from the lower tree trunks—dry, firm limbs, still called "squaw wood" in some sections. Men were continually clumping in on their snowshoes from the forest, bringing rabbits and partridges from their snares; foxes, wolverines and fishers from their deadfalls.

Flying-Squirrel and Grandmother Mink-Woman dried the rabbit skins on frames. When the drying had been completed, the girl cut the skins into strips, sewed them end to end, and twisted the long



strip into a cord. The fur sprayed out all around, making a thick fuzzy rope. From these ropes Grandmother Mink-Woman wove warm, soft blankets.

Now was the time for porcupine quill embroidery. Moccasins, leggings, knife sheaths, and anything that needed good colorful decoration were brought out. When the quills had been plucked from porcupine skins, they had been chalk white with sharp black tips at one end; but they had been dyed throughout the year and stored in skin envelopes, color by color. Grandmother Mink-Woman had taught Flying-Squirrel how to prepare the dyes. Goldenrod and yellow-root made yellow; walnut hulls made brown; butternut hulls made black. Bloodroot and sumac gave shades of orange and red, and blueberries made a bluish gray.

There were several ways of using the quills. Some were woven on a loom. Others were bent backward and forward and sewn with sinew at each turn until a flat surface of color was obtained. But before they could be used, the round quills had to be soaked in water and flattened out. Flying-Squirrel used a bone to flatten them, but Mink-Woman said that was too fussy. She held a small bundle of quills in her mouth to soften them, and flattened each one by pulling it through her clenched teeth as she needed it. There are still old Indian women who sew quills, and a piece of this work well done is more beautiful than the brightest bead work.

Flying-Squirrel made a cornhusk doll for her baby brother. She braided arms and legs and made a fat, roly-poly body with a round

head. She painted a face on a piece of buckskin and sewed it to the head. Then she made a pair of leggings and a robe of soft fawn skin, so that the doll looked like a tiny warrior. The baby brother was to be a warrior some day, so the doll was hung to the large cradle-loop above his head. Beside it were tiny bows and arrows and moccasins. Looking at these things he would be inspired to run fast, shoot well, and carry himself as a warrior should.

Mink-Woman often took Flying-Squirrel fishing through the ice. Many a pickerel, bass, and blue-gill came to the end of his swimming on the bone point of their spear, and fresh fish was on hand whenever anyone was hungry for it.

When early spring came with a rush and sap crept up the trunks of trees, a great party from the village went into the maple forests for sugar. For days the woods were filled with people bringing in bark buckets of sap, which was boiled down to a thick syrup and left to harden in empty clam shells and carved wooden bowls. Two weeks of this stored up thousands of small, hard cakes of maple sugar, enough for a year.

After that came frogs singing again in the marshes, and buds, blossoms and new leaves. Mink-Woman dug herbs and secret medicines now and taught Flying-Squirrel many things about roots and leaves. Birds returned in flocks and in pairs, and the girl learned to distinguish the song of each one.

"You were named Flying-Squirrel," said Mink-Woman one evening, "because that animal has good eyes and knows his way about the woods in the dark. Did you know that?"

"Yes, Grandmother, I know and I think that the magic of my totem animal has crept into me, for I see in the woods very well after dark. I can run down a trail at night when Otter-Tail would stumble and fall; I can even find my way perfectly

in new country, in the darkest night when there are no stars. I've done it often, berry picking and wandering in the forest."

"Ah," said Mink-Woman, "that little squirrel has given you good medicine. The day may come when it will serve you well."

One afternoon Mink-Woman decided to make a new bulrush mat for her platform. She always liked to weave her mats in the early morning while the dew was on everything.

"Dew keeps the rushes supple," she explained. "Wetting them with water doesn't do the same thing at all. They should be picked in the evening and woven in the morning. So, Flying-Squirrel, you get me some new rushes. Go over to Rush Lake, where they are thick. And remember that I want the rushes by my door before the dew is off tomorrow morning. It should not take you long to get them. Better take Willow-Girl with you for company."

The canoes had long since been taken from their mounds of sand, and Flying-Squirrel had a small canoe that she always used with Mink-Woman. It had blunt ends, was flat in the middle, and would not tip easily.

"What do I want Willow-Girl for?" she said to herself. "I'm going alone." So she pushed away from the landing log.

It was a quarter-mile paddle on the big lake to a creek that flowed for a little way through a marshy place and emptied into Rush Lake. The girl reached Rush Lake just at twilight, but the dusk did not hamper her work. She lay down in the bow of the canoe and snapped the stems of the bulrushes off at the water line, piling them behind her. Every time she pulled on the rushes, her canoe slid forward, so that gradually she made a path through the thick growth.

There were clouds in the sky, and darkness came down quickly. Loons called. Ducks whipped through the reeds, squawking, and went over with a whir of wings. She could hear a loud splashing from time to time, and knew that a cow moose was feeding on lily pads in the shallow lake and that a calf was beside her. It grew so dark she could scarcely see the other end of the canoe, but she knew what was going on all about her in the night.

At length she heard a different sort of splash, toward the creek. To you or me it might have been a moose or a deer, or a muskellunge leaping out of water. But that splash set Flying-Squirrel all a-tingle. She stopped her work and, by pulling on rushes, worked her way cautiously toward the entrance of the creek. What was that shadow on the shore, a little blacker than the trees? It came down to the creek, crouching. It was no wild animal! And then, clear and long, Flying-Squirrel heard the call of the great horned owl. But, just as the shadow was no wild animal, the girl knew that the call was not made by an owl. The hair on her head rose, and a creeping sensation went along her spine.

She tried to be calm. Perhaps it was some of the village boys playing tricks on her. She edged the canoe inshore and crept out on a log. By inching along on her hands and knees over grass and pine needles, she came to the creek. And there she saw a man.

He was standing by a tree, his back to her. She could see his body against the gray clouds in the sky. In his hands were arrows and a bow. Even as she watched, his head went back, and he gave the call of the owl, "Who-whoo! Whooo! Whoooo!"

Flying-Squirrel had seen enough. This was a scout, calling in the advance guards of a war party. She knew what it meant. Enemies were collecting to raid her own village. But she did not lose her head. It was night. She had not been discovered. She could not paddle back through the creek, but she could paddle to the other side of Rush Lake and go on foot over the three hills that separated it from the village. She inched her way back to the place where she had left the canoe.

But the canoe was gone! Leaning far over, she saw a moccasin track on the muddy shore. Then she heard a whispered voice in the brush, another answering. She crawled out on the log and let herself down gently into the water. It crept up and up, a cold ring enclosing her body, until it touched her chin. She felt sure that she had made no ripple. She found a small, floating stump, and ducking under, came up on the other side.

Zip, thug! She had been seen or heard, after all! She did not stir. Again she heard, zip, thug! The stump heeled over a little. Against the sky she saw two arrows, still quivering, embedded in the wood. She heard a soft step on the bank, then the two voices again. There was a snicker, then a laugh. Two warriors were joking with each other about shooting at a log. Then the voices went away.

She knew that she must hurry to work her way across the lake and over the three hills that must be crossed. Pulling on rushes she went forward, still behind the stump. But the rush tops waved as she pulled and she was afraid the men would see the motion. Then she found the trail of plucked rushes she had made. She could pull on the stubs and never show a movement.

As she went past the creek opening, inch by inch, she saw shadows leaping. The men were crossing the creek. Would they leave someone behind to look for the owner of the canoe? She could not do anything but keep going.

It seemed hours before her feet touched a mucky shore, and she pulled her body out into the thick cedar branches. It was her wits against theirs now. All her Flying-Squirrel medicine must come to her aid. She worked swiftly up one hill, over logs, through thickets, led on safely by the strange power she had described to Mink-Woman. She went through a marsh in the next hollow. The second hill was worse than the first, but she crossed it. She judged it was about midnight when she cautiously came down the slope of the third hill and saw an opening in the forest wall. The corn fields! But what was that behind

that corn hill? An enemy warrior, lying full length between the rows! They had beat her to the village!

However, she knew a little, crooked path, and followed it among squash vines and pumpkins. No arrows came. Off there in the dark was a wickiup. Could she make it? She came to a pile of wood, and that gave her an idea. Why couldn't she pretend to be a girl sent out for more wood? She knew the men would not attack until early morning, and surely would not kill her now and have the whole village warned. So she filled her arms with wood. And then, yawning and dropping a stick now and then, she walked directly toward the wickiup.

On the way she met a sentry of the village guard, who had no more idea than a chipmunk that enemies were in his territory. Flying-Squirrel whispered the news to him and, without making any reply, he walked quietly to the nearest wickiup. In the dark, word was passed from wickiup to wickiup until the whole camp was warned. With no noise, warriors armed themselves, while women and children crept out of bed and hid under the platforms. They piled baskets and bundles behind them for protection against arrows. Would morning never come? What would happen when it did?

