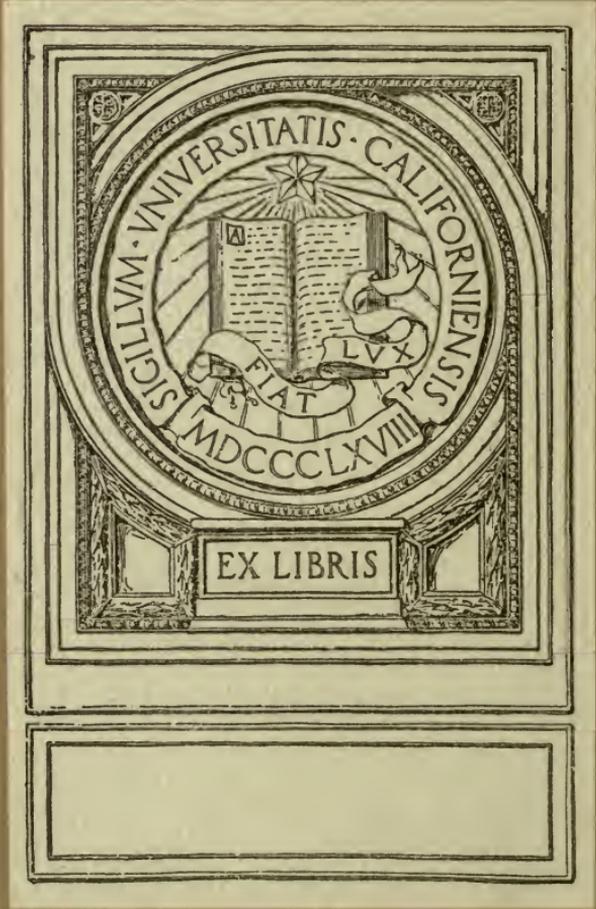


THE STORY
OF
DEMOCRACY

INGRAHAM



SIGILLUM UNIVERSITATIS CALIFORNIENSIS

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THE STORY OF DEMOCRACY



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THE STORY
OF
DEMOCRACY

TOLD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By
SYDNEY ELEANOR INGRAHAM

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FOREWORD TO TEACHERS

THIS little book approaches the study of civics through the medium of a group of stories for children. Such an attempt, and such an approach to a difficult subject must necessarily meet with many dilemmas and limitations. But a great need has been felt for a reader which would render the study of civics not only attractive, but simple and easy to children. Children, still in the imaginal stage, find it very hard to concentrate upon the generalized facts which fill textbooks in civics. So there has been a tendency among teachers to regard the subject as suitable only for high-school students. But a large proportion of our school children never enter high school. They should not leave the public schools without having received some training in citizenship.

It is believed that the study of democracy in evolution is the most attractive to children and the most scientific method of study. As citizens, the children must learn to think in terms of the past and of the future.

The title of this book, *The Story of Democracy*, is not entirely satisfactory, because it might perhaps be misunderstood to imply that there is only one story of democracy, and that a child's reader is endeavoring to tell it all, which would be most absurd. But it suggests, at least, the purpose to which the book is dedicated: that every American child should be able to picture the long journey of mankind towards democracy as the story of the struggle for a great cause in which he himself, or she herself, will finally take an active part. "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

Our laws of to-day, our principles of democratic citizenship, and our governmental machinery in the United States form a com-

plex political organism which has been built up out of the experience of centuries. It cannot be properly studied merely in the light of the immediate present, or as an abstraction removed from time and space. It is a growth, like the life of a great tree, and it is useless to attempt to sever the leaves and branches from the trunk, and from the roots that lie under the soil.

To follow democracy through its evolution is, after all, the easiest way to understanding for children, because it proceeds naturally from simple ideas to more complex. The discovering and historical accumulation of democratic principles have been slow and irregular. Often the gain of one century has been lost in the next. But there has been a gradual, fumbling progress, and the possibility of still greater progress lies unlimited in the future.

A choice had to be made out of the quantity of possible material, and so the earlier stories, with the exception of the first, have all been drawn from significant phases in the history of the Western races and of the United States, because these have a direct bearing upon the development of our American democracy, through racial inheritance and education. The last five chapters treat of citizenship in the United States of to-day.

It should be explained to children, however, that social progress is by no means the result merely of time. The development of civilization has been most irregular, and there are to-day, scattered over the world, races still living in savage—or primitive—in half-civilized—or mediæval—conditions, representing various layers of social evolution and many different types of government, which are, in some cases, not unlike those described in the earlier chapters of this book.

This will make clear why the book, otherwise chronological in order, starts with an account of Indian affairs which did not occur until after the events described in Chapter VI. Many thousands of years have elapsed since our own ancestors (the Aryans, so-called) lived as tribal savages, and almost no records or stories of their life have come down to us through the ages. To fill the gap caused by our ignorance of our prehistoric ancestors,

an Indian story has been chosen, because the habits of all primitive peoples are similar and typical in many essentials, and because we have trustworthy records of the tribal organization of the Indians.

It is believed that the story method is valuable in awakening the sympathetic interest of the children, in giving them a sense of the fullness of life, and of the measure of human forces and sacrifices involved in each phase of the struggle. As it is an indirect method of teaching, however, it may be helpful to teachers if the main points to be developed in each of the stories are here briefly indicated. A retrospect is also given in the last chapter, to be read by the children themselves.

The first chapter develops a legend of tribal organization in what may be called the Stone Age of the American Indians. The character of At-o-tar-ho typifies the barbarian, with his superstitions and brutish cruelties. Hi-a-wa-tha is a forerunner of civilization, order, and progress. The spirit of purest democracy, simple and primeval, and the spirit of blind tyranny are woven together in the symbolism of the legend. That the Indians were a belated race, doomed to fail before they could develop their own culture, adds tragedy to the beauty of Hi-a-wa-tha's genius. The reform which he introduced in regard to the social control of murder is significant as a first foundation of law and order. Incidents in the first part of the story illustrating the state of barbaric anarchy and confusion should be noted. The later control of the Iroquois chiefs (whose authority became hereditary on the maternal side) shows a tendency towards aristocratic government in the tribe; but the Indians had little personal property and their social life was largely communistic, so that essential equality was preserved. The story gives no opportunity to describe the savage methods of warfare and torture. Most children, however, are familiar with the life of the Indians, and have read of their grisly customs of torturing and killing prisoners of war.

The second chapter gives a picture of mankind at the next stage, the dawn of civilization. The Homeric Greeks know how to

tame animals, how to cultivate the earth by ploughing, and how to forge metals. They are living in the Age of Bronze, like the Hebrews of the Old Testament. The authority of the tribal chiefs has now passed into the hands of the tribal king, an hereditary ruler. At this early stage, mankind has not yet learned the science of self-government, but is learning the necessity of obedience to a central authority. Authority vested in a leader, the king, is at first more easily recognized than authority vested in an abstraction, such as the State. The king is like the father of a great family, and his palace is the center of social life. The people trade with each other and live together in little towns, controlled by simple laws of conduct instituted by the king.

To study the first developments of law at this stage, it might be very interesting to read with the children the story of Moses and the Ten Commandments. Early laws like the Commandments, which deal with the social relations of men, are still the basis of our modern laws, because they answer to the fundamental needs of human nature. It should be noted, in the story of Achilles, that Briseis is made a slave after her capture. The institution of slavery is established, and will last for thousands of years as an obstacle in the path of democracy and as a great social evil. At its very beginning, however, it is actually a sign of progress. Prisoners of war, instead of being tortured and put to death, are merely enslaved. The development of slavery and of personal property has brought with it the problem of riches and poverty, an apple of discord; and the simple equality of primitive life has vanished. The story of Alcinous shows that class distinctions are now made, and there is danger that a less generous king, rich and powerful, might become a tyrant and oppress the poor by exacting too much tribute.

Chapter III describes life in Athens during the Age of Pericles. A Greek city-state has conquered tyranny and developed the science of democracy, the self-government of the many. The story leads up to the Funeral Speech of Pericles, which ranks with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address as one of the greatest tributes ever

paid to democracy. The children should learn to revere the Hellenic spirit, as revealed in such words, and to admire Greece for its great forward movement not only in the science of government, but also in natural science, philosophy, art, and literature. It should be impressed on the children that Athenian democracy was *direct*, not *representative*. The story shows that the citizens themselves attended the Assembly and the courts of law, giving up about one fourth of their time to the public service. At the same time it must be admitted that the Athenian democracy was a very limited one according to modern ideals, since women and slaves were not considered citizens in Athens. They were treated as inferiors, and suffered many hardships in consequence.

Under the Roman Empire the principles of Athenian democracy seem forgotten, although the Romans have otherwise borrowed much from Greek civilization. The two stories in Chapter IV should be contrasted. In the first, *The Triumph of Titus*, despotism, militarism, and materialism appear ironically victorious and triumphant, trampling upon the symbols of a great spiritual religion. The degradation of the Roman mob, as a result of autocracy, should be explained. In *The Martyrdom of Lawrence*, the love of the Christians for poverty and their attitude toward slavery, presage a new spirit of humanity, which will also find expression in the development of Roman law. The underlying principle of Roman justice in the last years of the Empire is far more advanced and democratic than the principle of Athenian law. Even slaves are beginning to receive consideration as human beings, and all men and women, including slaves and foreigners, are recognized as equals under the *law of nature*. Through the Middle Ages and down to the present time, the great body of codified Roman law will be studied and will endure as our most valuable heritage from the civilization of Rome. Thus democracy gains a permanent victory in one branch of government, while suffering defeat in the other.

In the folk tale of *Gunnar and Hallgerda*, we return to semi-barbarism, and read of the daily life and customs of the Icelanders,

a people closely related to the primitive ancestors of the Germanic tribes. We may well feel proud of the native democracy of the folkmeet which produced such sturdy, brave, brisk men as Gunnar and Nyal. Hallgerda and Bergthora, too, stand up for their rights in word and in deed. For all her wickedness, there is something in Hallgerda that we admire. Though she kills and steals, she never tells a lie. But she is barbaric, and there are many customs among the Norsemen which must seem ruthless and cruel to modern civilized people; witness the treatment of thralls, the disregard of manslaughter, and the frequency of private combat as a settlement of legal quarrels. The story is one of the classics of ancient Norse literature and is deeply interesting because it describes that turning point in the development of the great Nordic race when the rule of justice was beginning to replace the rule of force in personal relations. The custom of paying blood money for a manslaughter closely resembles the custom of wampum giving among the Indians. What originally arose as a reform, and the foundation of law and order, now appears at a more advanced stage as an inadequate punishment for such a crime as murder. Soon, when the Norsemen become Christians and begin to study the classic literature of Greece and Rome, blood feuds and blood money will disappear.

In the Chapter on the Middle Ages, the chief facts to be emphasized are the development of Parliament in England, the rise of the guilds, the end of serfdom, and the beginnings of representative government. In *Richard Cœur de Lion*, the position of the feudal king as military leader and his dependence upon Parliament for money are significant; as are, in *Leofric and Godiva*, the relation of a feudal lord to his tenants, the exaction of tolls and taxes, the miserable state of the serf, and the mitigating influence of the Christian religion; in *Robin Hood and the Butchers' Guild*, the duties of the Sheriff and the prosperity of the gildsmen; in *The Shire Meeting*, the revolt of the serfs and the conditions of an early election. In spite of feudal monarchy and its many confusions, this age is an age of progress. The end of serfdom in Europe and the develop-

ment of representative government prepare the way for a future democracy purer and greater than that of Athens.

At the conclusion of *The Settlement of Virginia*, it is told how representative government was established in the first English colony of North America, not owing to the will of the settlers, but owing to the chance advent of a liberal ministry in England. "In the unfolding of these events," says the historian John Fiske, "there is poetic beauty and grandeur, as the purpose of Infinite Wisdom reveals itself slowly . . . hasting not but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of shortsighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current."

The Story of the Pilgrims tells how the Pilgrim Fathers struggle for liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. They flee from England, and migrate to America for the sake of religious and democratic ideals. It should be explained why the government of New England was at first a direct democracy, like the Athenian, and later a representative democracy. The Pilgrims' ideal of democracy is a part of their religion, bound up with their charity, their poverty, and their strict morality. All men have equal rights in the colony, but no one dreams, at this time, that women may ever have a vote in government.

The Building of the Nation, as related in Chapter IX, explains the causes of the Revolutionary War, the nature of federalism, and the relation of our state governments to the National Government. A New England boy fights through the Revolution and witnesses the failure of the weak Continental Congress in the years that follow. He becomes a Western pioneer and the money he pays down for his plot of land in the Western Territory goes to strengthen the finances of the new National Government.

In connection with *The Winning of the West*, allusion should be made to the history of the particular state to which the children belong. The extract from Roosevelt's autobiography is intended to show how Roosevelt applied the principles of true Americanism in the bringing up of his children.

The three following chapters are directly concerned with the workings of our machinery of government, and they explain themselves.

The National Government, describes the work of the President, of the National Congress, and of the Departments at Washington. The content of the leaflet issued by the Children's Welfare Bureau should be studied sentence by sentence, because child welfare and education in hygiene concern all our children, and are fundamental elements in our modern citizenship:

In connection with the chapter on *State and County Government*, references should be made to the particular state and county in which the school is situated. *A Visit to a State University* reveals the possibilities of public education in a democracy. The children may talk over their own plans in regard to future education.

In connection with *City Government*, if the book is being read in cities other than New York, comparison should be made between the services rendered by the New York City government and the services rendered by the particular city government under which the children are living. The bad results of overcrowding might be discussed.

In the concluding chapter, a sketch is drawn of an American child—John, a typical schoolboy—in his relations to the problems of citizenship that are awaiting him. When this book was first written, it was planned to include here a number of stories by various authors, dealing with all sorts and conditions of children in America—stories of farm children, mountain children, negro children, city children, and immigrant children. Unfortunately these had to be omitted for lack of space. Conditions in America, however, are so varied that any choice of stories must seem incomplete. Each classroom full of children presents its own problems, and the teacher should compare John's outlook with that of the children before her, remembering the ideal of equal opportunity, and remembering that every child who reads the book should become the hero or heroine of this last chapter. The realities of our American social life should not be glossed over and

idealized, because such sentimentality leads to stagnation or retrogression. If the child can gain a sense of his own responsibility as a citizen, and the significance of his place of vantage in the long upward climb of mankind towards democracy and justice, the purpose of this book will have been accomplished.

Some of the earlier stories in the book are imaginary, but the descriptions of social life have all been based upon historical sources. Because it is not customary to fill a child's book with bristling footnotes, I should like here to acknowledge my indebtedness to numerous authors whose past labors have supplied me with materials for my stories.

At the close of the book will be found a pronouncing vocabulary of all difficult names used in the text.

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THE STORY OF DEMOCRACY

CHAPTER I

TRIBAL GOVERNMENT

1. AT-O-TAR-HO, THE HEAD CHIEF AND WIZARD
2. THE JOURNEY OF HI-A-WA-THA
3. THE MEETING OF THE CHIEFS
4. THE FOUNDING OF THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS

While we are reading the story of democracy, we must make great imaginary journeys. To picture the very beginnings and the growth of government, we must let our thoughts go back through hundreds and thousands of years and move from one distant period to another as quickly as the wish comes to us. We must imagine, too, that we can see the life of whole peoples and countries stretched out before us like a map.

We first travel back over five thousand years to the time when our ancestors were savage tribesmen roaming westward across Europe.

The sky opens and we see the whole continent of Europe lying beneath us. It is covered with unending forests and vast stretches of waste land, edged with the shining silver of water. The dark, gloomy forests are drenched with rain, and grey mists hang over the tree tops.

Dimly we see below us, scattered through the forests, little villages of miserable huts where tribes of wild hunters

2 THE STORY OF DEMOCRACY

are moving to and fro. Because these half-savage creatures are our own forefathers of the distant past, we wish to see them more clearly, and in thought we sink down through space until we are close to the surface of the earth.

A shaft of light breaks through the mist and our eyes follow it as it pierces the gloom of the forest. It shows us a savage hunter at work, sitting under a tree. He is cutting up a deer and ripping the skin with a stone knife. A fly buzzing around him torments him; he grunts, and his scalp twitches like the skin of an animal. While he is working, a woman takes a prepared skin and begins to sew it into a rude garment, using a little piece of polished bone as a needle. There is a fire burning near her, on which food is being cooked. Around the fire lie a few rough pots, and tools made of stones carefully chipped and edged. But it is only for a moment that we are able to see these objects clearly. The ray of light dies out, and the mist of the past once more lies before our eyes, blotting out the life below us. We can only imagine very dimly and vaguely how our ancestors lived in their tribal villages, and what were their habits and customs.

But though we cannot see them clearly, because of our ignorance, we can find out more about the life of other savage tribes, whose habits were much the same as theirs. As quickly as this thought occurs to us, we come back over the centuries, and move across the Atlantic Ocean, reaching the continent of America when it was inhabited only by Indians.

Neolithic Implements

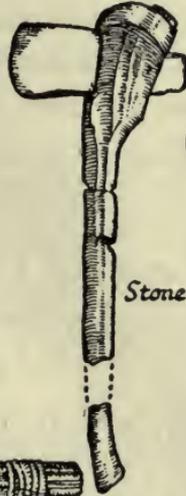
(drawn to differing scales)



Stone 'tranchet'
(cutting implement)

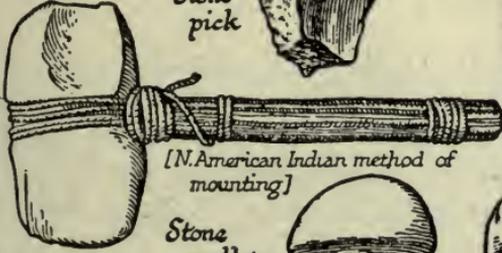


Stone
pick



Stone

and horn
axe and
hammer



[N. American Indian method of mounting]

Stone
mallets



Axe-hammers
of polished stone



Flint
arrow-heads

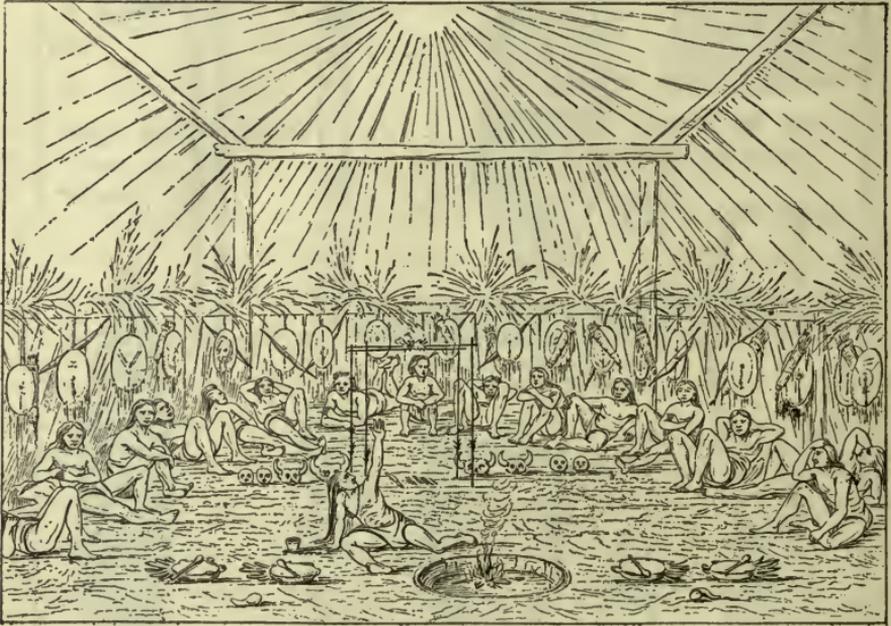
Flint
knife



J. F. H.

TOOLS AND WEAPONS SUCH AS WERE USED BY OUR ANCESTORS AND BY THE INDIANS

Far inland there are great bare prairies, over which herds of buffalo are slowly drifting, cropping the dry grass. Between the prairie and the ocean lie hundreds of miles of wild green forest land, broken by rivers and lakes that mirror the sky. Gazing down through bright



STORY-TELLING IN THE HUT

patches of sunlight between black thunder clouds we see here and there the villages of the Indians. These little clusters of huts are like the villages of our tribesmen ancestors, and as we watch the Indians hunting in the woods, we can see that they also are using stone hatchets and stone arrowheads.

The sun sets, and the sky with its great red clouds shines, then darkens. Indian squaws come in from the corn-

fields, and a band of warriors return from the woods. Soon the people gather together in the biggest hut of the village. They feast on beaver meat and green corn, then they lie in a great circle around the fire, roasting wild fruits and nuts.

Now an old Indian begins to pace up and down the hut. He talks, almost sings, in short sentences that rise and fall suddenly. He is telling the story of Hi-a-wa-tha, the Iroquois chief who founded the Great Peace, or Great League of the Iroquois.¹

AT-O-TAR-HO, THE HEAD CHIEF, MURDERER, AND WIZARD

Before the Great Peace of the Five Nations was made, hatchets were crossed, and men were killing each other. The Five Nations of the Iroquois, the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas, were hated by all the other tribes of Natural Man.

But an Onondaga chief named Hi-a-wa-tha began to work for the good of his people. He was weary of

¹ This story is built up from a legend taken down by J. N. B. Hewitt in the original Onondaga-Iroquoian language from the dictation of Ska-na-wa-ti (John Buck), chief and firekeeper of the Reserve of the Six Nations, Ontario, Canada, in the year 1888. It has no connection with the story of Hiawatha as told by Longfellow. Longfellow follows a collection of legends edited by Schoolcraft, in which Schoolcraft confuses the story of Hiawatha with the legends of Manabozho, an Ojibway divinity. The real Hiawatha was an Iroquoian lawgiver, who helped to found the League of the Iroquois, probably in the year 1459.

fighting and killing and burning and torturing, and disgusted with it all. He sat down on a log with his head bent low, thinking, and gathered his thoughts into a great pile. He said to himself:

“Now then, we will gather all the causes of war into a bundle and throw them away from the earth. We will make a Great Peace between the Five Nations of the Iroquois. The Great Peace will grow like a pine tree, and we will rest in the shadow of its leaves, because their shadow will be pleasant and beautiful. Other nations also, when they see the Great Peace, will like it and desire it, so that at last all the nations of Natural Man will live together in peace and happiness, undisturbed by the shedding of blood.”

Hi-a-wa-tha wished to talk over this matter with his people at a council fire, but though the Onondagas unbanked many council fires, they failed utterly to do any business. At-o-tar-ho, the old head chief, murderer and witch doctor, brought all their plans to nothing.

At-o-tar-ho was the enemy of Hi-a-wa-tha, and had killed the two sons of Hi-a-wa-tha. The Onondagas lived in terror of him because he was a great war chief and witch doctor, but the truth was that he had gone quite mad. His name means “the Entangled.” He was crazy. He put living snakes into his hair, and a big serpent was twisted around his naked body.

The people said to Hi-a-wa-tha: “If we make At-o-tar-ho angry, and he flies into a temper, he will work all kinds of horrible spells upon us. You speak to him privately.”

“I cannot speak to him privately,” said Hi-a-wa-tha. “He hates me and is my enemy.”

So Hi-a-wa-tha sent his messengers running through all the villages of the Onondagas, calling all the people to a council fire. The people came together paddling their canoes along the creeks from all parts. The old men came, the warriors, and the women. The women brought with them their children. The lake of the Onondagas was filled with canoes bumping into each other, so great was the crowd of the people.

But At-o-tar-ho came to the chosen place of meeting before all the others. He sat down facing the lake. There he sat. He wished to frighten the poor fools in some way and prevent the council-meeting. Suddenly he saw a big black thunder cloud rising up over the lake, and it was a stroke of luck for him. He shouted out in a loud voice:

“Now then, hasten. Hurry, or you will all soon be destroyed. See, a wind is coming. I prayed for it. A great storm is going to burst. It is my medicine, and it will cause you all to be drowned.”

The people looked up and saw the black cloud hanging over them, and a hurricane of wind arose. The lake began to boil with white waves. The people all believed in black magic, and they grew very nervous and timid. The men paddled too fast in their excitement, the women trembled, and the little children jumped about and screamed in terror at the pitching and tossing of the boats. Many of those who had not landed upset their canoes and were drowned. The rest

returned in a panic to their villages, with their hair standing on end, and saying that the storm had been caused by the powerful medicine of At-o-tar-ho. The chiefs turned pale and said to themselves:

“At-o-tar-ho is in a bad temper. Again he has defeated our plans.”

By and by Hi-a-wa-tha appointed another place and another time for a council.

When the time had come for the meeting, a great crowd of people met together at the chosen place, and they set up little huts to sleep in, for the council fire was to burn for many days. Hi-a-wa-tha came to the meeting with his daughter, a beautiful young red squaw, the only child that was left to him. When the women began to gather wood for their fires, the daughter of Hi-a-wa-tha went into the forest with them. As she was coming out of the forest, laden with wood, At-o-tar-ho appeared, and looked at her. But she would have nothing at all to do with him, and this drove him wild, mad as he was.

“Now then, look up,” he shouted in a loud voice. All eyes now looked up, and the people gazed with curiosity at a strange and beautiful bird that was flying down to the place where Hi-a-wa-tha’s daughter was gathering wood. At-o-tar-ho told one of his men to shoot at the bird with an arrow, and the bird fell. The people all ran together towards it, and in the stampede and confusion, At-o-tar-ho’s spies threw down the daughter of Hi-a-wa-tha and trampled on her. She lay still, and blood came out of her mouth. Then

her face became twisted, and she was dead. The people around her jumped up and cried, but she remained dead.

Hi-a-wa-tha in his great sorrow cried out, "It has gone badly with me; all my children are now gone from me. They have been destroyed by At-o-tar-ho, and he has defeated my plans."

Again, in their fear, the people left the place of council. Hi-a-wa-tha seated himself on the ground, and wrapped his head in a cloak of skins. After a long time, he rose up and said:

"My children are gone from me now and I am lonely here. I must go abroad among other peoples. I will start now. I will split-the-sky." (He meant that he would go south.)

THE JOURNEY OF HI-A-WA-THA

And so Hi-a-wa-tha set out on his journey. He went into the forest, and going directly south, he crossed the Onondaga Mountain. As he traveled he came to a lake and saw a flock of ducks floating on the water. The ducks, quacking loudly, rose from the water and flew across to the opposite shore of the lake. All animals were brothers to Hi-a-wa-tha, and he thought the ducks were talking to him in their magic language. He cried out to them, "You floating boats, what are you saying to me?" He followed the ducks, and began to dig in the mud of the lake shore. There he found a store of little bright-colored shells, which took

his fancy.¹ "These little things are very beautiful," he said to himself, "and they must be magic since I found them with the help of the ducks." So he put them in his bag.

Now he built for himself a white canoe of birch bark, and followed a river towards the rising sun. Early one morning he reached a village of the Mohawks and went into the long-house where Dek-a-na-wi-dah, one of the chiefs of the Mohawks, lived with his seven brothers and his sisters and their families. The long-house was made of poles covered with bark. All these Indians lived in large family parties, and though there was some disputing among the women, and a good deal of squabbling among the children, yet it was a lively, companionable sort of life, and it seemed very natural in those days.

Dek-a-na-wi-dah, the man of the long-house, came out and said to Hi-a-wa-tha: "My poor younger brother, Hi-a-wa-tha, what bad thing has happened to you, that you, a great chief, should have to travel and run like this?"

Hi-a-wa-tha said: "At-o-tar-ho is mad. He is angry and crazy. He destroyed my three children, and then I came away, for I was troubled. I split-the-sky in my journey."

Dek-a-na-wi-dah said kindly to Hi-a-wa-tha, "Now then, you must stay here. You must live in this house, and everything we have will be yours also."

¹ Little shells, called *wampum*, were considered very precious by the Indians.

In the house there were long couches built around the walls, where the many relations of Dek-a-na-wi-dah spread their mats of skins. Along the middle of the hut from one end to the other there were seven fires, and each fire was used by two families. Dek-a-na-wi-dah took in Hi-a-wa-tha, spread a mat for him, and let him lie down, for he was tired out. Then he set a wooden bowl of delicious beaver meat before him, saying, "If you are hungry, here is meat for you, which you may eat if you like."

Hi-a-wa-tha told Dek-a-na-wi-dah that

he was weary of killing and fighting, and disgusted with it all, and that he wanted to make a Great Peace between the five nations of the Iroquois. So Dek-a-na-wi-dah called a council of the Mohawks, and the chiefs talked over the matter for several days. They said, yes, they were willing to join in a Great Peace, but only if all the other nations of the Iroquois would join too. Messengers were sent running to the Oneidas, the



A CHIEF WEARING THE HORNS OF POWER
These were the sign of his position.

Cayugas, and the Senecas, and after the passing of several winters, all these nations gave their consent to the plan. Their chiefs came to visit Dek-a-na-wi-dah, and took counsel with him. In the end, at a council-meeting, Dek-a-na-wi-dah asked Hi-a-wa-tha:

“Have you anything that might help us in our work?”

Hi-a-wa-tha lifted up his finger and said, “Aha, I have some very precious magic shells. We must conquer At-o-tar-ho’s medicine with stronger medicine of our own.” And he brought out his wampum strings. He had thirteen strings of white wampum hung on a pole. Each string, so he explained, was a thought, or matter, concerning the Great Peace. He gave the Thirteen Thoughts to the chiefs. They gazed at this wealth of wampum and were greatly pleased over it, saying, “Ah, we will use these Thirteen Thoughts in our work. They will be of great help to us.”

Then Dek-a-na-wi-dah said: “Now then, it remains for us to visit At-o-tar-ho, for the Onondagas must be persuaded to join in the Great Peace. A Great Peace is of no use unless everyone joins in; that is clear. First, we must cure At-o-tar-ho of his madness. His mind is crazy and twisted. We must straighten out his mind, so that he may have again the mind of a human being.”

The chiefs took counsel together, and Hi-a-wa-tha warned them that if they wished At-o-tar-ho to join in the Great Peace, they must offer to make him the head chief of the league, and the Onondagas the leading nation. “At-o-tar-ho is a very masterful man,” said

Hi-a-wa-tha, "and he will never join in a Great Peace unless he can be the head of it."

"Well, if there is nothing else to be done," said the chiefs, who were one and all afraid of a madman, "let us decide to do this."

When this had been decided, Dek-a-na-wi-dah asked, "Who will come with me to seek the smoke of At-o-tar-ho?"

Hi-a-wa-tha said, "I will come," and one of the Oneida chiefs said, "I place myself like a great tree trunk in the path of Dek-a-na-wi-dah, so that whatever he intends to do, he will find me in his path, lying there, so that he must take me with him on his journey."

No one else spoke, and so the three chiefs started off on their journey to the mountain of the Onondagas.

After a long journey, they came to a village and saw smoke rising like a pillar to the sky. Hi-a-wa-tha said to his companions, "We are now at our journey's end, for that smoke is the smoke of At-o-tar-ho's long-house."

The three men went towards the house, and upon entering the door they asked the people who were gathered there if they might speak with At-o-tar-ho. The people in amazement put their fingers to their lips and whispered, "*tch, tch, tch*," meaning that the visitors should be silent, for no one was allowed to speak. Then they pointed towards At-o-tar-ho. The three chiefs looked, and at first they saw nothing but darkness in the long-house. Then they were struck

dumb by the sight of At-o-tar-ho, for he hardly seemed a man. His madness had grown on him, and he looked like a beast. His head was bent low, like the head of a bull buffalo, and his eyes were rolling. The nails of his fingers were long like the claws of a turtle, and the nails of his toes were like bear's claws. There were snakes entangling his hair, and a big serpent was twisted round his naked body.

The sight of him was so horrifying that the chiefs quickly left the house, saying, "At-o-tar-ho is not human. He is a wizard and bestial."

When they were outside, they wondered how they could deal with him. Dek-a-na-wi-dah thought over the matter and said: "We must straighten out his mind, so that he may have again the mind of a human being. Perhaps the sound of our voices singing old songs will cure his madness. Let us prepare a council fire and sing the old song that is called *At-the-Wood's-Edge*."

THE MEETING OF THE CHIEFS

So the three chiefs walked a little distance from At-o-tar-ho's house, to the edge of the forest, and there they kindled a council fire and sang the song that was sung when chiefs visited each other:

Here we shall kindle a council fire,
Here at the wood's edge.
Here we shall comfort each other
With very few words.

We still see their footprints,
Those of our forefathers, and even now
Almost might the smoke have been seen
Where together we smoked.

When they had sung this, they returned to At-o-tar-ho's house, and the people who were standing at the door said that a change had come over At-o-tar-ho's face when he heard the singing. It became untwisted.

So the three chiefs plucked up courage and again entered the long-house. The people whispered, "*tch, tch, tch,*" to silence them, but Dek-a-na-wi-dah went forward carrying the wampum pole, and saying:

"We are here now, looking for At-o-tar-ho, and bringing with us Thirteen Thoughts, that we wish to give him."

Then Dek-a-na-wi-dah sang an old song of greeting which was called the *Six Songs*:

The war chiefs, I come to greet them again,
The body of warriors, I come to greet them again,
The body of women, I come to greet them again,
And the little children that are running around,
Also the little ones that are creeping on the ground,
And those that are tied to the cradle-boards,
I come to greet them again.

At-o-tar-ho seemed to listen to this song, and even raised his head. Dek-a-na-wi-dah cried out loudly, "We are looking for At-o-tar-ho, the real mind of At-o-tar-ho! The mind that is now in his body is not the mind of a human being."

At the sound of his name called out, At-o-tar-ho shuddered and his eyes turned white and empty.

Dek-a-na-wi-dah went up and stood very close to him, saying, "We wish to remake and straighten out your mind; and your body, too, we should like to make it natural."

Passing his hands over At-o-tar-ho's feet, Dek-a-na-wi-dah cut off the long toenails. Then he gave At-o-tar-ho a string of wampum, which seemed to please him. Passing his hands over At-o-tar-ho's hands, he cut off the long finger nails. Then he said, "Your head shall be like that of a human being," and he killed the snakes that entangled At-o-tar-ho's hair. "One thing remains," he cried, "and that is to kill the serpent that is twisted round your body, the root of your madness," and he cut off the big serpent. As he did these things, Dek-a-na-wi-dah gave strings of wampum to At-o-tar-ho, until he had given him the thirteen strings which were Hi-a-wa-tha's Thirteen Thoughts concerning the Great Peace. After this he made signs as if he were washing the couch on which At-o-tar-ho was sitting, and he sang:

Every day you are losing your men,
The warriors, the women and the children,
So that in the midst of blood you are sitting.
Let us wash off the blood marks from your seat.

Slowly the face of At-o-tar-ho became untwisted, he sat upright and it was clear that a change had come over him. He looked once more like a human being.

THE FOUNDING OF THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS

Then Dek-a-na-wi-dah called to Hi-a-wa-tha and the Oneida chief, and the three chiefs sat with At-o-tar-ho. They gathered their thoughts into a big heap of thought-stuff, and laid the heap in front of At-o-tar-ho. Hi-a-wa-tha said:

“Now then,¹ are there not nights when there is danger that one man may kill another, and so cause warfare between nations? It is this matter of killing and shedding blood that we must set right, so that all the nations of Natural Man on the earth may live together in peace, undisturbed by the shedding of blood.

“Now then, when a man has been killed, the body should be hidden away among fallen trees. If a dead body is left out so that all our people can see it, they will be surprised and startled; and they will ask what has happened, and they will keep on asking until they have found out. And they will at once be upset and disturbed in mind. Perhaps they will get excited and go out on the warpath. To prevent this trouble, when a dead body is found, it should be hidden away. And when this has been done, we should choose some men as mourners for the tribe. These men will go to the house of the dead man's relations carrying presents of wampum—some short strings. These men will enter the house, stand by the fire, and speak a few words of comfort to the relations of the dead man. When the relations have received presents of wampum,

¹“Now then” is a common introductory expression in Indian speeches.

they will feel comforted. They will not think of revenge any more, but will go on quietly as if nothing had happened. We should give twenty presents for a dead man, and more for a woman, because women are helpless. In this way, by comforting the relatives of the injured, we shall gather up the causes of war and throw them away.

“Now then, when we have done this, we must make a Great Peace, or a Great League, between the nations of the Iroquois, and a council fire will be lit which will be the council fire of the Great Peace.

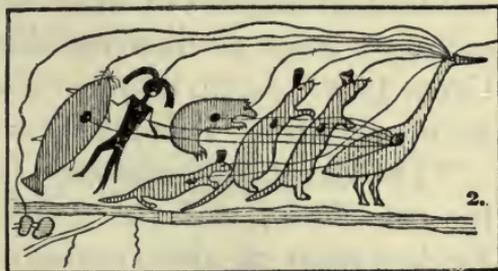
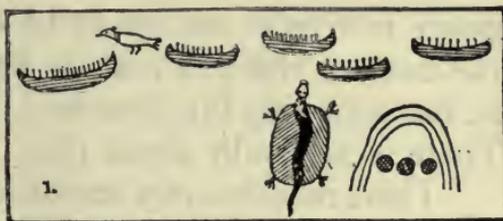
“The five nations of the Iroquois will form themselves into one body. They will take one another by the hands and arms, they will have their minds in one place, and they will have but one head, one tongue, and one blood in their bodies. They will live together in peace. Council fires will be lit for other nations also—for the Cherokees, the Hurons, and the Wyandots—for all the people of the earth. In the end all the nations of Natural Man will live together in peace and happiness, undisturbed by the shedding of blood.

“We will gather up the causes of war and tie them into a bundle. Then we will uproot a tall pine tree, making a very deep hole in the earth, and at the bottom of this hole there will be a swift underground current of water. Into the current we will throw all the causes of war. And when we have done this, we will set back the great tall pine tree in its place.

“The pine tree will grow and grow, and it will be the Great Peace. We will rest in the shadow of its leaves, because their shadow will be pleasant and beautiful. All

the nations will look at the Great Peace, and they will like it and desire it. Never again shall we have to live in fear.

“The great tree will put forth a Great White Root, going towards the sunrising and the sunsetting, and splitting-the-sky. This Great White Root will be the law of Natural Man. It may be that after the passing of time, some man may come who will see this root, and then lift his hatchet and strike at it. If he does that, blood will flow from the root and we shall all feel it. We shall know that the man who has struck his hatchet into the Root does not



SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING (after Schoolcraft)¹

No. 1, painted on a rock on the shore of Lake Superior, records an expedition across the lake, in which five canoes took part. The upright strokes in each indicate the number of the crew, and the bird represents a chief, “The Kingfisher.” The three circles (suns) under the arch (of heaven) indicate that the voyage lasted three days, and the tortoise, a symbol of land, denotes a safe arrival. No. 2 is a petition sent to the United States Congress by a group of Indian tribes, asking for fishing rights in certain small lakes. The tribes are represented by their totems, martens, bear, manfish, and catfish, led by the crane. Lines running from the heart and eye of each animal to the heart and eye of the crane denote that they are all of one mind; and a line runs from the eye of the crane to the lakes, shown in the crude little “map” in the lower left-hand corner.

¹Picture and legend from page 225 of *The Outline of History* by H. G. Wells; The Macmillan Company.

desire to receive the Great Law. We will look and see the back of this evil man as he runs away, and before he has gone very far, some bad thing will happen to him. There is no doubt about that.

“There must be only one blood in us. If one of us has to bleed on account of some deed, it must happen to all alike, we must all likewise bleed. This is a part of our Great Law. Again we must share the animals on which we need to live. This is another part of the Great Law.¹

“The Great Law and the Great Peace will be upheld by the chiefs, and the chiefs will wear their horns. Each nation of the Iroquois will send a number of chiefs to sit round the council fire of the Great Peace. The Mohawks will send nine chiefs; the Oneidas, nine; the Cayugas, ten; the Senecas, eight; and the Onondagas, fourteen. The head chief of the Onondagas, At-o-tar-ho, will be the fire keeper. When the chiefs are wearing their horns, they will be different from other men, so that people can say, ‘These are chiefs.’

“Now then, this will be the roll call of the chiefs of the Great Peace:²

¹ The hunting grounds of an Iroquois tribe were shared equally by all the warriors, and the cornfields which belonged to the tribe as a whole were cultivated by the women as a group.