When Flying-Squirrel reached her wickiup and told everything to her father and Mink-Woman, Moose-Heart's jaw dropped. "Well, I'm a clam!" was all he could say. Granny folded the girl in her arms and made her a cozy bed under the platform. But, tired as she was, for a long time she could not sleep.

All those enemy warriors strung about the camp! What a battle there would be! Finally she did sleep a little, but was awakened by a hoot from that imitation owl. Through the door she could see the gray of early morning. Would they come now?

A shrill warwhoop split the air, then another, and another. There were calls and yells, and the whole village seemed turned upside down. She heard arrows thud into the bark roof, and one came through, dangling by its feathers just above her head. But Moose-Heart and all the other men of the village were shooting to kill, and soon the warwhoops of the enemy changed to cries of fear.

Flying-Squirrel could not stand it any longer. She ran out and saw that the village was ringed by her own people. The enemy were dropping right and left. She heard war-clubs whack on war-clubs, and there were grunts and groans. When the sun came up she saw what had happened. The enemy, instead of taking the village by surprise, had been taken by surprise themselves. Their war courage had been wiped away. Those who were alive had taken to the woods, with angry warriors from the village hot after them.

Around the fires for generations they told the story of Flying-Squirrel and her trip through the night. They had lost five men, it is true, but those men had died fighting and singing their death-songs in true, brave style; and out of the sixty enemy warriors, only seven had crossed the creek by Rush Lake and got away. The whole tribe gave a great feast in Flying-Squirrel's honor, and the dancing went on for days and days.

The village of bark wickiups was in peace, after that, for many summers.

WORDS TO WATCH

Flying-Squirrel	deadfalls	wickiup	bulrush
corkscrews	thongs	porcupine	raid
hulls	pared	sumac	sentry
bulged	intricate	sap	
snares	moccasins	totem	

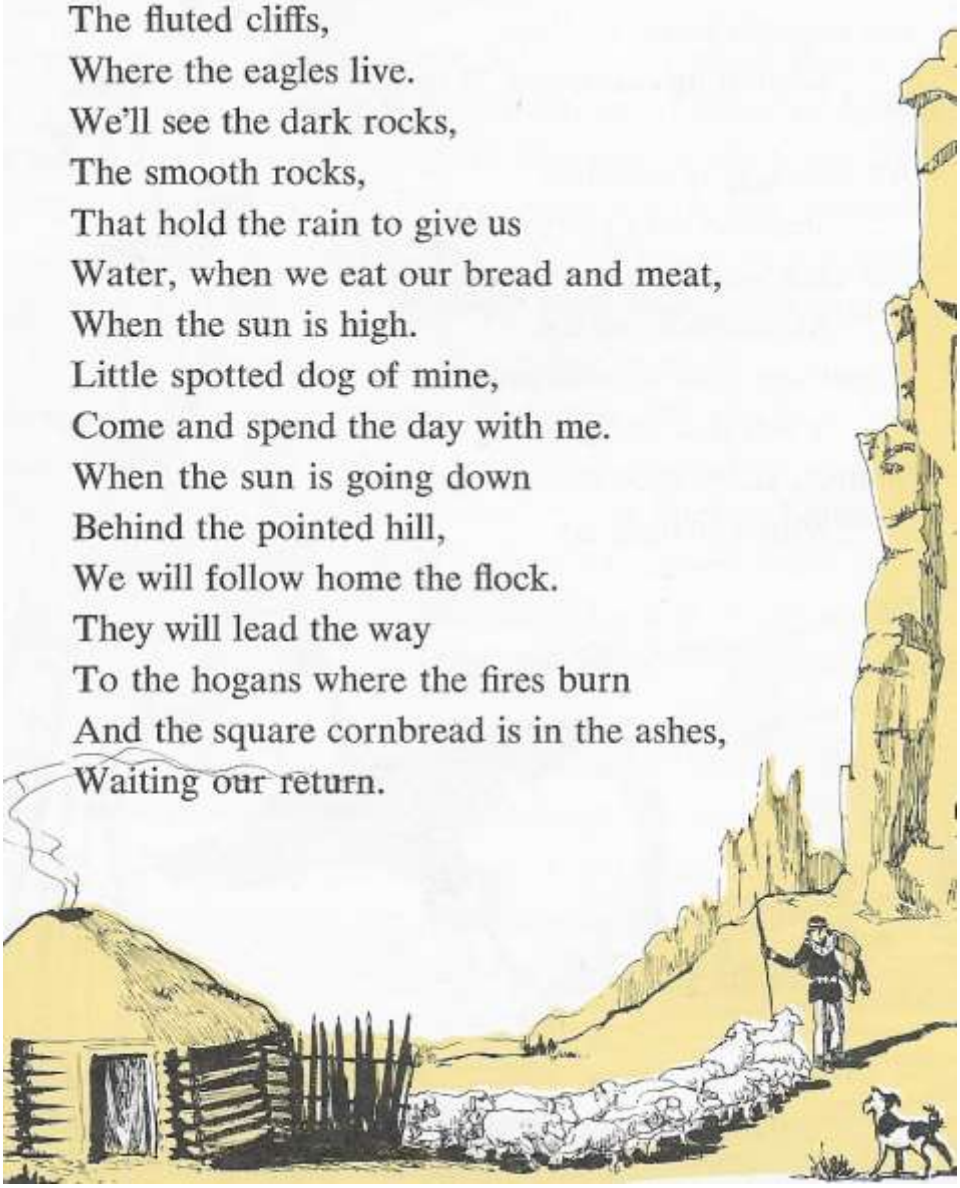
QUESTIONS

1. Which crafts did the Indian girls and boys learn?
2. What were some of their pastimes?
3. How did Flying-Squirrel save her village?
4. Why had the girl been named Flying-Squirrel?

Little Puppy

FROM THE NAVAJO AMERICAN INDIAN
Transcribed by Hilda Faunce Wetherill

Little puppy with the black spots,
Come and herd the flock with me.
We will climb the red rocks
And from the top we'll see
The tall cliffs, the straight cliffs,
The fluted cliffs,
Where the eagles live.
We'll see the dark rocks,
The smooth rocks,
That hold the rain to give us
Water, when we eat our bread and meat,
When the sun is high.
Little spotted dog of mine,
Come and spend the day with me.
When the sun is going down
Behind the pointed hill,
We will follow home the flock.
They will lead the way
To the hogans where the fires burn
And the square cornbread is in the ashes,
Waiting our return.

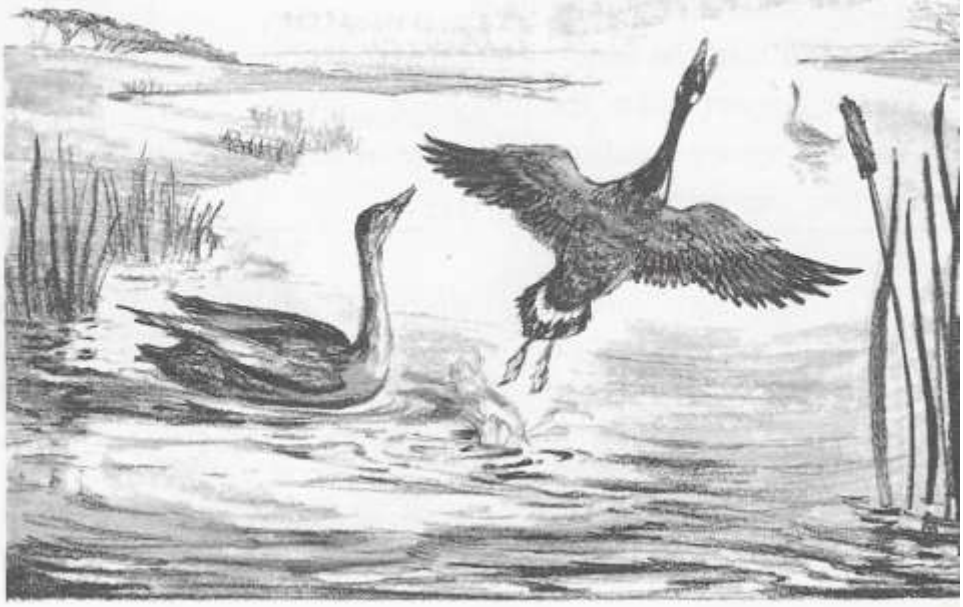


Something Told the Wild Geese

Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, "Snow."
Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, "Frost."

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.
Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly —
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.



A Pioneer's Thanksgiving

E. W. Frentz

When Thanksgiving comes around, the Lowden family gathers in the old homestead, where Grandmother and Grandfather Lowden still live. Wherever they all are, when the great day comes, they go back to the old farm.

When they have eaten the big dinner, all the children beg grandfather to tell *the story,* and at last he says, "Well, if you must have it, here it is:

"I was a boy then, twelve years old, and my sister Ellen was only fourteen. Father had come into the wilderness and started to clear this farm when I was three years old. He had built a log house and a log stable and had cleared enough land to raise good crops of wheat, corn, potatoes, and other vegetables. The nearest house was a mile away. The log cabin that we lived in stood right where this house stands. Father put it here because of the fine spring of water.

"We had had a good summer that year, and the little hole under the house that we called a cellar was full of vegetables and the stable loft filled with grain. From the beams of the kitchen hung hams and bacon from our own hogs, and strings of apples were drying. By Thanksgiving time everything was ready for the winter, even to the great banking of dry leaves around the house, to protect it from the cold winter wind.

"The day before Thanksgiving Mother had been making soap in the great iron kettle hung over a fire outdoors. In the middle of the night we were all awakened by the barking of old Ben, our dog, and when I sat up in bed, I saw that the room was light as day. For a moment I couldn't tell what the matter was, but it didn't take long to see that the house was on fire. One end was already burning fiercely, and the blaze was leaping higher every minute. It had started outside. Probably the embers of the soap-making fire had come to life in the night wind and blown into the banking of leaves.

"Father had just time to snatch blankets from the beds and wrap them around my mother and my sister and me, and hurry us out into the cold night. It was useless to try to save the house. The only water was that in the spring, and there were only two or three pails to carry it in. We did what we could, but the fire soon drove us back, and in a little while the house was only a pile of glowing coals.

"We had been so busy watching and fighting the fire that we had given no thought to the stable, which was behind the house, but by and by I heard a crackling, and looked and saw the roof all ablaze. Father and I got out the two horses and the cow, but the building we could not save; and so, on Thanksgiving morning we stood, wrapped in blankets, with neither a roof over our heads nor any food. My mother and sister were crying, but my father spoke only once, and said, 'The Lord will provide.'

"It was just getting light enough in the morning to see, when out of the woods, behind the spot where the house had stood, a figure came. I could not see who it was, except that it was a man and that he had something on his back. He walked straight to where we stood and threw down in front of my poor father the load he was carrying.

"Then we saw that it was old Sebattus, an Indian, whom Father had found lying with a broken leg beside the trail a year or two before. Father had brought him home, set the leg, and kept him till he was able to travel back again. The load that he had thrown down was a hind quarter of venison and six partridges and about a peck of parched corn in a little sack. While we all stared at him, the old man straightened up, and said, 'How! Sebattus see fire and know, so he come. By and by come again.' Then he turned and went back into the woods.

"That was the finest Thanksgiving that I ever remember, and the best dinner. We cut slices from the venison and broiled them over a fire

built against the big rock out here in the yard. The partridges Father rolled in soft clay, until the clay covered them all over, and then baked them in the ashes. When he raked them out and cracked open the balls of clay, each one contained a bird that was cooked as tender and juicy as any that your grandmother can cook in the oven of the range. The parched corn we ate for dessert.

"All those things I remember, but best of all I remember what Father had said when we sat down to eat. He told us what the day meant and how thankful we ought to be. And then he made a prayer of thanksgiving that was the most beautiful that I have ever heard.

"The Lord did provide, as Father said He would. Neighbors came from far and near—some of them fifteen miles—and before the snow flew, they had helped us put up another log cabin and had filled it with provisions, and the next year Father built this house."

WORDS TO WATCH

homestead	ablaze	peck
embers	venison	provisions

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the author think that this was the finest Thanksgiving he had ever known?
2. How had the fire probably started?
3. Why did the Indian bring the family food?

Diary of an Early American Boy

Eric Sloane

That March dawn in the year 1805 seemed like any other dawn. Yet to Noah there was something different. Clearer and more crimson than a sunset, the morning sun blazed out of the east and struck the four small panes of his window as if they were its prime target. Glass was hard enough to come by in pioneer days, but these panes had special meaning. Made in faraway London, they had been Noah's tenth birthday gift from his mother and father five years ago. Before Noah's tenth birthday the window had been covered with one pine slab that

swung outward on leather hinges along the top. This made it possible to leave the window open all during warm weather except for the stormiest days; the rain fell away from the opening, running off the pine slab as if it were an awning. In the winter the slab was closed upon a room that would have been totally dark except for the light of a candle.

The four glass panes of Noah's window were unlike present-day glass. Being handmade, they were full of irregular ripples and bubbles that changed the appearance of everything viewed through them. The moon was a special treat, assuming almost every shape but its own whenever you moved the slightest bit. In even a slight breeze the straightest trees wiggled and swayed as they do in a big storm.

Glass-paned windows were actually so rare in the early country houses that people often carried their windows with them from house to house whenever they moved. You often rented a house "without benefit of glass!" Few of us today could imagine how a simple glass window could bring such unending joy to a child.

Curtains were almost unknown in the back country houses, but every window had its shutter. Some shutters closed at night from the outside, but Noah's shutter simply slid back and forth from the inside, a solid wooden slab.

Noah's view of his window each morning was usually from his special "doorway" in the folds of his big patchwork quilt. Father and Mother wore nightcaps like everyone else of that time, but since early childhood Noah had enjoyed making a "blanket tent" over his head and, like the cow in the barn, making his own breath and body heat keep the tent warm.

At the foot of the bed where tomorrow's clothing was folded and packed beside a stone bed-warmer during winter, there was still a glow of warmth from last night's heat. But the piece of hot soapstone wrapped in a towel had about done its work for the night, and the coldness of forest dawn had begun to penetrate. The hearth of the fireplace in the big room (that space reserved by Noah's parents for morning dressing) was losing its heat fast.

Except during winter weather, this was the moment when Noah usually grabbed his clothing from its place beneath the covers, tucked it all under his nightshirt, and bounded across the road into the barn "before the coldness could catch up with him." Into the barn he would go and make Bessie the cow or Daniel the ox rise up and move away from their soft beds of hay. Then, standing in the warmed flat spot, he would go about the business of dressing for the day.

But today was a special sort of day. It was the twenty-fifth of March, not only Noah's birthday, but also the first day of the early American farming-man's Spring. The almanac calendar simply read, "Monday, the twenty-fifth," but to many farmers who kept the old European customs, it was New Year Day; so farm accounts and farm diaries were often started at that time. This day was to be marked by Noah's first entry in his new diary.

The sunlight came through the windowpanes and fell upon the diary; it was bound in calf and wrapped once around with a leather thong just like father's ledger book. Its pages were crisp and freshly made at the new paper mill in town. Alongside it was a little stone well of butternut ink that Noah had made himself and put there last night, ready for this special morning. Reaching out from his warm tent of blankets, Noah dipped a crow quill into the ink and held it poised for a moment, thinking. Then he wrote in a clear hand at the top of the first page:

NOAH BLAKE, *my book*

March the twenty-fifth, Year of Our Lord 1805
Given to me by my Father Izaak Blake and my Mother Rachel upon the fifteenth year of my Life.

In keeping with the custom for drying ink, he sprinkled the wet writing with sand. After admiring the freshly sanded page with its first written message, Noah blew away the sand and closed the book. The first day's entry would go on the next page and that would be added at bedtime by candlelight. Feeling beneath the covers for his clothing,

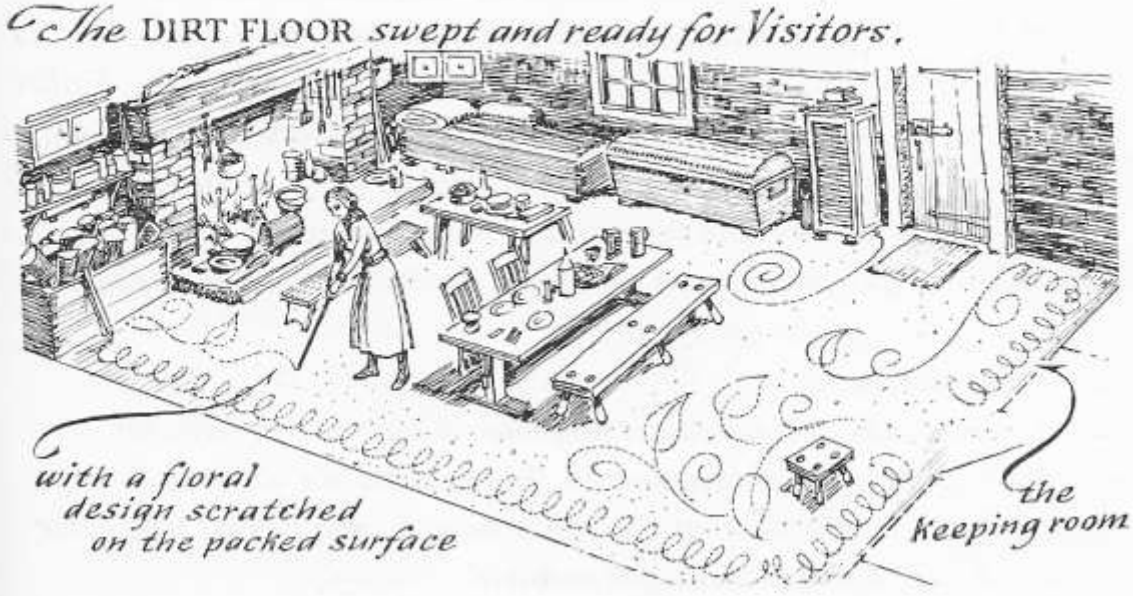
he exploded out of his warm "tent" and headed for his springtime dressing room in the barn.