² The Great League of the Iroquois did not bring universal peace among all the Indians, as its founder hoped. However, for three hundred years it bound together the tribes of the Iroquois in perfect friendship, making them far stronger than any other tribes because of their united government. Some treaties of peace were made with other tribes, but after the coming of the white man, the Indians fought bitterly among themselves; and the League of the Iroquois, by its very strength and union, was a terrible instrument of war, dealing death and destruction to its enemies.

Hail, hail, hail, hail! Now listen,
You who completed the work. Hail, hail,
The Great Peace!
Now then,
You who are rulers,
You, At-o-tar-ho,
Continue to listen;
And you, Dek-a-na-wi-dah,
Continue to listen,
Hail, hail,
You who are rulers;
And you, Hai-yo-went-ha, [Hi-a-wa-tha]
Continue to listen,
You who are ruler; [and so on till all the chiefs are
named]
That is the roll of you,
You who were joined in the work,
You who completed the Great Peace,
Continue to listen.”

The story is ended. The hunters grunt approval, then they yawn, and lie down to sleep on their low couches, wrapping themselves in skins. The fire has sunk very low. We pass out into the night and move eastward.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: At-o-tar-ho represents the barbarism of the past; Hi-a-wa-tha is a forerunner of civilization. Tell why each of these statements is true.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the chief differences between our life of to-day and the life of savages?
2. What incidents in the first part of the story illustrate the lack of law and order among the Indians?

3. What would happen nowadays to a man who acted like At-o-tar-ho?

4. What was the difference of attitude between At-o-tar-ho and Hi-a-wa-tha as chiefs of the tribe?

5. Who attended the council fires of the Onondagas?

6. How was an Iroquois long-house built?

7. How did the family of Dek-a-na-wi-dah live?

8. Explain why there were no poor men or rich men among the Indians.

9. How did Hi-a-wa-tha propose to put an end to warfare?

10. What reform did Hi-a-wa-tha suggest in regard to murder? What is done nowadays when a murder has been committed?

11. Repeat sayings of Hi-a-wa-tha which reveal a spirit of good fellowship and democracy.

12. Tell anything you have read about the Indian tribes mentioned that will show whether they made any attempt to carry out Hi-a-wa-tha's plan.

CHAPTER II

EARLY MONARCHY

1. THE HOMERIC ASSEMBLY
2. THE KING'S PALACE
3. GENEROUS ALCINOUS

At sunrise we come to a little island, lying like a shining jewel in the mist of the blue sea beneath us. It is one of the islands of Greece, in the Mediterranean, and we are seeing it as the poet Homer described it ten centuries before Christ, or almost three thousand years ago.

Near the seashore there is a harbor filled with ships, and a little town with a market place. In the market the islanders are exchanging raw wool and weapons of bronze for purple dyes and bars of silver which seafaring men have brought from foreign countries. Sometimes a Greek puts down a bar of solid gold as payment for a heavy weight of silver.

Outside the little town, not very far away, there is a big palace surrounded with gardens and beautiful orchards. Here the king of the island dwells. Evidently the king is a rich man compared with the rest of the people. Beyond the king's palace lie fields of black earth, cultivated with ox-driven ploughs, and beyond the fields are green pastures where great herds of cattle, sheep, and swine are browsing.

This life that Homer described is sometimes called the Age of Bronze. The great races of Europe from which

the people of America are descended—the Germanic tribes, the Irish, the Romans, the Greeks—all passed at one time or another through a stage of early civilization which we may call the Age of Bronze, and a stage of government which we may call early monarchy, or kingship, the rule of one man.

THE HOMERIC ASSEMBLY

A boy named Dicon, the son of a bronzesmith, lived in a little Greek island town ruled over by a king who was always called by his subjects "Generous Alcinous."

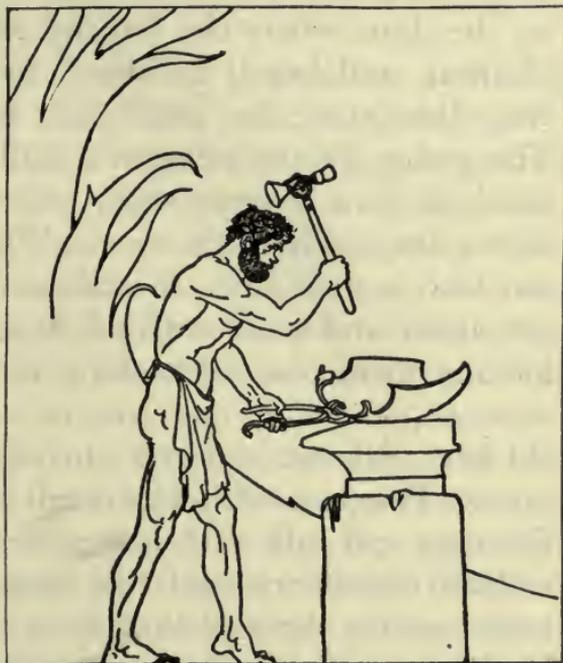
Dicon's father, Strato, was a farmer as well as a bronzesmith. He had orchards and grainfields of his own, and also herds of cattle and goats grazing on those rough pastures of the island that were open land and free to all. But Strato the bronzesmith, whenever he could, left his farm work and labored in his smithy, for he was a great craftsman.

One morning, Dicon went into the smithy to watch his father make a shield.

Strato was a big, strong man with tawny hair that clustered around his head in tight curls, like the blossoms of the hyacinth. He was standing in the fiery blast of the furnace, stripped to the waist, and sweating. First he blew on the fire with his blower to make it blaze up, then he threw some bronze into the melting pot. When the bronze was red-hot and soft, he pulled it out with a pair of tongs, placed it on the anvil, and began to hammer with a mighty hammer, till the sparks flew round him in a whirling circle.

While this great hammering was going on, Dicon heard his mother, Heliadora, calling out aloud to him. He ran into the house, and she said: "The King's heralds have been going through the streets calling all the people to

the Assembly. A Stranger has come to the island, and King Alcinous wishes to give him a ship, so that he may sail back in safety to his own country. When the heralds passed by this house, they entered, bringing a message. They said the generous King desired also to make the



THE BRONZESMITH

Stranger a present of a bronze tripod, and that he bade your father bring one to the palace."

A tripod was a big bronze pot with three legs, used for heating water over a fire, and Strato had many richly carved tripods lying in his smithy.

"One of the heralds," Heliadora went on, "remained and spoke a few words with me, telling me all that is known about the Stranger at the palace, and how he met

the young Princess Nausicaä. Yesterday morning, the young Princess rode down in her mule wagon to wash clothes at the place where the river meets the sea. When she and her maidens had finished their work of treading and wringing the linen, they spread it out on the shore where the waves had washed the pebbles cleanest, and left it to bleach in the hot sun. Then they ate some cakes and began to play ball together. The young Princess threw a ball to one of her handmaidens, but it went wide, and missed her, and fell into a deep eddy of the river. Whereat the girls broke out into a shrill cry. A moment later they screamed yet again, still more startled, because they saw a wild-looking man, clad in nothing but leaves and clotted seaweed, creeping out toward them from a bushy thicket. All the maidens ran away except the noble young Princess, who remained bravely to meet the Stranger and talk with him. She learned that he had suffered shipwreck and had been thrown up by the waves on the shore of the island. So she spoke to him kindly, offered him food and clothing, and welcomed him to the palace. It is true that they did not return together to the town, and yet it is in everyone's mouth that the proud Princess has found a husband at last. No one knows the Stranger's name, but all think from his looks, so tall and gay, that he must be some great hero or chieftain."

Now Heliodora filled a golden pitcher with olive oil. Then she slung the bath cauldron over the fire, filled it with fair water, and kindled logs to make the water

hot. While the flames were curling about the bellied pot, and the water was heating, she said: "Quickly, Dicon, beg your father to come into the house and make himself ready for the Assembly. He should wear clothing that is fresh and stainless, and you, too, should put on a clean tunic."

So Dicon and his father washed themselves, and then rubbed olive oil over their faces and their bodies, for the Greeks imagined that they looked more beautiful when their skins were glistening with golden oil. Dicon put on a white tunic made of soft, shining wool, threw a cloak over his shoulder, and slipped his bare feet into a pair of sandals. Now he was well-clothed and ready to go out with his father and mother to the market place.

As they made their way through the streets of the town they could see from afar the blue-purple water of the harbor shining under the deep blue sky, and they could see the great ships that were anchored there—ships with black prows and white sails. When they reached the market place, they found a crowd of people assembled around the King.

King Alcinous, the Stranger, and twelve chieftains of the island, the King's advisers and counselors, were sitting together on seats of polished stone. King Alcinous, taking his scepter in his hand, rose and thus addressed the Council:

"A stranger who has suffered shipwreck has come to my palace, asking me for a ship and a safe conduct home. I do not know him; I do not know whether he

comes from the sunrising or the sunsetting; but it has always been our custom to help any strangers that are driven to our shore. Let us, therefore, give him a ship—one of our best ships. Let us choose a crew from among our people—fifty-two of our best seamen. When this is done, and when the ship is ready, come all of you to my palace, and I will spread a feast for you. And let the minstrel come also, for there is nothing better than song to gladden the hearts of men.”

While he listened to this speech, Strato, the father of Dicon, asked himself, “Will the people be ready to obey the King in all his wishes, or will there be some confusion over the choosing of the fifty-two seamen?” But his thought was answered by a great shout from the people, praising Alcinous for his generosity. One man, however, muttered, “We shall have to pay for this feast. A few days hence there will be a call for tribute, and every one of us will have to bring his fowls and fruits to the king.” However, most of the people were ready to obey without a murmur, and the chieftains agreed to choose a ship and a crew of fifty-two seamen.

Then the crowd began to move toward the palace. They were merry at the prospect of a feast, and all around him Dicon heard more praise of the King’s generosity.

Dicon and his father and mother went back to the smithy to fetch the tripod. They left Heliodora in the house, for it was not the custom for a woman to go to

a feast in the King's palace. Young boys might attend, however, so Dicon went with his father. On his shoulder Strato bore the heavy bronze tripod, richly ornamented with many beautiful images.

THE KING'S PALACE

Together they walked through a stately grove of poplar trees. Presently they came to the King's fair orchard of pear and pomegranate and apple trees laden with shining fruit. Beyond that was a beautiful garden, with scattering fountains, blown by the wind, and with bright flower-beds. At the end of the garden they passed through a big gate into the courtyard of the palace, where pigs and geese and chickens were running about. Here they saw King Alcinous, himself, unharnessing the horses of his chariot. In those ancient days kings were not ashamed to labor with their hands. They were shepherds and tillers of the soil as well as rulers of the people.

But if the courtyard was simple and rude, the inside of the palace was splendid. Dicon's eyes opened wide and round with wonder as he entered the great hall where the feast was to be served. It was all gleaming with gold and silver. The walls were of bronze, the doors were of solid gold, beautifully carved, and the ceiling, too, was of shining metal bordered with silver. At that hour the sun was setting, and the slanting rays of red-gold light played upon the sheen of the metals with a glorious blur of richness and splendor. Along

the walls there were rows of silver-studded seats, over which had been thrown soft rugs, woven in bright, pure colors.

At the far end of the hall, the Queen was standing near her throne. She was clothed in flowing garments that left bare her white arms, and she was weaving threads of dim sea-purple into a great purple web. Near her stood the young Princess, taller than any of her handmaidens, and as beautiful as a goddess in face and form, with bright, shining eyes and hair the color of golden amber.

“A fair cattle-bringing girl!” said Strato to his son.

A young girl in those days was called “cattle-bringing” when she was old enough to marry. A chieftain who married a princess was expected to give a large herd of cattle to her father as a payment for his bride.

In the middle of the hall there was a great open hearth where the meat was roasting, and at first Strato and his son sat down near the ashes of the hearth, for this was the humble place where common folk were accustomed to sit; but when the feast was ready, a slave girl beckoned them to one of the seats by the wall. She set before them a little table of polished wood and this served as a plate as well as a table. Dicon put out his hands, and ate with his fingers a large piece of dripping fat pork and some peas and wheat bread, with an onion for relish. Then he had fruit and nuts and cakes and other dainties, and drank a warm drink made of honey and wine and cheese.

When he had finished the good meal he felt happy, and began to lick his fingers carefully, but his father said, "Wait, remember you are in the King's palace."

In a few minutes the slave girl brought a pitcher and poured fair water into a beautiful gold basin, so that he might wash his fingers. Then the table was washed by another slave girl.

When all had eaten and drunk their fill, Dicon heard the sound of a harp, and turned his eyes to where the minstrel was seated. The minstrel had a place of honor near the



THE KING

King and the Stranger, on a high seat. He was an old man, and blind, and the story he sang was from the Iliad, the song of the Trojan War. Every now and again he touched the soft strings of his harp, and the sound of his voice rose and fell like waves, sometimes smooth, sometimes loud and thunderous like the sea in a storm. He told of the siege of Troy and of the great quarrel between King Agamemnon and the chief-

tain Achilles. In the story of this quarrel it is shown that the Greek heroes were never the slaves of their king.

THE QUARREL

Now the Greek warriors were laying siege to the city of Troy. King Agamemnon was the overlord of the Greeks, Achilles was the bravest warrior of all the Greek chieftains, and Patroclus was his dear friend.

At this time the Greeks had not yet taken the city, but they had captured much booty—gold and silver and cattle and women. All the girls who were captured in war were made slaves, and were given to the heroes as part of the spoils. When it came to dividing the spoils, King Agamemnon and Achilles had a bitter quarrel.

King Agamemnon, the overlord, was obliged to give up the girl who had fallen to his lot, because she had been a priestess, serving the gods in a temple before her capture, and the chieftains were afraid that her slavery might be displeasing to the gods.

So Agamemnon rose up in council with the chieftains, and said: "If I must lose my slave girl, I will take in her stead Briseis of the Fair Cheeks, the girl who has fallen to the lot of Achilles."

This angered Achilles, and the two quarrelled bitterly over the slave girl. In the end, Achilles stood up and flung biting words of abuse at the king: "You drunkard with the eyes of a dog and the heart of a deer, if you do me this wrong, you will be sorry for it some day."

But Agamemnon was the king, and what he wished was done. Briseis of the Fair Cheeks was led away from the tent of Achilles, and she went sorrowfully, often looking behind her.

Achilles swore that he would no longer fight for Agamemnon, and from that time on he stayed idle in his tent, sulking.

The battle of the siege continued bitter and seemingly unending, but the fortune of war now turned against the Greeks. They

were driven back over the plain toward the seashore, and they were so hard-pressed that they feared the men of Troy might come even to their tents and finally set fire to their ships.

Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, watched the deadly struggle, and his heart was moved with pity for his countrymen. He came to Achilles and pleaded with him. He begged him to forget his quarrel with the King and go out and fight, for he believed that the great strength and courage of Achilles would turn the tide of the battle.

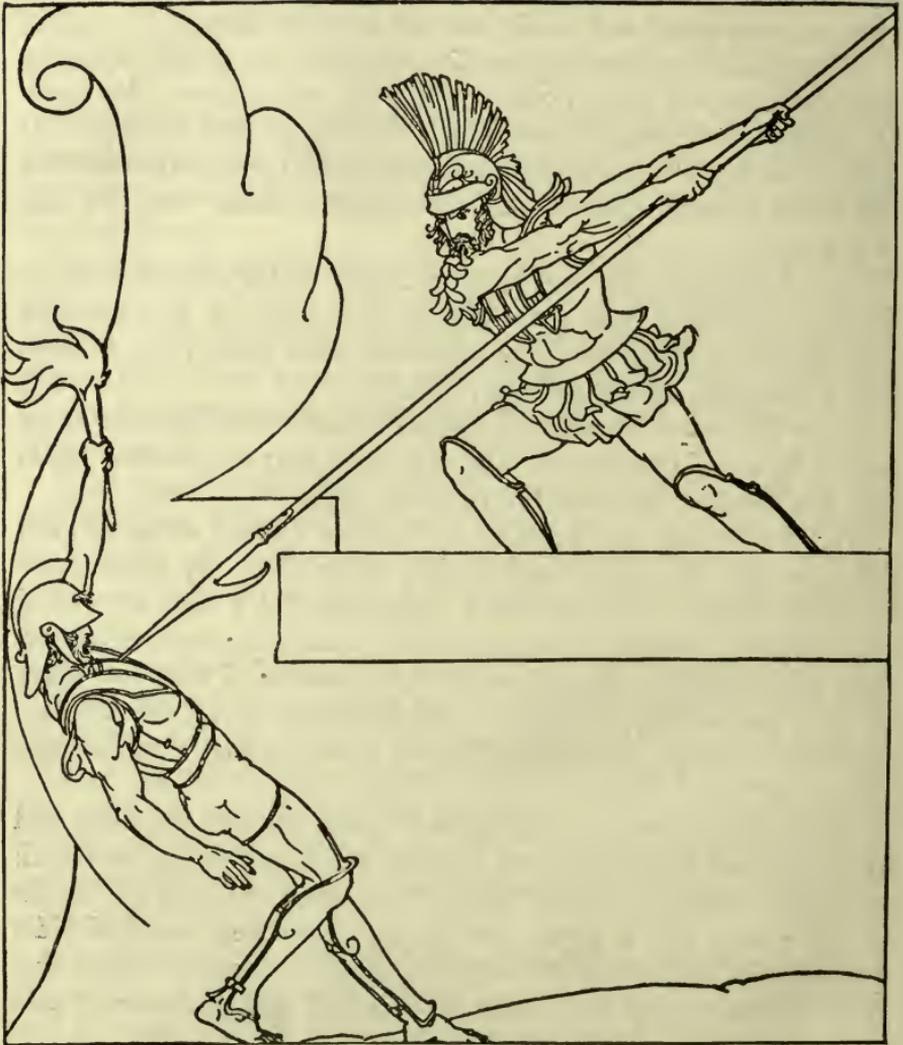
But Achilles would not be persuaded, and Patroclus said in despair, "Achilles, you are without pity. To me you seem so pitiless that I think the grey sea must have been your mother, and a frowning, rocky cliff your father."

Then Patroclus himself put on the armor of Achilles and went out to fight for the Greeks. On that very first day he was slain, and the shadow of death lay over his body.

When the news was brought to Achilles a black cloud of grief fell over him, for he loved Patroclus more than any other man. He cried aloud: "Would that I might die, for I sent my friend to his death. Cursed be the anger that causes quarrelling among men and made me quarrel with Agamemnon. I was not there to help my friend, I who am the strongest of all the Greeks. Now let me forget my quarrel, let me go out to battle and avenge Patroclus!"

So Achilles went now out to battle, shining like the sun; and he fought like a god, pressing hard on the men that he slew until the black earth ran with blood. He raged through the ranks of the enemy like a forest fire on some parched mountainside, whirling his spear like the wind driving the flames. From this time on the tide of the battle was turned, and the victory was to the Greeks.

So ended the minstrel, and all were silent, lost in wonder. But Dicon's eyes fell upon the Stranger, in whom the song seemed to awaken bitter memories,



ACHILLES IN BATTLE

for he caught up his purple cloak, and hid his face behind it, so that others might not see his grief.

Then the minstrel sang another famous song of Troy, this time the story of subtle-souled Odysseus and the plot of the Wooden Horse. When the Stranger heard the praise of glorious Odysseus, his heart melted within him altogether; the tears broke from his eyelids, and stole down his cheeks.

The princes were calling on the minstrel to sing yet again, but King Alcinous said suddenly, "Let the minstrel cease, for there is one here to whom his song gives no joy, awakening, perhaps, sad memories instead." Then the King turned to the Stranger, and begged him to make himself known.

"Tell us your name, your land, and your city. Tell us of the many places where your ship has carried you in your wanderings. And tell us, like a brother, why you weep and mourn in spirit when you listen to the great songs of the Trojan War."

Thereupon the Stranger took up the harp, and sang a loud and beautiful song. First he made known to all that he himself was Odysseus, King of Ithaka, though now fallen so low from his former state. Then he told of his sorrows and misfortunes, and his wanderings over the barren sea.

After the fall of Troy, he had set sail homeward, but he had been swept out of his course by terrible winds and driven to one far country after another. He had seen the Land of the Lotus Eaters and the Land of the Winds, he had visited the Cave of

the Giant Cyclops and the Isle of the Witch Circe. Escaping from Circe, the beautiful witch, he had passed by the dangerous rocks called the Rocks Wandering, and had listened to the Song of the Sirens. Then he had steered his course between the great reefs called Scylla and Charybdis, and had reached the Far Isle of the Nymph Calypso. Calypso had sheltered him and loved him; and she had held him, unwilling, in her sway for seven long years. In the eighth year she had given him his freedom.

For seventeen days and nights he had travelled over the sea-foam on a raft, and then, on the eighteenth day, a great storm had arisen, and a monstrous sobbing wave had dashed him from the raft, and shattered it, and aided by wind and tide, had swept him up to the shore of Alcinous's island. All these adventures he told at length with many beautiful and wingèd words.

GENEROUS ALCINOUS

So ended the singer, and all were silent in the shadowy hall, stock-still like men enchanted. Then Alcinous rose up and spoke:

“Since you have come to my roof, King Odysseus, no more shall you have to wander and go astray. To-morrow we will give you a ship and a safe-conduct home, and we will land you in Ithaka, your own country.”

Then the King turned to the chieftains of the island and said, “Now that we have shared the feast to-

gether, and listened to the harp, let us speak of the gifts that we would give to Odysseus before he leaves us."

The Queen's maidens brought out a polished chest full of rich garments that the Queen herself had woven, and Odysseus thanked her. King Alcinous called out to Strato to bring forth the tripod, and Odysseus thanked the King and honored Strato with words of praise.

"Marvellous," he said to Strato, "are the images that you have hammered into the bronze. Truly the deathless gods themselves must have taught you your craft."

Then Alcinous waved his hand with a generous gesture and said to Strato, "Go out into the courtyard and choose from among my herds two oxen and three cows as a reward for your labor."

So Strato went out into the courtyard while Dicon stayed in the hall, watching the young princes as they stood up to dance, beating time, to the music, on the ground with their feet. One of the young boys took a red ball and flung it almost to the roof, and another, springing up easily, grasped it before he touched the ground again; then they danced awhile, changing places with each other, and those who stood around in a circle applauded and filled the air with noise. As Dicon was waiting there, the King passed by, and Dicon heard him say to the chieftains who were with him, "Let each man here give also a great cauldron and a stand, then by collecting tribute from the people at the Assembly,

we will repay ourselves, since otherwise the burden that each would have to bear would be too great."

Dicon wondered whether the people would obey the King, and willingly pay him tribute. But those who



ODYSSEUS AND NAUSICÄÄ

were present made no complaint. On this island the folk were obedient to their ruler because he was generous and just, and because, without him, they would not have known how to keep order among themselves.

Now Dicon saw Nausicaä, the young Princess, go up to Odysseus.

"Farewell," said she sadly, "and when you go homeward may you remember me, and be mindful that you first owed your welcome to me."

And subtle-souled Odysseus made answer, "Nausicaä, if Zeus allows me to reach Ithaka, then will I always pray to you as to the maiden who gave me back my life."

When the dance was ended, the guests began to leave, and Dicon went out into the courtyard, where he

found his father with two oxen and three cows. They walked home together in the moonlight, driving their cattle before them.

Odysseus, too, passed through the gate of the King's courtyard, and went down to the ship on the seashore. Straightway the seamen hoisted their sails and took their oars, and the ship sped over the sea like a strong sea bird. Odysseus fell into a deep sleep, and at dawn he was brought to his own home, the rugged island of Ithaka. Here he found his kingdom all in riotous disorder and confusion, for his subjects, like those of Alcinous, needed a strong ruler to keep peace among them. Without a king, they were like silly sheep that had lost their shepherd. But the story of the homecoming of King Odysseus is yet another story, which here we must leave untold.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: In the Age of Bronze, men have not yet learned how to rule themselves, but they are learning the social necessity of law and order, and obedience to authority. One man, the king, is the source of authority, and his palace is the center of social life. What difficulties probably arose if a king was unjust and selfish?

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the first arts of civilization which men learned in the Age of Bronze.
2. What part was taken by the King at the Assembly? By the chieftains? By the people?
3. Where did the bronzesmith and his son sit when they first entered the palace?

4. Explain how the holding of personal property (in place of having property common to all) would change the relations of a tribal chieftain to his people.

5. How did King Alcinous pay for the tripod?

6. What is the exact meaning of the word "monarchy"?

7. Describe the feast at the palace, and the good and pleasing effects of kingly rule at this stage.

8. Was King Alcinous's kingdom big or small, as compared with the chief nations of to-day?

9. What might be the disadvantages of monarchy to the poor at this stage of the world's growth?

10. Many of our most beautiful fairy stories are very, very old. Though they have been changed in some details to suit modern readers, they date back thousands of years to the early monarchies of the world. Can you remember any fairy stories about kings and queens, or princesses and country boys, which remind you of the conditions described in this story?

11. Was the method of eating at the time of this story a hygienic one? Give reasons for your opinion.

CHAPTER III

THE DEMOCRACY OF ATHENS

1. THE FEAST
2. A SCHOOLBOY IN ATHENS
3. THE TRIAL
4. THE FUNERAL SPEECH OF PERICLES

The Age of Bronze, so bright and beautiful as pictured for us in Homer's poems, fades out of our thoughts, and five hundred years pass, during which time the Greek peoples develop their civilization until they have become a model to the rest of the world, in art, in wisdom, and in government.

We look down over the Greek city-state of Athens as it was in the fifth century before Christ.

The town is built around a rocky hill rising out of a plain that slopes back toward a chain of mountains. The mountains are well-watered and covered with woods, and the plain around the city is fertile, with small vineyards, olive groves, and wheat fields belonging to the citizens.

Within the city walls, crowning the high places, there are great buildings made of dazzling white marble, that turns to rose and orange at sunset. The little dwelling houses below them are plainly built, but these great buildings are grand and beautiful. They are not palaces—for the people of Athens bow down to no king—they are public buildings, or state buildings, used freely by all the people and belonging to the citizens as a whole.

The people of Athens now rule themselves, meeting in great assemblies held for that purpose. Their government is called a democracy, because it is in the hands of the many, not of the few. All the citizens can attend the great Assembly, and any question of government is decided by the opinion of the greatest number of the citizens. Women and slaves, however, are not considered citizens, and do not attend the Assembly.

Athens has reached the time of its greatest power and prosperity under the leadership of a democratic statesman called Pericles. The Athenians are devoted to their city and very proud of their government. An Athenian citizen generally spends about one day in four working for his government.

The state of Athens consists only of one city and the surrounding countryside. It is so small that every citizen is able to attend the Assembly and himself directly vote for or against a new law. And so the Athenian democracy is called a "direct" democracy. To-day we citizens of America, because our country is so large, could not possibly all meet together in one big assembly and hear each other speak. So we vote for special lawmakers, or representatives, to act for us, or represent us, and it is only the representatives who go to Congress. Therefore our democracy is called a "representative" democracy.

THE FEAST

One evening in the year 430 B. C., a vase painter named Cleandros was walking through the streets of Athens with his wife Theodora and his boy Cleon, on

the way to the house of a kinsman. A son had been born to this kinsman, and a family feast was to be held to welcome the newborn child into the tribe.

The white city, with its pillared temples and flat-roofed dwellings, lay shadowed under the dim light of the moon, and the trembling rays of the stars. Cleon's mother, Theodora, was frightened at the darkness of the streets, for she seldom left her own home. So Cleon was carrying a lantern, and at one corner, near a public fountain, he flashed its golden light upon a policeman, a huge Scythian slave carrying a long bow and a sheaf of arrows.

To avoid the pools of water in the streets—for there had been a shower of spring rain—Theodora was skirting close to the walls of the houses, when she heard the sudden warning:—

“Out of the way!”

Cleon skipped like a young goat and turned his light toward the voice. Theodora moved away only just in time. A slave boy poking his head out of an upper-story window, poured a bucket of dirty water into the gutter, laughing at the big splash that he was making.

“Zeus! What a merciful escape!” panted Theodora.

Although glorious Athens was at this time the most beautiful and the most civilized city in the world, yet it had no drains, so that dirty water and garbage had to be thrown out upon the streets.

Soon they reached the kinsman's house, a low stone building with no windows on the first floor. Here they

saw hanging over the doorway a wreath of olive branches, the soft grey crown that was the joyous sign of the birth of a son. If a girl-child, less welcome, had been born, a homelier sign would have been set out—two tufts of wool for spinning.

They passed through the doorway into the men's courtyard, and beyond that they came into the dining hall, where they found the kinsfolk gathered together, talking and laughing. The pillars were hung with gay garlands of flowers, white narcissus and crimson hyacinths, and the hall was illumined with flashing torches, the light of which was reflected in the smiling eyes of the guests and in the goblets, gleaming with wine, upon the richly spread table.

Theodora, meek and silent, was led away into an inner room, the women's apartment, for the women of the family took no part in the feast.

The men were clothed in flowing garments of fine white wool, bordered with scarlet and purple. They lay on couches around the table while the food was served to them in shapely vessels by slaves. But the little boy Cleon sat patiently upright on a bench. He did not share the food, nor did he take any part in the conversation.

For the first course there were golden roasted pigeons, a great delicacy; after this came radishes in oil, then figs and almonds and cakes, with honeycombs, fruit of the toil of murmuring bees. The guests ate with their fingers, which they wiped on lumps of soft white dough, provided for this purpose.

Cleon, as a well-bred Athenian boy, listened in silence to the talk of his elders. There had been a meeting of the Assembly that morning, and Cleon heard his father praising Pericles, the great statesman.

“To my mind,” said Cleandros, “Pericles has a gravity and a purity of spirit that lift him far above the common herd. And yet he remains a democrat and believes that the greatness of Athens is due to our democracy.”

But, as it often happens, the guests were not all of one mind on political questions. A kinsman named Lysias exclaimed sharply:

“I cannot say that I share his faith in the people. We have to put up with a good deal nowadays, on account of our democracy. I came late to the Assembly this morning, and had to sit next to a sausage seller. Oh, how the fellow smelled of onions! At the end I voted *no*, and the sausage seller voted *aye*. The *ayes* were in the majority and carried the Assembly. What are we coming to, in these modern times, that the city of Athens should be governed by sausage sellers! I cannot understand what the people want meddling in public affairs. They are very extravagant with other men’s money, and so is Pericles.”

There was a short silence, because most of the kinsmen believed in democratic government. Then Cleandros returned:

“One day Pericles was blamed in the Assembly for being too extravagant with the city’s money, but he answered gravely, putting us all to shame: ‘If too

much has been spent on public buildings, then let it be charged to my private account, not yours, only let the new buildings be inscribed with my poor name, not that of the people of Athens.' At this, we voted, after all, that the taxes should be spent as he wished."

"But Cleandros," cried Lysias indignantly, "if this goes on, we shall be ruined with high taxes! There's no living in Athens these days. Foreigners who come to Athens say that the city is ornamented with public buildings like a vain woman tricked out with jewels."

The little boy Cleon now looked intently at Lysias. Cleon admired his father greatly, and was ready to mistrust any man who disagreed openly with Cleandros. He noted, with disfavor, that Lysias's hair was very glossy and black.

Lysias was saying, "We ought to meet and discuss all these matters privately, and get rid of the crowd and the rabble," when the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of dancers and flute players.

The dancers were young girls clad in flowing, fine-spun robes, the color of saffron. For a while Cleon watched them weaving out the pattern of the dance with gleaming white feet, as light as air. Then the slaves cleared away the dishes and brought in more garlands of flowers and cups of wine for the guests. Cleon was sent into the women's apartment to eat there a simple supper of milk and honey cakes.

He found the tiny baby lying curled, like a flower yet to be, in the lap of its nurse, an old slave woman. The

child had already been water-sprinkled and named after its grandfather.

Cleon's mother, Theodora, was sitting chatting with her kinswomen, among whom was a little girl named Chrysilla. Chrysilla was an orphan and the heiress to a large fortune, her father having been killed a year before in the first battle of the war between Athens and



ATHENIAN WOMEN AT HOME

Sparta and their allies. To-day she was dressed for the feast and surrounded with fine toys, but she looked pale and weak and tearful.

For a few minutes Cleon listened to the light chatter of the kinswomen, which ran on like the purring of looms. Some of them had saucy tongues and were full of gibes at their husbands. This is not to be wondered at, as they had been given in marriage by their fathers, regardless of their own wishes. They asked Cleon what he had heard at the feast.

“Most of the talking was done by Lysias,” he said, “but I could see that my father and some of the others grew rather weary of listening to his airing of his views on political questions.”

“I can understand that very well,” said one of the women. “Lysias and my husband both belong to the party of the oligarchs. They believe that government should be carried on by a small group, and of course they think of themselves as belonging to that small group, and better than everybody else. Sometimes when I am busy at my housekeeping, I hear my husband solemnly giving out some opinion on politics. I say to him gayly, ‘Well, how are the great affairs of state going to-day? If you amend the laws of Athens as well as you mended my little warming pan yesterday, then I can only say that I am sorry for our poor city!’ He answers gruffly, ‘How can a stay-at-home woman understand anything about city affairs?’ So I have to keep still.”

“That’s one thing I *never* will do,” said another. “We are as helpless as babies, and our lungs are our only defense. I sometimes ask my husband why he has voted in favor of some stupid law, and all that he answers is, ‘Stick to your spinning, my dear; government is the business of men.’ But I don’t keep still; I never stop complaining at my bad luck in being born a woman.”¹

A third began to repeat a speech that she had heard at the theater: “Of all things that have life and sense, we Athenian women are the most unfortunate creatures. First we have to buy a bridegroom at a great price, and set over ourselves a new master stricter than

¹ Conversation of this sort is found in plays by the Greek writers, Aristophanes and Euripides.

a father. Then, coming to an entirely new household, we have to guess at the best way of humoring an unknown husband. It needs extraordinary cleverness. If by chance we succeed in it, our life is happy; if not, it were best to die."

Cleon's mother, Theodora, sat silent during this interesting conversation. She had been married when she was a mere child of fourteen. She could remember taking her dolls and her other toys and offering them up on the altar of the maiden goddess Artemis only the day before her wedding. From the first, her husband Cleandros had treated her very kindly, and she soon became "accustomed to his hand," as he put it. She loved him and was entirely obedient to him, a gentle, patient woman, wrapped up in her household cares.

But even Theodora felt indignation when the kinswomen began to describe the unhappy situation of poor Chrysilla, the little orphan. Indeed, an Athenian heiress was more to be pitied than a beggar maid.

According to the law, Chrysilla's fortune was in the hands of her guardian, Lysias the oligarch. Half of it was legally his. Lysias was her uncle, and she was expected to marry him as soon as she became of age, in order that none of the fortune should be lost to the family. *The heiress shall marry the eldest living brother of her father*, so ran the law. But the kinswomen suspected that Lysias had no intention of marrying his little niece, as he had already chosen a bride with a large marriage portion. At the same time, he was

rapidly spending Chrysilla's money, and there seemed to be no hope of removing it from his control.

One of the kinswomen remarked with great emphasis, "You never can trust a man with such glossy black hair as his. As soon as I first set eyes on Lysias's hair, I felt there was something about him that I did not like."

While the women were talking over this matter, Cleon played games with Chrysilla and the other children of the household. They had toys of all kinds—dolls, balls, hoops, wooden horses, and little chariots, including one that could be harnessed to a dog. They drove each other up and down in this chariot, as fast as possible, cracking their whips, and so the evening passed.

On the way home, Theodora spoke to her husband about Lysias and the suspicions of the kinswomen.

"This is what they said, 'men with shining black hair are never to be trusted.'"

"My dear wife, what old wives' tales do you kinswomen repeat to each other?"

"But," hesitated Theodora with gentle persistence, "they may be speaking the truth. I do not like the look of him myself."

"Nor do I," put in Cleon, "and I saw how his hair was polished, too."

Cleandros said very firmly that Lysias's hair was of no importance in the matter, but he agreed that Lysias was not to be trusted as a guardian.

"Whenever I see her wan little face," he said, "I feel sorry for poor Chrysilla. The child weeps like

Niobe, she is a fountain of tears. If he treats her ill, perhaps we can bring a lawsuit against him, and ask for the protection of the state. At the next Assembly we are to discuss the matter of the war orphans, and decide how much money is to be put aside for them. This will be an excellent time to arouse the sympathy of a big jury for poor little Chrysilla. The children of needy soldiers who have died in battle will be supported by the state, and the fortunes of the richer children should be protected against selfish guardians. It would amuse me to see Lysias standing up in a law court, explaining to a big jury that his actions ought not to be judged by the ordinary laws of a democracy.”

A SCHOOLBOY IN ATHENS

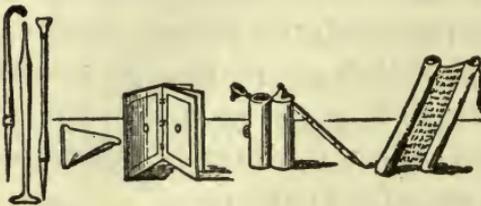
A few days later, a meeting of the Assembly was held to discuss the matter of the war orphans. Cleandros, the vase painter, attended with the rest of the citizens.

The Assembly met very early in the morning, at sunrise, and was held out in the open air, on Pnyx Hill, at a huge meeting place provided with stone seats for six or eight thousand men.

At dawn, the streets were filled with the rumbling wooden carts of countrymen who had left their farms for the day. Great crowds flocked up the hill. Townsfolk, shepherds from the mountains, cowherds from the plains, and traders and wealthy men were all jostled together in the great stream. Workmen like

Cleandros abandoned their tools and their workbenches, and the small shopkeepers left their stalls in the charge of slaves, or of foreigners who, like the slaves, had no rights as citizens and therefore might not attend the Assembly.

Cleon, too, rose up early, for he was a schoolboy, and the schools of Athens, like the Assembly, opened at sunrise. He started off



WRITING MATERIALS USED BY A GREEK SCHOOLBOY

to school followed by the slave Xanthias, who was his *pedagogue*. Pedagogue is a Greek word meaning *boy-leader*, and almost every Athenian boy,

even the son of a poor man, had a pedagogue who was both tutor and servant. Xanthias carried Cleon's wax tablet and his *stylus*, which was an ivory pen pointed at one end and flattened at the other. Cleon wrote with the pointed end on his wax tablet, and afterwards, with the flat end, rubbed out the letters and smoothed over the wax.

At the door of the schoolhouse, the schoolmaster met Xanthias and asked him if Cleon had been a good boy.

"Well," answered Xanthias doubtfully, "he has been good and I may also say he has not been good. Cleon is quick at arithmetic, but he is a poor speller, and poor in recitation. When he is out playing with his little friends in the market place, he talks fast enough,

nineteen to the dozen; but when his mother asks him to recite some childish poem at home, the words come out like water dripping through a crack: 'Apollo'—long pause—then 'hunter,' and so on. His father has bought him a new stylus and I constantly put fresh wax on his tablet; but he does not keep his hands clean! If he makes a spelling mistake, and has to rewrite a simple word like *Achilles*, he smears all over the wax with his grubby little fingers and makes such a mess."¹

"Sometimes," suggested the master, "a good flogging will improve a boy's spelling wonderfully."

"Oh, no," said Xanthias hastily, feeling that he had gone too far. "Cleon is a good boy, and we must



SCHOOL SCENE IN ANCIENT ATHENS

always remember that he is beyond his age in arithmetic. Well now, sir, I must be returning home, but I have here the school fee to hand over to you. The

¹ A description like this of an Athenian schoolboy is to be found in the writings of the Greek, Herondas.

last day of the month has come round, there is no escaping *that*."

The master taught the boys grammar, arithmetic, and geometry, and he also gave them lessons in music and elocution. That morning Cleon learned by heart some of the poetry of Homer.

At noon he went home for the midday meal. His father told what had happened at the Assembly, and was pleased at the outcome. The Council of Five Hundred had brought forward a resolution to support the war orphans at the expense of the state, and the Assembly had voted favorably on this measure. The Assembly had also voted to give to the heroes who had fallen in battle a public funeral at a state burial ground outside the city.

It was considered a high honor for a citizen to be buried there. The statesman Pericles had been chosen to make the funeral speech, and Cleandros thought there would be great crowds of people to hear him. Cleandros had met several of his kinsfolk at the Assembly, and they had decided that all the family, both men and women, should meet together and attend the funeral with Chryzilla, in memory of her father.

After the midday meal, Cleandros went out to his workshop. Two slaves whom he had trained as potters were busy at their wheels and he himself began to paint a large bowl. The Greeks were lovers of the beautiful, and even the pots and pans and bowls which they used every day for their cooking and their meals

were hand-painted with beautiful designs and figures, each one a work of art in itself.

Cleon, however, interrupted his father's painting, and begged him to leave his work, and come out to the Academy.

"Well," said Cleandros, "it is a fine day; perhaps we could hardly do better than go to the Academy,"



VASE PAINTERS OF ANCIENT ATHENS

and he laid down his tools, repeating an old Greek proverb: "Why pile up riches? A man wastes time making money, he cannot pile up extra days of precious life as he piles up coins."

So they went out together, followed by Xanthias the pedagogue, and they came first to the market place, a great open square surrounded with beautiful marble public buildings. The streets were crowded with men and boys, but there were hardly any women to be seen. Cleandros, as usual, did the marketing for

his family, choosing the food; and Xanthias produced the necessary coins out of his mouth, having no other purse. Xanthias, too, bargained with the shopkeepers, many of whom spoke a curious broken Greek and made signs with their hands.

Cleandros bought flour for cakes, freshly curded cheese, curly lettuce, and thick-clustered purple grapes. Such simple fare was not satisfying to Xanthias. He was a Persian, fat and short-winded, and accustomed to rich food, and long heavy meals. To-day he looked at the lettuce, and said to himself sadly, as he carried it home, "A Persian never rises satisfied from a Greek meal!"

Cleon and his father went on together toward the walls of the city, then passed through a big gate and walked along a country road, pleasantly shaded with young sweet laurels and with olive-trees, grey-leaved and glimmering. Soon they reached the Academy, a public gymnasium which Pericles had urged the people to build with money from the taxes.

The Academy was a fine stone building set in a garden with grassy lawns and shade trees and beautiful fountains. Here were race courses, and stretches of sand for wrestling, and sheltered walks where the older men could meet together and listen to the talk of philosophers, the lovers of wisdom. The place was a paradise to Cleon, for he liked to watch the great chariot races that were held here, and the wrestling matches of the famous athletes.

To-day he stripped and ran several races with other boys of his own age, and also joined in a wrestling

match. After this he was oiled and rubbed by the professional rubber, whose services were paid by the state; then he took a warm bath. The rubbing was very soothing to his limp exhausted body, and he knew it would prevent his muscles from growing stiff. Cleandros was glad to see his son taking so much exercise, for he wished him to have ruddy cheeks, a broad chest, and strong muscles.

Meanwhile Cleon's little kinswoman, Chrysilla, had spent the whole day indoors, shut up in the dim rooms of the women's apartment. She was learning to spin.

THE TRIAL

Some days later one of the kinsmen visited Cleandros, and told him that he had been invited to the wedding of Lysias, who was marrying a young girl outside the tribe. According to the law, he would now lose his right to half of Chrysilla's fortune, through failing to marry her, but he still refused to give up anything but a few jewels and a small amount of cash.

Cleandros and the kinsman talked over the matter very seriously, and they decided to bring a lawsuit against Lysias. They waited until the wedding festivities were over, then they sent out a legal summons, and laid the case before the officials of the city. Soon the day was set for the trial.

It was usual for the Athenians to bring their families with them as witnesses to a lawsuit, so on the day of the trial, Theodora, Cleon, and several of the kinsfolk

were present with Chryzilla in the court room. There was a platform at one end of the court room, and rows of seats below for the jurymen, who numbered nearly four hundred. The city official, or magistrate, sat on the platform in the center, with Lysias and his friends on his right, and Cleandros and the kinsfolk on his left. Cleandros, speaking for Chryzilla, was the plaintiff in the case; Lysias was the defendant.

Below the platform stood two big jars, a bronze jar and a wooden jar. As the jurymen filed in, each one was given two little round disks, one solid, the other pierced with a hole. These were to be used for voting; the solid disk was to be used if the defendant was considered innocent, the pierced one if he was considered guilty. At the end of the trial each jurymen would drop into the bronze jar the disk that he wished to have counted. The other disk was dropped into the wooden jar, and was not counted.

Cleandros was glad to see that nearly four hundred men were present as jurymen, for he felt that there was safety in numbers. "Lysias's riches will not help him in this trial," he thought to himself, "for he cannot have given bribes to four hundred men."

The trial began with a short sacrifice to the gods, then Cleandros and Lysias both swore a solemn oath that they would tell the truth. After this, Cleandros was asked by the magistrate to state his case. He rose up and said:

"Citizens of Athens, the father of my kinswoman, Chryzilla, was killed in the first month of the war.

Her mother being already dead, he thus left his only child an orphan at the age of eleven. He possessed a large fortune of nearly fourteen talents. In his will he gave his daughter in marriage, with all her fortune, her household, and her jewels, to his brother Lysias, according to the law. Lysias therefore took over the management of the fortune immediately, and has continued it for the last twelve months. Now at the close of the year he has taken another for his wife, and he refuses to hand over anything more than the house, a few jewels, and a small amount in money. According to the law, having failed to marry the heiress, he should hand over half of her fortune, that is, the sum of seven talents.

“Citizens of Athens, the father of my kinswoman left two workshops, each with a large trade. One is a sword factory, employing thirty-two or thirty-three slaves, the other is a chair factory, employing twenty chair makers. These factories together should bring in a yearly profit of about forty *minas*. Besides these factories he left ivory, iron, and bronze, which they are using in the shops, and also wood for the chairs. In addition, he left a house, with furniture and plate and gold ornaments. He also left sums of money placed in various banks and invested in foreign trade. I have a list here giving the exact amounts. During the last year my kinswoman has received almost no payments. And now Lysias has failed to marry her, so that, according to the law, he should give up half her fortune, also paying interest for one year. I ask you, jurymen,

to uphold the rights of an orphan, who is too young to defend herself. Her hapless father lies in dust and nothingness. He gave up his life in defense of Athens. To give justice to his child is the least that you, citizens of Athens, can do in return."

So saying, Cleandros ended his speech, and was applauded by the jurymen.

Lysias now arose and said that Cleandros had greatly exaggerated the whole matter.

"It is true that I have a little dispute with my niece regarding her gold trinkets, but as soon as that is settled, I shall be ready to go into the question of her support, in such a manner as may be agreeable to her. It is extremely distasteful to a man of my position to have to discuss in public such private, intimate family affairs as these. However, I will say that my niece's fortune is not nearly so large as Cleandros pretends. Gentlemen of the jury, this man is playing on your feelings of reverence for the dead soldiers, in order that he may selfishly enrich himself, in order that he may take my place as legal guardian of my kinswoman, and so control her money. You see how he has brought the children with him into this law court, where no young children should be allowed. There they sit with bent heads, poor, timid, shrinking little lambs! Soon they'll be bleating for mercy!"

The jurymen looked toward Chrysilla, who immediately burst into a flood of tears. Her little drooping figure and her white, tearful face made, indeed, an appealing picture.

The magistrate asked Cleandros to answer these charges. Cleandros replied:

“In answer to the last charge, I will say that I have made no request to become the legal guardian of the heiress. This matter is for the jury to decide. Then as regards the property, I have state papers here proving that the fortune is worth fully fourteen talents, because the taxable value is three talents. Such a tax is paid only by wealthy men. The fortune, in fact, is so large that it cannot be hidden from the state, even by Lysias.”

Again the jurymen applauded.

Lysias now said that the factories had formerly been of great value, but that almost no profits had been made during the last twelve months. He, too, produced accounts, and laid them before the magistrate.

At this Cleandros brought out a bill signed by several well-known merchants, proving that the foremen of the factories had purchased not only food for the workmen, but also large quantities of material for the trade; that is, ivory, iron, bronze, and wood. He appealed to the jurymen: “It is unbelievable,” he said, “that a sword factory should not bring in large profits during a war.”

The jurymen applauded again loudly, like the audience at a theater, and it was clear that most of them were convinced of Lysias’s dishonesty. One man whispered to his neighbor, “I don’t like the looks of that fellow.” However, Lysias made a long speech that had been written out for him by a professional writer

of legal speeches. It bored the jurymen and they hardly listened to it. Then some of the kinsmen sitting with Cleandros stated that Cleandros would be, in their opinion, the best possible guardian for the heiress, and they set aside their own claims.

When all the speeches were finished, the magistrate said, "The case is ended. Let justice shine out like a star upon its foes."

Thereupon the jurymen filed out of the court room, dropping their disks into the two jars as they went. The votes were now counted, and the bronze jar was found to be filled with pierced disks. The jurymen had voted, almost to a man, against Lysias.

The magistrate now quoted the words with which the Athenian Assembly was always opened: "When the laws are written, then the weak and the wealthy are both equals. Armed with right, the less overcomes the great. Thus freedom speaks." Then he told Lysias that he had been judged a dishonest guardian. He would have to pay a fine to the state, and also give up to Chrysilla the sword factory, which was worth seven talents. From this time on Cleandros would be the legal guardian of the heiress, who would be free to marry whom she pleased.

Chrysilla was greatly relieved at the outcome of the trial, and when she was asked whether she would be glad to live in the household of her new guardian, a smile flitted across her pale little face, and she whispered that she would be very willing, and would try her best to take the place of a daughter. Cleandros and

Theodora, on their side, promised that they would love and protect her like a father and mother. So the trial ended happily for them.

THE FUNERAL SPEECH OF PERICLES

In the next winter, following the law of their fathers, the Athenians held the public funeral of those who had fallen in the war. It was their custom to burn the bodies of their dead, and then bury the ashes and the bones in marble tombs.

The bones of the dead soldiers were exposed on a covered platform for three days, during which time many Athenians brought offerings of wine and oil and set them beside their dead kinsfolk. On the third day, the bodies were laid in ten coffins of cypress wood, one for each tribe. These were put on carriages and driven to the burial ground. One empty couch covered with a winding sheet was also borne for the missing soldiers whose bodies had not been found on the battle field. It was beside the chariot bearing this empty couch that Chrysilla walked, accompanied by Cleandros, Theodora, Cleon, and many more of her kinsfolk. There was a long procession and a great crowd of people were present. All kept silence until the public burial ground, a beautiful meadow outside the city, was reached. There, a sacrifice was offered to the gods, after which the coffins were let down into the tombs.

The solemn hush was broken only by the sobbing of some mother of the dead. Out of the great audience

of thousands of people rose up Pericles, to make the funeral speech. He wore the helmet of a general. His voice was grave and quiet.

¹“Before I praise the dead, the soldiers of Athens, I should like to show how Athens has risen to power; under what government and through what manner of life our city has become great.



PERICLES

“Our form of government, democracy, does not enter into rivalry with the governments of other nations. We do not copy our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we should be called a democracy, a government of the people, because our govern-

ment is in the hands of the many, not of the few. But while the law gives equal justice to all in their private disputes, still the special claim of excellence is also recognized. When a citizen is in any way distinguished, he is given a high position in the public service as the reward of special merit. Poverty is no bar, for a man may help his country however poor he may be. Our public life is open to all and in our private life there is freedom and independence. If our neighbor thinks differently

¹ Adapted.

from us, and does what he likes, we are not suspicious of him, and we do not put on sour looks at him, which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus free and easy in our private life, there is a spirit of reverence in our public acts. We are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, especially those which protect the injured.

“And we have not forgotten to provide recreation for our weary spirits and rest from toil. We have regular games and sacrifices throughout the year. At home the style of our life is simple and beautiful, and the delight which we daily feel in the beautiful things that surround us helps to banish sadness. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us, so that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as our own.

“Then again, our military training is in many ways better than that of our enemies,¹ because we depend, not on discipline or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. In the matter of education, while they from early youth are always undergoing difficult, wearisome military exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease; and yet, when the time comes, we are equally ready to face the dangers that they face. We prefer to meet danger with a light heart.

“Thus our city is equally admirable in peace and war. We are lovers of the beautiful, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ not for show, but when there is a real use for it. For

¹ The Spartans.

a man to admit that he is poor is no disgrace with us; the true disgrace is in doing no work to avoid poverty. An Athenian does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household, and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone among nations look upon a man who takes no interest in public affairs as a useless person. To sum up, I say that Athens is the school of Greece.

“Such is the city for whose sake these soldiers nobly fought and died. They could not bear the thought that Athens might be taken from them. Every one of us who lives should also gladly work and toil for her as they have done. They who gave their bodies to Athens receive praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all tombs, a place in the memories of men. For the whole earth is the tomb of famous men, and their story is written not only in stone over their tombs, but lives on, for always, in memory, woven into the stuff of other men’s lives.

“We have now paid our debt of gratitude to our soldiers only in part, by giving honor to them at this public funeral. It remains for us to support, at public expense, until they are grown up, such of their orphans as are poor and needy. This is the prize with which, as with a wreath, Athens crowns her sons living and dead.

“And now, when you have paid reverence, every one to his own dead, you may depart.”

So Pericles ended his speech.

The kinsfolk of Chrysis stood for a while with her near her father's tomb; then they all returned home, still silent, remembering the words of Pericles, and filled with reverence for the greatness of their city.

That same night Cleandros repeated to his son the oath that he would have to swear when he gained his full rights as a citizen. All Athenian youths at the age of eighteen were given a sword and a shield by the state, and they took this oath of citizenship before beginning their military training:

I swear I will never disgrace my holy armor, and never forsake my comrades in the ranks, but I will fight for the holy temples, and for the welfare of all. When I die I will leave my city not lessened, but greater and better than I found it. I will obey those who from time to time are in authority, and I will obey the laws which have been passed by the people. If anyone should try to destroy these laws, I will defend them against attack. Furthermore, I will honor the religion of my country.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: "The people of Athens bow down to no ruler; in this city the folk themselves are king." In what way were the people king? Does this method seem better than the rule of a king like Alcinous?

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by a "public" fountain, or a "public" building?
2. In what ways were the people of Athens more civilized than the Homeric Greeks?
3. What is the exact meaning of "oligarchy"? Of "democracy"?
4. Describe the point of view of an Athenian oligarch.

5. What three classes of people were not allowed to attend the Assembly?

6. What do you think of the treatment of Athenian women at the time of this story? Compare the life of these Athenian women with the life of American women of to-day.

7. Read the description of the Athenian Assembly; compare with our modern Congress in Washington, and explain the difference between *direct* and *representative* democracy.

8. Were the schools in Athens public or private? Were the gymnasiums public or private?

9. Describe the Academy.

10. How many jurymen attended the trial of Lysias?

11. How was the vote of the jurymen taken? Do you know how a jury's vote is taken nowadays in the United States?

12. Read Pericles's praise of Athenian democracy, and compare it with our modern ideals of American citizenship.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

1. THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS
2. THE MARTYRDOM OF LAWRENCE

After the death of Pericles, the citizens of Athens vote for bad leaders and unwise policies, so that the power and glory of the Athenian democracy are lessened.

We now move westward across the Mediterranean Sea, from Greece to Rome, and across another gulf of time—five hundred years.

While the years are rapidly passing, we see first, very dimly, the Roman people as savage tribes, living together in villages of huts, like the Indians, under a simple tribal government. The tribal chiefs become kings, then the kings of Rome give way to a republic, and the people share in the power of government. But the later history of the Roman republic, or democracy, is a continual fierce struggle for power, which results finally in the greatest of all despotisms—the Roman Empire. The Roman Emperor has absolute power. During the republic, an assembly of noble Romans, called the Senate, had great authority, but now the authority of the Senate has become a mere shadow, because the Emperor is not obliged to take advice from anyone.

The Romans are great soldiers, and they have conquered all the countries around them.

Our sight widens, and the blue Mediterranean Sea lies beneath us like a lake, glittering with white foam in a strong wind, under a fiercely hot midsummer sun. The Mediterranean is now a Roman lake, because the Romans have conquered all the countries that border it, including Greece, and many others beyond. To the north lie gloomy forests inhabited by tribes roaming westward or southward—Germans, Gauls, Britons, and Norsemen. Roman soldiers in lonely distant outposts on the fringe of their Empire are fighting with these savages, and conquering them, stemming and pushing back the barbarian tide that will later swallow up the civilization of Greece and Rome.

Now the Roman armies have conquered Jerusalem in Asia Minor. It is the year 70 A. D., and the people of Rome are giving a triumph, or public welcome, to their Emperor Vespasian and his son Titus.

The buildings of Rome resemble in many details the Athenian buildings, but are larger and not so beautiful. In fact, Roman civilization seems to us in many ways an imitation of Greek civilization, bigger but not so fine.

THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS¹

All the people of Rome are pouring out through the gates of their city—the mother city of the world—to welcome Vespasian, and his son Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem.

¹ An account of this occasion has been written by Josephus, an eyewitness.

The rabble and mob of the people, all moving in the same direction, flow like a great wave through the streets. In the richer quarters, the crowds are streaming down broad avenues, planted with plane trees, and passing under covered walks with pillars of rose-colored marble brightly hung with gold-embroidered curtains. In the narrow alleys of the poorer quarters, dirty slaves and foreigners are elbowing each other. Men pushing little carts are blocking the traffic. They are selling sausages, fried fish, smoky cooked meats, cakes, toys, and other trifles, and are gathering in a harvest of small money.

One man in the crowd is saying to another, "This is to be a great show. First the Senate decided to give a separate triumph for Cæsar¹ and each of his sons, but finally it was decided to give one huge triumph for the three of them, a celebration more costly than anything that has ever before been given in Rome."

The other answers, with discontent in his voice, "It is high time, too. Rome has been very dull lately. At the last celebration that Cæsar gave us, some fifth-rate gladiators were brought out, so feeble you could have knocked them over with a feather. And the feast afterward was very poor. The Emperor was trying to save money."

A third man, overhearing this talk as he passes by, mutters to a friend, "Listen to that. The people are never satisfied. They want free bread, free baths, and

¹ The eleven Roman rulers who followed Julius Cæsar were all called *Cæsar*.

free shows. So much is given to them that they have forgotten how to work—they're as lazy as slaves. Everyone in Rome is repeating the new catchword:

Baths, wine, and amusements,
They ruin our health,
But they make up our life.

It's true enough."

Now the crowds pass out through the gates of the city to the temple of Isis. The temples and the public buildings of Rome are huge in size, stretching out their thick walls in wide circles. The heavy weight of them

sinking into the earth is like the power of Rome that is crushing all the countries round her, making them carry for hundreds of years the heavy weight of her conquest.



A ROMAN SOLDIER

Outside the gates, the soldiers of the conquering legions are camped, ready to take their part in the triumph. They are hardy men, bronzed by the sun, toughened by stinging sea winds, muscular from their long marches. They wear short tunics, leggings and sandals, and helmets with blood-red plumes.

Now they are playing dice and drinking and singing together while they wait.

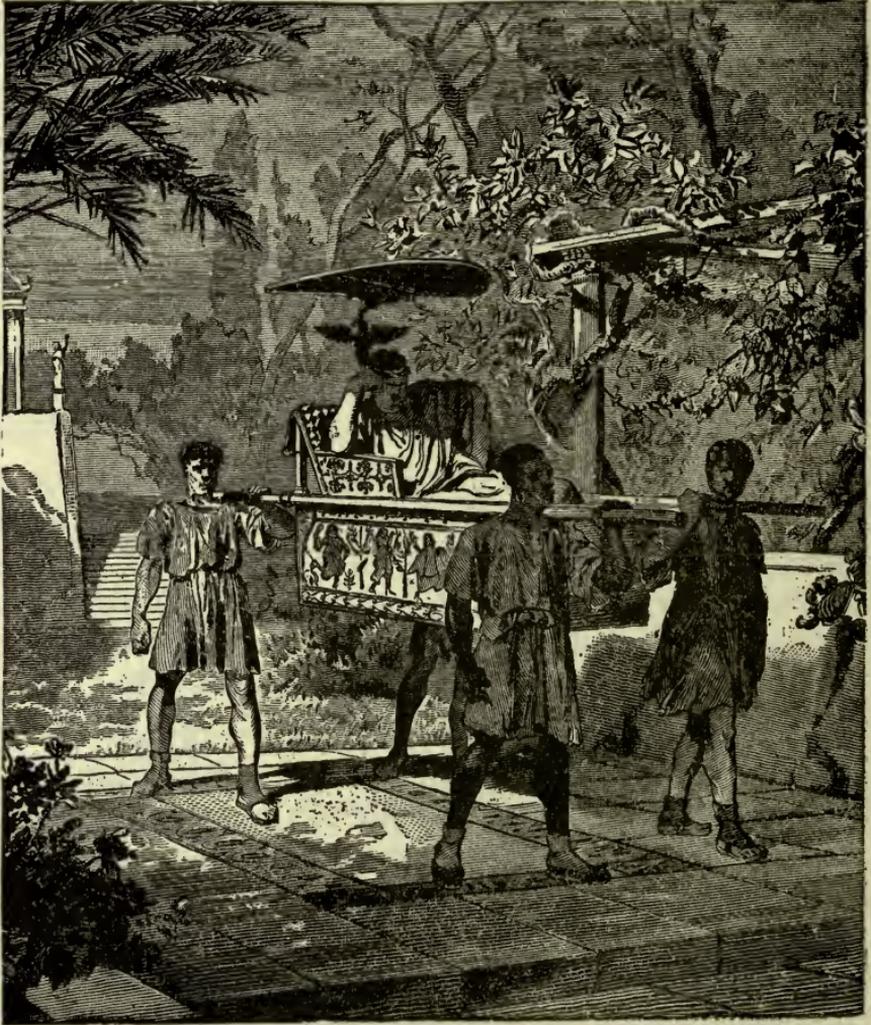
In a beautiful villa, on a hill near Rome, a Senator is being arrayed in his white and purple robes, for the

Senate, too, is to play its part in the triumph. The walls of the Senator's house are gilded over and painted, the floors are made of colored stones, and in the courtyard there is a beautiful fountain playing into a pool of fresh water stocked with water lilies and goldfish. In the planning of the villa, no money was spared to provide for the Senator the most luxurious of bodily comforts. There are three marble swimming baths, filled with clear green water, a hot bath, a lukewarm bath, and a cold bath, where the Senator and his visitors can swim and float at their ease, their eyes resting on beautiful views through the low windows—views of the distant sea, and of the countryside. Around the villa there are flower gardens, orange groves, and fruit orchards, tilled by hundreds of slaves, and alive with the twittering of rare song birds and the babbling of scented fountains.

The Senator's wife, too, is making her toilet in her apartment, waited on by a dozen slave women. When at last the lady is ready, the Senator calls for his litter, and as he stands for a moment in the marble hallway of the villa, looks at a row of marble busts showing the stern, cold faces of Roman Senators of earlier days.

The Senator says gravely and bitterly to his son, "These men, who were your ancestors, thought highly of themselves; and you, therefore, must never do anything that is unworthy of them. But what real dignity or pride is left to us Senators of to-day?"

While he was making himself ready for the triumph of Titus, the Senator had been thinking of the shameful



THE SENATOR RIDING IN HIS LITTER

condition to which the Roman Senate had fallen under the Empire. He had been saying to himself: "In the days of the republic, the Senate of Rome was an assembly of kings. Now its power is a mere shadow. Why should we call ourselves Senators? We are merely the puppets of the Emperor. To-day we shall wear our white and purple robes, but our part in the show will be only play-acting, a solemn farce. We shall have to bend our stiff necks and bow low before Cæsar with the other officials of the city, because that is all that is left for us to do."

The Senator's litter is carried along rapidly on the shoulders of huge black slaves. When it reaches the city, the crowds of the common people make way for it, and it rides like a ship on the surface of the waves. Near the temple of Isis, the Senator leaves his wife and son. They are given high seats from which they can view the triumph.

Now Vespasian, the great Emperor, and his sons, Titus and Domitian, come out of the temple. They are clothed in robes of purple silk, and crowned with laurel wreaths. The people greet them with a great shout. "Hail, Cæsar, god-like Cæsar! Hail Titus, Conqueror of Judea! *Io triumphe!*"¹ A high platform has been built and ivory chairs set upon it. As Vespasian and his sons take their seats, the Senators, clad in white and purple, come forward to greet them and bow down before them, followed by all the officials

¹ A Roman shout of triumph, equivalent to our *Hurrah*. There is no exact translation.



A ROMAN TRIUMPH IN

of the city and all the knights of Rome. After the greeting of the Senate, Vespasian rises and makes a sign with his hand which puts an end to all the shouting of the people. Then he covers his head with his cloak and utters a solemn prayer.

When the prayer is finished, the triumph is set forward, and the great procession begins to wind its way into the city through the Gate of Pomp, like the parade of a mighty circus.

A menagerie of wild animals leads the procession: tigers, lions, zebras, giraffes, leopards, wolves, and camels, each one covered with hangings of silk and velvet, embroidered with gold and silver and many-colored jewels. The animals are driven by strange-



THE TIME OF VESPASIAN

looking men from all parts of the earth. In a few minutes there pass by, before the curious gaze of the Roman crowd, wild horsemen from the plains of northern Asia, yellow-bearded Germans from the Rhine, blue-painted barbarians from the island of Britain, majestic Arabs from the desert, black giants and pygmies from the forests of central Africa, together with Persians and Egyptians and Greeks, savage men and civilized, all more or less under the dominion of Rome, and bringing to Rome the wealth of the whole world — pearls and rubies from India, wolfskins from Britain, cedar wood from Lebanon, silk from China, and ivory from Africa.

“See that spotted camel with a long neck and no hump!”

“Look at the elephant picking up a brown man with its nose!”

“The soldier driving a wolf is a Briton. The Britons seem to act like human beings when they are in Rome; but I’ve heard that those savages from up north are no more than animals—they’re in the habit of running about on all fours when they are at home!”

The mob is closely packed, like a herd of sheep, and the people all strain forward in order to see as much as possible.

“Oh, how tiresome!” complains a woman. “There, the fringe of my cloak is all torn. For heaven’s sake, sir, try to be more careful.”

“I can hardly help myself,” answers the man behind her, “but I will be as careful as I can.”

After the animals, come the captives and the spoils of Judea. Simon, the leader of the Jews, is dragged along with a rope round his neck, and he is followed by seven hundred Jewish captives, loaded with chains, but dressed in silken garments.

Then come a number of great wagons, some of them four stories high, carrying pictures and theatrical representations of the war with the Jews. There are pictures of the burning of cities, the laying waste of a fair country, the destroying and pillaging of rich temples. Everywhere there is a great use of silver and gold and ivory, many-colored jewels, and costly materials.

In their turn, the theatrical representations pass out of sight. Next appear the spoils of the temple at

Jerusalem. The most sacred treasures of the Jews, guarded by them for centuries in the innermost shrine of their dim temple, the Holy of Holies, are now carried along in mockery and triumph, under the blazing sunlight of Rome—the Golden Table for the Shew-Bread, the Silver Trumpets, the Seven-Branched Candlesticks, and the Tables of the Ten Commandments of Moses.

For a moment the Roman crowd is silent, witnessing the shame of a great religion. Then the silence is broken with a great roar, "*Io triumphe!*"

The sacred symbols pass by, and the procession flows on like a great river.

One woman murmurs to another, "The Jews have a strange religion, so I am told. Whatever is held sacred by the Romans is scorned by the Jews. The God of the Jews is said to be a great, governing mind, that guides and directs the whole of nature, a mind without a body, and so the Jews bow down to no idols or statues, as we do. Their religious services are very different from our own—gloomy and full of an absurd seriousness."

Now, at the sight of the Roman soldiers marching shoulder to shoulder, there rises another great burst of shouting.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Victorious Legion marches by, the Indomitable Legion and the Spanish Legion. "*Io triumphe! Io triumphe!*" The applause is a continuous roar, for the people of Rome are wild with enthusiasm for their army. They know that the whole Empire rests on the strength of the Roman army.

As the soldiers march by, they sing an old Roman chant:

We as one man have killed thousands upon thousands upon thousands.

Thousands of times may he drink who kills a thousand,
Nor yet will he drink as much wine as the blood he has shed!

Behind the ranks of the Imperial Guard appear two golden chariots. The Emperor Vespasian stands in the one, and his son Titus stands in the other. Domitian, the second son, rides on a horse alongside, making a glorious appearance in his triumphal robes.

“Hail, Cæsar!” shouts the crowd. “Hail, divine Cæsar, god-like Cæsar! Hail, Titus, Conqueror of Judea!”

The procession ends with the chariot of the Emperor, and the mob breaks up and streams behind it, in disorder, into the city. When the golden chariot reaches the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol Hill, the people stand still and wait, for it is the custom at a Roman triumph for the crowd to wait here until the news is brought of the killing of a conquered general. Soon a messenger arrives, blowing a silver trumpet.

“Simon, the leader of the Jews, is dead. He has been hurled down from the Tarpeian Rock into the river Tiber, as a human sacrifice to the gods of Rome.”

The people set up a shout of joy, and begin to offer sacrifices on the altars of Jupiter.

When the sacrifices are ended, the Emperor goes into his palace, and entertains great numbers of the people at a feast.

The Senator and his wife pass through the forecourt of the palace, where there is a gigantic statue of the Emperor Nero, a hundred feet high. Then they are led into a vast dining hall, gilded over and studded with jewels and mother-of-pearl, and lighted with a multitude of bright lamps. The walls and the ceiling are fitted with ivory panels that can be shifted so as to shower down flowers and sprays of fragrant scent upon the guests.

No money has been spared to make the feast a magnificent one. For the first course there are peahens' eggs, roasted quails, and sows' breasts. Then slaves carry in a huge tray, on which is set a boar of great size. Hanging on the boar's tusks are two little palm-leaf baskets, full of nut-shaped dates. All around the boar lie little pigs made of pastry. A slave slashes open the side of the boar vigorously with a hunting knife, and a flock of live thrushes fly out through the opening. The birds are tame, and are soon caught as they flutter around the dining hall. One is given to each guest as a pet.

Now appears another huge tray, with a centerpiece on it of colored pastry fashioned like a garden with trees hung with apples, grapes, and every sort of fruit. The guests snatch eagerly at the fruit, and then laugh, discovering the trick, for all the cakes and all the apples, when pressed the least bit, squirt saffron water into their faces.¹

¹ A dinner like this is described in a Latin story called *Trimalchio's Feast*.

Course after course is brought in, and so the feast goes on, until the guests have eaten so much that they are sickened by the sight of more food.

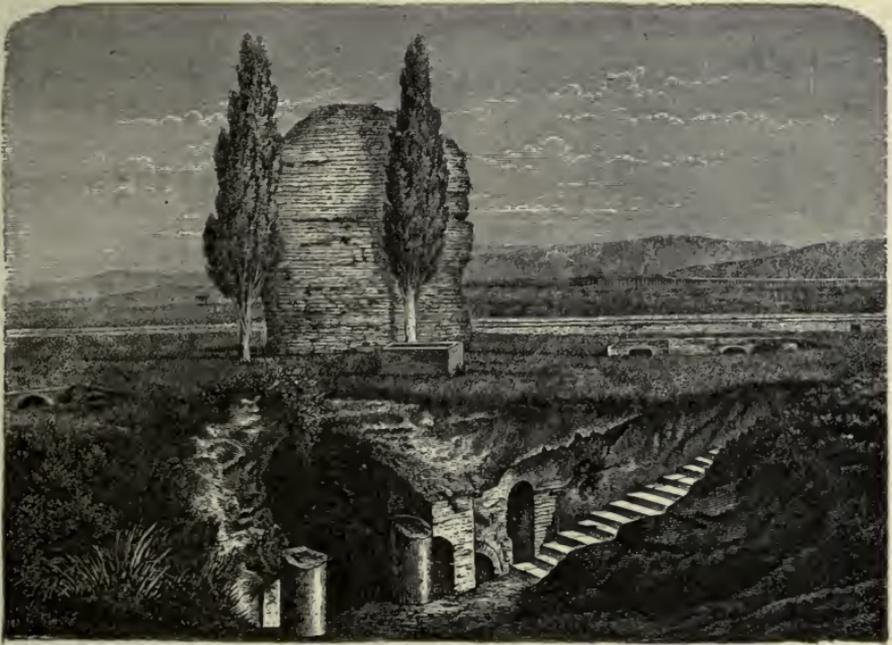
The Senator says to his wife, "The spoils of Judea will more than pay for this entertainment. And from now on, the Jews will pay greater tribute to Rome, so that the Emperor's treasury will be richer than ever. Cæsar dips his hands deeply into the golden stream of tribute which pours into Rome from all the conquered countries."

THE MARTYRDOM OF LAWRENCE

Two centuries later, the pride and wealth of the Roman Empire were fighting against the spreading influence of the Christian religion.

One evening in the year 258, during the reign of the Emperor Valerian, two young boys were walking over the great bare plain that surrounds Rome. It was growing dark, when a strange sight caught their eyes. In the distance, out on the plain, there was a stream of shadowy forms slipping through the twilight, which, when they reached a certain point, suddenly disappeared as if by magic.

Out of curiosity, the boys walked up to this place, and found a hole in the earth leading into a dark, underground passage. They climbed down and discovered a network of underground corridors, dimly lit here and there by lanterns on the walls. After they had crept along some distance, they began to



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS

be afraid that they might lose their way. Looking around them, they saw that there were stone tablets on the walls, carved with rough, uneven letters. Peering up in the flickering, uncertain light of an oil lamp, the elder boy read,

*Genella Sleeps in Christ
Aselus Sleeps in Christ
Martyrs in Peace
Sweet Souls in the Place of Refreshment*

With sudden fear in his voice, he cried out, "We must be in the tombs. We must be in the Catacombs among dead bodies."

The younger brother was reading,

*Marcella and Five Hundred and Fifty
Martyrs in Christ*

All was silent around them, and dark and still as the dead.

The boys crept back, but they found themselves in another strange passage, and here they read the epitaphs of Romans who were not Christians. One was,

*A Mother to Her Little Son
O Heartless Fortune Who Delights in Cruel
Death
Why is Maximus so Early Snatched From Me
He Who Lately Used to Lie Beloved on My Bosom*

Another ran thus,

*Baths, Wine, and Amusements,
They Ruin Our Health
But They Make Up Our Life
Farewell — Farewell*

Among these epitaphs there was one very old one, dating back to the days of the republic:

Stranger, what I have to say is short; stand near and read it through. Here is the not beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman. Her parents gave her the name of Claudia. She loved her husband with her whole heart. Two sons she bore, one of whom she left above the earth, the other she placed under the sod. Soft-voiced, and with a gentle spirit, she preserved her household and spun her flax. I have spoken.

Walking hither and thither, the boys tried one passage after another, but came no closer to the entrance. At last through the darkness, they heard a

faint echo, and following it there reached them strains of music and the sound of voices singing together in unison. It led them on to a little chapel brilliantly lit with candles and filled with kneeling figures shrouded in veils. These, then, were the shadowy forms they had seen slipping through the twilight. As they stood and watched from the door of the chapel, the singing ceased, and an old man standing at the altar stretched out his hands and blessed the congregation, dismissing them with these words:

“You have gathered together, O Christians, in these caverns, to sing hymns in honor of the martyrs and the saints that lie buried here, having died in the Lord; to sing psalms for those that are now dying in the faith! There is light in this darkness; there is music in these tombs.”

Upon these words, the congregation arose and began to file out of one of the passages; the two boys, mixing with the crowd, followed. They soon reached the open air and came out at a place which was unfamiliar to them, but they made their way back to the city by following the stream of people.

When the boys' father heard where they had been, he told them that they were fortunate to have escaped without harm, because the Emperor had ordered a persecution of the Christians, and soldiers were hunting them.

“The Christians have many strange beliefs,” he told them, “and some people will have it that they practice horrible ceremonies as a part of their religious

service. However, this may not be true, since you say that you saw nothing of the kind. But one thing is certain, they are traitors to the Empire, because they refuse to burn incense on our altars as a sign of their good faith to Rome and to Cæsar. In their refusal they are stiff-necked and stubborn beyond reason, willing to suffer any torture or martyrdom."

A few days later, the news was spread throughout Rome that the soldiers of the Emperor had found out the hiding place of the Christians, in the Catacombs, coming upon them while they were holding a service and singing. The bishop, an old man with a white beard, had been killed then and there; but a certain deacon of the Christian church, named Lawrence, had been taken prisoner, and was to be given a trial. It was believed that Lawrence, in the name of his church, had been collecting great quantities of money and other valuables from wealthy persons in Rome who were secretly Christians. The soldiers had taken Lawrence prisoner instead of killing him outright, because they wanted him to deliver up this money to the Emperor. Lawrence had asked for three days in which to collect the treasures of the church, and this time had been granted. The trial was set for the fourth day.

The Roman judge who tried Lawrence knew that the trial was to be only a mock trial, because the Christians were persecuted under a special order of the Emperor. Any judge would be forced to find Lawrence guilty, and worthy of death, if he refused to burn incense on a Roman altar.

A small crowd assembled to witness the trial, including the two boys who had lost their way in the Catacombs and stumbled unawares on the hiding place of the Christians.

Lawrence was standing on a high platform, and around him was a great multitude of poor beggars, aged men and women in rags, lame and crooked, diseased and blind. Lawrence pointed to the beggars and said, "I have collected my treasures; behold them. All the money that was given me, I gave straightway to the poor. The poor and the sick are the riches of the Christian church; they are our gold and silver. And I add to them the widows and the orphans; these are our pearls and rubies and precious stones. Take this wealth for Rome and for the Emperor."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the judge.

Lawrence replied, "I am a Christian. I am a deacon of the Christian church."

"You *were* a deacon. In confessing yourself a Christian, you have spoken your own sentence of death. Have you any defense to make?"

And Lawrence answered, "My defense is that I am useful to men, because I teach even unto slaves the value of the human soul. In our church all men are equal, and it is among the poor and despised of Rome that our faith is spreading most rapidly. Some of the high offices of our church we have given to slaves, for in the eyes of God a slave is the equal of a free man."

Then the judge asked Lawrence if he would be willing to burn incense on a Roman altar, as a sign of his good faith to Cæsar and to Rome.

Lawrence refused to do this, and then repeated the words of Jesus Christ to his followers:

“Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.”

Whereupon the judge read out the sentence, that Lawrence, a Christian, was condemned to be roasted to death on a gridiron, as an example to the people.

At this Lawrence fell into a deep swoon. His body was carried away and roasted to death on a gridiron, but those that were with him said that the flames could not hurt his spirit.

When the two boys returned home after the trial of Lawrence, their father repeated his opinion that the Christians were traitors, and worthy of punishment, but still he believed that Lawrence should have been given a fair trial.

“Such mock trials as these of the Christians,” he said in indignation, “should not be allowed in an age like our own. They are a dark blot on our Roman civilization.”

He told his sons, too, that he agreed with the teachings of Lawrence concerning the rights of slaves.

“Some of the leading judges of Rome have now come to believe, like the Christians, that all men, including

slaves, have equal rights as human beings. With the Christians, this belief is a part of their religion. With the Romans it is the result of practical experience in the law courts."

Again our view widens, and we see the Roman Empire in all its vastness.

We look down over a changed Europe. Wherever the Roman soldiers have marched and conquered, they have carried with them the civilization of Rome. The thick green veil of the ancient forests has been torn down and broken in places by the axe of the woodman. In the conquered lands, or Roman provinces, big cities have been built on the plan of Rome, and they are surrounded with cultivated fields and pastures. Connecting the cities there are long white lines running over hundreds and hundreds of miles, from north to south and crossing each other, carving up the continent. These are the Roman roads, built of great blocks of stone, so solid that some of them are to last two thousand years.

Time passes, and we visit, in thought, a city of the Roman provinces in the fourth century after Christ. It is well-built and well-drained, like a modern city. We learn that the Romans have educated their subjects, and given them the full rights of Roman citizenship. Even slaves are beginning to receive consideration as human beings. For a moment we enter a law court, and we hear a Roman lawyer saying that "all men, enslaved or free, should be recognized as equals under the law of nature, or the law of humanity." This is one of the great prin-

ciples of democracy which we owe to Rome. Those who to-day believe in lynch law are setting back the progress of democracy and justice by almost two thousand years.