25: A cold and windy day. Neighbor Adams with son Robert stopp'd by. We drank mead and mint tea. No work done this day. Father is going to the woodlot behind the barn tomorrow for floor timbers. I shall assist him.

26: A light snow fell which Father believes will be the last of the winter. We fell'd a fine oak and rolled it upon rails for Spring seasoning. Mother is joyous at the thought of a good wood floor.

One might wonder why a floor should be planned for a house already existing. Like the earliest country houses, which were built hurriedly, the Blake house still had a plain dirt floor. The earth was pounded hard and swept smooth each day. Housewives sometimes made designs on their dirt floors to amuse their families; Rachel Blake often did this.

27: Father was wrong about the weather, for it snowed again today. We kept within the house, sharpening and making ready tools for the year's farming.



28: Snow stopp'd during the night but it is very cold. My window glass is frosty and my ink froze.

29: I moved bed into the Loft for warmth. It is good to be with Mother and Father but I do miss my good window.

30: Worked in the forge barn. The Loft proved too warm so I moved back into my room.

31: A fine Sunday. The roads were bad and we could not get to Meeting. Had Service to our Lord at home.

1: Robert Adams came by in his Father's sleigh to take me to the Adams place. I shall help them for the week with maple sugaring.

2: Worked at the Adams place.

3: do. [ditto]

4: do.

5: do.

7: Palm Sunday. Went to Meeting with the Adams and returned home with Mother and Father. I earned a tub of sweetening for my week's work. It is good to be home again.

8: The snow has gone and seasonable weather for Spring business has arrived. I finished the winter's lot of nail-making and put the forge to rights.

9: Flooding all but washed our bridge away. Father says the new bridge beams are seasoned and ready. When the waters subside, he shall begin to erect it. We are shaping up the abutments.

10: Worked on the bridge abutments. Daniel helped with the bigger stones.

11: do.

12: Good Friday. It rained all day. Brook went up.

13: Bluebirds arrived. We finished the abutments without help of Mr. Adams and his son Robert who came by to assist. River lower.

14: Easter Sunday. A fine Service. Saw Sarah Trowbridge the new girl at the Adams. She is very pretty.

15: Father used Daniel this morning to set the bridge beams in place for homing the joints. I tried my hand at spring plowing in the afternoon, with Daniel.

16: More plowing. Father still setting up the trusses. He says the joints have swollen with the rains and need new chiseling.

17: do. Weather fine.

18: do.

19: Finished plowing. Father has the bridge trusses ready for raising. Tomorrow I shall go to the Adams and ask them to come upon Saturday the next.

20: Spent the day at the Adams. They shall certainly assist with the bridge next Saturday. Sarah Trowbridge did the cooking and she is most excellent.

21: First Sunday past Easter. The Meeting House was very cold. I visited with Sarah after the Service.

22: Day spent in forge barn fashioning trunnels for bridge. Did forty.

23: Rain and wind. Worked in the garden sowing pease [peas] and beans.

24: Rain stopped and brook is down. Prepared the beams and we put them in place for Saturday's work.

25: Mr. Thoms came by with a new rope from his walk. I have seldom seen so long and white a rope.

26: Rain again. Too wet to work in the garden but we thinn'd brush, and we pruned in the woodlot with hooks.

27: The Adams arrived with six townspeople at sunrise. We set the stringers and put the kingposts in place. We have made a fine bridge. Father put a brush atop the posts and we all sang and drank. Sarah brought a cake. One man fell into the brook but he was not

hurt. We knocked down the old bridge, which made me feel a little sad.

28: *Without yet a floor in the new bridge, we could not yet proceed over it to Sunday Meeting so held Service at home.*

29: *A sloppy day. Started splitting boards for bridge floor.*

30: *Still working on the bridge floor. Father splits while I saw.*

1: *The First of May! We have nearly finished the bridge floor but we must abandon this work for the garden. Father is planting corn.*

2: *A sour chilly day. Stayed indoors.*

3: *We finished the bridge floor in time for the Adams to be first across it. They brought with them a paper with news about the Great Permanent Bridge in Philadelphia. Sarah did not come with them. Yesterday was the Birth Day of new pigs at the Adams.*

4: *A splendid day. Went to the Adams to see the pigs. Sarah looked very well.*

WORDS TO WATCH

crimson	hearth	mead	abutments
target	bounded	loft	trusses
awning	almanac	forge	chiseling
penetrate	ledger	sleigh	trunnels

QUESTIONS

1. What does this diary tell you about the work and the fun that this early American boy had?
2. When Noah's father wanted to put up a bridge, what did the neighbors do?
3. How old was Noah when he began his diary?
4. How did Noah's mother make their floor more attractive?
5. In those days, what were windows like?
6. If you kept a diary, what would you write in it?

The Wilderness Is Tamed

Elizabeth Coatsworth

The axe has cut the forest down,
The laboring ox has smoothed all clear,
Apples now grow where pine trees stood,
And slow cows graze instead of deer.

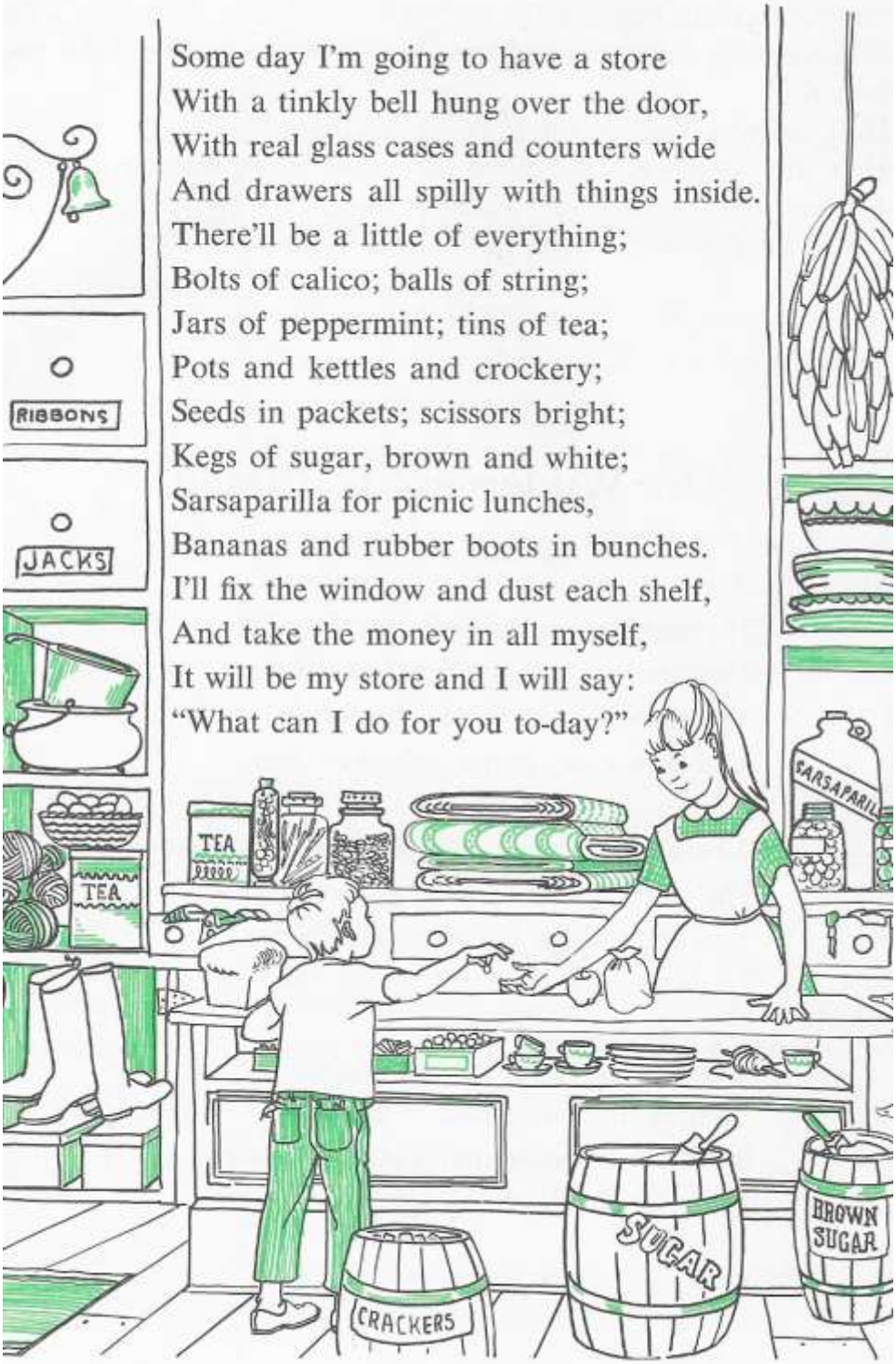
Where Indian fires once raised their smoke
The chimneys of a farmhouse stand,
And cocks crow barnyard challenges
To dawns that once saw savage land.