The Roman spirit has become more kindly, but there are signs of weakness in this fine city of the provinces. A taxgatherer is trying to collect taxes for the Emperor. He loudly complains that the citizens are giving him too little. He says that the conquered peoples have borrowed the Roman desire for ease and luxury, but that they have become lazy and sluggish like slaves. Out in the fields the countrymen are working against their will, without energy and without ambition. Though Roman law has discovered one of the great principles of democracy, there is very little democracy or freedom in the government as a whole.

Now a Roman camp comes into our sight. We see the soldiers of the late Empire, and many of them are pale and flabby, very different from the fierce, hardy fighters who were their forefathers. Nor are they so brave. They know that it is becoming more and more difficult to protect the Empire against the attacks of the northern tribes.

Then our vision sweeps once more over the whole continent of Europe.

The tribes of fair-haired, blue-eyed northerners, strong and restless, are migrating from one country to another, fighting, plundering, and pillaging. Some of them have become civilized, like the Romans; others, far off in the wilds and backlands, are still half-savage.

In wave after wave of invasion, the northerners beat against the resistance of the Roman armies. Finally the

tide rises and breaks through, and the barbarians sweep down through the Empire. In the year 455, the city of Rome is sacked by Vandals. We see the great civilization of Greece and Rome crumbling. Heavy mists and clouds gather before our eyes, and there passes below us the confusion that is known as the Dark Ages.

Centuries go by. Gradually the mists of our ignorance rise, and we see the life below us becoming more settled. The northerners have intermarried with the subjects of Rome, and the descendants of these mixed races begin, slowly and feebly, to build up a new civilization in Europe.

We begin to wonder what are the habits and customs of these northern tribes, from whom so many of the civilized people of to-day are directly descended.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: During the Roman Empire, democracy suffered defeat in one branch of government but gained a lasting victory in another. Show how this was so.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the meaning of the word *despotism*?
2. What were the effects of despotism upon the character and morals of the Roman mob?
3. Describe the luxuries of Rome.
4. What was the Roman Senate?
5. What words did the people use when they hailed Cæsar?
6. Was the Senator's wife allowed to attend the Emperor's feast?
7. Do you believe it is good for a man to live in such great luxury as that of the Roman Emperor? Why?

8. Compare the different epitaphs in the Catacombs, and say which you consider the most beautiful.
9. What did the Romans think of the early Christians?
10. What was the attitude of the early Christians toward the poor and the slaves?
11. Why was the new justice of Rome called the *Law of Humanity*?
12. What do you think of the practice of lynching? Give reasons for your opinion.

CHAPTER V

ICELAND; THE NEIGHBORHOOD *THING* AND THE *ALL-THING*

1. GUNNAR AND HALLGERDA
2. HALLGERDA STEALS CHEESE AND BUTTER
3. THE LAWSUIT
4. THE DEATH OF GUNNAR

The people from whom we can learn the most about the ancient customs of the northerners are the Icelanders of the tenth century, living on the remote island of Iceland, far up in the northern seas, near the Arctic Zone.

The language of these Icelanders resembles Old English and Old German. The Icelanders, the Norwegians, the Swedes, the Germans, and the English are all descended from the same ancient tribe called the Germanic tribe, and their ancient customs are very much alike.

Let us imagine that we are journeying from Rome to the far north, passing over Europe and over the British Isles. We see great icebergs floating in the northern seas, and there rises up to us the song of Icelandic seamen, pulling at their oars:

*Magnus, listen to our mighty song!
Your warship dashed over big sea waves!
Little did you fear, though the masts were quivering,
Though the planks of the boat, ice-sprinkled, cracked,
Though the figurehead rattled in the rolling waves!
The ocean boiled and the billows were tossing!*

The prow of the wooden Viking boat curls high up out of the water. It is carved with a strange figurehead from which icicles hang.

It is night, and the dead of winter. The island of Iceland appears to us, covered with ice and snow glittering blue-white in the dazzling light of the moon which is shining out of a steel-blue sky.

On a lonely farm, we see an old Icelandic house that looks something like a polar bear sitting on its haunches. The prickly thatch of the roof is laden with deep snow, like soft white fur, and in front there is a doorway below two pointed gables, like a bear's snout and ears. Long icicles reach from the roof almost to the ground.

Inside the house, the trunk of a live tree is growing in the middle of the hall, as a framework to the whole building. There is an open fireplace in a corner, where huge logs of wood are flaming and roaring. A little boy, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a snub nose, is sitting in the fire-light, listening to a long story that is being told to him by an old man.

As we, too, listen, we learn that our ancestors of the Germanic tribes had many strange, half-savage customs.

The Norsemen knew nothing of the Roman Law of Humanity, that "all men should be recognized as equals." On the contrary, the lives of Norse freemen and slaves were considered of very unequal value. On most of the farms in Iceland there were a number of poor servants, or slaves, called "thralls." These miserable men were much to be pitied, because their lives were held so cheap. There was no punishment for the murder of a thrall beyond the

payment of a small fine, called blood money. According to Icelandic law, twelve ounces in silver was considered a fair price for a thrall, but when a freeman had been killed, the price of the blood money was from one hundred to two hundred ounces in silver. Killing was considered no great crime, and murders were very common.

Women and thralls took no part in the government of Iceland, which was a direct democracy of the freemen. The Icelanders had no king or emperor. The freemen governed themselves, meeting together for that purpose in assemblies that they called "Things." The entire island was divided into many different neighborhoods, and each neighborhood had its own meeting, but besides all the neighborhood "Things," there was one big meeting called the "All-Thing," attended by all the freemen of Iceland. Here laws were passed concerning the whole island, and here important lawsuits were tried.

The story that the old Icelander is telling is the story of a blood feud, part of an old Icelandic neighborhood tale.

GUNNAR AND HALLGERDA¹

Once a man named Hauskuld asked his friends to a feast, and his brother Hrut was there and sat next to him. Hauskuld's daughter Hallgerda was playing on the floor with some other girls. She was fair of face, and tall of growth, and her hair was as soft as silk.

¹ Adapted from *The Saga of Burnt Nyal*, translated by Sir George Webbe Dasent. The pictures in this chapter are taken from a book of old Scandinavian sagas, or legends.

It was so long, too, that it came down to her knees. Hauskuld said to Hrut, "What do you think of my girl?" Hrut was silent. Hauskuld said the same thing to him a second time, and then Hrut answered, "The

girl is fair enough, and many will suffer for her beauty; but this I know not, whence thief's eyes have come into our race."



HALLGERDA

Hallgerda grew up, and became most beautiful to look upon. She was so tall, too, that she was called "Longcoat." Her hair was so long that she could hide herself in it. But she had a bad temper, and she was wasteful and hard-hearted.

The next person who comes into the story is Gunnar.

Gunnar was a tall man in growth and a strong man—best skilled in fighting of all Icelanders. He could cut or thrust or shoot if he chose as well with his left hand as with his right hand, and he cut so swiftly with his sword that three swords seemed to flash through the

air at once. He could leap higher than his own height, and he could swim like a seal. His nose was straight, but a little turned up at the tip. His hair was fair, he was blue-eyed, and bright-eyed, and ruddy-cheeked. The most gentle of men was he, but of sturdy body and strong will—a fast friend, but hard to please when making friends. He was wealthy in goods. He had been the captain of a ship, but now he lived on his own land as a farmer. The farms in Iceland were lonely and far apart, so that men saw little of each other, staying on their farms, snow-bound, through the wintry months, but in the summer they all came together at the Things, and there they formed their friendships.

Nyal was the name of Gunnar's greatest friend. Nyal, too, was a farmer, wealthy in goods and handsome of face, but no beard grew on his chin. In Iceland at that time it was thought shameful and womanish for a man to have a smooth cheek. But Nyal was so great a lawyer that his equal was not to be found. Wise, too, was he, and fore-knowing and foresighted. Bergthora was the name of his wife. Bergthora was a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered.

One summer Gunnar and Nyal rode to the All-Thing together. The All-Thing was held every summer out in an open field, called the Thing-Field. It lasted several days, and so the men who attended it put up little huts where they could sleep.

Gunnar and Nyal set up their huts and stayed together for perhaps a week. In the daytime they went

up with the other freemen on the Hill of Laws, for there they made their laws and settled their lawsuits; and in the evenings they gathered together with their friends and feasted, and listened to neighborhood stories. Some women were at the All-Thing, but not very many.

It happened one day that Gunnar came down from the Hill of Laws, and passed by many huts. Presently he saw a woman coming to meet him. She was well-dressed and very beautiful. She told him that she was Hallgerda, Hauskuld's daughter. They sat them down and talked. Hallgerda was so clad that she had on a red dress, with a scarlet cloak thrown about her that was trimmed with needlework down to the waist. Gunnar was also clad in scarlet clothes, and he had a great gold ring on his arm.

So they talked long together, until at last it came about that he asked whether she were unmarried. She said, "Yes, so it is; I am unmarried, but I fancy there are not many men who would dare run the risk of marrying me!"

"Do you think no man is good enough for you?"

"Not that," she answered, "but still I am said to be hard to please in husbands."

"How would you answer, if I were to ask for you?"

"If you have any mind that way, go and see my father."

Gunnar went to see Hauskuld and Hrut in their hut, and they told him all unasked about Hallgerda's temper, and Gunnar at first thought there was more

than enough that was wanting, but at last it came about that they struck a bargain, and the marriage took place. Hallgerda took the housekeeping of Gunnar's house in her charge, and she stood up for her rights in word and deed.

Now it was the custom between Gunnar and his friend Nyal that each invited the other to a feast, winter and winter about, for friendship's sake; and it was Gunnar's turn to go and feast at Nyal's. So Gunnar and Hallgerda set off for Nyal's farm, where Nyal gave them a hearty welcome.

Down the length of Nyal's hall were seats where the men folk sat, but the women folk always sat on a cross-bench upon a platform at the upper end. Bergthora, Nyal's wife, went up to the cross-bench with one of her daughters-in-law, and said to Hallgerda, "You must give up your place to my daughter-in-law."

Hallgerda answered, "To no one shall I give up my place! I will not be driven into the corner for anyone!"

From this time on there was bad feeling between Hallgerda and Bergthora, though their husbands remained fast friends.

After Hallgerda came home from the feast, she began to wonder how she might pay back Bergthora for her rudeness. She wanted to spite Bergthora and she also wanted to make trouble between Gunnar and Nyal. In the end she decided to send one of her thralls to kill one of Nyal's thralls. She knew that Gunnar was so wealthy that he could easily afford to pay Nyal the

blood money for a thrall, but she hoped that some dispute might arise over the payment.

So she waited until the next summer, when Gunnar and Nyal rode away as usual to the neighborhood Thing together. As soon as their backs were turned, she told one of her housefolk to kill one of the thralls who worked for Bergthora; then later she sent word to Gunnar, at the Thing, to tell him of the killing. Gunnar said no hard words of Hallgerda to the messengers, and those around him did not know at first whether he thought well of it, or ill. A little later, he stood up and asked his men to go with him to Nyal's booth.

Nyal held his tongue while Gunnar told him the whole story. Then he said, "You must not let her have her way in everything. But I will not push this matter very far. We can settle it privately between us here. You shall pay me twelve ounces in silver, a fair price for a thrall, but I will add this condition, that if anything happens from our farm later on, for which you will have to ask a payment, you will not be less easy as to terms."

Gunnar paid the money out of hand, and rode home.

In Iceland the law of revenge ruled: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. The next summer, Bergthora had her revenge, and sent a man to kill one of Hallgerda's thralls. When Nyal heard of the deed, at the Thing, he took a purse holding twelve ounces in silver and handed it to Gunnar. Gunnar looked at the money and saw that it was the very same that he had paid to Nyal the year before.

And so the blood feud went on between the two women until six men had been killed, three on either side. The blood money passed back and forth between Gunnar and Nyal. But they remained fast friends, for nothing could shake their friendship.

Gunnar was troubled over the death of the thralls. "I should like to know," he said to himself, "whether I am less brave and less brisk than other men because I think more of the killing of a thrall than others do?"

HALLGERDA STEALS CHEESE AND BUTTER

In the next winter, which was very cold, there came a great scarcity of food, so that men fell short of both meat and hay, and the scarcity spread over all parts of Iceland. Gunnar shared out his hay and meat with many men, and all got them who came to his farm, so long as his stores lasted. Finally it came about that Gunnar himself fell short of both hay and meat.

So he went to see a wealthy man named Otkell, and said to him, "It so happens that I am come to deal with you for hay and meat."

Otkell answered, "I have good store of both, but I will sell you neither."

Gunnar turned away without saying a word, and in the end he got all the hay and meat he wanted from Nyal. But Hallgerda held a spite against Otkell for his rude answer. In the summer, when Gunnar had ridden off to the Thing, as soon as his back was turned, she sent one of her thralls to Otkell's farm, bidding

him steal all the cheese and butter he could lay hands on, and then set fire to Otkell's storehouse. When Gunnar and his friends came back from the Thing, Hallgerda set food on the table, and in came cheese and butter. Cheese and butter were thought delicate food in Iceland at that time, and Gunnar knew that such delicate food was not to be looked for in his house. He asked Hallgerda whence it came.

"From a good place," said she. "You may well eat of it. Besides, it is no man's business to trouble himself with the housekeeping."

Gunnar became angry, and said, "It is a bad thing if I am a partner with a thief," and with that he gave her a slap on the cheek.

Hallgerda said she would bear that slap in mind and repay it if she could.

So she went off and he went with her, and then the cheese and butter that were on the table were cleared away, and flesh-meat was brought in instead. All thought it was because the flesh-meat had been got in a better way.

By and by one of Otkell's men told him there was no doubt in his mind but that Hallgerda was the thief, so Otkell followed out this plan. He told some women to go about from house to house with small things to sell, and give them to the housewives, and mark what was given them in return.

"For," said he to himself, "'tis the turn of mind of all men first to give away what has been stolen, if they have it in their keeping; and so it will be here also."

The women went about the country, and they were away half a month. When they came back they had big bundles. They said Hallgerda had been most generous to them.

He asked what she had given them.

"Cheese," said they.

He begged to see it, and they showed it to him. It was in great slices. These he took and kept.

Shortly after this, Gunnar's brother, Kolskegg, fell to talking with Gunnar and said, "I hate to tell you, but the story is in every man's mouth that Hallgerda must have stolen, and that she was at the bottom of all that great fire at Otkell's."

Gunnar said that he too thought that must be so. "But what is to be done now?"

Kolskegg answered, "You will think it your duty to make payment for your wife's wrong, and settle this matter privately, as between you and Otkell alone. You should go to see Otkell and make him a handsome offer."

Accordingly Gunnar went to see Otkell and made him several handsome offers, being willing to pay twice the worth of what was lost, but Otkell refused them all and would have none of them and would not settle the matter in a friendly way. He was angry, and nothing would satisfy him but to have it settled openly at the All-Thing in front of all the neighbors. He wanted to summon Gunnar according to the law, and bring a lawsuit against him.

And so the time went on until the last of the summoning days before the All-Thing.

Otkell and his men, twelve of them, rode to Gunnar's farm. Gunnar was out-of-doors and knew nothing of their coming until they had ridden right up to the house. Otkell did not go in, but thundered out the lawful summons then and there. He said he accused Gunnar's wife of stealing his cheese and butter, and of setting fire to his storehouse, and he called upon Gunnar to attend the All-Thing and make lawful payment. His summons was all correctly worded according to the law.

Now Gunnar was angry because Otkell had refused to settle the matter in a friendly way, and had wished to put him to shame before all the neighbors. He made up his mind not to give any money payment fixed by Otkell, but to stand up for himself and fight the quarrel out in a duel. It was an ancient custom in Iceland that a man might always challenge his enemy to fight a duel if he did not wish to make a money payment in a lawsuit.

So when Gunnar arrived at the All-Thing, he challenged Otkell to fight a duel. Otkell knew he had no chance in a fight against Gunnar, so he gave in at once. Gunnar fixed the payment to suit himself, and lost nothing by the lawsuit, indeed he had the greatest honor from it; but Otkell was bitter, and felt very angry with him.

It happened the next spring that Otkell was riding in the direction of Gunnar's farm, and his horse began to gallop. Now Gunnar was in his seed field, sowing his corn there, and presently he laid his cloak of fine stuff and his axe down by his side, stooping low to do so.

Now it must be told that Otkell was riding faster than he wanted to ride because his horse was frisky. He had spurs on his feet, and he galloped down over the ploughed field, and neither he nor Gunnar saw the other. Just as Gunnar stood upright, Otkell rode down upon him and drove one of his spurs into Gunnar's ear, giving him a great gash which bled at once freely. Then Otkell's companions rode up.

"You may see, all of you," said Gunnar, "that Otkell has drawn my blood, and it is unworthy to go on so. First he summoned me, and now he treads me under foot and rides over me."

Gunnar went home, and never said a word to anyone about what had happened, and no one thought that this wound could have come by man's doing. But soon after this Gunnar and Kolskegg met Otkell and his men, eight of them together, in a lonely place. Then and there they fought out their quarrel, until Otkell and all his men were killed, Gunnar and Kolskegg being unhurt.

"I should like to know," said Gunnar again to himself, as he rode home, "whether I am less brave and less brisk than other men, because I think with more regret of killing men than they do?"

The news of the killing was spread far and wide and a message was sent to the nearest relations of Otkell, who were called Gizur the White and Geir the Priest. It was the duty of these men, as his nearest relations, to revenge Otkell; for they had the blood feud after him, as the saying went.



THE SLAYING OF OTKELL

A little later, they rode up to the spot where the fight had been, dug up the bodies, and took witness as to the number of the wounds. After that they gave lawful notice, and summoned nine neighbors to bear witness in the suit.

Then they rode back home. The news that the lawsuit was set on foot was spread all over the country, and the saying ran that the Thing would be very noisy and stormy.

THE LAWSUIT

Now all the people came to the Thing and fitted up their huts. Men went up to the Hill of Laws, and then Geir the Priest stood up and gave notice that he had a

suit of manslaughter against Gunnar for the killing of Otkell. Other suits were brought against Gunnar and Kolskegg for the slaying of Otkell's followers. After that, the men went down from the Hill of Laws, and so the Thing went on till the day when the courts were to be set to try lawsuits. Then both sides gathered their men together in great strength. Geir the Priest and Gizur the White stood looking to the north, while Gunnar and Nyal stood looking toward the south.

Geir the Priest told Gunnar to listen to his oath, and then he took the oath and afterwards declared his suit. After this the nine neighbors who had borne witness to the number of wounds on the dead bodies told exactly what they had seen. These nine neighbors were called the *inquest*. Questions were asked on both sides. In the end a priest who was one of the wisest of lawyers said, "It seems as though the most satisfactory way of ending the suit would be a peaceful settlement by the payment of blood money."

So it was decided, by the counsel of the wisest men, that all the suits should be decided by a *jury*; that is, twelve men were to make a judgment on the matter. The men were soon chosen, and their judgment was uttered then and there at the Thing.

The judgment was that the blood money for Otkell's death was to be set off against the hurt Gunnar got from the spur, and as for the rest of the manslaughters, they were to be paid for after the worth of the men.



THE THING

Gunnar's relations contributed money so that all the fines might be paid up at once.

Gunnar rode home from the Thing, and thanked the men for their help, and gave gifts to many. He got the greatest honor from the suit. After this he stayed at home.

THE DEATH OF GUNNAR

Otkell's relations could not stand this settlement of the matter, so they thought out a plan and laid it deep. Gunnar was too strong a fighter for them to meet in the open, so they plotted a secret murder. One night when Gunnar was sleeping in his bed, they came in a large company to kill him secretly—Geir the Priest, Gizur the White, and many others.

Gunnar's house was made all of wood, and roofed with big logs cut into shape, and there were window openings under the logs that carried the roof, and the windows were fitted with shutters. Gunnar slept in a loft above the hall, and so did his mother and Hallgerda.

Now when the murderers came near the house, they knew not whether Gunnar was at home, so they sent one man ahead to find out. This man crept forward and began to climb up on the house. Gunnar awoke and saw a red cloak passing across the window opening. He quickly thrust out his bill and hit the man in the middle. The bill was a weapon much used in those days, a sort of hook-shaped blade at the end of a long stick. The man's feet slipped from under

him, and he dropped his shield. Down he toppled from the roof.

Then the others made for the outhouses. Gunnar shot arrows at them and made a stout defense, and they could get nothing done.

Some ropes lay on the ground which were often used to strengthen the roof. Geir the Priest said, "Let us take these ropes and throw one end over the logs that support the roof, and let us fasten the other end to these rocks and twist them tight, and so pull the whole roof off the hall."

So they took the ropes and all lent a hand to carry this out, and before Gunnar was aware of it, they had pulled the whole roof off the hall.

Just then one of the men sprang up on the open wall and cut in two Gunnar's bowstring. Gunnar clutched his bill with both hands, and turning on the man quickly, drove it through him and hurled him down to the ground. Then up sprang another man. Gunnar thrust at him with his bill and he threw his shield before the blow, but the bill passed clean through the shield, and broke both the man's arms. Down he fell from the wall.

Thus Gunnar wounded eight more men and killed two. By that time he himself had received two wounds, and all men said he never once winced either at wounds or death. Then he said to Hallgerda, "Woman, cut me two locks of your long hair; and you two, my mother and you, twist them together into a bowstring for me."

“Does anything depend on it?” Hallgerda asked.

“My life depends on it,” he said, “for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow.”

“Well,” said she, “I’ll not do it—now I will recall to your mind that slap on the face which you gave me,



THE FIGHT AROUND GUNNAR'S HOUSE

and I don't care a whit whether you hold out a long while or a short.”

“Everyone has something to boast of,” said Gunnar, “and I will not ask you twice for a favor.”

Gunnar made a stout and bold defense, and now wounded eight other men with such sore wounds that many of them lay at death's door. Gunnar kept them all off until at last he fell, worn out with toil. They wounded him with great and many wounds, and he held his own against them a little while longer, but in the end it came about that they killed him.

Then Gizur spoke and said, "We have laid to earth a mighty chief, and hard work has it been. The fame of this defense of his shall last as long as men live in this land."

Gunnar's death was a great grief to many a man, and it was very hard for Nyal to bear.

The story is ended. The old Icelander leaves his chair to bank the fire for the night. The little fair-haired boy nods, already half asleep.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: In this story we return to a state of half-barbarism, a turning point in the early history of a great western race when the rule of law and justice is beginning to replace the rule of might and bloodshed in the settlement of personal quarrels. Mention happenings in the story that show the truth of the various parts of this statement.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe a meeting of the Thing.
2. In what ways did the democracy of Iceland resemble that of Athens.
3. Which were the classes of people that were not allowed to take part in the government of Iceland?
4. What was a *blood feud*?
5. Does the payment of blood money for a murder remind you of any other barbaric custom described earlier in this book?
6. How much blood money was asked for the life of a thrall? How much for the life of a freeman?
7. How were thralls treated in Iceland?
8. What was the position of women in Iceland as compared with that of Greek women? As compared with that of American women to-day?

9. At the All-Thing, Gunnar offers to settle his legal quarrel with Otkell by fighting a duel. Should we to-day consider that a just method of settling a personal dispute? Why?

10. Do you consider that the old custom of duelling is any worse than the modern custom of settling disputes between nations by warfare? Give reasons for your opinion.

11. Of the Icelandic customs described in this story, which were the most cruel and barbaric? On the other hand, which were the most progressive, tending toward future civilization and order?

12. Do you think that democracy, or self-government, had any effect on the character of the freemen of Iceland? What qualities of character were shown by Gunnar and Nyal?

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES

1. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION
2. LEOFRIC AND GODIVA
3. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHERS' GILD
4. THE SHIRE MEETING

Now we fare southward from Iceland and cross the northern seas to England in the British Isles.

Rain clouds, fogs, and chilly droughts wrap themselves around this little island, clinging to it as though they were unwilling to leave it. But a warm breeze blows up from the south. The clouds part for a moment and a patch of blue sky appears. In the watery sunlight we see green woods and rich grassy slopes washed in the recent rain, and fields of wet spring flowers, refreshing to our eyes.

The people of this island are to spread around the whole earth, and become the rulers of one of the great empires of history. North America will be settled by them as a colony, and thus English men and women will be among the first founders of our country. But before we come to the story of the Settlement of Virginia, and the story of the Pilgrims who leave England in the Mayflower in 1620, we wish to see the mother country as it was in the Middle Ages.

Our thoughts pass over many centuries.

The half-savage early Britons are first conquered by the Romans, and later Britain is invaded by many tribes of Northerners, whose customs are like those of the Icelanders.

All over Europe during the Dark Ages, power and authority are falling into the hands of rough leaders who are skilled in warfare and able to surround themselves with bands of strong fighters looking for adventure. These leaders are given various titles which become hereditary, that is to say, they are handed down from father to son. The highest title is that of emperor, or king, and below the king come the nobles—the dukes, the earls, and the barons.

In 1066, England is conquered by a great fighter called William the Norman (or Northerner), Duke of Normandy, who makes himself king of England and gives large estates of land to his Norman followers—dukes, earls, and barons.

Rich from conquest and plunder, the fighting earls and barons build strong castles in which they can defend themselves in their private wars. In the neighborhood of these strong castles live poor country folk in villages of miserable little huts, made of wood and straw. The common people are weak and defenseless in this age of confusion and fighting, and they are obliged to seek the protection of the nobles.

In return for his protection a nobleman forces the country folk to become his "tenants"; he makes them work in his fields under the oversight of a "bailiff"; and he makes them pay tribute. The poorest countrymen are

called "serfs," and the serfs are little better off than slaves or thralls, because they are not free to leave their master's service.

As hundreds of years pass, some of the larger villages, or towns, become rich centers of trade, and the citizens manage to shake off their duties to the noblemen, owing duty to the king only, which they pay in the form of money taxes. The citizens are allowed to govern their own cities, and they come to be much more independent than the country folk.

The king is the chief ruler of England, but he does not have absolute power, like the Roman Emperor. The power of government is shared by a group of men called the "Parliament." The men meeting in this Parliament, and not the king, decide how much money shall be raised by taxes. At first, only bishops and noblemen sit in Parliament, but later it is attended by knights and townsmen from every county (or shire), and from every city in England. These knights and townsmen are true representatives of the people, and it is their duty to stand up for the rights of the people in Parliament. They are elected by the vote of the people of every shire and town at meetings called "shire meetings." Their election marks the beginning of what is known as representative government in England, that is, government by elected representatives, such as we have in the United States.

The story of Richard Cœur de Lion and that of Leofric and Godiva are both based on old English histories written in the early Middle Ages. The story of Robin Hood and the Butchers' Guild, probably fanciful, is based on an

old English tale. As to "The Shire Meeting," no exact description of an early shire meeting written by an eye-witness has come down to us, so this account merely describes what historians believe to have been the conditions of an election.

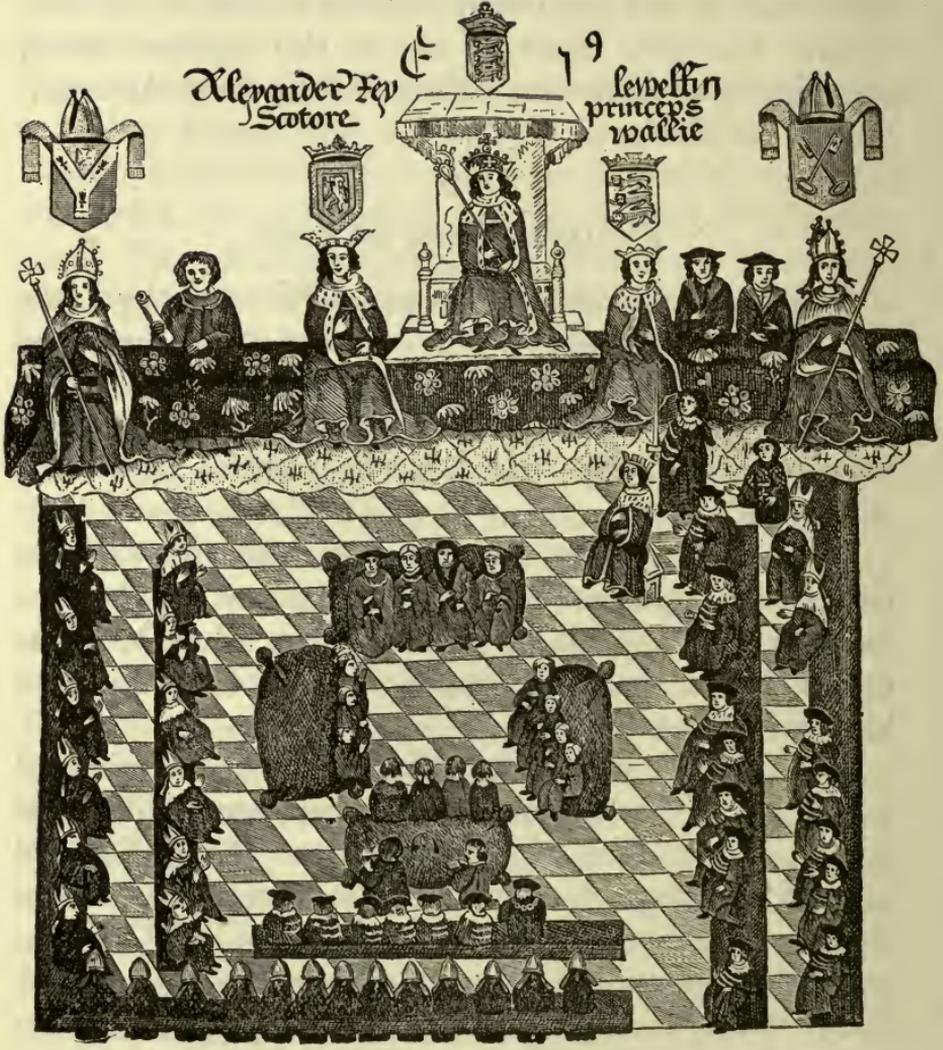
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

King Richard Cœur de Lion, or Richard the Lion-hearted, was a brave king and the very flower of knighthood. He was tall, his hair was between red and gold, his legs were straight and graceful, and his arms were long. He was very skillful in the use of a sword.

From boyhood up, fighting had been his favorite pastime. In games and tournaments of knights, he did marvellous deeds of arms, and so, when he came to the throne, his first thought was not of the duties of kingship, but of warfare.

Soon after he was crowned king, Richard summoned a meeting of Parliament. Parliament was held in the King's Great Hall at Westminster. King Richard himself, wearing his crown, sat on a richly decorated throne, on a platform at one end of the hall. His favorite barons and bishops sat on benches close to the King, while the lesser barons and bishops filled the body of the hall. The meeting was opened with a flourish of trumpets.¹

¹ This description is based on an account of a meeting of the Common Council which actually took place, though a few years later.



A MEETING OF PARLIAMENT

The King's Chancellor, or chief adviser, rose up and said to the barons:

"My Lord the King wishes you to know that he is in need of money. He plans to raise a great army, and build many ships, and he asks you earnestly to help him in this matter by filling the treasury with gold."

To this request, the barons listened with their usual indignation. A murmur mingled with groans and grief sounded through the hall, and several of the more miserly barons were heard to complain that money was always being dragged out of them without their getting the slightest profit from it, just as if they had been slaves of the lowest class.

King Richard, seeing that his request had not been well received, now rose up and made an eloquent speech.

"The City of the Cross," he said, "the Holy City of Jerusalem, is in the hands of the heathen Turks. Together with the King of France, I have taken the vow of the Cross, and I am burning with desire to run, yea, to fly to the Holy Land, to avenge the wrongs of Christ. It is for no selfish war, but for a holy Crusade that I am needing men-at-arms, ships, and gold."

With such words and many others, King Richard won over the hearts of his barons, and in the end, after some complaint, they decided to give him a large sum of money and goods, and also provide men for an army.

When King Richard had collected from his subjects a great multitude of soldiers, and a large sum of money, he sailed away to the Holy Land, leaving his

kingdom in the hands of his Chancellor, who was his chief minister.

The black wooden ships of the English, which carried the King and his armies, flew like crows over the curling waves, and at last put in at the island of Cyprus, where King Richard celebrated his marriage with a fair lady named Berengaria. For a long time he had been charmed with the beauty and graces of this princess. Her father, the King of Navarre, was willing to give her over to King Richard's care, and accordingly sent Berengaria across the sea to accompany him upon his crusade.

King Richard, it was said, was glorious upon this happy occasion of his marriage, and cheerful to all. He was magnificent to look at, and worthy of his beautiful lady. Upon his head was a crown of gold, his feet were decorated with golden spurs, and he was clothed in a tunic of rose-colored stuff, ornamented with crescent moons of solid silver. He wore a cloak of white velvet, and around his shoulders was a cape of figured silk. It was always his habit to be richly dressed, because he felt that the appearance of a king should be equal to his fame for glory, might, and authority.

The marriage was celebrated in a great castle built on a rocky hill. The castle seemed to grow out of the hill, being like a rock itself. It was a great fortress of stone, with high towers and thick walls.

When the marriage guests came into the huge, dark hall of the castle, which was lighted with rushlights,

each one was placed according to his rank. Who could count the number of dishes that were brought in, or the different kinds of cups, or the crowds of servants in splendid garments? At the end of the feast, King Richard gave to each one of the nobles present, according to his rank, a beautiful gold or silver cup, adorned with precious stones. Richard was generous with his wealth, and he thought that the day was lost on which he gave nothing away.

Then he called for minstrels and musicians, for he was himself a poet and a musician, and the musicians made great music, and with them came the tumblers and the jugglers and the dancers, until the whole castle was filled with the din and noise of merrymaking.

On the day following their marriage, King Richard and his lady, together with their great armies of knights and soldiers, sailed away from Cyprus to the Holy Land. The city of Acre, in the Holy Land, was held by the Turks, and was already being besieged by the King of France.

On the high seas, the English met with a big ship manned by the Turks, which, so they said, was bigger than any other ship ever described, with the exception of Noah's Ark. They attacked this ship and sank it. Then King Richard and his men landed at Acre and pitched their tents under the walls of that city. How splendidly they were prepared for battle! They had on costly armor and many-colored garments, and they rode on great war horses and beautiful mules. They

marched to and fro ready for battle, with flags and gorgeous banners floating in the breeze.

Queen Berengaria now had to separate from King Richard, and return home, because the camp of the Crusaders under the walls of Acre lay open to many dangers.

The first task of the English was the building of war machines, for the tearing down of the high walls of the



A CRUSADER

city. Of these machines, the most remarkable were the *cats* and the *stone-throwers*. The *cats* were a kind of ladder, used for scaling the walls, and the *stone-throwers* were huge machines which pounded the city day and night with large stones. The King of France had a stone-thrower which he called *Bad Neighbor*, and there was another called *Bad Kinsman*. It

was said that a stone from *Bad Neighbor*, falling within the city walls, would kill twelve Turks at a blow. The chief weapon of the Turks, on the other hand, apart from their arrows, was a kind of burning oil, called Greek fire, which they poured down in flaming streams upon the Crusaders.

After a long struggle, the Crusaders battered down the walls of Acre, and the keys of the city were given over to them. But now came an unexpected misfortune. With Jerusalem still in the hands of the Turks, and his crusade only begun, the King of France broke his vow! Amid the wonder, the disapproval, and the disgust of all the English, he suddenly left Acre and returned to his own country. A great number of the French soldiers went back with him, and King Richard and his men were left to carry on the crusade alone.

Leaving Acre, the English marched through the plains of the Holy Land, and engaged in many battles with the armies of the Turks led by Saladin. Saladin was a great warrior and a noble enemy, worthy of Richard himself. Richard fought in the hottest and thickest part of the battles, and he could always open out a wide pathway for himself, cutting down Turks right and left with his sword like lightning.

But ill luck was in store for the English. Before they came near Jerusalem, winter set in with its floods of rain, and the soldiers had to toil through deep mud, until their once shining armor had become dull and rusty. It is no wonder that they felt sad and disheartened. In order to encourage them, King Richard, every night before he lay down to rest, sent a messenger round the camp crying in a loud voice, "Help! Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!" The soldiers took up the cry and repeated the words, stretching out their hands in prayer to heaven. Nevertheless, good luck was not

granted them. They were attacked with sickness and famine and despair.

King Richard himself fell ill of a high fever. Saladin, his generous enemy, heard of his sickness and sent him snow from the mountain tops and fresh fruits. Then Richard, not to be outdone in kindness and generosity, sent for Saladin's nephew, and with his own hands honored this young Turk with the belt of knighthood. In the end a peace was made, and the Christians under the protection of Saladin were allowed to visit the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. But the Holy City still remained in the hands of the Turks.

Such was the end of the Crusade that had been undertaken so gloriously and in such high hope.

Many of the English had fallen in battle, and many had died from famine and sickness. With the small force that was left him, King Richard boarded a ship and started homewards. But he was shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and had to travel home alone by land, under a false name. On his way through Germany he was recognized, and the Emperor of Germany treacherously took him prisoner, and locked him up in the dungeon of a big castle. The Emperor of Germany knew that he could demand a large sum of money from the people of England as a ransom for their king.

For a long time the English did not know what had become of Richard. It is said that he was at last rescued by his favorite minstrel, a boy named Blondel. Blondel wandered through many countries singing a

song that Richard had taught him, and finally he traveled through Germany, visiting many of the gloomy prison castles and fortresses of that country. One day it chanced that he came to the castle where Richard was imprisoned, and he heard his song echoed from the depths of a dungeon. Whereupon he cried out in joy, "O Richard, O my King!"

Soon after this, a great sum of gold to pay the ransom was collected from Richard's subjects in England, so that the King might return in happiness to his own people and his own country.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

Once upon a time there was an earl of Chester called Leofric, who lived with his wife, the noble countess Godiva, near the town of Coventry in England.

This earl was a great warrior, broad of chest, bold as a lion, fierce as a leopard, and quick to turn red with anger.

His wife, the Lady Godiva, was a gracious lady, and a great lover of the Virgin Mary. She was very good and kind, and she did great deeds of charity, but she had one fault, and that was that she talked too much.

Now this lord and lady of Chester lived in a manor house, around which was dug a deep moat. Beyond the moat were the fairest meadowlands in the world, belonging to the earl. Beyond the meadowlands lay the little village, the ploughed strips and the common pastures of the country folk of Chester, and beyond

these was a fair forest in which the deer passed in great herds.

The Earl Leofric left all the oversight of his manor to his bailiff, and passed his time with his men-at-arms, a-hunting deer and rabbits and wild swine, which they would bring back to the manor and joyfully feast upon together.

The Lady Godiva, for her part, sat at home working with her needle and making robes and rich tapestries. One of her fairest robes, which she wore on Easter Sunday and other feast days, was skillfully embroidered all over with little stars, in different colors, blue, red, and green, and it was studded with jewels that flashed more brightly than burning candles.

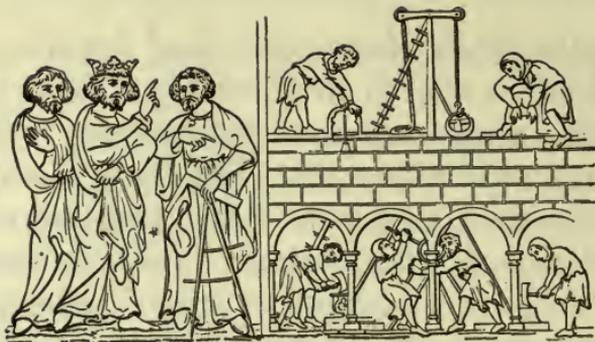
But it was not only upon her own robes that the Lady Godiva spent her riches. She was known far and wide for her great deeds of charity. Above all things it was her fond desire to build a monastery.

At first, when she pleaded with her husband to build a monastery, he would not hear of such a thing; but she, with a woman's persistence and untiring tongue, talked and talked and talked and talked of the monastery until at last he gave in. A monastery was built in Coventry big enough to house a prior and four and twenty monks. The earl gave lands and goods to the monastery, so that the prior became as rich and powerful as any lord. The town was divided into two halves, the Earl's half and the Prior's half, and the men of Coventry were called Earl's men or Prior's men, according as to where they lived.

To complete their pious deed, Earl Leofric and his lady also built a church in Coventry, which was one of the glories of the age, and too narrow to hold all the treasures within its walls. The Lady Godiva paid down one hundred talents of silver and one talent of gold for a famous relic, the arm of Saint Augustine; moreover, she gave a necklace of jewels to hang around the neck of an image of the Virgin Mary.