The axe, the plow, the binding wall,
By these the wilderness is tamed,
By these the white man's will is wrought,
The rivers bridged, the new towns named.

General Store

Rachel Field

Some day I'm going to have a store
With a tinkly bell hung over the door,
With real glass cases and counters wide
And drawers all spilly with things inside.
There'll be a little of everything;
Bolts of calico; balls of string;
Jars of peppermint; tins of tea;
Pots and kettles and crockery;
Seeds in packets; scissors bright;
Kegs of sugar, brown and white;
Sarsaparilla for picnic lunches,
Bananas and rubber boots in bunches.
I'll fix the window and dust each shelf,
And take the money in all myself,
It will be my store and I will say:
"What can I do for you to-day?"



The Fish I Didn't Catch

John Greenleaf Whittier

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing pole from my uncle's hand and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; and the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path. The leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it.

"Try again," said my uncle.

Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last." I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty.

"Try once more," said my uncle. "We fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke, there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

Overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait and, putting the pole again into my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

WORDS TO WATCH

excursion	haunts	hassock
trudged	pickerel	shrewd

QUESTIONS

1. What did Whittier's uncle think about boasting?
2. In trying to catch a fish, how did the boy move his bait?
3. What kind of fish was wriggling on the end of the boy's line?
4. Why do you think the author remembered this fishing trip "as if it were yesterday"?

Our best friends are they who tell us our faults
and help us to mend them.

Chased by Indians

Washington Irving

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trapper, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark in the very heart of the wilderness and had remained to trap beaver alone on the headwaters of the Missouri River. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper like himself, named Potts, and they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfeet, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of one of their companions, and knew that they could expect no mercy at the Indians' hands. They were obliged to keep concealed all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps after nightfall and taking them up before daybreak. It was running a fearful risk for the sake of a few beaver skins, but such is the life of the trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork and had set their traps at night about six miles up a small river that emptied into the fork. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and steep and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened at the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness and paddled forward.

They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to obey. Before they could get out of their canoes, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and returned it to his companion, who was still in the canoe and immediately pushed into the stream. There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to

come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life, but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy and determined to die game. Levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

The savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked. Having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, he understood the consultation as to the mode of killing him so as to get the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark and having a trial of skill, at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulders and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with the Indian customs not to understand the drift of the question. He knew he was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted among his brother hunters for swiftness of foot, he assured the chief that he was a very bad runner.

His strategy gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of bloodhounds were off in full cry. Colter flew, rather than ran; he was astonished at his own speed; but he had six miles of prairie to cover before he should reach the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the fearful odds of several hundred to one against him!

The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear which wounded his naked feet.

Still he fled on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow and to feel an arrow quivering at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly halfway across the plain when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were a considerable distance behind; several of the fastest runners were scattered in the advance, while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his efforts. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind showed his pursuer within twenty yards and preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter plucked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight.

The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirt of cottonwood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to a neighboring island, against the upper end of which the driftwood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft. Under this he dived and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees whose branches and bushes formed a covert several feet above the level of the water.

He had scarcely drawn breath after all his toils, when he heard his pursuers on the river bank, whooping and yelling. They plunged into the river and swam to the raft. The heart of Colter almost died within him as he saw them through the chinks of his hiding place, passing and repassing and seeking for him in all directions.

They at length gave up the search, and he began to rejoice in his escape, when the idea dawned upon him that they might set the raft on fire. Here was a new source of horrible fear in which he remained until nightfall. Fortunately, the idea did not present itself to the Indians. As soon as it was dark, finding by the silence around that his pursuers had departed, Colter dived again and came up beyond the raft. He then swam silently down the river for a considerable distance. Here he landed, and kept on all night, to get as far as possible from this dangerous neighborhood.

By daybreak he had gained sufficient distance to relieve him from the terrors of his savage foes; but now new fears and dangers presented themselves. He was naked and alone, in the midst of wilderness; his only chance was to reach a trading post of the Missouri Company, situated on a branch of the Yellowstone River. Even should he elude his pursuers, days must elapse before he could reach this post. He must traverse immense prairies without shade, his naked body exposed to the burning heat of the sun by day and the dews and chills of the night seasons, and his feet torn by the thorns of the prickly pear. Though he might see game in abundance around him, he had no means of killing any, and must depend for food upon the roots of the earth. In spite of these difficulties he pushed forward, guiding himself in his trackless course by those signs known only to Indians and backwoodsmen; and after braving dangers and hardships enough to break down any spirit but that of a western pioneer, he arrived safely at the post.

WORDS TO WATCH

hardihood	innumerable	prairie	covert
region	consultation	abounded	sufficient
concealed	mode	considerable	elude
seized	persecutors	confounded	traverse
levelling	strategy	precious	abundance

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think that people nowadays could endure such an adventure? Why or why not?
2. How did the trappers plan their work to avoid being caught by the Indians?
3. Why did the Indian chief give Colter a head start?
4. What did Colter do to save himself from his pursuers?
5. After he escaped from the Indians, why did he live on the roots of the earth?

It is in great dangers that we see great courage.

Regnard

He who loses wealth loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses courage loses all.

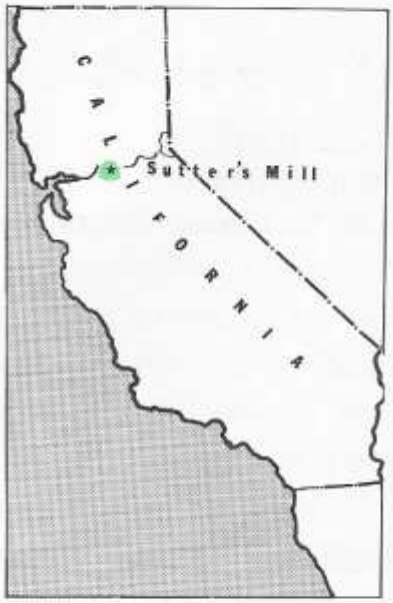
Cervantes

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

Rochefoucauld

Finding Gold in California

Edward Eggleston



California once belonged to Mexico. Then there was a war between this country and Mexico, called the Mexican War. During that war the United States took California away from Mexico. It is now one of our richest and most beautiful states.

In the old days, when California belonged to Mexico, it was a quiet country. Nearly all the white people spoke Spanish, which is the language of Mexico. They lived mostly by raising cattle.

In those days people did not know that there was gold in California. A little gold had been found in the southern part of the state, but nobody expected to find valuable gold mines. A few people from the United States had settled in the country. They also raised cattle.

Some time after the United States had taken California, peace was made with Mexico. California then became a part of our country. About the time that this peace was made, something happened which caused great excitment. It changed the history of our country and changed the business of the whole world.

A man named Sutter had moved from Missouri to California. He built a house which was called Sutter's Fort. It was where the city of Sacramento now stands. Sutter had many horses and oxen, and he owned thousands of acres of land. He traded with the Indians and carried on other kinds of business.

Everything was done in a slow way. When he wanted boards, he sent men to saw them by hand. It took two men a whole day to saw up a log so as to make a dozen boards. There was no sawmill in all California.

When Sutter wanted to grind flour or meal, this was done in the Mexican way. A large stone roller was run over a flat stone. But at last Sutter decided he wanted an American grinding mill.

To build this, he needed boards. He thought he would first build a sawmill. Then he could get boards quickly for his grinding mill and have lumber to use for other things.

Sutter sent a man named Marshall to build his sawmill. It was to be built forty miles away from Sutter's Fort. The mill had to be where there were trees to saw.

Marshall was a very good carpenter who could build almost anything. He had some men working with him. After some months they got the mill done. This mill was built to run by water.

But when he started it, the mill did not run well. Marshall saw that he must dig a ditch below the great water wheel, to carry off the water. He hired Indians to dig the ditch.

When the Indians had partly dug this ditch, Marshall went out one January morning to look at it. The clear water was running through the ditch. It had washed away the sand, leaving the pebbles bare. At the bottom of the water Marshall saw something yellow. It looked like brass. He put his hand down into the water and took up this bright, yellow thing. It was about the size and shape of a small pea. Then he looked and found another pretty little yellow bead at the bottom of the ditch.

Marshall trembled all over. It might be gold! But he remembered that there is another yellow substance that looks like gold. It is called "fool's gold." He was afraid he had found only fool's gold.

Marshall knew that if it was gold it would not break easily. He laid one of the pieces on a stone; then he took another stone and hammered it. It was soft and did not break. If it had broken to pieces, Marshall would have known that it was not gold.

In a few days the men had dug up about three ounces of the yellow stuff. They had no means of making sure it was gold.