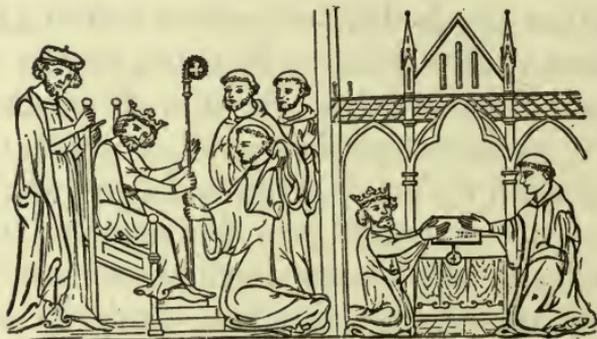
Now, one morning in the gay month of May, it so happened that the Lady Godiva was walking through the meadows of the manor, listening to the song of the lark over the cornfields. Around the manor house there were pleasant gardens and cornfields, green meadows shaded with oak trees, and orchards showering their white blossoms on the grass. The Lady Godiva walked on and on, beyond the earl's land, and beyond the ploughed strips, until she came to the green pasture land of the country folk which was called the *Common*. Here she saw little white lambs feeding on the soft young grass, and a herd of sleepy red and white cows guarded by the village cowherd.

The Lady Godiva looked around her, and all seemed pleasant in the sunshine. But suddenly her ears caught a dreadful sound of groans and sobs, and turning around, she saw, at a short distance, a poor serf seated on a bank under a white hawthorn hedge. This poor serf was one of the earl's shepherds and was known in the village as "Simple Tim." He had laid down his stick and was crying and sobbing and blubbering



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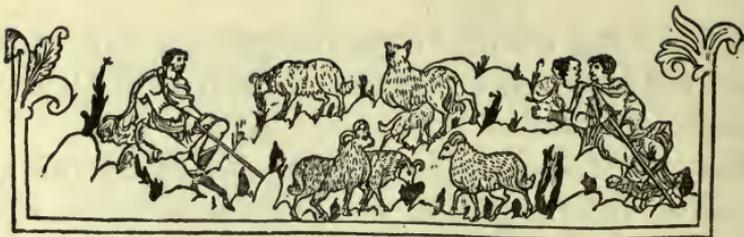
BUILDING A CHURCH

1. The architect; 2. Builders at work; 3. The prior; 4. Offering up of the foundation charter; 5. The relics.

aloud like a big child. He was homely to look at, with a great red face and a shock of red hair, and his clothes all made of leather.

When the Lady Godiva spoke and asked this poor boy what troubled him, he blurted out his sorrow between great sobs and sniffs: "O gracious lady, a terrible misfortune has come upon me! I have lost one of the earl's rams in the forest—Joseph, the best ram in the herd. O-o-o-oh! For this, Simon the bailiff will drag me up before my lord at the Manorial Court and have me thrown into the dungeon. O-o-o-oh! And I have a poor mother, whose back is bent crooked with age and hard toil. When I am in the dungeon what will become of her? Boo-hoo! A few poor cocks and hens, three geese, and an old milk cow named Marion, these are all that she has left. (Sniff.) At Easter time we had to give up a goose, as payment to my lord; that was a sad business. (Sniff.) Simon the bailiff makes life very hard for us serfs, and I have to work more than half of my time guarding the earl's sheep. And then, even if I should have the good luck to find Joseph, there's more trouble lying in store for all us poor country folk. O-o-oh! Boo-hoo!" The big boy burst out again into sobs and groans, and the Lady Godiva, famous throughout the countryside for her kind heart and charity, prayed him and begged him to unburden all his sorrows to her. So he spoke on:

"Simon the Cursed, that is the name we have for the lord's bailiff, for the reason that he scrapes us down to



OLD ENGLISH SCENES

May: Watching sheep.
June: Cutting wood.

July: Haymaking.
August: Harvesting.

the last penny. The tenants and serfs of the manor are all against him, likewise the townsfolk of Coventry. We can no longer call our common land our own, because of his dishonesty and meanness. He tells me to let the lord's sheep browse on our common pasture land, and he tells the ploughman to drive the lord's plough into the strips of ploughed land that we have for our own use. The strips that fell to my lot this year were so narrow that I could hardly turn my plough around. We poor country folk chose a good sturdy reeve to stand up for our rights, and the village reeve is a stout man who always carries our complaints and grievances to the bailiff, but it is no use, Simon the Cursed has a heart of stone. And now comes the last bit of news, that we must pay a tax to the earl when we put up our goods for sale in Coventry market! Take my word for it, this is the last straw that will break the camel's back."

The Lady Godiva knew very well that the folk of Coventry had their ancient rights to uphold, so she went at once to the reeve, and heard his complaints; then she went to her husband and said, "Hearken, my lord, and listen carefully to what I have to tell you," and she repeated over and over again every word that the serf and the reeve had spoken.

But the Earl Leofric swore loudly and answered rudely that nothing would induce him to meddle with the oversight of his manor. He said that he left all his business to Simon the bailiff. And he said also that Simon the bailiff was a faithful, excellent bailiff,

and had it not been for Simon's care and forethought, he, the earl, would never have found the riches for building the church in Coventry.

But the Lady Godiva did not rest content with this answer. She begged and prayed her lord again and again to free the town of Coventry of its tax. He answered sharply with bad language and bitter words, and told her not to ask so foolishly for what was so much to his damage. Finally he forbade her ever to mention the subject again.

But she, with a woman's persistence and untiring tongue, never ceased to talk of it, until at last it happened one day that he turned red with rage, and struck the ground with his sword.

"By God's Tooth," he swore, "if you want to free the folk of Coventry of their tax, you will have to mount your horse and ride naked before all the people through the market of the town, from one end of it to the other! Until you have done that, I will not listen to you!"

Whereupon Godiva was silent for a moment. Then she asked gently, "But would you give me permission to do such a thing if I were willing?"

"I would!" he roared.

Soon after this, the countess, beloved of all, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, except her fair feet, and then, mounting on a milk-white horse, she rode toward the town. The townsfolk, who had been warned by her in advance, of her coming, and of the reason for it,

retired into their houses and drew down their shutters and shades. So she rode through the empty market place without being seen, and, having ended her journey, she returned with gladness to her husband, and obtained of him what she had asked. The Earl Leofric freed the town of its tax, and he gave the town a Charter of Freedom, sealing the parchment document with his own red seal.

To this day in Coventry there is a wooden statue of a man called Peeping Tom, which still looks out of the northeast top window of the King's Head Inn. Peeping Tom is said to have lifted up his shutter when the Lady Godiva passed through the market place, and it is generally believed that he was struck blind on the spot.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHERS' GILD

This is one of the many stories of Robin Hood the Outlaw, who lived in Sherwood Forest with his band of men all clad in lincoln green.

Now Sherwood Forest lay in Nottinghamshire. In Robin Hood's day, England was divided into counties, called shires, and in every shire there was an officer of the king, called a shire reeve, or sheriff, for short. The Sheriff of Nottinghamshire had to journey up and down the shire collecting taxes for the king, and it was also his duty to bring outlaws to justice. There was a price on Robin Hood's head, and the Sheriff was a man who loved money, so he was always plotting and

scheming as to how he might catch Robin Hood and serve him a summons.

Robin and his jolly men never paid any taxes to the Sheriff. On the contrary, they liked to collect gold pieces for themselves. If a fat bishop, or a nobleman, or a rich merchant traveled through Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood would blow his horn and call his men in Lincoln green, and they would carry off the traveler and give him a venison pie for which he would have to pay with all the gold in his purse. Robin Hood and his men lived merrily in Sherwood Forest, and they tasted the King's venison whenever they wished, which was every day. At that time the wild deer were called the King's deer, and it was unlawful for any man to go a-hunting in the King's forests.

Whenever the Sheriff of Nottinghamshire thought of Robin Hood and his bold defiance of the law, he swelled with anger and turned red and purple for shame.

Twice a year the Sheriff journeyed to Westminster, near London town, carrying all the gold pieces that he had collected in taxes to the Barons of the King's Exchequer, or treasury. The Barons of the Exchequer were so called, because they sat at a table which was marked out in black and white squares like a checkerboard. Men were not very quick at arithmetic in those good old days, and the Barons of the Exchequer, to help them in their adding up and subtracting, laid their gold pieces in piles on the squares of their checker table.

On one of his journeys to Westminster, the Sheriff visited the King, and told him that Robin Hood and his men were still hunting in Sherwood Forest.

“Send a Hue and Cry after them,” said the King.

In those days there were no policemen, and outlaws were sometimes hunted down by a mob of citizens.



OFFICIALS RECEIVING AND WEIGHING GOLD AT THE EXCHEQUER

Such a mob of citizens, shouting and crying, and carrying sticks, pitchforks, and bows and arrows, was called a *Hue and Cry*.

The Sheriff had to shake his head and answer that he could never persuade the folk of Nottingham to go in a pack and hunt Robin Hood with a Hue and Cry.

“Robin Hood,” he said, “is loved by the common folk and feared by the rich. Often he gives to the poor a purse of gold that he has stolen from the rich. Not in a hundred years could I persuade the folk of Nottingham to hunt him down.”

“Well then,” said the King, “I’ll set a big price of two hundred pounds on his head. That should make your task easy enough.”

So the Sheriff journeyed back to Nottingham, plotting and scheming as to how he might capture Robin Hood and gain the two hundred pounds that the King had set on his head, for the Sheriff was a man who loved money.

He laid three plots, but these plots failed one after the other, and each of them is a separate story by itself. Then it came to Robin’s ears that a price of two hundred pounds had been set on his head, and he thought it was high time to play a trick on the Sheriff.

One midsummer day, Robin was walking through the green forest, when he saw a butcher riding along the highway, with a good pile of meat on his mare’s back.

“Good morrow, good fellow,” said Robin to the butcher.

“Good morrow,” replied the butcher, eyeing him, “and Heaven keep me safe from Robin Hood, for if I were to meet him, I might lose all my meat!”

“I like your company very well,” said Robin cheerfully. “What have you got to sell?”

“Flesh-meat, master,” said the butcher, “with which I am going to Nottingham market.”

“What is the price of your flesh-meat,” said Robin Hood, “and of your mare that carries it? Tell me, for if you treat me well, I may buy both.”

“Four marks,” said the butcher. “I cannot make it less.”

“Sit down then, and count out my money,” said Robin Hood. “I will try for once and see if I make a success as a butcher.”

When the four marks were counted out, Robin Hood got up on the mare, and away he rode to Nottingham market, where he offered such good pennyworths that he had sold all his meat by ten o'clock in the morning.

When the market was over, a butcher, stepping up to Robin Hood, said: “Brother, you are the freest butcher that ever came to this market. We be all of one trade, and all of one gild, come let us dine together. The Butchers' Gild is to give a dinner to-night, and all the butchers of Nottingham will be there.”

In those days, the tradesmen and workmen of the towns all belonged to gilds. In Nottingham there were the Butchers' Gild, the Cobblers' Gild, the Blacksmiths' Gild, the Carpenters' Gild, the Weavers' Gild, and many others. The gildsmen had no masters outside the gild, and they controlled all the money of their trade, so they were often wealthy enough to give each other big dinners, at which they ate huge rounds of roast beef, and drank barrels of brown ale.

Robin accepted the invitation of the butcher, and went out to dine at the feast of the Butchers' Gild, in one of the inns of Nottingham.

Robin had no sooner sat down, than he called for a cup of ale and drank to the Butchers' Gild, telling all the gildsmen to be merry, for if there were five pounds to pay for the feast, he would pay it down, every penny.

“You’re the bravest blade,” said the butchers, “that ever came to Nottingham market!” and they called for great quantities of food and drink.

Now the Sheriff of Nottingham was a great visitor of inns, for he was always on the road, raking in taxes from one end of the shire to the other. It so happened that he alighted at the selfsame inn where Robin was so bravely entertaining the Butchers’ Guild. He heard the great noise of laughter and singing that was coming out of the dining room, and he saw the cups of wine that were being trolled up and down the table. Robin had let out his name to no one, and the Sheriff thought to himself, “This is some poor simple, young fool who has sold his land, and now wants to spend all his money at once.” And after the dinner, the Sheriff took opportunity to speak with Robin.

“What,” said he, “good fellow, have you made a good market to-day? And have you any more horned beasts to sell?”

“Yes, that I have,” said Robin Hood to Master Sheriff, speaking like a simpleton and a fool. “I have two or three hundred horned beasts, and a hundred acres of good land to keep them on, as good as ever crow flew over.”

The Sheriff, being a man who loved money, asked Robin, “Will you sell me your three hundred beasts for three hundred pounds?” He knew very well that cattle were worth much more money.

“Yes, that I will,” answered Robin, with his mouth open like a simpleton and a fool.

So the Sheriff commanded his horse to be brought out, and taking with him the three hundred pounds in gold for the purchase, he rode out with Robin Hood. Robin led him for miles and miles into the depths of the forest, which was dark and lonesome and wild.

The Sheriff, carrying a good sum of gold, and being surprised at the wildness and loneliness of the place, began to say that he wished himself back in Nottingham town.

“Why so?” asked Robin Hood.

“I’ll tell you plainly,” said the Sheriff, “I do not like your company.”

“No?” said Robin, “Then I’ll provide better company for you.”

“God keep me from Robin Hood,” muttered the Sheriff, eyeing him, “for this is the very forest he lives in.”

Here Robin smilingly pointed to a herd of three hundred wild deer passing swiftly through the forest, and he asked the Sheriff how he liked those horned beasts, telling him they were the very best he could show him. With that he blew his horn, whereupon Little John and fifty men in Lincoln green came up.

Robin Hood told them he had brought the Sheriff of Nottingham to dine with them.

“He is welcome,” said Little John, who was so called because he was very tall, “for I know he will pay honestly and handsomely for his dinner.”

“I never doubted it,” said Robin Hood.

They had their merry feast of venison out in an open glade of the forest, roasting their meat over huge wood fires, and washing it down with drinks of ale stolen from rich merchants. After all had eaten, Robin Hood took the Sheriff's purse, containing the three hundred pounds of gold, to pay for the dinner. Then, leading him back through the forest toward Nottingham town, he asked to be remembered kindly to the Sheriff's wife, and ran laughing away.

When he rejoined his company, Robin took Little John by the hand and they danced together round an old oak tree, with a song upon their lips and joy in their hearts.

THE SHIRE MEETING

As the towns of England grew bigger and richer, the serfs and tenants who worked on the country estates of great noblemen soon began to see that the townsfolk were better off than they were. The townsfolk were free; the country folk were little better than slaves.

The workmen in the towns had strengthened themselves by joining together in guilds, and they managed their own affairs entirely. They controlled the money of their trade, and they controlled the conditions of their work. On the other hand, the country folk were the servants of rich lords. They had to work continually under the management of the lords' bailiffs, and they owed many duties to the lords. They had, at different times of the year, to give payments of money and goods such as geese, chickens, hay, milk,

or butter. It is not surprising, therefore, that the serfs became discontented. Many of them ran away to the towns, and thus gained their freedom.

This caused great trouble and confusion. At the end of the fourteenth century, so many serfs had run away and escaped from the country estates that the lords of the manors could not find enough men to work on the land. They were highly indignant, and accordingly set a movement on foot to bring back serfage, or half-slavery, and thus force the country people to work for them.

Thereupon the serfs in the southeast of England decided that they would fight for their freedom. They collected weapons of all kinds—hunting knives, pitchforks, reaping hooks, bills, and bows—and they marched along the country roads, planning to journey to London and lay their case before the King.

It so happened that one of these bands of serfs passed through a little country town where a shire meeting was being held.

Knights and squires had come riding into the town from all over the shire and every little village had sent its reeve and four assistants chosen by the villagers. All the townsfolk and all the country folk were pouring out of the gates of the town towards a big meadow where the shire meeting was to be held. They were led by the Sheriff and the Judge, both riding along on horseback, in great pomp.

The serfs hid their weapons and mingled with the crowd, curious to see what was going to happen.

When the crowd had collected in the meadow, it was divided up into two parts, the townsfolk in the one part, the country folk in the other part.

Then the Sheriff stood up. He was a great, heavy, strong man, with a face that was brown, like a nut, and a nose that was red and purple, like a plum. He called out in a loud, thick voice:

“Quiet, good people! Cease your talking and shuffling and coughing and listen to me. It is the business of this meeting to choose four good men to be sent to Westminster, near London town, to sit with the King in Parliament, the Common Council of the Kingdom. The townsfolk must choose two good townsmen, and the country folk must choose two discreet knights—good, honest men who will look after our interests with the King, and stand up sturdily for our rights. Silence there! The townsmen who are chosen will be paid two shillings a day, for the cost of the journey to London and their food and lodging in that town while Parliament is sitting, and the knights will be paid four shillings a day. This money is to come out of the taxes.”

After he had made this solemn speech, the Sheriff brought forward several men and called out their names in his loud, deep voice. The people standing around him in the crowd shouted “Aye,” or “Nay.” When the ayes were loud and strong, the man whose name had been called was chosen, or elected, but when the nays were louder, then another man was brought forward instead, and so on, until two townsmen and two

knights had been chosen by the voice of the crowd. The noblemen in clanking armor shouted, the gildsmen of the towns sang out lustily, the yeomen farmers in their woolen tunics roared, and the ploughmen bel- lowed, all making their ayes and nays as loud and brassy as possible.

When the business of the election was finished, and men were beginning to move away to the place where the lawsuits were to be tried, one of the men who had hidden his knife and his bow and arrows jumped up on to a barrel and began to make a speech to the crowd.

“Good sirs,” he cried, “you have been standing up for your ancient rights and liberties as Englishmen, and all of you were as equals in this shire meeting. The voices of the ploughmen who shouted *aye* or *nay* were as loud as the voices of the noblemen. Now by what right do the noblemen hold us poor ploughmen who are serfs in serfage, which is little better than slavery? By what right are they whom we call nobles greater folk than we? If we are all come of the same father and mother, Adam and Eve, as the Holy Church teaches us, by what right can they prove that they are more noble than we? They make us gain for them by our work what they spend in their pride. They are clothed in silk and velvet, and we are covered with leather or rags. They have wine and spices and fair white bread, while we have oatcake or straw. They have comfort and merriment and fine castles; we have pain and labor, and the wind and the rain in the fields. And yet we are all come of the same father and mother, Adam and

Eve. We are all men together. What is the difference between a gentleman and a serf? When Adam digged and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"

This rime ran from lip to lip in the crowd:

When Adam digged and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Some of the poorer folk in the crowd shouted applause; but a nobleman rode up to the man who had made the speech and knocked him off the barrel with a blow from his sword, saying:

"Ho, my good fellow, who gave you the right to make such a speech as that, stirring up the people to fighting and rebellion? By the looks of you I take you to be a runaway serf. Mark my words, serfage must come back, or the people of England will starve. We nobles can find no one to work on our lands. You deserve a good whacking, and I am the man to give it to you. Take that, and that, and that!"

Whack, whack, whack, the nobleman began to rain blows on the man's head and back and shoulders. At this, many of the runaway serfs in the crowd produced their weapons, in defence of their comrade, and there was soon a free-for-all fight, very noisy and stormy. The knights and squires and men-at-arms in the crowd took sides with the nobleman, while the reeves and their assistants took sides with the serfs. The Sheriff now appeared on the scene and the fighting died down. None were killed, but many were bruised and bleeding, and several serfs were marched off to prison.

Such disturbances and riots were going on all over England. The country folk finally gathered themselves together in such great armies that the lords grew frightened, and they gave up their plan to bring back serfage. So it came about that all Englishmen became free men, and were proud of their liberty.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: In England, during the Middle Ages, there was great inequality and injustice in the social life of the people. Nevertheless, in spite of its many confusions, this was an age of progress. The beginnings of representative government, and the end of serfdom paved the way for a democracy less limited than that of Athens. What have you read that proves or disproves any of these statements?

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the English Parliament of the Middle Ages.
2. Had the King of England complete control over money raised by taxes in the time of Richard the Lion-hearted?
3. Describe the condition of the country folk in England in the Middle Ages.
4. What was a *serf*?
5. Compare an American farm of to-day with the mediæval manor.
6. What were the duties of a sheriff?
7. Describe the condition of the townspeople in England in the later Middle Ages as compared with that of the country folk.
8. What was a *gild*?
9. How was an election carried on at a shire meeting?
10. What is the chief advantage of representative government?
11. What arguments were used in "The Shire Meeting" by the serfs who desired freedom?
12. What arguments were used by the lords who wished to bring back serfage?

CHAPTER VII

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

The century that followed the discovery of America by Columbus was a century of great sea voyages and discoveries and explorations. Many romantic tales were told in England of the beauties and riches of America, so that adventurous Englishmen were eager to found English colonies in the new Western continent.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1584, a wealthy gentleman named Sir Walter Raleigh sent two sailing vessels westward, commanded by Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow. On the fourth of July, Amidas and Barlow reached America and landed on the coast of what is now North Carolina. The weather was fair, and their experience ashore was very pleasant. They wandered through a beautiful forest of pine trees and cedars, and met with some friendly Indians who were ready to exchange valuable furs for English knives.

When these sailors came back to England they said that the flowers in the forests of America were so fragrant that to live in that beautiful land would be like living "in the midst of some delicate garden." Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England, was much interested to hear of this beautiful region that



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

When his servant first saw Sir Walter smoking, he thought his master on fire and threw a tankard of ale over him.

had been discovered by English sailors during her reign, and she decided that it should be called Virginia, in honor of herself.

All kinds of fanciful stories concerning America began to spread through England. The wonders of the East, as well as of the West, were heaped together in these stories. Ignorant folk, hearing them, imagined that all the fruits of the earth grew in America. They had visions of bright oranges, glowing like golden lamps in a green night, and of pomegranates

bursting with scarlet seeds. They fancied that the Indian chiefs lived like the great Emperors of the East, wearing crowns of jewels and garments studded with pearls.

“I tell thee,” one ignorant sailor would explain to another, “gold in that country is as plentiful as iron in this. The commonest frying pans there are made of solid gold, because the savages see naught of value in it. Why man, there is no labor in that country, and no poverty; but of prowling lions and tigers there’s a good plenty. The great trees in the forests have stayed even as God planted them hundreds of years ago, and all the country is wondrous pretty, like the Garden of Eden.”

The common folk of England told each other such simple tales as these; and even educated men were convinced that great mines of gold and silver were only waiting to be discovered all along the coast of North America.

Sir Walter Raleigh made several further attempts to colonize Virginia. He sent many ships westward filled with men, but poorly supplied with provisions. All these early expeditions ended in disaster. Food was scarce, and the Indians were unfriendly to the new white settlers.

Then in the year 1606, a trading company, called the “London Company” was formed, and three small ships sailed from London carrying the group of men who were to establish the first permanent English colony in America.

High hopes were held of this expedition, and Michael Drayton wrote a poem about it:

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

Britons, you stay too long;
 Quickly aboard bestow you,
 And with a merry gale
 Swell your stretched sail,
 With vows as strong
 As the winds that blow you.

And cheerfully at sea
 Success you still entice
 To get the pearl and gold
 And ours to hold

Virginia,
 Earth's only Paradise.

Where nature hath in store
 Fowl, venison, and fish,
 And the fruitful'st soil
 Without your toil,
 Three harvests more,
 All greater than you wish.

Most of the men of this expedition belonged to the class of gentlemen, and were not used to working with their hands. If those who organized the new colony had known more about the hardships of a rough life in the wilderness, they would surely have chosen as settlers fewer fine gentlemen, and more farmers and skilled workmen. As it was, the company was a band of adventurers, made up of bold, bad men as well as of good and brave. Some of the gentlemen were leaving

England to escape paying their debts, and they were an unruly set. Before the ships had gone very far out to sea, there was a quarrel among the passengers.

Now King James, who had succeeded Queen Elizabeth, had taken an interest in the proposed colony, and had given instructions for its government. He had said that the colonists should be ruled by a council of six men, and that one of these six councilors should be chosen President. Then he had written out a list of the names of the six councilors. But, for some foolish reason, he placed this list in a sealed box, and gave strict orders that this box was not to be opened until America was reached.

During the voyage, therefore, there was no one to direct and keep order. Soon the question arose, Who was to be President? As the result of a serious dispute and quarrel, a young man named John Smith was accused of plotting mutiny and was thrown into irons.

John Smith was young, good-looking, strong, and brave. Of late years his life had been one thrilling adventure after another. To amuse his fellow passengers on the tedious journey, he told them wonderful tales about himself: how he had fought against the Turks in single combat, and had cut off three Turks' heads in succession; how he had been taken prisoner and sold into slavery; how a beautiful foreign princess had fallen in love with him; how he had finally escaped from captivity and had travelled on horseback through Russia, Poland, and Germany . . .

These stories were probably¹ true, because Smith was the kind of man who is born for adventure, but some of those who listened to him were jealous. They themselves wished to be the leaders of the colony. No doubt they said to themselves, "This Smith is a boaster and a braggart and a dangerous fellow."

After the shores of Virginia were sighted, King James's box was opened, and it was found that the name of Captain John Smith was on the list of councilors. So he was taken out of chains, and before long his natural leadership made itself felt. Later he became the President of the Council.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

The first act of the settlers was to search for a suitable place where they might build a town. After seventeen days a site was chosen, and it was decided to call the town Jamestown, in honor of the King.

Now came the work of cutting down trees in the forest and shaping planks for houses. The fifty-four gentlemen in the party did not know how to cut down

¹ Many historians have doubted the truthfulness of Smith. Fiske, however, maintains that his stories were not exaggerated.

trees or make clapboards, so they had to be conducted through the forests in parties under the leadership of the more capable men, such as John Smith. It seemed very strange to these gentlemen that they should have to perform humble labor. After a week or so,



THE LANDING AT JAMESTOWN

however, they felt that they were learning their new trade, and they began to enjoy their work. It was a delight to them to swing their axes and hear the great trees thunder as they fell. But one trouble developed: their tender fingers soon became covered with blisters, and after a few days these blisters proved so annoying that the echo of every third blow of the axes was drowned in a loud oath from one of the gentlemen. Captain Smith, to cure this bad habit, later had all the

oaths counted up, and at night a can of water for every oath was poured down the sleeve of every offender. After a week or so of such washings, scarcely an oath was to be heard.

“Nevertheless,” said Captain Smith to himself, “twenty good workmen had been better than hundreds of such gentlemen.”

After the ships had returned to England, the settlers found it difficult to procure enough food. They all worked for the common store, and were given food out of a common kettle—nothing but wheat and barley boiled in water. Then summer came on, and these Englishmen accustomed to the cool damp climate of their native island began to suffer from the intense heat. No doubt in former years, in England, they had often complained of the damp weather, but now they gazed up at the scorching sun and sighed to themselves, “Oh, for a cool grey sky!” Many fell sick, and some died. It was most pitiful to hear the groaning of the sufferers in every corner of the settlement.

John Smith knew that the Indians had plentiful harvests of corn; and, seeing the desperate condition of his companions, he decided to explore the country and trade with the Indians.

His first journey was successful. In return for beads, copper, and hatchets, the Indians gave him venison and corn. When the weather turned cooler with the approach of winter, the rivers around Jamestown were covered with swans, geese, ducks, and cranes, so that the colonists could at last feast royally every day.

In the month of December, Smith decided to undertake another journey of exploration.

With two white companions and two Indians, he went up the Chickahominy River in a canoe. Before this little party had proceeded very far, it was suddenly surrounded and attacked by a band of two hundred Indian warriors. Smith's two companions were killed, and he himself was taken prisoner, but not before he had shot down two redskins with his pistol. He soon found out that his captors intended to put him to death. Casting about in his mind, desperately, for some means of distracting them, an idea came to him, and he pulled out his ivory compass. Then, showing the magnetic needle to the savages, he began to play upon their simple wonders and fears. Using sign language, and a few Indian words that he had picked up, he began to discourse, like a man inspired, on the marvels of science and astronomy. He described to them the movements of the sun, the moon and the stars, the roundness of the earth, the immensity of land and sea, and the multitude of nations and races. The Indians gazed at him open-mouthed, and though they understood very little of what he was saying, they soon believed that they must be dealing with some kind of wizard. They were amazed to find that they could see the needle in the compass, but not touch it, on account of the glass cover. Their leader took the compass in his hand, and turned it around in different directions. Finally he decided that there must be magic in the needle.

Fearing to kill a powerful white medicine man, the redskins loosened Smith from the tree to which he had been tied, and took him to an Indian village. Here the Indian women stared at him, for he was the first white man they had ever seen. Perhaps some of them thought that the "paleface" was very handsome. Warriors collected around him; he was put in the center of a ring, and the Indians danced a buffalo dance, singing, and yelling out hellish screeches. Their faces and shoulders were painted bright red and they carried in their hands the rattles that grow on the tails of some poisonous snakes. Poor Smith felt as though he were seeing devils in the midst of a horrid nightmare.

That night he was guarded in a long-house, and plentiful food was placed near him. He wondered whether the savages were trying to fatten him up before eating him. Several days passed, and finally he was led into the presence of Powhatan, the head chief of the tribe.

In front of a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, sat Powhatan, a great, grim man, covered with a long robe made of raccoon skins. On either side of him were two young girls, and behind him rows of men and women, with their heads and shoulders painted red, and with white rings around their eyes.

A great shout went up as Smith entered the chief's long-house. He was treated to a feast of good food for which he had little appetite; then two huge stones were dragged out and placed in front of Powhatan. Smith was carried forward and stretched out on the

ground with his head resting on the stones. The warriors lifted their clubs, ready to beat out his brains, when suddenly Pocahontas, the chief's dearest daughter, sprang from her seat. She ran to John Smith,

put her arms around his neck, and laid her head close to his, entreating her father to save him.

Pocahontas, at this time, was only thirteen years old. Powhatan loved his little daughter, and it was not unusual among the Indians to spare a prisoner if someone in the tribe took a fancy to him. Pocahontas had thrown herself down on the ground, and lay there,

trembling with her kind impulse, her eyes wide open and beseeching. The warriors let fall their clubs, and Powhatan's heart was moved. He gave orders that Smith should be let free, and allowed to travel back to Jamestown unhurt.

After this, Pocahontas often came to Jamestown to visit Captain Smith and bring him presents of corn and turkeys. He became very fond of her and used to call her his dearest little jewel. She loved him like a father and wished him to call her "daughter."



POCAHONTAS IN ENGLISH DRESS

This is a copy of the original painting at Barton Rectory, Norfolk, England.

Later Pocahontas married an Englishman named John Rolfe. She was baptized in the Christian faith and was given the name Rebecca. Rolfe brought his wife to London, where her quaint and charming ways made her a center of attraction. Balls and entertainments were given in her honor, and she was always treated as a royal princess, being called either the Lady Rebecca, or the Princess Pocahontas. King James was inclined to blame Rolfe for having married into a royal family without first consulting him!

Powhatan sent to England in Pocahontas's train a chief named Tomocomo, instructed to make a report on the number of warriors in the English tribe. He gave Tomocomo a bundle of sticks and told him to cut a notch for every white man he should meet. After Tomocomo had landed at Plymouth he was kept very busy cutting notches, but when he arrived in London, the poor chief gave a grunt of despair and threw away his sticks. He asked to see King James and was very much surprised that the chief of the great English tribe should be such a small, weak-looking man.

Let us return to Captain John Smith in Virginia. Soon after his adventure with Powhatan, Smith was chosen President of the Council. He worked very hard to improve the conditions of the colony, but he had to contend with great difficulties. One difficulty was the treachery of many of the Indian tribes. In spite of great danger, however, Smith made long voyages of exploration inland. Another difficulty was the laziness of the settlers. Every man in the colony was supposed

to work not for himself but for the common store, and this system of communism encouraged the idlers to leave all the work to the industrious. Finally things had come to such a pass that thirty or forty hard-working and unselfish men were supporting the whole colony, now increased to two hundred. As soon as Smith was made President, he handled the situation firmly. He roundly told the lazy men that they would get nothing to eat if they did not work, and that they would be punished for idleness according to a strict rule. The colony might have gone to pieces at this time, had it not been for the fine example set by Smith himself for hard work, courage, and endurance.

In the year 1609, Smith was injured by a gunpowder explosion, and was obliged to go back to England for medical care, as there were no good doctors in Virginia. In the same year, the government of Virginia was reorganized. The Council was done away with, and from henceforth the colonists were ruled by governors sent out from England. Several governors came and went, some mild, some harsh. The first was Lord Delaware, after whom the state of Delaware is named.

It was the fate of the colony to pass through many times of hardship, narrowly escaping disaster. At one terrible period, known as the Starving Time, the settlers, tortured and driven frantic by hunger, became cannibals. We can hardly describe here the worst horrors of the crisis. Unable to bear the privations of this time, so many died that only a few were left. But,

by a stroke of fortune, provisions came from England, and the remnants of the colony were saved.

One of the governors, named Dale, put an end to the communistic system, and gave each colonist three acres of land to cultivate for his own use. The change was magical, and industry and thrift took the place of laziness and idleness. From this time on, the colony began to prosper. Some of the settlers experimented with tobacco crops, and it was found that the growing of tobacco was exceedingly profitable because a high price was paid for it in England.

With prosperity came the beginning of democracy. Until now the government of Virginia had never been democratic. At first, authority had been in the hands of a small Council, then it had passed to governors whose rule, whether harsh or mild, was despotism. But now a party of liberal, democratic statesmen had come into power in the English Parliament, and it was recognized that the colonists of Virginia were ready for self-government. In the year 1619, instructions were sent to the people of Virginia to hold a general election, and on the 30th of July the elected representatives met in a general assembly at Jamestown, in the little wooden church there. The representatives were called *burgesses*, and the General Assembly of Virginia came to be known as the House of Burgesses. The governor and council of Virginia were still to be appointed by the English government, but the House of Burgesses was to have the full power of lawmaking for the colony.

Such was the beginning of democratic government in America. Out of Virginia later were to come some of the great leaders of our nation: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Chief Justice Marshall. "In the unfolding of these events," says the historian John Fiske, "there is poetic beauty and grandeur, as the purpose of Infinite Wisdom reveals itself slowly . . . hasting not but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of short-sighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current, and making all contribute to the fulfilment of God's will."

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: Representative government was established in the first English colony of North America, not owing to the will of the settlers, but because a party of liberal, democratic statesmen happened to come into power in the English Parliament. "In the unfolding of these events," says John Fiske, "there is poetic beauty and grandeur, as the purpose of Infinite Wisdom reveals itself slowly." Can you trace earlier events mentioned in this book that led up to this liberality on the part of Parliament?

QUESTIONS

1. How was the Virginia Company governed at first?
2. Explain why "strenuousness," or the will to work hard, has always been considered a quality particularly necessary to the American.
3. Describe the character of John Smith as a pioneer.
4. What is meant by *communism*?
5. Explain why communism failed in the colony.
6. Describe the government that was established in Virginia in 1619.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS¹

1. THE PURITANS IN ENGLAND
2. HOLLAND
3. THE ARRIVAL IN AMERICA
4. THE INDIANS
5. THE PILGRIMS GIVE UP COMMUNISM

We now come to the story of the Pilgrims, who were the first white men to settle in New England. They came to America for the sake of religious and democratic ideals, and for this reason they have been called the Fathers and Mothers of our American Democracy. Their story was written down by one of themselves, William Bradford, who became Governor of the Plymouth Colony in America.

THE PURITANS IN ENGLAND

When James I was King of England in the beginning of the seventeenth century, there lived in the two little English villages of Scrooby and Austerfield a company of simple, honest people who were called *Puritans*. Their leader was a man named William Brewster. He was the bailiff of the Archbishop of York, and he lived in Scrooby in an old tumble-down manor house which

¹ This story is based on the records of the Pilgrims, and on *The Story of the Pilgrims for Children*, by Roland Usher; The Macmillan Company.

belonged to the Archbishop. Mr. Brewster had three children, whose names were Jonathan, Patience, and Fear. In Austerfield, nearby, lived Mr. William Bradford, who was also a Puritan.

The religion of the Puritans differed in form from that of their neighbors, so that often when Mr. Brewster's children went out into the streets of Scrooby, the other village children would point at them and shout "Puritan, Puritan," and laugh at them or throw stones. Most of the people of England belonged to the Church of England which was governed by archbishops and bishops chosen by the King. There were many Puritans in England and it was their wish, they said, to purify the English Church; but this particular group at Scrooby and Austerfield did not believe in the Church of England. They wanted to worship according to their own beliefs, and they wanted to choose their own ministers. Because they wanted to separate from the Church of England they were called *Separatists* as well as *Puritans*.

In many other ways the Puritans were different from their neighbors. They dressed simply, in grey and brown and black, and they spoke quietly and seriously, never swearing nor using coarse language. They were strict and stern in their ways, and they set their faces against all kinds of extravagance. At that time some of the nobles of England had very loose and disgraceful habits. They spent the greater part of their time in amusing themselves; their clothes were very magnificent, their dinners long and heavy, and they drank

so much wine that drunkenness was not considered shameful. The following story is told of the court of King James.

When the King of Denmark came to London on a visit, a play or pageant which represented the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon was prepared especially for the occasion. A magnificent entertainment was given by King James, and hundreds of grand ladies and gentlemen attended. First there was a long dinner, then came the play. But the play did not prove a success. The noble lady who took the part of the Queen of Sheba had to present a tray with a cup of wine, a dish of custard, a pitcher of cream, and a plate of cakes to the King of Denmark, who was playing Solomon. But the Queen of Sheba was so drunk that she fell and spilled all the wine, the custard, the cream, and the cakes into the King's lap. Servants were called at once, and they mopped up the mess as well as they could with napkins. Then the King of Denmark himself stepped out on to the floor of the dance hall and tried to dance, but he too was tipsy and, losing his balance, toppled over. The three ladies who had the parts of Faith, Hope, and Charity were quite unable to speak their lines distinctly, and the one who was dressed up as Victory had to be put out of the palace. She was hopelessly drunk and created a disturbance by slapping all the lords and ladies smartly in the face with her olive branch of peace!

When we read this well-known story we can understand why the Puritans were driven to the other

extreme of conduct, and why they brought up their children according to very strict rules.

The little company of Puritans, or Separatists, who lived in the village of Scrooby used to meet together in Mr. Brewster's house every Sunday, and hold a religious service. They had elected as their minister a man named John Robinson. It was against the law for them to choose their own minister in this way, and they lived in constant danger of being arrested. King James was the enemy of the Puritans. He said, "I will make the Puritans conform to the Church of England, or I will harry them out of the country, or else worse."

And in the year 1607 the news came to Scrooby that Puritans in other parts of the country were being arrested and thrown into prison, and that a summons had been given out to arrest Mr. Brewster and Mr. Bradford. As soon as this news came, Mr. Brewster sent messages to all the Puritans of Scrooby and Austerfield, and called them to a secret meeting, at night, in his old manor house.

Then he said to them: "Hard times and suffering are now before us, because King James has sworn that he will harry us out of the land. We must keep together and bear our fate with cheerfulness and content. But if we flee not from this country, we shall be cast into prison. Whither shall we go? I would now demand of any of you, is there a better country than Holland? It is near the coast of England, and the Dutch will allow us to worship as we please."

The Puritans talked over their flight, and it was agreed that they should flee to Holland, because Holland was then one of the most democratic countries in the world. People there were allowed liberty of conscience, which means that they were allowed to worship as they pleased.

After this meeting, the Puritans packed some of their belongings into bundles, and hurried away from their homes. They all made the journey together on foot, and often had to hide behind hedges or in roadside ditches, because the officers of the King had already reached Scrooby and were out hunting for them.

Finally they came to the seacoast, near a town called Boston, in Lincolnshire, after which Boston in Massachusetts was later to be named. They did not actually go into Boston, but turned aside to a stretch of lonely beach, and waited for their ship. Arrangements had been made with a Dutch shipmaster, and in the middle of the night they saw the ship approaching, with its headlights shining through the fog and darkness. They put out in little rowboats, and clambered on board the ship with all their belongings. At last they thought they were safe from their pursuers.

But the next morning customs officers came on board and arrested them, because it was not lawful to take money or goods out of England without special permission from the government. Men, women, and children were pushed back roughly into the rowboats; and their bundles were thrown after them, pell-mell. They were taken to Boston and tried in a court of

law; then they were put into prison, little Jonathan, Patience, and Fear Brewster with the rest. It was probably a gloomy experience, for prisons in those days were dark, damp, dirty places infested with rats. But in the end they were more kindly treated. They were all released and sent back to Scrooby.

Then Mr. Brewster and Mr. Bradford had to lay their plans for a second attempt. They made arrangements with another Dutch shipmaster, and this time only the men walked on foot toward the coast. The women and children were sent in boats down the river to where the ship awaited them.

The men reached the ship in safety and some went on board, but the women and children were delayed on account of the low tide, which left their boats stranded high and dry on a mud flat. While they were waiting for the high tide to float them out to the ship, a mob of people carrying guns, bows, arrows, pitchforks, and clubs suddenly rushed upon the beach followed by officers of the King. The sight of this crowd so frightened the ship's captain that he set sail at once without waiting for the boats, taking with him the men who were on the ship.

The poor women and children had not only failed for the second time in their escape, but they were now separated from some of their men folk. The whole group was arrested except for a few who ran away, but the officers could find no good excuse for imprisoning them, so they were released after a few days. Plans were again made for their journey to Holland which

were at last successful. They reached Holland in safety, and when all were united again, the Puritans held a meeting, and fell down on their knees to thank God for having protected them. This was in the year 1608.

HOLLAND

For twelve years the Puritans lived as a little colony in Leyden, a pleasant Dutch town with houses that seemed to shine with cleanliness. Canals wound in and out among the streets. Surrounding the town were flat, green, marshy fields, with big, towering windmills here and there, and bright gardens of pink and red and yellow tulips.

The Puritans bought a large house which had a big garden. This they called the Great House, and it was their chief meeting place. Mr. Robinson, the minister, lived in the Great House, and many of the others built themselves little homes in the garden behind it. Mr. Brewster rented a house in the neighborhood for himself and his family. None of the Puritans knew how to speak Dutch, so they had great difficulty in earning their living and remained very poor. Even the little children had to go to work, for there was not enough money to pay for their schooling. Soon their young bodies were bent and bowed under the burden of their labor. However, they learned all kinds of useful trades. Many of them became weavers. Mr. Brewster found that he could make some money by giving English lessons to young Dutch merchants. After a few years, he

set up a printing press, and printed such religious books as were forbidden to be printed in England. In this age those who loved liberty were fighting for liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

Many of the older Puritans never learned the Dutch language, and though they felt great friendliness toward the Dutch, yet they remained strangers in a strange land. The struggle against poverty was very hard. As they themselves have written, "they saw the grim and grisly face of Poverty come on them like an armed man, with whom they had to buckle and encounter, and from whom they could not fly." But of all their sorrows, the heaviest to be borne was their anxiety over their children. Some of the children were pinched and overworked, others were slipping away from their parents and growing up into Dutch *mynheers* and *vrouws*. Some became soldiers, others took long sea voyages. Some mixed with the loose crowd of foreign sailors that filled the Dutch seaports and broke away from family ties altogether.

Therefore, the Puritans were not entirely content to live in Holland, and so, when Mr. Brewster and Mr. Bradford put forward the plan that the whole colony should migrate to America, they accepted it very readily. They looked forward with great happiness to a new country, where they could govern themselves, and where their children could develop healthily in a pure, free atmosphere.

At first the plan came to nothing, because the Puritans had not enough money to build a sailing vessel

and buy provisions. Then an English merchant named Weston visited Mr. Brewster in Leyden and said: "I belong to a company of merchants in London who are very desirous that this new country of North America be settled. We believe that it will in time become very valuable to England as a colony. We can help you and lend you money. If you and your friends are willing to take the risk of being settlers, we merchant-adventurers in London will be willing to risk our money and pay for your ships and provisions. We can arrange that the profits of the enterprise be shared equally among us all. The new country is rich in furs, and very fertile, so that you will soon be able to trade with England and make great profits."

The Puritans accepted this offer, and they promised that when they landed in America they would stay together for seven years, and put all the produce of their labor into a common store, which should belong not only to them but also to the merchants in London, and they promised that they would in time pay back the money that was loaned to them.

Then Mr. Brewster, Mr. Bradford, and other leaders wrote to many of their old friends in England and asked them to join in the enterprise. About thirty-five of the Leyden Puritans had decided to make the journey, and they found that no less than sixty-five friends in England were willing to come with them. It was arranged that they should all meet together at the seaport, Southampton, in England.



DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM DELFTSHAVEN

A ship named the *Speedwell* was built at the Dutch port, Delftshaven, not far from Leyden. When the Puritans were ready to depart in it from Holland they had a day of solemn worship and thanksgiving. Mr. Robinson, the minister, preached a long sermon. Many were sorrowful at leaving the pleasant city that had been their dwelling place for twelve years, and they poured out fervent prayers mixed with floods of tears. They were simple, soft-hearted folk. But, as Mr. Bradford wrote in his *History*, they conquered their sadness. "They knew they were pilgrims, and looked not much on these things, but lifted up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country."

At Southampton, the Pilgrims found another ship called the *Mayflower*, awaiting them. They met here their friends from England who were going to sail to America. Among these were a Captain Miles Standish, a young man named John Alden, and a Mr. and Mrs. Mullins, who had a daughter called Priscilla. Other Pilgrims whose names are well known were John Carver, Edward Winslow, and Stephen Hopkins.

The two ships sailed out together, but the *Speedwell* soon had to turn back, because she had sprung a leak, and all her passengers and baggage were crowded onto the *Mayflower*. So the *Mayflower* sailed out alone across the Atlantic. She was a little wooden sailing vessel, only ninety feet long and twenty-four feet wide.

For two months the Pilgrims were crowded uncomfortably together on this little ship without sight of land. Besides the hundred passengers and the crew, we know there were two large dogs and one little dog. Perhaps there were also some hens and chickens and goats. The food provided was very simple, consisting chiefly of dry biscuits and salt beef and smoked herring. Small wood fires were used for cooking, but as fuel was scarce, the meals that were given out twice a day were mostly cold. Many passengers were seasick, and one man died. One little baby was born, the son of Stephen Hopkins, and was christened Oceanus Hopkins.

The Pilgrims gave very quaint Christian names to their children. Mr. Brewster's two daughters were named Patience and Fear, and he now had two younger sons named Love and Wrestling. (Wrestling was gen-

erally called "Wrastle" Brewster, for short.) Other names were Resolved White, Humility Cooper, and Remember Allerton.

Half way across the Atlantic, the *Mayflower* ran into a heavy gale. The ship was tossed by rolling waves, the skies darkened and lowered, and there were thunder and lightning and torrents of rain. In the midst of this storm, a big log holding the mast of the ship cracked, and the sailors thought the mast would fall down. But by making a great effort, they were able to hold the log in place, and secure it with a long iron screw.

In November, 1620, land was sighted, and the *Mayflower*, to the great relief of the passengers, was anchored in a safe harbor, near what is now Cape Cod, in Massachusetts.

THE ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

Having safely reached the new country, the first act of the Pilgrims was to hold a meeting on shipboard and organize their government. They decided to govern themselves as a democracy. When the question came up as to who was to be governor, the matter was put to a vote. Every man in the company had a vote, and by the vote of the majority, Mr. John Carver was elected governor. Then all signed a paper by which they agreed to obey any laws that the group might make. By this simple act, the Pilgrims helped to lay the foundation of American democracy.

A small party of men under the leadership of Captain Standish and Mr. Bradford were sent ashore to explore the coast.

They found a pleasantly wooded country, with many streams of clear, fresh water, which, after their long imprisonment on shipboard tasted as pleasant to them as the finest wine or beer would have tasted in former times. At one place they saw some Indians and tried to follow them; but the Indians ran away as fast as they could, so that the Pilgrims were not able to catch up with them. They followed the tracks, and discovered a field which had been planted with corn that year. Near this were the remains of a hut and several heaps of sand, which looked as though they had been newly piled up. Digging into these, they discovered a number of baskets filled with corn, still fair and fresh. This was to them a very goodly sight, for though they had never seen Indian corn before, they were sure it was good for food.

By the end of December, the explorers had found a place which seemed favorable for a settlement, so all the passengers of the *Mayflower*, including the women and children, were landed, and the men set to work to build a town. They named it Plymouth. First, with great labor, they built a big plank house, which was to be the common storehouse, for they had promised to share all their goods in common. When the storehouse was almost finished, a great wave of sickness swept through the colony, and all work was interrupted for the time being. The sickness was caused by insufficient

food and exposure to the cold. Often the Pilgrims had nothing to eat in the cold winter weather except clams which they picked up on the seashore. Besides, they were continually getting wet through, or frostbitten,



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

because they had no proper houses to shelter them. Most of them had colds and coughs, and many had quinsy and lung fever. In four months nearly half of them had died, and at one time only six or seven were well enough to nurse the dying and bury the dead.

Mr. Edward Winslow's wife died, and also Captain Standish's wife, Rose. Mr. Mullins, his wife, his son, and his servant all died, and only the daughter, Pris-

cilla, survived, who was later to marry John Alden. There were a great many children among the Pilgrims and they were better able to withstand the epidemic of sickness than the old people. The men who worked hardest for the colony during these first trying months were Mr. Bradford, Mr. Brewster, Governor Carver, Captain Standish, Edward Winslow, John Alden, Stephen Hopkins, John Howland, John and Edward Tilley, Arthur Warren, and Edward Dotte.

The new country was a wild and savage place in the winter. It was overgrown with woods and thickets and bushes and tangles, and the bare trees had a dreary, weather-beaten aspect, from being exposed to ice storms and the lashing of great gales from the Atlantic.

But when the spring came, bringing with it green grass, and warm fine days, and little song birds from the south, which chirped and trilled most pleasantly in the leafy trees, the condition of the distressed Pilgrims became happier.

THE INDIANS

So far they had seen nothing more of the Indians, and felt very curious about them. But one fine, warm day in the spring, they were amazed to see an Indian walk right up to the storehouse, apparently without fear, and they were still more amazed to hear him call out "Welcome" in English. He was a tall straight man, with very long black hair, and he carried a bow and two arrows. He was most friendly. He said that his name was Samoset, and that he had learned a little

English from some English sailors who had come to fish in his country. He talked for many hours with the Pilgrims, and when it grew dark, they would have been glad to get rid of him, but he wished to remain for the night, so they gave him a lodging. But several men watched him carefully all night long.

The next morning he went away, but soon came back with five other Indians, all tall, fine men, wearing deer-skins and feathers stuck in their black hair. One of them had a foxtail tied to his head. They began to sing and dance a war dance, but the Pilgrims dismissed them as soon as possible, because it was Sunday, and their strict principles did not permit of dancing on Sundays.

A few days later Samoset appeared again in Plymouth with another Indian whose name was Squanto. Squanto spoke English very well indeed, for he had actually been taken to England by a sea captain, and had lived in London for some time. He stayed among the Pilgrims and became a valuable friend to them. It is doubtful whether they would have survived the first year if it had not been for Squanto. Later in the spring he taught them how to plant Indian corn, and by so doing he provided them with their principal food. But his first mission was to act as a friendly interpreter between the English and the Indian tribes of the neighborhood. He brought the news that a great chief named Massasoit was coming to visit the colonists and was willing to make a treaty of peace with them.

When Massasoit arrived in view on one of the hills overlooking Plymouth, followed by a band of sixty

Indian braves, the Pilgrims shot a loud volley of blank cartridges into the air, as a salute. The Indians were shy, and at first would not venture down into the valley. Then Mr. Edward Winslow offered himself as a hostage, and walked up to them, after which Massasoit and twenty of his followers marched down the hill and were escorted into one of the half-finished houses of the colony, hastily decorated for the occasion with a green rug and four cushions.

There, with the help of Squanto, as interpreter, a solemn treaty of peace was made. The Indians and the English agreed not to injure each other, there was to be no stealing and no warfare between them, and if any trouble came to them from the outside, they were to help each other as allies. When this treaty was concluded, Governor Carver kissed Massasoit's hand, and Massasoit kissed Governor Carver's hand, so that no courtesy was withheld. After this, the Sachem returned to his own village. He was a big strong man, grave of countenance and spare of speech. His clothing differed very little from that of his followers, except that he wore a chain of white bones around his neck. His face was painted a dull mulberry red, and both his hair and face were carefully oiled, so that he looked very greasy.

In the months that followed, the Pilgrims were busy planting their corn and building their houses. Squanto taught them to plant corn in this fashion: First he took a stick and made a hole in the ground a few inches deep, then he dropped a fish into the hole and kicked

a little dirt over it, then he dropped in the corn seed and filled up the hole with some more earth.

The houses of the Pilgrims were built along two main streets, close to the common storehouse. Each

family had its own house, and some took in unmarried men and boys as lodgers. For instance, Captain Miles Standish and John Alden lived together in one house, until the time came when John Alden married Priscilla Mullins.

Though they had their own homes, the Pilgrims did not have their own

cornfields at this time. They all worked together in common fields, and their harvest was garnered in the common storehouse, and then equally distributed among them all. Likewise any turkeys shot in the woods, or fish caught in the sea were brought to the common storehouse.



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA

During the heat of the summer, Mr. Carver, the governor, died of a sunstroke. One blazing hot day when he had been working out in the fields with the rest, he came in feeling very sick. He complained greatly of his head, and within a few hours his senses failed and he spoke no more.

A meeting of the whole colony was held, and Mr. William Bradford was elected by vote to be the new governor. He was a fine, strong man who had probably done more than anyone else to help the sick during the winter epidemic.

Shortly after this, in June or July, Squanto informed the Pilgrims that the Indians were expecting them to return the visit paid by Massasoit. Accordingly, the Governor appointed Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins to undertake this adventure. Accompanied by Squanto, these men started off on their two days' journey, carrying with them a red coat trimmed with lace, a copper chain, and various other small presents which they were to give to Massasoit. They also carried firearms for their own protection.

Following a rude trail through the woods, they passed through a number of small Indian settlements until they arrived, one Wednesday morning, in the little village where Massasoit lived. This they found to be made up of a few poor huts built of skin and bark. As a salute to the Sachem, they fired a volley of blank cartridges into the air, which startled the Indian squaws and papooses, and made them very much alarmed. But Massasoit himself was not frightened.

He welcomed the three messengers very kindly and took them into his hut. There Mr. Winslow delivered the presents. Massasoit at once put on the red coat and the copper chain, and was not a little proud of them. He walked around among all his men that they might see him so grandly dressed.

In answer to Mr. Winslow's message, he said to them in a friendly manner: "I will gladly continue peace and friendship with the English, and I will also help you with corn for seed, according to your request." Then he lit a pipe of tobacco, and with Squanto as an interpreter, he fell to discoursing on many subjects.

The hours passed, and it grew dark, and late, but no food was offered to the travelers. This, they discovered, was because the Indians themselves had nothing to eat. It happened that their hunting for the last few days had been unsuccessful. In the evening a fire was lit in the Sachem's hut, and a number of Indians came in and crouched around it, sitting on their heels and smoking their pipes. Then Massasoit stood up and made a speech. He said, looking at Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins, "You are welcome here, and I will keep the treaty. But I am a very great chief." Then he turned to the Indians and asked, "Am I not ruler of this country?"

All the Indians grunted together and agreed that he was.

"And am I not then ruler of this town?"

All the Indians grunted again, and said that he was, indeed.

Then Massasoit marched up and down his hut and repeated the same question about thirty or forty times, in order to make it quite clear.

After this long speech, the Pilgrims asked if they might go to rest, and Massasoit offered them his own bed, which was made of planks a foot from the ground, covered with a thin mat. Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hop-



SQUANTO AND THE PILGRIMS

kins and Squanto lay down at one end, and Massasoit and his squaw lay at the other. By and by two more Indian chiefs pressed in as well, and what with the number of bedfellows, and the mosquitoes, and the hard planks, the Pilgrims were more weary after their night's rest than they had been at the end of their long journey on foot.

The next morning Massasoit went out and caught two big fish, but as at least forty Indians looked for a share in them, the Pilgrims did not have a very hearty

meal. It was the first they had eaten in two nights and a day. On Friday morning, before sunrise, they took their departure, and Massasoit, as he bade them farewell, said that he was both sorry and ashamed that he had not been able to entertain them better.

In the autumn of the first year, the Pilgrims harvested the crop of corn which they had planted with the aid of Squanto. They were now far more comfortable than they had been at first, for they had food and shelter. They had built about seven or eight plank houses, covered with thatch. Their windows were made of oiled paper, and their furniture was rough wooden furniture which they had made themselves, but they had some pewter dishes and iron kettles which they had brought with them from England.

To celebrate their first good harvest in November, they decided to hold a day of Thanksgiving. The men went out and shot some wild turkeys in the woods; then they all met together and had a plentiful dinner of roast turkey and corn bread. This was the first Thanksgiving Day, and it is in memory of this dinner that we still eat turkey at Thanksgiving every year.

The Pilgrims now had a supply of corn stored up in the common storehouse, and they might have lived comfortably until the next harvest. But a few days after Thanksgiving, a ship came unexpectedly from England bringing thirty-five new colonists, poor men who were utterly unprovided with food, and had no other clothing except what they wore on their backs. Following their principles, the Pilgrims held a meeting

and decided to share their corn with the newcomers, although they knew this would mean great privation. It was too late in the season to increase the provisions, and the number of mouths to be fed had doubled.

Before the winter was over, there was no more corn left. The settlers were forced to live on clams and oysters picked up on the beach, and the long continuance of this diet made their faces look very pale. In the spring, fresh boatloads of immigrants arrived from England, and by May and June the people of Plymouth were almost starving. The sea and the creeks were full of fish, but there was a lack of proper fishing nets and tackle. The newcomers were not so kind and charitable as the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* and they caused much trouble. In the summer, when the corn was ripening, some of them trampled down the fields and stole the ears, being impelled by hunger and dissatisfied with their allotted share of food. Another disturbance at this time was caused by two servants belonging to Mr. Stephen Hopkins. These men foolishly tried to settle a quarrel by fighting a duel with swords, but they were separated, and Governor Bradford called a general meeting of the whole community, to act as a court. The two men were tried, and it was decided by the vote of the majority that they should be tied neck and heels together for twenty-four hours, with nothing to eat or drink.

But after the offenders had been tied together for the space of one hour, they declared that they were now friends, and they promised earnestly to behave

themselves, so Governor Bradford ordered their release. The Pilgrims were kind-hearted judges.

You will see by this story that the government of Plymouth was at first very much like that of the Athenians. It was a direct democracy. The colony was still so small that all the men could gather together in one big meeting. They did not have to vote for representatives, like the people of England. They themselves voted on all the questions that came up. This lawsuit between the two servants was decided by a vote of all the citizens, that is to say, by the vote of the men, for no one dreamed at this time that women might have votes.

THE PILGRIMS GIVE UP COMMUNISM

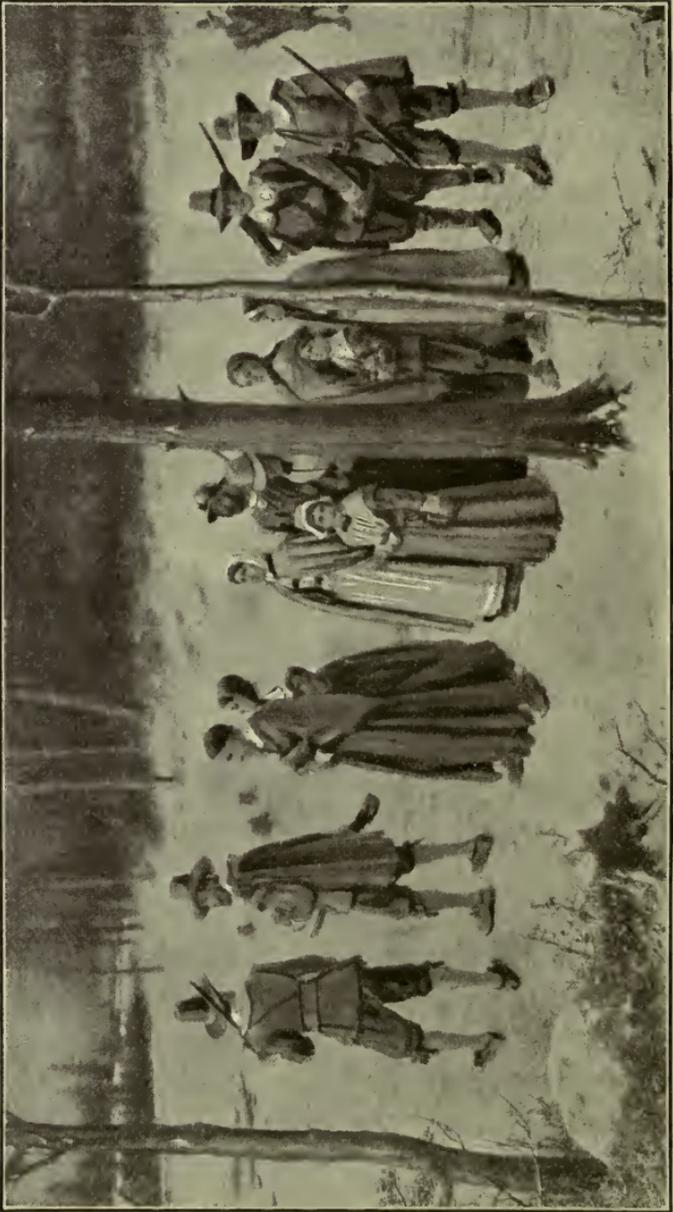
For several months, the Pilgrims were beset with difficulties and suffered from sickness and weakness on account of the lack of food. Then, in the spring of 1623, the third year of their settlement, they changed their method of work, and their prospects began to look much brighter.

They wished to plant a much bigger acreage of corn, and it was necessary that everyone should work his hardest. The common fields, where all had worked together, had not proved a success. Some of the colonists were very industrious and some were lazy. Those who were industrious did not like to see the fruit of their hard work being enjoyed and wasted by the lazy. So Governor Bradford called a meeting and suggested

that from now on each family should have its own corn-field and enjoy the use of its own harvest. He thought this would make all hands more industrious.

The people agreed with him, for there had been a great deal of jealousy and quarrelling under the old plan of communism. Accordingly a separate corn-field was allotted to each family, and the results were very good. Far more corn was planted than otherwise would have been, and the new plan gave far greater contentment than had existed before. Even the women now went willingly into the fields, taking their little ones with them to help plant the corn. If the women had been forced to work in the common fields, they would have thought it an act of great tyranny and oppression.

Experience had proved to the Pilgrims that communism is not practical and efficient. From now on, no further attempt was made to work in common corn-fields. Yet it must not be thought that the Pilgrims gave up communism entirely, for later when they had herds of sheep and cattle, these were pastured on common fields and guarded by a village cowherd, as were the cattle of the English country folk in the Middle Ages. The common pastures of New England were kept up for more than a hundred years, and it is believed that they fostered a good spirit of helpfulness and democracy among the New Englanders. In many New England villages you will find in the center of the town to this day, a park or a large open space—the remnant of the old “common.”



THE PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

After the people of Plymouth had harvested their third and biggest crop of corn, they grew more and more prosperous and felt firmly established in the new country. Now there was no more danger of starvation. Seeds were procured from England and large vegetable gardens and fruit orchards were planted as well as cornfields; cattle and sheep were brought across the ocean and these provided a supply of meat, butter, and milk. By trading with the Indians, the colonists were soon able to send back to England valuable cargoes of beaver skins, and the fishing trade was considerable. In 1624 there were fifty English fishing vessels on the coast of New England.

The story of their brave struggle is ended. The Pilgrims of the *Mayflower* had stood every test. They had been willing to sacrifice themselves for an ideal. They had been kind and charitable to each other through sickness and starvation, and there was not a selfish, over-ambitious man amongst them. They were patient workers, they were tender-hearted judges, and brave soldiers. It is because they were such good, simple, faithful men that their story has always been an inspiration and an ideal to all Americans. The government they founded was a pure democracy.

From that time, the New England colony grew and grew rapidly until it had thousands of inhabitants. In 1628, a new company of Puritans settled in New England and founded the town of Boston. Later the Pilgrims of

Plymouth joined with this new company, and formed together one colony, the province of Massachusetts.

A great many new towns were built. Such numbers of immigrants landed, that a town would soon become like a beehive overstocked with bees. Part of the inhabitants would want to "swarm," and move into new settlements spreading further and further into the backwoods. Soon the whole of Massachusetts was dotted over with little villages and towns that the Puritans called "infant colonies."

The central government of the whole of Massachusetts was carried on in Boston, the largest town, by a governor, and an assembly called the General Court. There were now many little towns and villages a whole day's journey away from Boston, and it was impossible for all the country folk to make the journey to the General Court four times a year. Accordingly every town held a Town Meeting at which the people elected a representative to sit in the General Court at Boston. These representatives passed laws affecting the whole of Massachusetts. Thus the central government of Massachusetts became a representative government.

Although the people of Massachusetts and New England managed their own affairs, they still remained the subjects of the King of England; for New England, like other settlements of Englishmen to the south, was an English colony.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: The Pilgrim Fathers struggled for liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. They left England and migrated to America for the sake of religious and democratic ideals.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the customs of the Puritans.
2. Who were the "Separatists"? Why were they called by that name?
3. Why did the Puritans (Separatists) leave England?
4. What is the meaning of "liberty of conscience," "freedom of the press," "freedom of speech"?
5. How did Mr. Brewster earn a living in Holland?
6. Describe the voyage of the *Mayflower*.
7. How did the Pilgrims organize their government on board the *Mayflower*?
8. In what ways was Squanto useful to the Pilgrims?
9. Describe the trial of Mr. Hopkins's servants, and its results.
10. How is government carried on in a "direct" democracy?
11. What were the results of communism in the Plymouth Colony?
12. Describe the character of the Pilgrims.
13. Explain why the government of Massachusetts became a "representative" democracy instead of a "direct" democracy.

CHAPTER IX

THE BUILDING OF THE NATION

1. A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE IN 1775
2. THE FIRST YEARS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
3. A STAGECOACH JOURNEY
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The story of Jonathan Hale is the story of a plain New England boy who fought in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards took up a plot of land in the Northwest Territory. Thousands of other American farmers like him were moving westward at this time, when all the land beyond the Allegheny River was still a wilderness of forest, swamps, and prairie. Together with the famous men of the Revolution, these pioneer farmers were the builders of the nation.

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE IN 1775

Jonathan Hale was born near Warrenton,¹ Massachusetts, in the year 1764. When Jonathan was only ten years old, his father, Samuel Hale, died, leaving a wife and three children with no other property but the house in which they lived and the farm land surrounding it.

¹ The character of Jonathan Hale, and the following descriptions of life in a New England village are based on the diary of John Adams.

Jonathan was a tall boy, big-boned and thin. He had to work very hard on the farm. The school in Warrenton, supported by the town government, was called a "moving school," which meant that the master moved from one town to another, so that Jonathan and his brother went to school only three days in the week. On the other days they were busy digging up stones from the farm land, for the soil around Warrenton was very stony, or tending to the cattle, or ploughing acre after acre of land. Even on the days when they went to school they had to rise very early to do chores.

One April morning, in the year 1775, Jonathan came in to breakfast red-cheeked and hungry, for he had driven the cattle over a mile to water through a cold wind. He found his mother, his younger brother Samuel, and his little sister Abigail, who was called "Nabby," sitting around the kitchen table.

"Here is your hasty pudding, Jonathan," said Mrs. Hale, handing him an earthenware bowl and a pewter spoon. "You and Samuel must remember to come home as soon as school is over, because we are invited to sup with Deacon Wibird and his lady this evening. They have their little Quaker niece, Rachel Wibird, from Philadelphia visiting them. Besides, Deacon Wibird tells me that he has a copy of the *Boston Packet* which he wishes me to read."

In those days there were no daily newspapers, but the larger towns were beginning to publish small weekly newspapers.



A COLONIAL KITCHEN

When they had finished their hasty pudding, Jonathan and Samuel set off to school. As they walked past the Warrenton Common, they noticed a young tree that had been newly planted. It was a likely young button tree, and it had on it this inscription:

*The Tree of Liberty
and Cursed is He
who Cuts this Tree*

“I’ll warrant that has been planted by the Sons of Liberty,” said Jonathan. “The feeling runs very high against the British.”

In the school that Jonathan and Samuel attended, they were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and Latin, but no science of any kind. This morning Jonathan was called upon to read from a book of fables which was the most popular children's book of the day. This is the story he read, very slowly and in a loud voice:

THE BOY WHO STOLE THE APPLES

An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples and desired him to come down, but the young saucy boy told him plainly he would not. "Won't you?" said the old man, "then I'll fetch you down," so he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw them at him, but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the old man would pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only. "Well, well," said the old man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones." So the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old man's pardon.

MORAL: If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a *more severe* manner.

At twelve o'clock Jonathan and Samuel came out of school. As they were walking toward the Common to watch the minutemen being drilled by Major Westcott, the head of the Warrenton militia, they saw a horseman gallop down the main street of Warrenton, and heard him shout,

"Alarum! Alarum! Turn out, minutemen! Turn out!"

He was riding at full speed and spurring his horse. When he reached the Common, he drew in his reins

sharply and thrust a sealed packet into the Major's hands. Then he was off again. Major Westcott broke the seal and read aloud:

“April 19, 1775.

“To All Friends of American Liberty: Be it known that this morning before break of day a brigade of the British Army marched to Lexington, where they found a company of colony militia in arms, upon whom they fired, killing six men and wounding four others. The bearer of this letter is charged to alarm the country as far as Connecticut. All persons are desired to supply him with fresh horses as they may be needed. I have spoken with several who have seen the dead and the wounded.

J. Palmer,

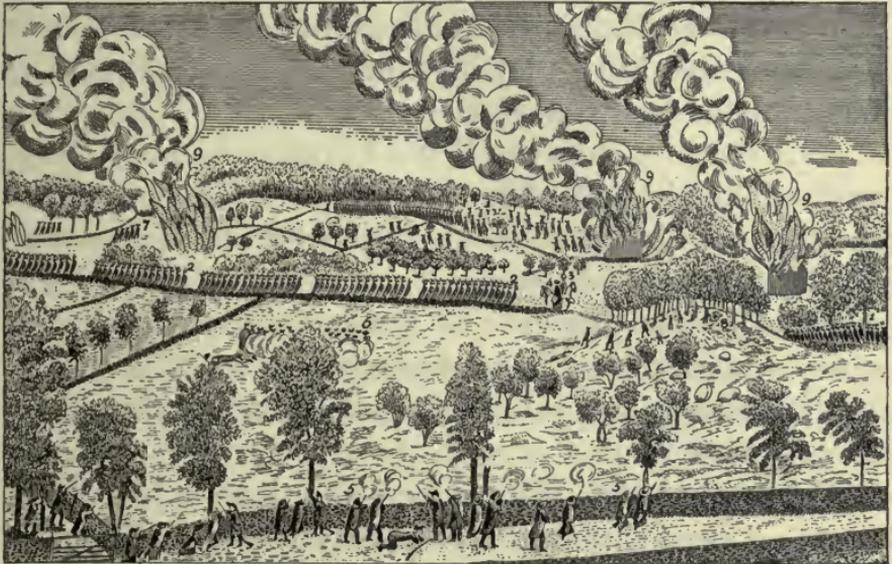
One of the Committee of Safety.”

Soon the boys heard the cracking of firearms to warn and summon all the able-bodied men of Warrenton. The minutemen who were working in their fields went into their houses and began to take down their guns, their powderhorns, and their bullet pouches. The news spread quickly through the town and a great many of the townfolk collected on the Common waiting for further news. Then the long roll of the drums was heard, and the men came running toward the Common with their guns in their hands, and their knapsacks on their backs. In a very short time they were mustered. They kissed their wives and children good-by, and marched off in the direction of Boston.

When Jonathan and Samuel came home, they found their mother looking very grave, and she said, “God grant us wisdom and courage. We know not whether we have men fit for the times. I feel great anxiety.”

Then she reminded them, "Mrs. Wibird will be expecting us now. Run, Nabby, and put on the little dress that you wear on the Lord's Day, and you boys should put on your best clothes, too."

Plate IV *A View of the South Part of Lexington*



1 Column of smoke 2 Troops retreating before the British 3 3/4 East Lane 4 Col Smith 5 Promenade 6 7 The Blackguards of Percy's Regt 8 A Childress's position in the Passover at Lexington 9 The Burning of the House in Lexington A Smith's del.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

This picture was drawn by two men who took part in the battle.

So Jonathan and Samuel put on their Sunday suits which were made of rough, grey homespun woven by their mother. They wore short breeches, knitted woolen stockings, low shoes, and three-cornered hats. Little Nabby put on a muslin frock with a handkerchief folded around the neck, a bib apron, a Leghorn hat, and a long blue cloak. Deacon Wibird's farm was some

distance away, so the horses were brought out and saddled with pillions. Nabby was perched up in front of her mother on one horse, and the two boys straddled the other.

It was a quiet evening; the wind had turned, and the air was mild. The little farmhouses and fields of Warrenton looked so peaceful and undisturbed that it was hard to realize that fighting had been going on in New England on that day.

Soon they reached the Wibird farm, which was large and well cultivated. There were very few rich or really poor people living in or near Warrenton, for most of the folk were small farmers. But Deacon Wibird had inherited some property and was counted a wealthy man. Jonathan and Samuel knew they could be sure of a very hearty and inviting meal whenever they went to sup with him.

They found Mrs. Wibird awaiting them in the dining room—a big, handsome, comfortable room. The walls were panelled with wild cherry wood, and the stone floor had been freshly scoured and sanded. A wood fire was burning in the open fireplace, and the gleams of the curling blue flames were reflected in the shining silver plate set out on the sideboard. In the middle of the room stood a polished mahogany table laden with cut glass and delftware and groaning with food.

After Mrs. Hale had remarked in a polite tone that a fire in the evening was still very pleasant, although the weather was so springlike, she asked if she might look at the *Boston Packet*, for her thoughts were filled with

anxiety over the fighting at Lexington and she sought for details leading up to it. While she was sitting by the fire reading the paper, Mrs. Wibird remembered to call for her niece Rachel.

The children had noticed the little girl standing shyly in the half light of the doorway, afraid to come in. Now, when called, she came and answered their greetings in a low voice; but she was too shy to say very much. She was dressed in grey, as she belonged to a Quaker family.

As soon as Deacon Wibird appeared, they all sat down to supper. The little girl served them, and she was as helpful as she was shy. In those days good food was very plentiful and cheap. First there was roast wild turkey with cranberry sauce and a number of vegetables, then salt pork and cabbage, and a noble suet pudding, washed down with grog and a glass of port. After this, was to come whipped sillabub for dessert and a fancy pudding called "floating island."

"Little Rachel helped me to make a most elegant floating island from a recipe of her mother's," said Mrs. Wibird. "These quiet Philadelphia Friends, with their thee's and thou's and their grey clothes, surely know how to keep a good table."

All through the dinner, the talk was of the day's battle, and it was earnest and serious, for all knew that the colonists, if they went to war against England, would have heavy odds against them.

"But our minutemen will fight hard," said Deacon Wibird. "Now, my dear Mrs. Hale, I beg you, let me

propose your venturing on some of this turkey." Then the old gentleman spoke at great length on the causes of discontent, while the ladies and the children listened in respectful silence. "In the old days, England allowed us colonists to do pretty much as we pleased. But now she is trying to make us do as *she* pleases. She is stopping us from trading with some of the countries from which we get the biggest profits. Then she has put a tax on tea just to annoy us and to show that she has the power to tax us. Our answer to *that* was the Boston Tea Party, when a year and a half ago, the Sons of Liberty, dressed up as Indians, rushed to the docks in Boston, boarded the tea vessels, and threw all the tea overboard. Nine thousand dollars' worth of tea was destroyed. Rather than pay an unjust tax on tea, the Sons of Liberty made up their minds to destroy every chest of tea brought into Boston Harbor!" The old deacon smote the table with his fist in his indignation. Then he added in a calmer tone to his wife: "What would you say, Mrs. W., to a glass of port?"

"Thank you, my dear, a *very* little, just *half* a glass. As to the tea tax," sighed Mrs. Wibird, "I should not mind in one way, if it were four times as high, because then we should never see any more tea. To my thinking, it is a poisonous weed. My poor father used to drink twelve dishes of tea at a sitting, and it ruined his health."

But the Deacon shook his pink bald head with great energy and said it was not the tax itself that he objected to, but the principle behind it.

“*No taxation without representation*, that is what we say,” declared he. “We are not represented in the English Parliament, and so it has no right to lay taxes on us. Only our *own* representatives in our *own* Assemblies have the right to tax us.—Now you boys are ready for a second helping, I can see that. Come, Jonathan, the drumstick. You need not be afraid of those preserves, Miss Nabby, they are wholesome.—The Proclamation of 1763,” he went on, “shows how impossible it is for Englishmen thousands of miles away to understand our needs. No white man who settles west of the Allegheny River can have a legal claim to his land. The greater part of our country, that vast region of the Northwest Territory, is supposed to belong to Indians only!”

At this Jonathan spoke up for the first time.

“The soil around Warrenton is very stony; it seems to grow stones. I have always thought, sir, that I should like to go west when I am older.”

“Very well, my boy, then England must change her tune if you are to have a legal claim to your land in the west.”

They now began to talk over the possibilities of the western territory, and Deacon Wibird said solemnly:

“Mr. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia thinks it may be a thousand years before the whole continent is settled from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And he dares not hope that it will ever come under one government.”

Mrs. Hale’s thoughts had returned to the political differences among the colonists. She was wondering,

if war were really declared, what would become of the Tories in Warrenton. The colonists who sided with England in the quarrel were called *Tories*, the name of a political party in England.

“The Tories are beginning to hide their heads already,” said Mrs. Wibird. “I very much fear that poor Parson Dove will soon have to leave town. When he gave out his text last Sunday, the congregation expected a Tory sermon: ‘*Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth, I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me.*’ But he was cautious and kept entirely to the Scriptures. However, he is very much shocked at the violent speeches against the British made by some of our young patriots and when he met me yesterday he said: ‘Dear, dear, we must keep calm. I fear great trouble is ahead of us. I hear that the young Rebels are making violent speeches that plainly break the Third and Fifth Commandments.’”

“But, indeed, my dear, some of the Tories are also using violent language,” said the Deacon. “Captain Lambert cried out in town meeting with a volley of oaths, ‘Anyone who denies the right of Parliament to tax us is a *fool.*’”

“Oh!” Mrs. Hale was startled and troubled by this statement. Then she said gravely: “There are two sides to every question, and this war will be like a civil war, because there are so many colonists who are Tories, and so many people in England who sympathize with the grievances of the Rebels,”

When the dinner was ended, Deacon Wibird gave a toast in the formal, flowery fashion of the time:

“May the fair dove of liberty, in this deluge of despotism, find a rest to the sole of her foot in America!”

THE FIRST YEARS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

The next day all kinds of warlike preparations were made in Warrenton. Intrenchments were dug, breastworks were thrown up, and a cannon was mounted on a small hill overlooking the town. As it happened, the British troops did not pass through Warrenton, but they passed through some villages in the neighborhood on their retreat to Boston, and the booming of the cannon could be heard. To Mrs. Hale it was a terrible sound, for it brought to her pictures of men wounded and dying. Little Nabby understood nothing of its meaning, she found only amusement in it, and would mimic, “Bang, bang, boom, boom!” To Jonathan the amazing roar sounded grand and wonderful, like the roar of thunder, and he wished that he were old enough to join in the fighting.

During the first year of the war, the news that came to Warrenton was encouraging. The colonists had resisted the British successfully at Boston. Jonathan went regularly every week to read the *Boston Packet* at Deacon Wibird's, and he learned a great deal about the political situation.

The colonies were united in their resistance against England. There were now thirteen colonies in America,

and they all adopted state constitutions and renounced allegiance to England, thus becoming thirteen independent states of America. Each state had a governor and an assembly elected by its own people.

When the trouble with England first started, the thirteen colonies had each elected two or more representatives, called delegates, to be sent to a general meeting in Philadelphia, called the Continental Congress. This Continental Congress stood for the unity and mutual protection of the colonies, and the conduct of the war was placed in its charge.