Then Marshall got on a horse and set out for Sutter's Fort, carrying the yellow metal with him. He traveled as fast as the rough road would let him. He rode up to Sutter's in the evening, all spattered with mud.

He told Captain Sutter that he wished to see him alone. Marshall's eyes looked wild, and Sutter was afraid that he was crazy. But he went to a room with him. Marshall wanted the door locked. Sutter could not think what was the matter with the man.

When he was sure that nobody else would come in, Marshall poured out on the table the little yellow beads that he had brought.

Sutter thought it was gold, but the men did not know how to tell whether it was pure or not. At last they hunted up a book that told how heavy gold is. Then they got a pair of scales and weighed the gold, putting silver dollars in the other end of the scales for weights. Then they held one end of the scales under water and weighed the gold. By finding how much lighter it was in the water than out of the water, they found that is was pure gold.

All the men at the mill promised to keep the secret. They were all digging up gold when not working in the mill. As soon as the mill should be done, they were going to wash gold.

But the secret could not be kept. A teamster who came to the mill was told about it. He got a few grains of the precious gold.

When the teamster got back to Sutter's Fort, he went to a store to buy a bottle of whiskey, but he had no money. The storekeeper would not sell to him without money. The teamster then took out

some grains of gold. The storekeeper was surprised. He let the man have what he wanted. The teamster would not tell where he got the gold. But after he had taken two or three drinks of the whiskey, he was not able to keep his secret. He soon told all he knew about the finding of gold at Sutter's Mill.

The news spread like fire in dry grass. Men rushed to the mill in the mountains to find gold. Gold was also found at other places. Merchants in the towns of California left their stores. Mechanics laid down their tools, and farmers left their fields to dig gold. Some got rich in a few weeks. Others were not so lucky.

Soon the news went across the continent. It traveled also to other countries. More than one hundred thousand men went to California the first year after gold was found, and still more poured in the next year. Thousands of men went through the Indian country with wagons. Of course, there were no railroads to the West in that day.

Millions and millions of dollars' worth of gold was dug. In a short time California became a rich state. Railroads were built across the country. Ships sailed on the Pacific Ocean to carry on the trade of this great state. Every nation of the earth had gold from California.

And it all started from one little, round, yellow bead of gold that happened to lie shining at the bottom of a ditch.

WORDS TO WATCH

substance spattered teamster mechanics continent

QUESTIONS

1. What happened when the news of a gold strike became known?
2. How did Marshall know that he had not found "fool's gold"?
3. How did the secret about the gold discovery become known?
4. How many men came to California the first year after gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill?
5. Did the discovery of gold help or hurt the state of California?

The True Story of a Brave Boy

Robert H. Davis

One night Captain Crawford began to talk about the numerous Indian campaigns in American history. The story that remains freshest in my mind was about a white boy who was sent with a flag of truce to receive terms from a band of Indians besieging a party of white settlers they had driven into the bed of a dry river. Ammunition was low in both camps, and the question was, which group could hold out longer. I tell the story in Captain Crawford's own words, burned indelibly into my mind.

You must understand, first, that the settlers had plenty of food in their prairie-wagons and about twenty good horses, also tents and blankets. But they had no water. The Indians were camped at a spring and, being on the chase, had little food and no shelter. Both parties had carried on a sniping engagement for two days, with little advantage to anybody. They were about equally matched in numbers. On the morning of the third day the settlers, who were tortured with thirst, decided to send a fourteen-year-old boy with a flag of truce to ask the Indians what they wanted.

"You had better tell him what to say if they ask questions," said the boy's mother.

"No living man can instruct him. He must face this ordeal alone," said the father. "Self-reliance will give him the strength to do the right thing. I won't tie his hands."

"He is our first-born. The Indians will think you have not the courage to go yourself," replied the mother. "If he should not return?"

"Wife, there are no cowards in our family. Our son is the only hope. If I carry this flag of truce and am slain, God alone knows what will follow. The boy must go. It would be worse than cowardice for me to select another. The Indians will respect his bravery."

"Son?" The pioneer looked into the eyes of his offspring for an answer.

"Yes, Father. I am ready," was the firm response.

The mother caught him to her breast, sobbed, and consigning him to the care of God, kissed him on the lips. But the father of that boy, merely holding out his hand man-fashion, said good-by, handed his son a strip of white cloth, and pushed him gently from the barricade into the open. The other members of the party spoke their farewells as the boy walked away, but not once did he look back to his loved ones or falter in his march to the camp of the enemy.

He crossed the open space with the white flag lifted high over his head and arrived among the besiegers, who received him with an invitation to sit down and powwow.

"What do you want?" asked the boy in a calm but strong voice which showed no trace of fear.

An Indian who understood the question pointed to a horse and held up ten fingers. The boy frowned and seated himself stubbornly, shaking his head at intervals. The chief of the raiders said something to one of his redskins, who withdrew to the spring and returned with an army pannikin brimming with clear, cold water, which he placed on the ground at the boy's crossed feet. The impulse to seize that crystal draft and quench his thirst almost overpowered him, but instead he washed his hands, wet his hair, and threw the water on the grass.

Stunned, but still crafty, the Indians filled another pannikin and held it to the boy's lips. He pushed it aside with the remark, "We got

plenty water." Then he picked up his flag of truce and arose as though about to depart. The Indian held up five fingers as a compromise, to which the boy responded with three fingers.

"Yes! You catchum! Mares!" answered the Indian, after reflection. "Catchum grub too."

The boy returned at once to his father and explained the terms. He received some flour and bacon and the three mares, which he led to a distant hill half a mile away from the water hole, the flag of truce still fluttering. The Indians, observing that the terms of the agreement were being carried out and that the boy's presence was a guaranty against reprisal, broke camp, galloped to the neutral ground, received the horses, and disappeared in single file, leaving the young ambassador to return on foot.

"That boy," said Crawford, "did two remarkable things which stamped him as a hero. It took courage to refuse the drinking water that was set before him, but it required brains to deliver the three mares half a mile from the spring. A man can conceal his thirst, but a horse cannot. The boy knew that if those famished animals got within sight of that water hole, nothing could have held them, and that his diplomacy would have come to naught. What a scene must have been enacted at that spring when the white settlers came up to it. The last one of the party to quench his thirst was the boy who bore the flag of truce and made the terms."

WORDS TO WATCH

campaigns	self-reliance	naught	reprisal
truce	cowardice	quench	neutral
ammunition	powwow	compromise	ambassador
sniping	intervals	guaranty	diplomacy

QUESTIONS

1. What two things did the boy do that showed he was a hero?
2. Why did the father send his son instead of going himself?
3. How many horses did the Indians ask for? How many did they get?
4. What was the cleverest thing the boy did?

Courage in danger is half the battle.

Plautus

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

William Shakespeare

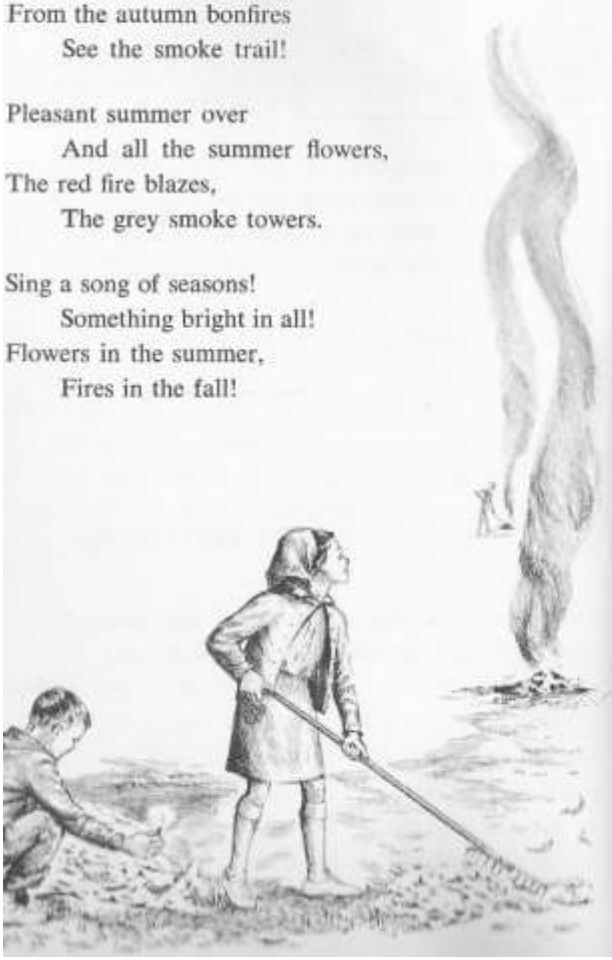
Autumn Fires

Robert Louis Stevenson

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



PART THREE

Tales of Fantasy

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes

The Song of the Wandering Aengus

William Butler Yeats

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread.
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

The Fool of the Family

The Brothers Grimm

Once upon a time a man had two sons. The older passed for a very clever youth. The younger, called Dumling, though the favorite of his mother, was thought to be only half-witted. In fact, his father and older brother were in the habit of calling him "the fool of the family."

When Dumling had grown to be fifteen years old, his father became tired of supporting him, so he gave the lad twenty German shillings and sent him out into the world to seek his fortune.

With a light heart young Dumling set out, jingling the coins in his pocket, thinking how he should spend so much money. Before long he met a fisherman carrying a basket on his back. "Ho, master, and what have we here?" asked Dumling.

"Nothing that you can buy," said the fisherman gruffly. But when he heard the money clinking he declared that in his basket he had the most wonderful turbot in the world.

"Mr. Fisherman," said Dumling, when he had peeped in at the beautiful fish, "will you sell your fish for twenty shillings?"

"For want of a better price, yes," replied the fisherman, and the lad eagerly counted out his twenty shillings and took the turbot.

Journeying on, Dumling caught sight of a fine palace, and stopped a countryman to ask who lived there.

"The king," answered the man, "and a courteous and liberal king he is."

"Is he, indeed?" thought Dumling; "I will take him my fish, and see what he will give me for it."

Without delay he made his way to the gate of the palace and knocked. The gate was opened by a fat porter, who asked him what his business was. "My business is with your master," said Dumling, who knew little of the ways of great men's houses. "I bring a present for the king."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the porter, still delaying to open the door. "Don't you know that it is the custom of this court that I should see a present before it goes to my lord the king?"

So at last Dumling opened his basket. Now, when the porter saw the beautiful fish, his eyes glistened, and he declared that by the custom of the court half must be his before the bearer could go farther.

"Pray let me pass," said Dumling; "and whatever the king will give me, you shall have half."

On this promise the porter opened the door and permitted him to enter the hall. But here he was stopped by the chamberlain, who looked into the basket and said that half was due to him. Only then could he bring the gift before the king, for such was the custom of the court.

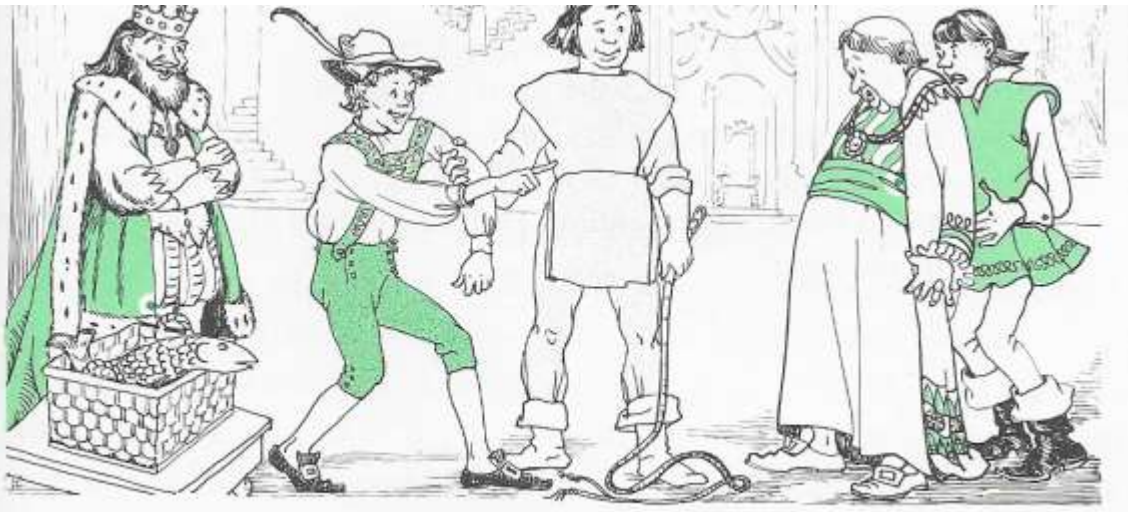
"Fair sir, I quarrel not with your customs," said Dumling; "and, though I have already promised half my reward to the porter, I will give you the share which is left, if you will only bring me into the king's presence."

Then the chamberlain led him in, and the boy laid his present before the king. "By my crown," said the king, "it is a fair gift. I accept it gladly. And now what reward shall I give you for your trouble? Ask boldly and wisely, and you shall not have to complain."

The porter and the chamberlain now went up to Dumling, and whispered to him to ask for a bag of gold or a rich office at court, for their lord would not say no to him.

"I will ask none of these things," said the youth aloud; and bending before the king he spoke up, "Your Majesty, I ask no reward but a sound beating."

Everyone was astonished to hear this strange request, and the king most of all. But when he saw that Dumling would not change



his mind, he ordered him to be tied up, and a hundred lashes to be well laid on.

"But hold!" said Dumling, as the scourger was baring his brawny arm; "I have partners in this business. I gave away one half of my reward to the porter, and the other half I promised to the chamberlain, before they would allow me to bring my gift to the king. It is only right that they should receive what I have promised them."

"And you shall keep your word with them as I with you," vowed the king, when he learned how his servants dealt with strangers.

So the porter and the chamberlain were tied up in Dumling's place, and each received his share of the reward, fairly counted out. The spectators, who well knew the greed and insolence of these officials, laughed heartily at the justice of the reward.

As for Dumling, the king was so pleased with his cleverness that he took him into his service.

So Dumling made his fortune. From then on no one thought of calling him a fool, and all the world spoke nothing but good of him.

WORDS TO WATCH

shillings	chamberlain	brawny	officials
turbot	scourger	insolence	

QUESTIONS

1. Was Dumling really "the fool of the family"?
2. How did Dumling get into the king's chamber?
3. What reward did Dumling ask of the king?
4. Who shared in Dumling's reward?
5. Why did no one think of calling Dumling a fool after he had given a gift to the king?

Limericks

I wish that my room had a floor;
I don't care so much for a door.
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore.

Gelett Burgess

There was a young lady named Bright,
Who traveled much faster than light.
She started one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Anonymous

The Barber of Bagdad

An Arabian Story

There once lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber by the name of Ali. He was famous for a steady hand and could shave a head or trim a beard or whiskers with his eyes blindfolded. There was not a man of fashion in Bagdad who did not employ him, and he had so much business that at length he became very proud.

Now firewood was always scarce and dear in Bagdad, and it happened one day that a poor woodcutter stopped at Ali's shop to sell him a load of wood. Ali offered him a certain sum for all the wood that was on the donkey. The woodcutter agreed, unloaded the animal and asked for the money.

"You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber. "I must have your wooden packsaddle into the bargain; that was our agreement. I was to have *all* the wood that was on your donkey."

"How!" cried the other, in great surprise. "Who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible!"

But after many words the barber seized the wood, packsaddle and all, and sent away the poor man in great distress.

The woodcutter then ran to the cadi and stated his troubles. The cadi, who was one of the barber's customers, refused to hear the case. Then the man went to a higher judge. He also was a customer of Ali and made light of the complaint.

The poor woodcutter then sent a petition to the great caliph, who ruled the land. The caliph's promptness in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the woodcutter was called before him.

When the man came into the presence of the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground. Then folding his arms, he awaited the decision in his case.

"Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side; you have justice on yours. Agreements must be made by words, and

agreements must be kept. Therefore the barber may keep all the wood, but—"

Then calling the woodcutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear and sent him away quite satisfied.

A few days later the woodcutter came to the barber as if nothing had happened between them and asked that he and a companion from the country might enjoy one of his famous shaves. The barber agreed, and the price for both operations was settled.

When the woodcutter's beard had been properly shaved, Ali asked where his companion was.

"He is standing just outside," said the woodcutter. "He shall come in at once."

He went out and promptly led in his donkey by the halter. "This is my companion," said he. "Shave him."

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in a rage. "You insult me to shave your donkey. Away with you!"

The woodcutter hastened to the caliph and told his story.

"Bring Ali and his razors to me this instant," exclaimed the caliph to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber. "Was not that your agreement?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "It is true, oh, caliph, that such was our agreement. But who ever made a companion of a donkey before?"

"True enough," said the caliph. "But who ever thought of including a packsaddle in a load of wood? No, no! It is the woodcutter's turn now. Shave this donkey instantly!"

So the barber had to prepare a great quantity of soap, lather the beast from head to foot, and shave him in the presence of the caliph and the whole court, while he was jeered and mocked by the bystanders.

WORDS TO WATCH

seized	caliph	halter
cadi	justice	bystanders

QUESTIONS

1. What did the caliph tell the woodcutter to do?
2. How did the woodcutter make Ali the barber live up to his agreement?
3. Did you ever make an agreement? Were you careful that you understood exactly what *you* were to do?
4. What can we learn from the story of Ali the barber and the woodcutter?

Justice is to give to every man his own.

Aristotle

One man's word is no man's word;
we should quietly hear both sides.