After the battle of Lexington and Concord, a second Continental Congress was called which in July, 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence. These words resounded throughout the country like a bugle call:

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.”

Jonathan was too young to join the militia, but the boys of his school had formed a club called the “Hearts of Oak,” which he joined. Some of the boys used to drill in green uniforms with leather caps, on which was inscribed the slogan *Freedom or Death*. Jonathan could not afford to buy a green uniform or a leather hat, but he had his father’s old gun, and with it he went hunting in the woods, trailing squirrels and beavers, because he knew that there is no better training in marksmanship than the training of a hunter.

At this time, too, he began to keep a diary. His diary was not merely a history of daily events, but a means of strengthening his character. Mrs. Hale brought up her children according to the sternly religious and moral rules of Puritanism. Jonathan would write down in his diary the texts of the sermons which he heard on Sundays, and thought would have a good effect upon his behaviour. He also recorded stern resolutions and took himself to task for wasting his time.¹ Such entries as these were numerous:

“Accomplish’t vury little this Afternoone.² Went out on to the Common and plaid Ball with the Freedom or Deth boys.”

“Spent the Afternoone Birdsnesting with Sam. Let me Blush if I do not keep a more Strickt Account of every Minit of the Day.”

“Roase shamefully late, at six o’clock, a Sluggard’s hower.”

“Having mad up my mind to mend my ways, roase at fower, and unpitcht a lode of Hay.”

Some might call Jonathan a prig. He was, however, only a good Puritan boy with a strong will. His was the strict upbringing of many of the boys who were to fight in the Revolutionary War and become our first American citizens. Such training produced men of decided character, men of principle, ready for the hardest work, whether of brain or of body. They said, “We are ready to swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with our country.”

During the second and later years of the war, the news that Jonathan read in the *Boston Packet* was often

¹ See the *Diary of John Adams*.

² Incorrect spelling was very common even among educated people in those days.

discouraging. The British had taken possession of New York, and General Washington was unable to move them. The Battle of Monmouth was a failure owing to the conduct of General Lee, who had disobeyed the orders of his chief and refused to march forward to help Washington's men. In the year 1777, the colonists were successful in the north, and the British general, Burgoyne, was obliged to surrender at Saratoga. But this same year ended sadly for General Washington and his men. Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge, near Philadelphia, which city was then in the hands of the British. The American troops, camped in a small valley shut in by high hills white with snow and ice, had not enough food, nor enough fuel, nor enough clothing. The men were starving, freezing, and dying. When they marched, they left trails of scarlet blood in the snow from their bleeding bare feet.

Washington was doing what he could to feed them at his own expense, but it was impossible for one man to feed and clothe a whole army. The root of the tragedy lay in the fact that the central government, the Continental Congress, was too weak. It had the conduct of the war in its charge, and yet it had no power to raise taxes. Washington wrote long letters almost daily to the Congress, begging for money and help, and the Congress, in its turn, would write letters to the various governors and assemblies of the Thirteen States, begging them to raise taxes and buy supplies for Washington's army. But the states did not always carry out the wishes of the weak Congress.

Even in Warrenton, the people were beginning to feel some of the effects of weak government. Because it seemed impossible to raise enough in taxes to pay for the war, the State of Massachusetts, like most of the other states, printed a great deal of paper money, which was a mere promise to pay. The people did not trust the promise of their government, so they hoarded their gold and silver. This resulted in very high prices, and a dollar in silver became a great rarity. Mrs. Hale was able to give her children good food because it was produced on their own farm, but in all her purchases she had to economize. Goods imported from abroad were very high. Sugar was twelve shillings a pound, molasses was twelve dollars a gallon, and pins and needles were almost as scarce as diamonds.

And so the time passed until Jonathan had reached his sixteenth birthday, and was old enough to enlist. He told his mother of his intention, and she made no objection. She said that he had always been a good boy, and she expected him to do his duty. Samuel, only fourteen years old, was ready to take over the management of the farm, and Jonathan was impatient to join Washington's army, near New York, and see something of the country.

A STAGECOACH JOURNEY

It was early one morning, in the month of June, 1781, that Jonathan left Warrenton. Mrs. Hale and Samuel and Abigail walked with him to the courtyard

PARKER'S

Mail Stage,

From Whitestown to Canajoharrie.



THE Mail leaves Whitestown every Monday and Thursday, at two o'clock P. M. and proceeds to Old Fort Schuyler the same evening; next morning starts at four o'clock, and arrives at Canajoharrie in the evening; exchanges passengers with the Albany and Cooperstown stages, and the next day returns to Old Fort Schuyler.

Fare for passengers, Two Dollars; way passengers, Four Pence per mile; 14lb. baggage gratis; 150wt. rated the same as a passenger.

Seats may be had by applying at the Post-Office, Whitestown, at the house of the subscriber, Old Fort Schuyler, or at Captain Roof's, Canajoharrie.

JASON PARKER.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF A MAIL STAGE

of the Plough Inn, where the stage-coach to Boston stopped while the horses were being changed. He kissed his mother good-by, shouldered his gun and knapsack, and clambered up to his seat in the coach.

When the coach was filled the whip called out: "All in. No more. Off you go, bays." Then the four bay horses started off with a rush and clattered out of Warrenton. Soon the wheels were humming along the firm highway that led to Boston.

In bad weather, traveling in a stagecoach was not a very pleasant experience. Twelve persons were crowded into one wagon, with their bags and parcels thrust

in between their legs. There was little protection from the heat of midsummer, or the cold of winter. But on this June day, it was delightful to drive along, watching the white road unwind itself, the meadows and wheat fields slipping past, and the clouds of the sky continually changing. The New England countryside looked very familiar to Jonathan, so this part of the journey afforded him little excitement.

But Boston, which he reached in the evening, was an amazing, new experience. The streets of Boston were crooked and narrow, and lit up at night with a few smoky oil lamps; nevertheless, to Jonathan Hale, Boston was a great city. He was utterly confused and dazzled by the many shop windows, and the crowds of people passing to and fro on the streets. His ears were filled with the din of carriage wheels and with the gabble of voices.

The whip drew rein in front of an inn called *The Green Dragon*, and there Jonathan spent the night. He dined with all the other travelers, as they all ate at one large table; and he slept in a room containing no less than eleven beds full of strange men.

The stagecoach to New York did not leave until the afternoon of the next day, so that Jonathan was able to walk about during the morning and see some of the sights of the city. For the first time in his life, he began to feel ashamed of his clothes. Everything he had on was homemade. His mother had woven the grey homespun of his suit, then she had cut out the cloth and sewn it. She had also knitted his stockings. His shoes

had been made by a traveling cobbler, who had spent a whole day at the farm, cutting out very sensible, square-toed shoes for all the family. Even Jonathan's hat had been manufactured by the village hatter. Now he was meeting on the streets fine gentlemen who wore velvet clothes and black silk stockings, and had their hair powdered in the latest French fashion.

At midday, he called on a friend of Deacon Wibird's, a Mr. Nick Boylston, who was a wealthy Boston merchant. At Mr. Boylston's home he was given an elegant dinner, indeed, and the house seemed to him fit for a nobleman. The floors were covered with Turkish carpets, the windows were curtained with crimson damask, and there were painted hangings on the walls. In the hallway was a marble table, and a beautiful, tall clock. More than ever Jonathan felt ashamed of his countrified appearance.

In the afternoon he set off in the stagecoach on the long journey to Dobbs Ferry, near New York, which was to take three days. For a time he rode among great, lonely hills. Then he came into the rich Connecticut Valley. Here were broad, flat pastures, richer than any he had ever seen in Massachusetts. The distances he was covering hour after hour during these three days seemed to him immense, greater than anything he had imagined. Yet he knew that these great states through which he was journeying were only the fringe of the Atlantic seaboard. If a road could be built right across the whole continent, how long would it take, he wondered, to drive in a stagecoach from the

Atlantic to the Pacific coast? Probably months and months and months. At the end of the third day the stagecoach reached the Bronx River, north of New York, and Jonathan climbed down from his seat, stretched his stiff legs, and walked in the direction of Dobbs Ferry.

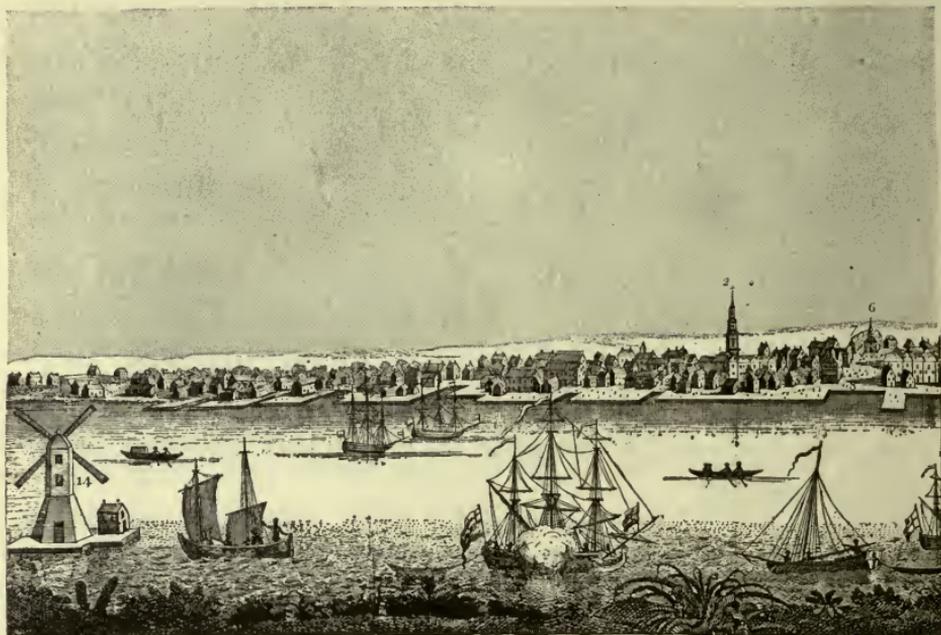
His life as a recruit in Washington's camp for the next few months was a very hard one. There was a constant repetition of drilling, target practice, bayonet practice, and marches, for Washington was training his men as thoroughly as time and circumstances would permit.

THE YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN

In order to follow the great Yorktown campaign in which Jonathan was to take part, one must know the position of the British and American armies in the summer of 1781.

Sir Henry Clinton, a British general, was occupying New York with a large British army, and Washington's camp was close by, at Dobbs Ferry. With Washington was the French general, Rochambeau, and a force of French soldiers.

In Virginia, there was another British army and another American army. Here, the American army was commanded by the French general, Lafayette, and was quartered at Williamsburg, while the British army, under Lord Cornwallis, was at Yorktown. There was also a small British fleet in Norfolk harbor, protecting Cornwallis.



A PICTURE OF PHILADELPHIA

Washington at this time was expecting a French admiral, Count de Grasse, to sail with a fleet from the West Indies to New York, to help him capture that city from the British. But, instead of waiting for the Count de Grasse to reach New York, Washington made up his mind to go south with his own and Rochambeau's army and join forces with Lafayette in Virginia. He planned to reach Lafayette at the same time as Count de Grasse should reach Norfolk, a port near Yorktown, and with the combined forces to capture Yorktown.

The British general in New York was expecting an attack at any moment, so Washington decided to hoodwink him. Washington's army made certain prepa-



AS IT APPEARED IN 1780

rations and movements which persuaded Sir Henry Clinton that an attack on New York was bound to take place very soon. For several days he could not find out exactly where Washington's troops were, nor what they were doing. All the roads leading out from New York were guarded, and the British spies could not succeed in crossing the Continental lines.

Meanwhile, Washington was carrying out his plan and was secretly making a rapid march southward to Virginia. The men were covering eighteen miles a day. On the first of September, Jonathan and his comrades crossed the Delaware River at Trenton. The next day they passed through Philadelphia.

This city, Jonathan found, was more beautiful than Boston, larger and finer looking. But there was little time to see any of the public buildings, as the army was on a quick march. Jonathan saw the State House, for the troops were reviewed in front of it by the delegates of the Continental Congress. Bands were playing, and the people of the city collected in great crowds on the streets. Jonathan was interested in seeing the delegates, a set of serious-looking, black-coated men. They were having at this time a hard struggle to obtain money for the needs of the army.

Some of the soldiers who had not received any pay for months and months were seriously discontented, and had little respect for the Continental Congress.

“Those delegates are a body of old women,” they grumbled, “who can do nothing but talk. They mean well, but they have no real power.”

After the troops had marched out of Philadelphia, they came into a wonderfully rich farming country owned by Pennsylvania Quakers and Dutch settlers. As they marched further and further to the south, the scene changed again and again. The air was clear and sweet, and the woods through which the soldiers passed were very beautiful. But the roads were full of ruts, and there were no bridges over the rivers.

The roads were so bad, in fact, that the stagecoaches were frequently upset. One morning the soldiers saw a stagecoach drawn up in front of an inn. As the driver mounted into his seat, he grinned cheerfully over his shoulder to the passengers, “I

hope we shan't *upsit*. I han't driv' this road this two month."

Several of the passengers already had their heads bandaged with bloodstained napkins. They explained to the soldiers that they had received some cuts and bruises, though they had been upset only once.

"The other coach," they said, "upset twice last night."

About the middle of September, the troops arrived at Williamsburg, Virginia, and Washington joined forces with Lafayette. On September 28, the combined armies marched toward Yorktown to attack the British troops under Cornwallis.

Cornwallis was trapped. Retreat by sea was cut off by the French fleet under Count de Grasse, who had defeated the small British fleet. On the land side there was an enemy army of sixteen thousand men hemming him in, and Cornwallis himself had only seven or eight thousand men. He threw up strong defenses around Yorktown and waited.

Jonathan was put to work with many others digging trenches, and on the ninth of October the bombardment began. It continued for nearly twenty-four hours. The air was full of terrible roars and thuds and queer whistling sounds. The earth was ripped up and the flying dirt struck Jonathan's face. He saw some of the soldiers fall to the ground, dead or wounded. He began to feel very much afraid; he was trembling, and wanted to turn and run, but he managed to hold his ground and hide his fear. At the end of twenty-four hours, the British guns ceased to reply.

On the night of October eleventh, new trenches were begun within two and three hundred yards of the British works, and it was determined that the Americans should try to capture two of the British batteries by assault, under the leadership of Colonel Alexander Hamilton.

The signal for the advance was a shell from the American batteries, followed by one from the French. Together with the other soldiers, Jonathan moved silently out of the intrenchments under cover of the darkness. They ran across the open ground at full speed, under a hot fire of rifle bullets, and leapt up on to the defenses of the British batteries. For nine minutes there was fierce fighting, and then the British gave up the batteries. Jonathan was unhurt.

The fighting continued for the next few days; then, on October 17, General Cornwallis asked for a truce. On October 19, he surrendered. The news was carried all over the Thirteen States by postriders, and in the big towns and the small towns and in the sleepy villages, the night watchmen called out:

“Past ten o’clock, and Cornwallis is taken.”

“Past twelve o’clock, and Cornwallis is taken.”

“Past three o’clock, and Cornwallis is taken.”

Although peace was not declared until two years later, Jonathan’s regiment was disbanded in the north soon after the siege of Yorktown. He started on his homeward journey, feeling very hopeful for the future. He believed America had won her victory, and that the United States might become a strong nation.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY

Jonathan passed again through Philadelphia on his way home, and was given a leave of absence, so that he was able to pay a visit to Deacon Wibird's brother, a Quaker merchant.

He found Rachel Wibird grown up into a girl of sixteen; but she looked very much as he had remembered her, with her red-brown hair and her grey Quaker dress. The whole city of Philadelphia was rejoicing over the victory, and the sober Quaker family who did not believe in war could be very sincerely glad that the war was nearly over. They made much of Jonathan and this was a very happy time in his life. They gave a dinner in his honor, and Jonathan remembered what Mrs. Wibird had said: "These quiet Friends, with their thee's and thou's and their grey clothes, know how to keep a good table." Turtle soup, baked meats, flummery, jellies, sweetmeats, trifles, whipped sillabubs, floating islands, gooseberry fool, and then fruits, raisins, and almonds—Jonathan had never eaten such a grand dinner.

After his stay in Philadelphia, he went back to Warrenton in a hopeful mood, and all America felt hopeful with him. "The times that try men's souls are over," wrote Thomas Paine.

But when Jonathan had settled down to his daily work on the farm, he began to grow discontented and restless. He was disappointed at the trend in public affairs, and more than ever wished to go west and

clear a farm for himself in the wilderness beyond the Allegheny River.

He found that the end of the war had not meant to the people of Warrenton what it had meant to him. To him it was the birth of a new nation, and he was looking forward to the time when the United States would become a powerful country, united under a strong national, or federal, government. But the people of Warrenton, most of whom had never been outside Massachusetts, were looking backward into the past, when Massachusetts had been undisturbed by the British and they had enjoyed self-government.

“We want our old self-government,” said Deacon Wibird. “We want no upstart National Government to tyrannize over us. We must stand up for States’ Rights, my boy!”

During the next few years, long talks and fierce arguments were carried on in the ale-houses of Warrenton between the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, that is, between the people who wanted a strong national government and those who did not. Jonathan was a Federalist but he took very little share in the discussions, for he was working hard on the farm and saving up money so as to be able to buy a plot of land in the Northwest Territory.

No one at this period felt any respect for the weak Continental Congress, under which the country was drifting into confusion and lawlessness. Because it had no power to raise taxes, it was almost bankrupt,

and could not pay its war debts. There was a great deal of quarrelling and jealousy between the Thirteen States. They quarrelled over paper money, and quarrelled over trade, and now they began quarrelling over the Northwest Territory which was claimed by various states. The problem was to decide to which states did it, or should it, now belong? No less than four states laid claims to it.

At last from the little State of Maryland came a suggestion as to a way out of the difficulty. The proposal was that the Northwest Territory should be put under the control of Congress. If the Congress could have control of the Northwest Territory, it could sell plots of undeveloped land to pioneer farmers, and use the money received to help pay off the nation's debt. People began to realize that a strong national government was indeed needed and steps were taken in this direction.

This was what Jonathan had been waiting for. He would buy a plot of land in the Northwest Territory, gain a legal right to it, and the money he paid would help to strengthen the national government.

Now he began to lay very definite plans for the future. Rachel Wibird had again visited her uncle and aunt in Warrenton, and Jonathan's diary for the past year had been full of allusions to *R. W.*:

"Went a-hunting with Deacon Wibird, and afterwoods Supp't with his Lady and R. W."

"Roade over to Deacon Wibird's and dronk Tea thare."

"Dreamed away the Hole Day."

“Friday afternoone, Saturday afternoone, Sunday afternoone. All spent in wastefull idlenesse, or, which is Wurse, in Gallanting the Girls. O the Sad Effeckt of War in Distrackting a Country!”

“R. W. is more calm and serious than other Girls. She thinks over the Books she has Red. She sets, with her eyes stedily fixed, in Deep Thought. Hur friend, on the other hand, is Plump and Pretty and Pert, but has no Hed. She thinks and Reeds much less than R. W. Yet R. W. can be naughty and witty, Unexpecktedly.”

“Had an interesting Conversation yesterday with R. W., on the subgickt of *Married Lif*:—

R. W. ‘Would thee rather spend thy evenings At Hom, by thy own fireside, reeding with thy Wif, or would thee rather spend them in Inns or jolly Clubs?’

Self. ‘Should prefur the Conversation of a Sensible Wif to anny other Company; that is, generally, but not allways. I should not lik my Hom to be a Prizen.’

R. W. ‘Suppose Thee had been at Work, and came home Weary, and thy Wif should meet thee with a Sour or Inattentive Face, how would thee feel?’

Self. ‘I would flee my country, or she should!’

R. W. ‘But how can a Married Cupple avoid falling into a Pashun or out of Temper on some occasions, and Hurting each other’s Feelings?’

Self. ‘By Resolving agenst it. But if it happens that Both get out of Humor and a Stormy Dispute follows, yet both will feel very Sorry and Affektionate afterwoods, and forgive each other Tenderly and beg forgiveness, and so love each other the better for it in the Futur.’

After Rachel returned home, Jonathan wrote to Mr. Wibird of Philadelphia, asking for his daughter’s hand in marriage. His letter was written in the stiff, formal style of the day, and it was very different from his

conversations with Rachel. "I am awar," he began, "that Miss Rachel's prudence, and the love she bares to her Amiable and Tender Parents, forbids her Giving Encurridgement to anyone without Thare Consent." But, however stiff and formal the style, it was deeply respectful and full of warm feeling, and it served its purpose, for Jonathan received a favorable reply.

When he arrived in Philadelphia for his marriage, the first sight that caught his eye was a group of black-coated men standing on the bank of the river and watching a little ferryboat plying against the current. It was not moved either by sails or oars, but by steam. A passer-by remarked to him, "That is the new invention of Mr. John Fitch of this town. It is arousing a good deal of curiosity, but very few people understand the workings of it."

Jonathan thought of the westward journey he was about to make with his young wife, and said to himself: "How fine it would be if we could explore our great western rivers in boats driven by their own power. And in England other machines are driven by steam. Perhaps our cities of the future will be humming with great steam-driven machines."

Jonathan found that he could make his land deal without difficulty. He traveled to New York, where plots of land were being sold at public auction, and bought several hundred acres of uncleared forest in the Northwest Territory, paying to Congress two dollars an acre.

Then the wedding took place, in the drawing-room of the Wibird house in Philadelphia. This room was large

and square, panelled in white. It was decorated for the occasion with holly and illuminated with hundreds of wax candles. Rachel was dressed in a white gown with a long pointed bodice. Jonathan wore a black velvet coat and breeches, and white silk stockings. Instead of his usual square-toed shoes, he had on a pair of pumps with shining buckles.

After the wedding, they both put away their fine clothes, and began to prepare for the westward journey. Rachel knew that her future life in the wilderness was to be very different from the life she had been accustomed to, for in her father's household she had enjoyed all the comfort which was typical of a wealthy Quaker family in the wealthiest of American cities.

Jonathan first took Rachel home to Warrenton, and then they drove together in a wagon to Pittsburg, taking with them farm supplies and tools as well as horses, cattle, sheep, and chickens. At Pittsburg, which was then only a village, they began their journey down the Ohio River to the land of promise in the west.

Jonathan lashed two rafts together, each ninety feet long, and built a small wooden shack on one of them, into which were piled Rachel's household treasures. Among these were fine linen, silverware, delftware, and a few pieces of mahogany furniture. On the other raft were a stack of hay, and the horses and cows and pigs and poultry, together with the wagon, ploughs, and other farm tools.

The young people had brought their own food supplies, and their rafts floated with the current, so that

their journey was made at very slight expense. The birds were singing pleasantly in the boughs of the trees, for it was the spring of the year, and the river flowed through wild forests. For hours Rachel would sit quietly on the raft, her eyes looking steadily ahead at the new country. At meal times Jonathan would go ashore and chop wood for the fire, while Rachel would explore the streams and the waterfalls, and watch the horses and cattle grazing along the river's banks. When the fire was ready Rachel would cook the meal. Then they would drive the horses and cattle back to the raft and continue on their way.

When they reached the plot of land that Jonathan had bought, they found that it was a region of gloomy forest, waste land, and swamp. But Jonathan set to work with enthusiasm, clearing it and draining it. Like the thousands of other American pioneers, he could see the future and gain courage from it. Out of the gloomy forest and swamp, he thought of a great country developing, with cornfields stretching out for thousands of miles, like the ocean, under the expanse of the sky, and immense pastures feeding herds of cattle, and big cities manufacturing machines more powerful than any driven by man or beast.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

When the people of America at last recognized that a strong Federal, or National, Government was needed, it was decided that a meeting should be held in Phila-

delphia for the purpose of planning and writing out a national Constitution, that is, a document describing the nature and powers of the new National Government. Fifty-five delegates were chosen from all parts of the country. These included George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, perhaps the two greatest men in America at this time.

George Washington was the natural leader among the delegates. In the presence of his dignity and his native strength, the lesser men around him caught some sense of the greatness and sacredness of their task. Benjamin Franklin had political wisdom, a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a saving sense of humor.

For several months, the delegates met every day in the State House at Philadelphia, behind closed doors. The document they planned and wrote has been called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given moment by the brain and purpose of man." The delegates worked for many months, and they often felt very weary and discouraged. Sometimes, when the difficulties seemed impossible to overcome, when the speakers had grown hoarse with weariness and bitterness, Benjamin Franklin would make some homely, witty remark that would cause a great outburst of laughter, and cleanse the air for a good-natured settlement of the dispute.

It was decided that there should be a President of the United States, elected indirectly by the people for a term of four years.

There was to be a lawmaking body called Congress. Upon this matter the delegates argued for weeks and weeks. The little states wanted to be represented equally with the big states. But the big states claimed that they ought to have more representatives because they had more population. At first there seemed no way out of the difficulty, but at last Franklin saved the day by remarking, "When a joiner wishes to fit two boards, he sometimes cuts off a bit from both." His suggestion was acted upon. A compromise was made, a half-way settlement, as it were, between the wishes of both sides. It was decided that there should be two Houses of Congress, one to suit the wishes of the smaller states, the other to suit the wishes of the larger states. In the Upper House, to be called the Senate, the states were to be equal, each electing two Senators. In the Lower House, or House of Representatives, the number of representatives to be elected from each state was to be determined according to population. There was to be a Supreme Court of Justice, to judge cases concerning the general interests of the nation and to interpret the laws. The government thus set up was called the Federal, or National, Government, and was to have power to pass laws, raise taxes, regulate trade, and keep up an army and navy. The Northwest Territory was to remain under the control of the National Government, but if any part of it became well developed and settled in the future, it might demand a state constitution. The state governments were to continue with full power over their own local affairs.



SIGNING THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Each state was represented on the American flag by a star. At this time there were only thirteen stars. It was decided that a place must be chosen for the residence of the President and the houses of Congress.

When the Federal Constitution was finished and written down, many of the delegates were not satisfied with it, but Benjamin Franklin urged them to sign it, even though they felt that it was not perfect in every detail. "I once met a French lady," he said, "who told me that after a long life in this world, she had discovered that she herself was the only person who had always been right—in her own opinion."

It was decided that the Constitution, being imperfect, might be changed, or amended, in the future, if two thirds of the national Congress so desired, and if three quarters of the states were willing to accept the change, or amendment.

When all was over, and the meeting was breaking up, George Washington sat silent, with his head bent low, in the presidential chair. This was a quaint old-fashioned, high-backed armchair, with a half sun painted in bright gold upon its headrest. Franklin went up to Washington and said, "As I have been sitting here all these weeks, I have often wondered whether that sun is rising or setting. But now I know that it is a rising sun."

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: After the American Revolution, the colonies became independent states, and a Federal Government was established. How was all this accomplished?

QUESTIONS

1. Was the school in Warrenton a public or a private school?
2. What is the difference between a minuteman and a regular soldier?
3. Explain the causes of the Revolution.
4. What is the meaning of the phrase "No Taxation Without Representation?"
5. Who were the Tories?
6. What is a state constitution?
7. Describe the Continental Congress.
8. What do you think were the effects of a Puritan upbringing on Jonathan's character?
9. What was the chief weakness of the Continental Congress?
10. Explain the difference of opinion between the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists.
11. How much did Jonathan pay per acre for his land in the West?
12. What is the National, or Federal, Constitution?
13. Why are there two Houses of Congress in Washington?

CHAPTER X

AMERICA TO-DAY

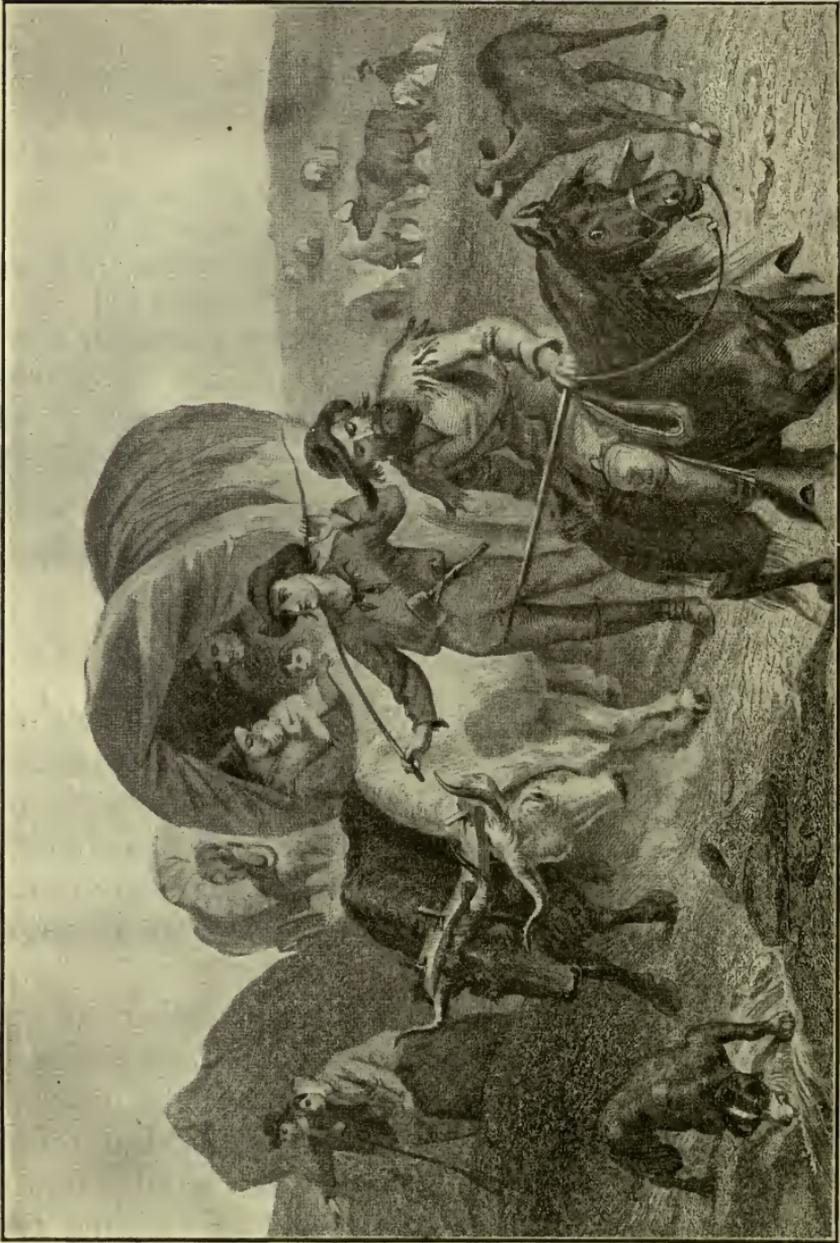
1. THE WINNING OF THE WEST
2. THE HOME LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Now we must let our imagination sweep over more than a hundred years, from the time of the writing of the Constitution to the present day. If we could witness the Westward Movement across America, the building of the railroads, and the growth of our great cities, the rapid development of our country would seem almost a miracle.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST

Beginning with short journeys, like the journey of Jonathan and Rachel Hale, the pioneer farmers moved westward. Forests were cut and cleared, herds of buffalo on the prairie were shot down, and broad fields were cultivated. After the first farmhouses were built, appeared the little red schoolhouses where the farmers' children learned their lessons.

New farms were built farther and farther to the westward across the great prairie, and pioneers explored the desert lands beyond, until, at last, on the horizon, appeared the faint blue peaks of the Rocky Mountains, snow-flecked, and shimmering with their strange frosty light. A line of caravans succeeded in crossing the



PIONEERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE WEST

mountains and reached the Great Salt Lake that lies beyond. Then, after all the droughts and blizzards of the prairie, the pioneers found California, a beautiful region, with snow-covered peaks, and green valleys shaded with groves of giant trees. In California, so it



CHICAGO IN 1834

seems, all the fruits of the earth can be raised in plenty — acres of wheat, acres of roses and poppies, orchards of peaches, oranges, and almonds.

Whenever a group of western settlers built their houses close together around a successful lumber mill or a mining camp, they would soon begin to feel the need of city conveniences: paved sidewalks, good roads, a

water supply, and so forth. If the people were willing to join together and pay city taxes, then they would organize a city government to look after these matters. So the Western cities grew and multiplied.

When a territory of the West became well settled with many cities, the Westerners would wish to live



CHICAGO AS IT IS TO-DAY

This shows part of Michigan Boulevard, Chicago's most noted street.

under state laws of their own making. At the beginning, the western territories were under the guardianship of the Federal Government; they were, in a sense, the children of the nation. But, as soon as they grew up, their guardian was ready to give them independence and the control of their own riches. The people would demand a state government and a written state constitution. So the new states developed throughout the

West, each obtaining self-government when the proper time came. Now there are forty-eight states in the Union, instead of only thirteen, as at the time of the Revolution.

While the western pioneers were subduing the wilderness, shiploads of immigrants were pouring into America from all the countries of Europe, and so the population increased. At the time of the Revolution there were less than three million people in the United States. Now at the beginning of the twentieth century, there are a hundred and five million.

Higher wages are paid in the United States than in the European countries, and so the poor of Europe have flocked to America—the poor, the homeless, the tired, the adventurer, and the idealist have found here new strength, new life, and new opportunity. Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Jews, Russians, Norwegians, Swedes, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, and Slavs stand shoulder to shoulder in American factories, so that the United States of to-day is not merely a nation, but a “nation of nations.” It is the poverty of Europe that has built up the richest nation in the world.

Many of these immigrants come to America dreaming of a free country, and their hopes are welcomed in New York Harbor by the Statue of Liberty holding high her torch. After they have been “naturalized,” they become American citizens and help to uphold the pure principles of democracy which were founded by those earlier immigrants, the Pilgrim Fathers, and which are always in danger of attack. After all, every one in

America is either an immigrant or the descendant of an immigrant. Even the Indians, so historians now believe, are descended from men who migrated from Asia.



IMMIGRANTS OF TO-DAY

All over the country, great cities have risen up with their skyscrapers and smokestacks; their roaring, crowded streets; and their factories whirring with machinery.

The development of industry and science in America and throughout the world in the last century has been extraordinary. American workmen of to-day, instead of using

their own muscles, use engines and locomotives of tremendous driving power. Instead of using their eyes and ears unaided, they use delicate instruments that are a thousand times more sensitive and reliable, such

as microscopes, telescopes, and the apparatus of wireless telegraphy.

The United States has become not only the richest nation in the world, but one of the most powerful. The work of the government has increased with the nation. The expenses of the Federal, or National, Government in 1791 were three million dollars; now, even in peace times, its expenses require four billion dollars a year, which means a thousandfold increase.

THE HOME LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt, one of our greatest chieftains of modern times, was a strong upholder of true Americanism. Perhaps he never felt more proud than when the sailors on board a United States warship gave three cheers for "Theodore Roosevelt, a typical American citizen."

He brought up his children according to American ideals, and his description of family life in the Roosevelt country home, Sagamore Hill, Long Island, is typical of the best in American home life of to-day. He believed that children should be free and happy, and that they should be out of doors as much as possible. The following is an extract from Roosevelt's autobiography:¹

Sagamore Hill takes its name from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who, as chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land two centuries and a half ago. The

¹This selection from *Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography* is used through the courtesy of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

house stands right on the top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and looks out over the bay and the Sound. We see the sun go down beyond long reaches of land and water. Many



SAGAMORE HILL

birds dwell in the trees round the house or in the pastures and the woods nearby, and of course in winter gulls, loons and wild fowl frequent the waters of the bay and the Sound. . . .

At Sagamore Hill we love a great many things—birds and trees and books, and all things beautiful, and horses and rifles and children and hard work and the joy of life. We have great fire places, and in them the logs

roar and crackle during the long winter evenings. The big piazza is for the hot, still afternoons of summer.

. . . The books are everywhere. There are as many in the north room and in the parlor—is drawing room



THE LIBRARY AT SAGAMORE HILL

a more appropriate name than parlor?—as in the library; the gunroom at the top of the house, which incidentally has the loveliest view of all, contains more books than any of the other rooms; and they are particularly delightful books to browse among.

Books are all very well in their way, and we love them at Sagamore Hill; but children are better than books. Sagamore Hill is one of three neighboring

houses in which small cousins spent very happy years of childhood. In the three houses there were at one time sixteen of these small cousins, all told, and once we ranged them in order of size and took their photograph. . . .

When their mother and I returned from a row, we would often see the children waiting for us, running like sand-spiders along the beach. They always liked to swim in company with a grown-up of buoyant temperament and inventive mind, and the float offered limitless opportunities for enjoyment while bathing. All dutiful parents know the game of "stage-coach"; each child is given a name, such as the whip, the nigh leader, the off wheeler, the old lady passenger, and, under penalty of paying a forfeit, must get up and turn round when the grown-up, who is improvising a thrilling story, mentions that particular object; and when the word "stage-coach" is mentioned, everybody has to get up and turn round. Well, we used to play stage-coach on the float while in swimming, and instead of tamely getting up and turning round, the child whose turn it was had to plunge overboard. When I mentioned "stage-coach," the water fairly foamed with vigorously kicking little legs; and then there was always a moment of interest while I counted, so as to be sure that the number of heads that came up corresponded with the number of children who had gone under. . . .

There could be no healthier and pleasanter place in which to bring up children than in the nook of old-time

America around Sagamore Hill. Certainly I never knew small people to have a better time or a better training for their work in after-life than the three families of cousins at Sagamore Hill. It was real country, and—speaking from the somewhat detached point of view of the masculine parent—I should say there was just the proper mixture of freedom and control in the management of the children. They were never allowed to be disobedient or to shirk lessons or work; and they were encouraged to have all the fun possible. They often went barefoot, especially during the many hours passed in various enthralling pursuits along and in the waters of the bay. They swam, they tramped, they boated, they coasted and skated in winter, they were intimate friends with the cows, chickens, pigs and other live stock. They had in succession two ponies, General Grant and, when the General's legs became such that he lay down too often and too unexpectedly in the road, a calico pony named Algonquin, who is still living a life of honorable leisure in the stable and the pasture—where he has to be picketed, because otherwise he chases the cows. Sedate pony Grant used to draw the cart in which the children went driving when they were very small, the driver being their old nurse Mame, who had held their mother in her arms when she was born, and who was knit to them by a tie as close as any tie of blood. I doubt whether I ever saw Mame really offended with them except once when, out of pure but misunderstood affection, they named a pig after her. They loved pony Grant. Once I saw the then little boy

of three hugging pony Grant's forelegs. As he leaned over his broad straw hat tilted on end, and pony Grant meditatively munched the brim; whereupon the small boy looked up with a wail of anguish, evidently thinking the pony had decided to treat him like a radish. . . .

One of the stand-bys for enjoyment, especially in rainy weather, was the old barn. This had been built nearly a century previously, and was as delightful as only the pleasantest kind of old barn can be. It stood at the meeting-spot of three fences. A favorite amusement used to be an obstacle race. The contestants were timed and were started successively from outside the door. When they were little, their respective fathers were expected also to take part in the obstacle race, and when with the advance of years the fathers finally refused to be contestants, there was a feeling of pained regret among the children at such a decline in the sporting spirit. . . .

As soon as the little boys learned to swim they were allowed to go off by themselves in rowboats and camp out for the night along the Sound. Sometimes I would go along so as to take the smaller children. Once a schooner was wrecked on a point half a dozen miles away. She held together well for a season or two after having been cleared of everything down to the timbers, and this gave us the chance to make camping trips in which the girls could also be included, for we put them to sleep in the wreck, while the boys slept on the shore; squaw picnics, the children called them.

My children, when young, went to the public school near us, the little Cove School, as it is called. For nearly thirty years we have given the Christmas tree to the school. Before the gifts are distributed, I am expected to make an address, which is always mercifully short, my own children having impressed upon me with frank sincerity the attitude of other children to addresses of this kind on such occasions. There are of course performances by the children themselves, while all of us parents look admiringly on, each sympathizing with his or her particular offspring in the somewhat wooden recital of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," or "The Mountain and the Squirrel had a Quarrel." But the tree and the gifts make up for all shortcomings. . . .