Goethe

The Cowardly Lion

L. Frank Baum

A whirlwind had carried Dorothy and her dog Toto far away from Kansas to the Land of Oz. Dorothy wanted to find her way home. A good witch told her to follow the yellow brick road to Emerald City, where the Great Wizard of Oz would help her. On her way there, Dorothy met the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. Both travel with her.

All this time Dorothy and her companions had been walking through the thick woods. The road was still paved with yellow brick, but these were much covered by dried branches and dead leaves from the trees, and the walking was not at all good.

There were few birds in this part of the forest, for birds love the open country where there is plenty of sunshine; but now and then there came a deep growl from some wild animal hidden among the trees. These sounds made the little girl's heart beat fast, for she did not know what made them; but Toto knew, and he walked close to Dorothy's side, and did not even bark in return.

"How long will it be," the child asked of the Tin Woodman, "before we are out of the forest?"

"I cannot tell," was the answer, "for I have never been to the Emerald City. But my father went there once, when I was a boy, and he said it was a long journey through a dangerous country, although nearer to the city where Oz dwells the country is beautiful. But I am not afraid so long as I have my oilcan, and nothing can hurt the Scarecrow, while you bear upon your forehead the mark of the good Witch's kiss, and that will protect you from harm."

"But Toto!" said the girl anxiously; "what will protect him?"

"We must protect him ourselves, if he is in danger," replied the Tin Woodman.

Just as he spoke there came from the forest a terrible roar, and the next moment a great Lion bounded into the road. With one blow of his paw he sent the Scarecrow spinning over and over to the edge of the road, and then he struck at the Tin Woodman with his sharp claws. But, to the Lion's surprise, he could make no impression on the tin, although the Woodman fell over in the road and lay still.

Little Toto, now that he had an enemy to face, ran barking toward the Lion, and the great beast had opened his mouth to bite the dog, when Dorothy, fearing Toto would be killed, and heedless of danger, rushed forward and slapped the Lion upon his nose as hard as she could, while she cried out,

"Don't you dare to bite Toto! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, to bite a poor little dog!"

"I didn't bite him," said the Lion, as he rubbed his nose with his paw where Dorothy had hit it.

"No, but you tried to," she retorted. "You are nothing but a big coward."

"I know it," said the Lion, hanging his head in shame; "I've always known it. But how can I help it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. To think of your striking a stuffed man like the poor Scarecrow!"

"Is he stuffed?" asked the Lion in surprise, as he watched her pick up the Scarecrow and set him upon his feet, while she patted him into shape again.

"Of course he's stuffed," replied Dorothy, who was still angry.

"That's why he went over so easily," remarked the Lion. "It astonished me to see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed also?"

"No," said Dorothy, "he's made of tin." And she helped the Woodman up again.

"That's why he nearly blunted my claws," said the Lion. "When they scratched against the tin, it made a cold shiver run down my back. What is that little animal you are so tender of?"

"He is my dog, Toto," answered Dorothy.

"Is he made of tin or stuffed?" asked the Lion.

"Neither. He's a—a—a meat dog," said the girl.

"Oh. He's a curious animal and seems remarkably small, now that I look at him. No one would think of biting such a little thing except a coward like me," continued the Lion sadly.

"What makes you a coward?" asked Dorothy, looking at the great beast in wonder, for he was as big as a small horse.

"It's a mystery," replied the Lion. "I suppose I was born that way. All the other animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave, for the Lion is everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts. I learned that if I roared very loudly, every living thing was frightened and got out of my way. Whenever I've met a man I've been awfully scared; but I just roared at him, and he has always run away as fast as he could go. If the elephants and the tigers and the bears had ever tried to fight me, I should have run myself—I'm such a coward; but just as soon as they hear me roar, they all try to get away from me, and of course I let them go."

"But that isn't right. The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward," said the Scarecrow.

"I know it," returned the Lion, wiping a tear from his eye with the tip of his tail; "it is my great sorrow and makes my life very unhappy. But whenever there is danger, my heart begins to beat fast."

"Perhaps you have heart disease," said the Tin Woodman.

"It may be," said the Lion.

"If you have," continued the Tin Woodman, "you ought to be glad, for it proves you have a heart. For my part, I have no heart; so I cannot have heart disease."

"Perhaps," said the Lion thoughtfully,

"if I had no heart I should not be a coward."

"Have you brains?" asked the Scarecrow.

"I suppose so. I've never looked to see," replied the Lion.

"I am going to the great Oz to ask him to give me some," remarked the Scarecrow, "for my head is stuffed with straw."

"And I am going to ask him to give me a heart," said the Woodman.

"And I am going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas," added Dorothy.

"Do you think Oz could give me courage?" asked the cowardly Lion.

"Just as easily as he could give me brains," said the Scarecrow.

"Or give me a heart," said the Tin Woodman.

"Or send me back to Kansas," said Dorothy.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll go with you," said the Lion, "for my life is simply unbearable without a bit of courage."

"You will be very welcome," answered Dorothy, "for you will help to keep away the other wild beasts. It seems to me they must be more cowardly than you are if they allow you to scare them so easily."

"They really are," said the Lion; "but that doesn't make me any braver, and as long as I know myself to be a coward I shall be unhappy."

So once more the little company set off upon the journey, the Lion walking with stately strides at Dorothy's side. Toto did not approve this new comrade at first, for he could not forget how nearly he had been crushed between the Lion's great jaws; but after a time he became more at ease, and presently Toto and the Cowardly Lion had grown to be good friends.

During the rest of that day there was no other adventure to mar the peace of their journey. Once, indeed, the Tin Woodman stepped upon a beetle that was crawling along the road, and killed the poor little thing. This made the Tin Woodman very unhappy, for he was always careful not to hurt any living creature; and as he

walked along, he wept several tears of sorrow and regret. These tears ran slowly down his face and over the hinges of his jaw, and there they rusted. When Dorothy presently asked him a question, the Tin Woodman could not open his mouth, for his jaws were tightly rusted together. He became greatly frightened at this and made many motions to Dorothy to relieve him, but she could not understand. The Lion was also puzzled to know what was wrong. But the Scarecrow seized the oilcan from Dorothy's basket and oiled the Woodman's jaws, so that after a few moments he could talk as well as before.

"This will serve me a lesson," said he, "to look where I step. For if I should kill another bug or beetle, it would make me feel so badly that I should surely cry again, and crying rusts my jaws so that I cannot speak."

Thereafter he walked very carefully, with his eyes on the road, and when he saw a tiny ant toiling by, he would step over it, so as not to harm it. The Tin Woodman knew very well he had no heart, and therefore he took great care never to be cruel or unkind to anything.

"You people with hearts," he said, "have something to guide you, and need never do wrong; but I have no heart, and so I must be very careful. When Oz gives me a heart, of course, I needn't mind so much."

They were obliged to camp out that night under a large tree in the forest, for there were no houses near. The tree made a good, thick covering to protect them from the dew, and the Tin Woodman chopped a great pile of wood with his axe, and Dorothy built a splendid fire that warmed her and made her feel less lonely. She and Toto ate the last of their bread, and now she did not know what they would do for breakfast.

"If you wish," said the Lion, "I will go into the forest and kill a deer for you. You can roast it by the fire, since your tastes are so peculiar that you prefer cooked food, and then you will have a very good breakfast."

"Don't! Please don't," begged the Tin Woodman. "I should certainly weep if you killed a poor deer, and then my jaws would rust again."

But the Lion went away into the forest and found his own supper, and no one ever knew what it was, for he didn't mention it. And the Scarecrow found a tree full of nuts and filled Dorothy's basket with them, so that she would not be hungry for a long time. She thought this was very kind and thoughtful of the Scarecrow, but she laughed heartily at the awkward way in which the poor creature picked up the nuts. His padded hands were so clumsy and the nuts were so small that he dropped almost as many as he put in the basket. But the Scarecrow did not mind how long it took him to fill the basket, for it enabled him to keep away from the fire, as he feared a spark might get into his straw and burn him up. So he kept a good distance away from the flames, and only came near to cover Dorothy with dry leaves when she lay down to sleep. These kept her very snug and warm, and she slept soundly until morning.

WORDS TO WATCH

dwells	blunted	strides	obliged
heedless	mystery	mar	awkward
retorted	unbearable	toiling	clumsy

QUESTIONS

1. Why were Dorothy and her friends trying to find the Wizard of Oz?
2. What was special about the lion they met on their way through the forest?
3. Why did the Tin Woodman's jaws have to be oiled on their journey?
4. Why was the Scarecrow glad to stay away from the fire?
5. Do you really think the Tin Woodman had no heart? Why or why not?

Bravery

Gelett Burgess

It's terribly brave
To try to save
A girl on a runaway horse;
You could do *that*, of course!
But think of trying
To keep from crying,
When you're hungry and tired
and cross—
You couldn't do *that*,
of course!

The Mist and All

Dixie Willson

I like the fall,
The mist and all.
I like the night owl's
Lonely call—
And wailing sound
Of wind around.
I like the gray

November day,
And bare, dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it—
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall—
The mist and all.