As for the education of the children, there was of course much of it that represented downright hard work and drudgery. There was also much training that came as a by-product and was perhaps almost as valuable—not as a substitute but as an addition. After their supper, the children, when little, would come trotting up to their mother's room to be read to, and it was always a surprise to me to notice the extremely varied reading which interested them, from Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," Mary Alicia Owen's "Voodoo Tales," and Joel Chandler Harris's "Aaron in the Wild Woods," to "Lycidas" and "King John." If their mother was absent, I would try to act as vice-mother—a poor substitute, I fear—superintending the supper and reading aloud afterwards. The children did not wish me to read the



THREE GENERATIONS OF ROOSEVELTS

books they desired their mother to read, and I usually took some such book as "Hereward the Wake," or "Guy Mannering," or "The Last of the Mohicans," or else some story about a man-eating tiger, or a man-eating lion, from one of the hunting books in my library. . . .

As the children grew up, Sagamore Hill remained delightful for them. There were picnics and riding parties, there were dances in the north room—sometimes fancy dress dances—and open-air plays on the green tennis court of one of the cousin's houses. The children are no longer children now. Most of them are men and women, working out their own fates in the big world; some in our own land, others across the great oceans or where the Southern Cross blazes in the tropic nights. Some of them have children of their own; some are working at one thing, some at another; in cable ships, in business offices, in factories, in newspaper offices, building steel bridges, bossing gravel trains and steam shovels, or laying tracks and superintending freight traffic. They have had their share of accidents and escapes; as I write, word comes from a far-off land that one of them, whom Seth Bullock used to call "Kim" because he was the friend of all mankind, while bossing a dangerous but necessary steel structural job has had two ribs and two back teeth broken, and is back at work. They have known and they will know joy and sorrow, triumph and temporary defeat. But I believe they are all the better off because of their happy and healthy childhood.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: The pioneer spirit.

QUESTIONS

1. What do you know about the history of your own state?
2. If you live in a city, find out when and how it was first settled.

3. Have you any relatives who settled in the West during the last fifty years? If so, what was their reason?

4. If your parents or grandparents were immigrants, find out what was their reason for coming to America.

5. Do you think it is good for children to be brought up to hard work, and according to very strict rules of conduct, like Jonathan Hale, or do you believe in the freer home life of modern American children? Give your reasons.

CHAPTER XI

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

1. WASHINGTON—A VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE
2. THE CAPITOL
3. THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

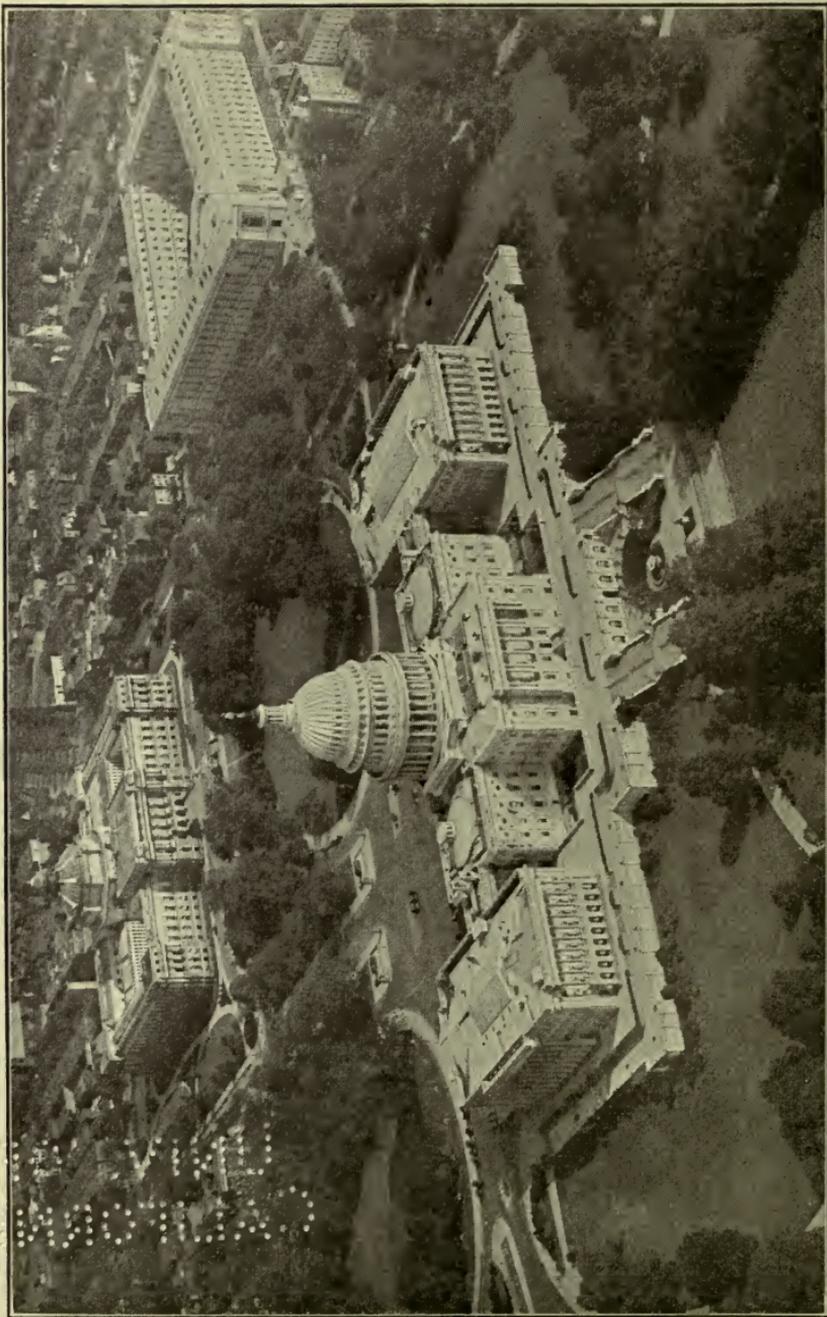
In order to understand our American government of to-day, we must study the National Government in Washington, and also the government of the states, the cities, and the counties. Let us first imagine that we are taking a trip to the city of Washington.

WASHINGTON—A VISIT TO THE WHITE HOUSE

As our train approaches the Union Station, we catch vague glimpses in the early morning mist of a huge, white, dreamy dome, and some distance away, of a slender white shaft, very tall, rising out of a sea of tree tops. The dome is the dome of the National Capitol, and the slender shaft is the shaft of the Washington Monument.

A hundred years ago Washington was called "A city of miserable huts." Now it is the most beautiful city in the United States. It is a big peaceful city, with shining white houses, and long broad avenues shaded with fine trees.

We get into a taxi and ride quickly to our hotel, passing some of the government buildings on the way.



THE CAPITOL

They are huge blocks of white stone, with rows of pillars, like those of the old temples of Athens. As soon as we have unpacked our grips at the hotel, we go out to see the sights. We are told that the White House, the residence of the President, is open from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, and we decide to spend the morning visiting the White House.

As we walk along the pleasant shaded streets, the first government building we see is the great Capitol, a huge pile of white pillars and walls with a magnificent dome as its crowning glory. It is here that the laws of the nation are made by our Senators and Congressmen. The Capitol is the grandest building in Washington and one of the stateliest in all the world.

Skirting around the Capitol, we come into a green park and pass by a number of other government buildings before we turn to the right in the direction of the White House. In some places we can see stonemasons and carpenters at work, for Washington is still a city of the future, and plans have been made for a great many new government buildings.

Our first impression of the White House is of a beautiful home, like a small palace, shining out daz- zlingly white from among smooth green lawns and big trees. It is built somewhat in the style of the early Colonial homes, with Greek pillars in front of the main doorway.

Before going in, we take a stroll around the grounds. There is a fountain with an apple tree near-by. For a minute or two we sit under the shade of the apple tree

and look at the bright flowers and at the play of the water in the sunlight. In the big linden trees a pair of warbling vireos are singing lustily. The magnolias are in bloom and the scent of the jasmine on the porch of the White House is wafted to us. The garden is beauti-



THE WHITE HOUSE AS SEEN FROM AN AIRPLANE

ful, and we can imagine that it is a delightful resting place for a tired and overworked President.

Then we come back to the main entrance of the White House and show a special card, with an introduction written by one of the Senators from our state.

We are led through a number of big rooms, which are richly furnished and decorated with tall vases filled with hothouse flowers. When we finally reach the famous East Room, a big reception hall, we find it filled with callers who wish to shake hands with the

President. The East Room is an immense place, with magnificent crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. When these are all lit up on the night of a banquet, the effect must be wonderfully gay and brilliant.

The President is standing at the far end of the room. We look at him with great respect, for we are Americans, and we feel that there is no higher office and no greater responsibility in the world than that of the President of the United States.

The chief usher is introducing some of the visitors by name. There are streams and streams of visitors—people like ourselves from all parts of the country, from New York, from Nebraska, from California; and foreigners from many different countries, from England, from Belgium, from France, even from China and Japan.

When our turn comes, we tell the President our names, and he shakes hands with us.

Some of the Presidents do not enjoy these public receptions, but President Lincoln liked to meet with simple country folk who would give him a "God bless you" with affection and admiration shining out of their eyes. He used to call his receptions his "public opinion baths." The interest and trust of the common people made him forget his anxieties for a moment, and gave him fresh courage to go on with his hard work.

After we have shaken hands with the President, we are taken to see the office where he works. During Roosevelt's term a new wing of office buildings was added to the White House and several other changes

were made. We are first shown busy office rooms where the staff of White House stenographers are hard at work. There is the clicking of telegraph instruments, the hum of many typewriters, and the sharp ring of the telephone. Some distance away is a quiet room, the President's own office, and we are taken there to see the very table at which he sits when working.

When he is carrying on his full day's work, the President is an exceedingly busy man. President Roosevelt has described a day at the White House in one of his letters. Every morning, in the summer, he took breakfast with Mrs. Roosevelt out on the South Portico, which is a beautiful, stately porch overgrown with honeysuckle and jasmine. After breakfast he strolled about the garden for fifteen or twenty minutes, looking at the flowers and the fountain and admiring the trees. Then he went into his office and worked until lunch time. He usually entertained some official people at lunch; sometimes Senators or ambassadors, sometimes an author, a prominent business man, a labor leader, a scientist, or a big game hunter. Immediately after lunch he went back to work, and worked until five. If Mrs. Roosevelt wished to ride, he would spend two or three hours with her on horseback. A favorite ride was through Rock Creek Park, which is one of Washington's public places. After dinner he was sometimes free, but toward the end of his term as President he was generally busy and had to sit up late at night writing messages to Congress and other important papers.

There is a tall glass vase filled with pink carnations on the President's table, and we can see that his calendar is scribbled all over with the names of people who have appointments with him. After we have been shown the President's own work table, we are shown the big table which is used for Cabinet meetings. The President appoints a number of well-known men to be the heads of the big Government Departments (which we are to visit), and about once a week he invites these men, who are called the members of his Cabinet, to the White House for a Cabinet meeting. They all sit around the big table with him and talk over the affairs of the nation.

Every four years there is a national election, at which the people of the country vote, and the various political parties run candidates for the Presidency. The President is elected for a term of four years, and has to carry out a great many official duties. He is the chief official worker of the nation, and is given a salary of \$75,000 a year.

At first, he is kept very busy making appointments; that is, choosing good men to carry on the work of the Government Departments. He has the grave responsibility of deciding whether or not to sign the bills which are passed by Congress. The President does not always agree with Congress. If he wishes, he can refuse to sign a bill,¹ in which case, if Congress still wishes to make it a law, it must pass the bill over again by a big majority, a two-thirds vote.

¹ A proposed law, before it is finally passed, is called a *bill*.

The President is the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy. During a war his powers are very great and his duties very heavy. No doubt President Wilson's breakdown and serious illness were brought on by the terrific strain of the Great War.

The President also has to receive foreign ambassadors, and he has the power to make treaties with foreign countries, but only "with the advice and the consent of the Senate." President Wilson went to Paris and helped to write the Treaty of Peace with Germany and the constitution of the League of Nations, but when he came back to America he was unable to obtain the consent of the Senate, so that America did not sign the Treaty with the other countries.

This is only a short outline of the duties of the President, but it is enough to show us that he must be a hardworking man.

As we are leaving the White House, we pass through a great corridor and are shown the pictures of past presidents hanging on the walls. We look up at them with great respect, but our guide tells us that they have not always been so respectfully treated. One rainy day during President Roosevelt's term, his small son Quentin invited a number of young friends to play with him, including Charlie Taft, the son of President Taft. The little boys were very noisy and full of mischief, and finally they chewed wads of paper and threw them at the portraits. When President Roosevelt later discovered what had been done, he hauled young Quentin out of bed and made him take off the paper



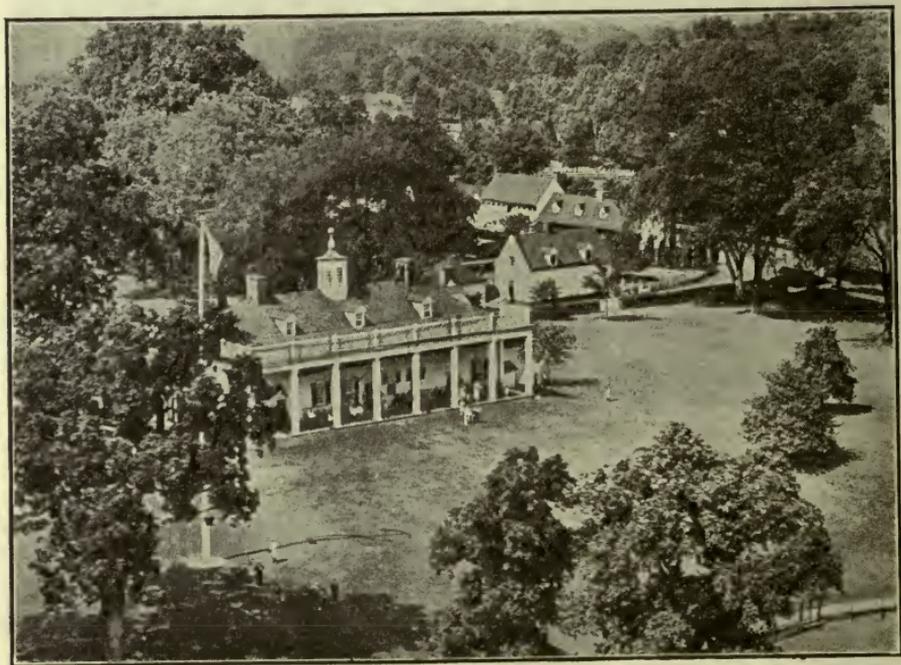
WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM AT MOUNT VERNON

wads. The next day he summoned the four culprits to come before him. He explained to them that they had acted like boors, and then stated that Quentin could have no friends to see him, and that the other three were not to come inside the White House until he felt that time enough had passed to serve as a punishment. They were four very sheepish small boys when he had finished his reprimand.

MOUNT VERNON AND THE CAPITOL

That same afternoon we take a delightful trip in a steamer down the Potomac River to visit Mount Vernon, the beautiful old house which used to be the home

of George Washington. Everything has been left exactly as it was when Washington died. There is a quaint garden, still carefully tended, with old box hedges planted by Washington himself, and prim, old-



MOUNT VERNON

fashioned flowers such as used to be grown there in colonial days. Inside the house, the furniture is just as it used to be. Nothing has been moved away. We can see the mahogany chairs in which Washington used to sit, and the big four-posted bed in which he used to sleep.

The house is situated on a high hill which slopes down gently toward the shores of the Potomac. We go out

to the porch, and, as we stand there for a moment, we have a sweeping view over the fairest of landscapes. We look down on the shining, splendid river and over hills forested with quiet shadowy trees, where the deer wander in herds. This is the view upon which Washington's eyes used to rest, and like himself it is calm, silent, stately, and dignified. At Mount Vernon we are carried back over a hundred years to the time when our Constitution was first written.

The next morning, we plan to visit the Capitol, and see how our laws are made.

Our laws are made by our Representatives and Senators, whom we ourselves elect at the national elections. The Representatives meet in a big hall called the House of Representatives, which is in the south wing of the Capitol, and the Senators meet in the Senate Chamber, which is in the north wing.

Before starting out from the hotel, we ring up on the telephone the Congressman from our district, and he arranges to meet us on the steps of the Capitol. He has very kindly promised to show us over the building. He is always kind and friendly to the "folks from back home," as he calls us who live in his district. The United States is divided up into districts, each containing about 212,000 people, and one Representative is elected from every district.

When we meet our friend, we go inside the Capitol building, and find that it is crowded with visitors. Passing through a hall which is full of statues, we come to the House of Representatives. The lawmakers

are assembled, so we cannot go down on the main floor; we must go up with the crowd into the visitors' gallery.

Here we look down upon a huge hall, something like a concert hall. There are rows and rows of benches which run in a half circle around a platform, on which is placed a marble seat, the seat of the Speaker. The Speaker is the most important person in the house, and it is his business to see that all Congressional business is conducted in an orderly fashion.

The Congressmen seem to us to carry on their work in a noisy and confused manner. There is a buzz of conversation, and men are walking about in every direction. A clerk sitting below the Speaker is reading aloud from a paper in a singsong voice. No one pays any attention to him, and we are surprised to be told that he is reading the title of a bill. When the hubbub is at its loudest, the Speaker strikes the top of his desk with a heavy mallet. There is silence for a moment, and he calls out, "The House will be in order."

At this, our friend asks us to excuse him for a moment. He says that a vote is going to be taken, and that he must vote with his party.

While he is gone, there is more confusion, and everyone seems to be getting up or sitting down again. Then the Speaker again hammers his desk, and calls out this time: "The ayes have it."

Our Congressman comes back and tells us that a bill has just been passed. The House has voted to allow several millions of dollars to one of the Government Departments which we are to visit to-morrow.

Our Congressman, as we have said, voted with his party. The members of the House are divided up into the two big parties, the Democrats and the Republicans, and they sit on opposite sides of the House. We ask our friend, "What makes a Republican, and what makes a Democrat?" He smiles, but refuses to answer directly. He says that the two parties are constantly taking up new questions and changing their "platforms," so that it is difficult to say what is the exact difference between them. When a party outlines a set of new laws which it wishes to pass, and policies which it endorses, these are called its "platform."

We now leave the House and walk back in the direction of the Senate Chamber. On the way, we pass by the Supreme Court Room. Someone is coming out, the door swings noiselessly open, and for a moment we can glance in.

The Court Room is filled and a lawyer is arguing his case. Nine grave-looking judges, in black silk robes, are seated in a row. These are the Chief Justice and the eight Associate Justices of the United States. The lawyer ceases talking, and there is complete silence. We look at the faces of the Justices. They are middle-aged or old men, and several of them have white hair. They are uncommonly fine-looking, and seated there in the black flowing robes of their office, they seem like the symbols of dignity and authority. This is the highest court in the country, the Supreme Court of the United States.

The door is closed, and we move away. When we reach the Senate Chamber, we notice that it is much smaller than the House of Representatives. There are fewer Senators than there are Congressmen, and this is because the Senators are elected according to states,



THE SENATE IN SESSION

only two from each state, while the Congressmen are elected according to districts.

The Senate Chamber is beautifully decorated. The seats of the Senators are arranged in half circles, like the benches of the Congressmen, but each Senator has a desk which is made of polished mahogany. The chief officer of the Senate is the Vice-President of

the United States, and he sits in a high-backed chair and presides.

One of the Senators, who has a bald head, is making a long speech, and he is being listened to with great attention by all the others. There is no talking, no walking to and fro. The Senate has always had the habit of grave politeness and slow, cool deliberation. The Senators, on the whole, are older men than the Congressmen, and their position is more dignified. They are elected for six years, while the Congressmen are elected for only two years.

THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

Our next two days are very busy, strenuous ones, spent in travelling around the city and visiting the Department buildings. The Departments, with the President, belong to the working branch of the Government. They carry on the business of government, and put into practice the laws passed by Congress.

The Department of State attends to our business with foreign countries.

The Treasury Department attends to the money affairs of the Nation.

The War and Navy Departments have charge of our Army and Navy.

The Post Office Department directs the postal system all over the country.

The Department of the Interior attends to a variety of things—pensions for soldiers, Indian affairs, the

patent department, the national parks, education, Alaska and the territories, the vast national forests, and national engineering work.

The Department of Agriculture has charge of the interests of the farmers of the United States.

The Department of Commerce attends to trade problems.

The Department of Labor has charge of the interests of wage earners.

The first building that we enter is a huge grey granite pile, just west of the White House, which contains the central offices of three Departments, the State, War, and Navy Departments.

In the offices of the War and Navy Departments we are shown some maps, dotted over with little flags, and some interesting models of our new big battle-ships. But these offices give us very little idea of the work of our Army and Navy, so we spend only a short time in them.

We pass by the White House again, and find on the opposite side another huge granite building, the Treasury Department. An old guide leads us down to the great dark basement of the building, where vast hordes of money are stored up. Before our eyes lie thousands of millions of dollars, in shining new coins and crisp, clean dollar bills. Most of this money is locked up in boxes inside big steel cages, which are guarded night and day by armed watchmen.

The guide tells us that at present the Treasury has to raise about four billions of dollars a year in taxes to

pay the expenses of the National Government. Almost all of this huge sum is spent in paying for wars, past or future. If the nations could prevent wars in the future, it would mean the saving of vast sums of money.

The next building we enter is that of the Department of the Interior. Here we are shown a fine collection of artistically colored photographs which have been taken in the National Parks: the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, Glacier Park, and the Rocky Mountain National Park. There are pictures of cool, shady forests and giant trees, pictures of snowy mountain ranges, where the trout streams plunge down steep waterfalls into clear blue lakes, and pictures of wild flower gardens, brilliantly colored, where the bright blossoms and the soft green grass grow close up against the snow banks of the mountain peaks. The air in these high places is light and crystal clear; it seems to give fresh life and vigor to all who breathe it. The National Parks are a paradise for the summer visitor who is tired out by the heat and noise of the big cities. Let us hope that some time in the future railway fares will be so cheap, that the National Parks can be a summer playground for poor people as well as rich.

Then we visit the Department of Agriculture, where we are shown specimens of all the plants and fruits which are grown by the farmers of our country. This Department helps the farmers to produce better crops, and it also organizes the country children all over

the United States into Corn Clubs, Baby Beef Clubs, and Canning Clubs, which are arousing great enthusiasm for good farming among boys and girls.

The last Department we see is the Department of Labor. The office in this department which most interests us is the Children's Bureau, because the Children's Bureau is working for child welfare and the ideal of equal opportunity for all children. Its first care is the health of children. Under its guidance, child welfare work is being started all over the country, and the care of good doctors and nurses is being provided free of charge. A little leaflet printed by the Bureau describes the advantages which every American child ought to have. Read what it says:

WHAT DO GROWING CHILDREN NEED?

Child-welfare experts consider the following necessary for the child's best growth and development.

SHELTER.

- Decent, clean, well-kept house.
- Plenty of fresh air in the house, winter and summer.
- Warm rooms in cold weather.
- Separate bed, with sufficient bedclothes to keep warm.
- Sanitary indoor water-closet or outdoor privy.
- Pure, abundant water supply.
- A comfortable place to welcome friends.

Has Your Child These?

FOOD.

- Three square meals a day.
- Clean, simple, appetizing, well-cooked food.
- Meals at regular hours and sufficient time for them.
- Dinner at noon for children under 7 years of age.

The daily diet should include:

Milk, at least 1 pint a day.

Cereal and bread.

Green vegetables, especially leafy vegetables.

Fruit.

Egg, meat, or fish. If no one of these three is used, an additional pint of milk should be given.

Has Your Child These?

Every Child Has the Right to Be Well Born, Well Nourished, and Well Cared for.

CLOTHING.

Clean, whole garments.

Different clothing for day and night, suited to the climate.

Change of underclothes and nightgown at least weekly.

A change of stockings at least twice a week.

Warm underclothing and stockings in cold climates.

Heavy coat, cap, and mittens for cold weather.

Shoes, free from holes, and long and wide enough.

Foot protection against rain or snow.

Has Your Child These?

HEALTH AND PERSONAL HABITS.

Hands and face washed before meals and at bedtime.

Bath every day, or at least once a week.

Natural bowel movement every day.

Teeth brushed at least twice a day (morning and night).

Regular bed hour.

Ten hours of sleep at night, with open windows.

Correct weight for height.

Has Your Child These?

RECREATION AND COMPANIONSHIP.

A safe, clean, roomy place for outdoor and indoor play.

At least two hours outdoor play every day.

Constructive and suitable playthings and tools.

Some one with sympathetic oversight to direct the play.

The right sort of playmates.

Has Your Child These?

Wise Parents Are a Child's Best Asset.

EDUCATION AND WORK.

Schooling for at least nine months a year from 7 to 16 years of age.

Not more than two hours of "chores" outside school hours.

Not enough work either in school or out to cause fatigue.

Vacation work, if any, must allow ample opportunity for the proper amount of rest and recreation.

Has Your Child These?

RELIGION AND MORAL TRAINING.

Opportunity for religious training.

Proper moral and spiritual influence in home.

Teaching of standards of right and wrong in daily life.

Has Your Child These?

Is your child getting a square deal?

If not, what are you going to do about it?

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: The Government of the United States is a representative democracy. Show that you know just what this statement means.

QUESTIONS

1. What do you know about the President now in office?
2. Describe what happens at a national election.
3. Explain some of the duties of the President.
4. Explain some of the duties of National Congressmen and Senators.
5. What is meant by a "party," and a "party platform"?
6. If you have ever visited a National Park, describe what you saw.
7. If you have lived on a farm, explain how a farmer can be helped in his work by government experts.
8. Do you know any families of children who do not enjoy all the advantages which, according to the Children's Bureau, all American children should have? If so, can you suggest any means of helping them?
9. Name the chief Government Departments in Washington.
10. Name the present heads of these Departments—the Cabinet officers.

CHAPTER XII

STATE AND COUNTY GOVERNMENT

1. A VISIT TO A STATE CAPITOL
2. A STATE UNIVERSITY
3. A COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Now that we have seen something of our National Government, we are going to see how a state government is carried on. There are now forty-eight states in the United States, and each one has its own state government. In every state, a city has been chosen as the capital, and in this city a big government building has been erected, called the State Capitol. One has to be careful not to confuse these words, capital and Capitol.

A VISIT TO A STATE CAPITOL

We leave Washington, and at last our train arrives in a city which is the capital of one of the states. As we leave the station, we walk in the direction of the State Capitol, and we soon catch sight of it, as it is built on rising ground. We are struck at once by the fact that it looks very much like the Capitol in Washington, except that it is smaller and less stately. It is of white marble, and built in the classical style. There is the same round dome in the center, and the same long wings on either side flanked by pillars. Most of the



A STATE CAPITOL

state capitols resemble each other and resemble the Capitol in Washington, though of course they differ in details.

The outside of the building is of a white stone quarried in the state, and the inside is finished with slabs of onyx, a valuable stone. The pale white and green of the onyx and its high polish reflect the light like shimmering water. As we move along the glistening corridors, we meet a guide, an elderly man with a grey beard, and we ask him to show us over the whole building. He is very glad to do so, and seems genuinely enthusiastic over its beauty. He tells us that he himself, being a stonemason by trade, helped to build it only ten years ago. The state had been growing so rapidly that a new capitol much bigger than the old one was needed.

Before we have gone very far, an old farmer and his wife join our party. They have come up from a lonely country district in the state, and they tell us that this is their first holiday in ten years. Evidently a visit to the State Capitol is a great event in their lives. The farmer's wife is a quaint, spectacled old lady in a black dress. Both she and her husband are very much interested in knowing how much money has been spent on the furnishings of the Capitol. They are taxpayers. They are shocked and appalled at the expensive luxury of the building, and at the same time very proud of it. This is *their* State Capitol.

We go down first into the basement of the Capitol and are shown the offices of the Bureau of Agriculture

and of many other bureaus. Not only the Capitol but the state government itself seems to be organized on the pattern supplied by our National Government. We are continually reminded of this. But of course the state government is on a much smaller scale. Hence all the chief offices can be contained in one building.

On the first floor we are shown the offices of the Governor and of the state treasurer. The Governor, of course, corresponds to the President, and his relations to the lawmaking body of the state are the same as the relations of the President to Congress. The Governor has to sign all the bills passed by the state legislature if they are to become state laws, and he can refuse to sign a bill if he pleases.

The Governor's apartment is grandly furnished, and our guide informs us, with a dignified air, that the Governor's inkwell cost four hundred dollars.

Then we are led through long corridors on the first floor and pass by the offices of the Board of Health, which safeguards the health of the people, especially during epidemics like an influenza epidemic. Of all the other offices that we see, the one that most interests us is the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and we stop for a moment to chat with one of the clerks in that office. He is very proud of the work that the state is doing for the education of its people, and he tells us that there is open to every child in the state a course of free school education from the kindergarten to the State University. The university is supported entirely by the state, but the public schools and high

schools are supported partly by the state and partly by the cities and the counties in which they are located.

Before we leave the Capitol building we go up to the second story. Here we see the House of Representatives (or Assembly), the Supreme Court Room, the Senate Chamber, and also the State Law Library.

We tell the farmer's wife that the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber are smaller and more plainly furnished than their namesakes at Washington, but that they are built on the same plan. We look down from the gallery of the House at the assemblymen, as the members of the lower house are called in this state. They seem to be very free and easy in their manners. It is a hot day, and many of them are lounging in their chairs with their coats off and their feet up on their desks. More than half of them represent the farming communities of the state and are themselves farmers, a fine, honest, straightforward set of men. The state is divided up into a number of small districts for the purpose of state elections, and each district elects two assemblymen and one senator to the state legislature.

Most of the laws under which we live—laws protecting life and property—are state laws, no less important than the national laws. Many of them deal only with the local needs of each state. However, some of the new, progressive laws that have been tried out by the states, and proved successful, have afterwards been adopted by the National Government for the nation as a whole. For instance, the right of women to vote was

first granted by some of our western states, and now it has been adopted by the nation as a whole.

As we look down at the state assemblymen, we are sorry to hear that the farmer and his wife have not a single good word to say for the assemblyman from their district.

“He ain’t a farmer, he’s a lawyer. Very slick. He’s always puttin’ one over on us. He’s a reg’lar politician; likes playin’ the political game, and likes his salary. Next election, we’re goin’ to clean out the old gang and put in some good men of our own.”

The old farmer looks very grouchy.

We wait a few minutes at the door of the Supreme Court of the state and listen to a lawyer making a speech. The guide tells us that this lawyer represents a railroad company. As the old farmer listens, the expression on his face becomes very sour. It soon appears that he has a grouch against railroads as well as against lawyers; in fact, he is full of grouchiness.

We have now been all over the Capitol. As we take leave of the guide, he remarks: “Now that you have seen the State Capitol, how about visitin’ one of the state institootions? There’s a nice lot for you to choose from, if you’re choosey. There’s the Home for Dependents and Defectives, the Home for the Blind, the State Hospital for the Insane, and the State Penitentiary. You can go to any one you please, just as it happens to soot.”

The old lady looks at him doubtfully for a moment, then she answers tartly: “No sir, we are not going to

visit any of the institutions you mention, but I can see that we taxpayers'll all be driven to visit the County Poor Farm, if we leave this Capitol under its present management much longer!"

A STATE UNIVERSITY

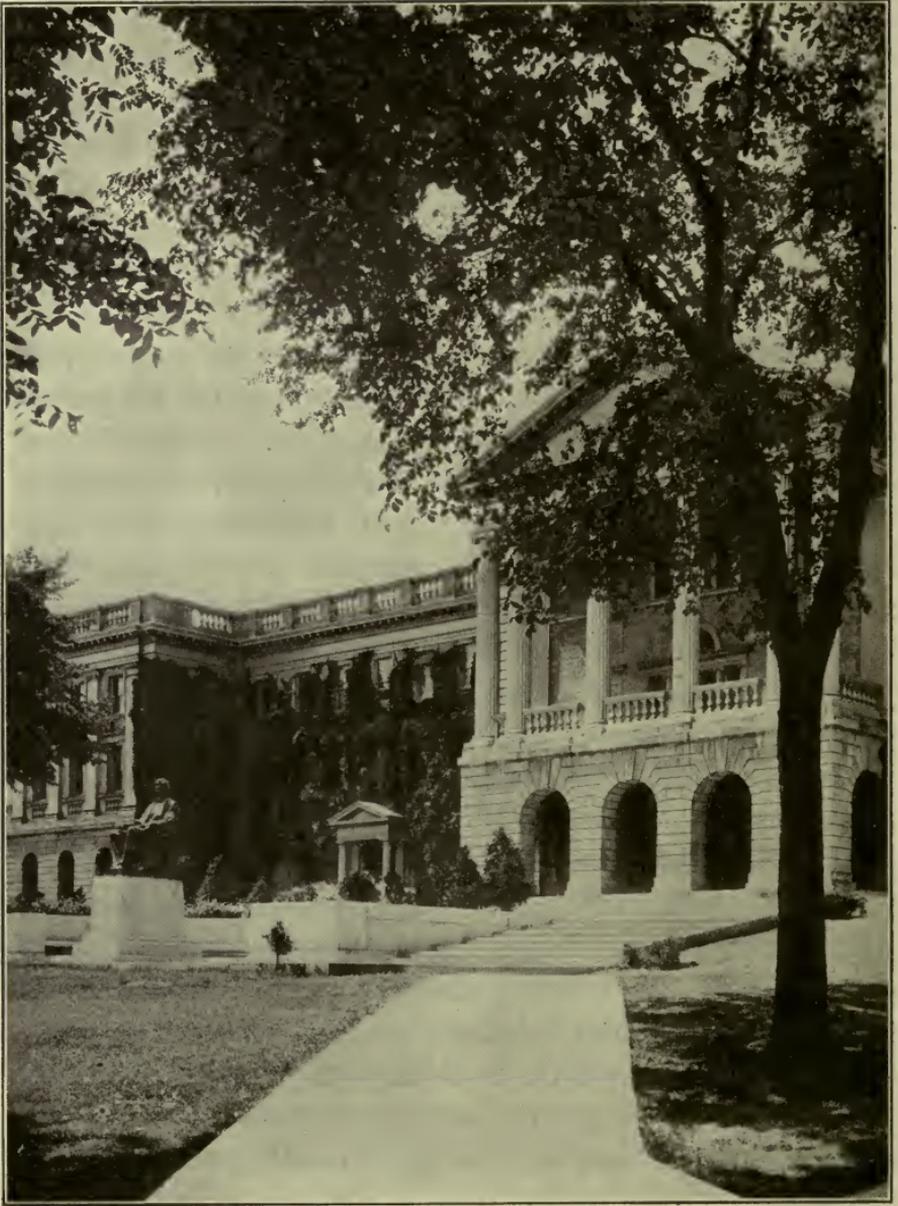
The only state institution we wish to see is the State University, which the guide at the Capitol forgot to mention in his list.

Shortly after our visit to the Capitol, we spend a day at the State University, and are shown over the campus by a young friend of ours, a boy of twenty, who is taking a course in engineering.

Most of the states support a state university out of the taxes, and this state is proud of its big, rapidly growing institution. Five thousand students, men and women, attend, and there are over four hundred professors on its faculty.

Our friend meets us and we walk through the town with him up a wide central street which leads straight to the university. A great many young men and gaily dressed girls are walking to and fro, and streams of reckless automobiles filled with students pass by.

The first university building we visit is the big library, which contains half a million books. Our friend takes us up to the central reading room, where we walk between many rows of mahogany tables and chairs, with little green shaded lamps hanging overhead. There is silence everywhere. Young men and



WE VISIT A STATE UNIVERSITY

women move quietly about, laden with books, and the place seems to be pulsing with work like a beehive. We remember that we are in the presence here of half a million books, including all the greatest books of the world, which carry the heritage of our civilization. We stand for a moment, watching the scene intently.

A few of the students, however, do not seem to be impressed with this thought as we are. They are spending a good deal of time in the reading room looking around, or whispering softly to each other, and they seem to find human nature more interesting than their textbooks.

In the basement of the library there is a newspaper room. We come across a student who is carefully comparing a number of different newspapers. He tells us that for one of his history courses, the class has to write a history of the world day by day, collecting the facts from the daily papers.

Near-by, in a quiet corner, a little Chinaman is sitting absorbed in his reading of Shakespeare's plays. The boy with us has met this Chinaman at one of the university clubs, and he asks him how he likes his work.

"I like it. But must work hard. The examination on Shakespears will be execute on the nine, Monday morning."

We leave him shaking his head over the prospect of the Monday morning execution.

We now go out of the library and walk up the university campus. The campus is like a park. In between the university buildings there are wide grassy

stretches and tall trees. Gardeners are busy sweeping away the red and gold leaves that thickly carpet the ground. Beyond the campus itself we can see wooded hills which are beginning to look grey and wintry, and beyond the hills a glimpse of a grey lake.

The buildings near the library are the medical school, the law school, and the engineering building, where young "medics" and "laws" and "boiler makers" are trained for their future work. Our friend takes us all round the engineering shops, and we see professors and students dressed in grimy over-alls working among big machines. What most impresses us is a full-sized railroad locomotive which is kept here so that it can be thoroughly examined by the students.

Beyond the engineering building, on the top of a small hill, is a big central building called Main Hall. In Main Hall there are dozens of lecture rooms. Our friend tells us that hundreds of different courses are given here, in languages, literature, history, mathematics, business, and the natural sciences. In the hallway we look at a bulletin board where notices are pinned up, and see that two public lectures are to be given that afternoon. One is on astronomy, and is called "The Structure of the Universe," the other is on fishes, and is called "The Breathing of the Florida Sea Cow."

"Mercy!" we say to ourselves, "there seems to be a wide range of choice among the subjects taught at this university."

We ask the boy who is with us whether he is enjoying himself at the university, and he replies, "Yes, indeed,

this is a very nice place, and there would be plenty of pleasant things to do, if only one didn't have to study!"

He tells us that college is a great place for sports and amusements of all kinds. The fall is the football season, and the whole university goes out in a body to watch the big games between the rival teams of young football heroes. In the winter, the lake freezes, and the students skate all over it, and they play ice-hockey and go ice-boating in the bitter cold wind. Or if there is deep snow they go sledding in the woods or skiing. As soon as the weather turns warm, in April or May, they begin to play baseball and tennis. Then, in the summer, they swim in the lake, or go canoeing, or go for picnics or long hikes into the country.

There are also numerous clubs, which are organized by the students for their pleasure and interest—debating clubs, musical clubs, theatrical clubs, and social clubs of all kinds. And there is a great deal of dancing, too, as the fraternities and sororities entertain each other with dancing parties throughout the year. In one way or another, the students are able to while away their spare time.

In a building near Main Hall we are shown a printing press in operation. The students of journalism edit a daily paper and do all the writing and printing themselves. After this we are taken into three buildings filled with scientific laboratories. Some of the university professors are scientists and inventors who have made valuable discoveries. In one room some young scientists are studying sound, and we are shown a

photograph of the sound waves of a violin. Another room seems full of live guinea pigs. Students are learning about the laws of heredity by comparing the great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother



A CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

guinea pigs with the hundreds of little guinea pigs that surround them.

Before walking on in the direction of the College of Agriculture, which is some distance away from the science buildings, we go down a little side path and visit a small house which is known as the practice cottage, a model home for the girls who are learning to be good

housewives. The practice cottage is charmingly furnished. The girls are taught to keep it in apple-pie order, and they are allowed to invite their friends to meals which they themselves have cooked. The students we happen to see here this morning are preparing a meal, and they are chattering and laughing together very gaily. They remind us of little girls playing with a doll's house, but are indignant when we suggest such a thing. They tell us that their courses are very difficult and very scientific.

In the College of Agriculture we are first shown work-rooms where young "aggies," as they are often called, are learning the science of farming. We see them studying seeds and soils in the classroom. But the university also owns a big farm, where practical farming is taught out in the open.

Finally we see the Extension Division of the university, which does its best to carry the university to the people. Five thousand young men and women are able to attend the courses given here on the campus, but there are thousands more dotted over the small towns of the state, who have to stay at home. These can only be reached by mail or by travelling professors. About seven thousand students in the state take correspondence courses through the Extension Division. Books are mailed to them, and long letters pass back and forth between professors and students.

The College of Agriculture has a special Extension Division of its own, which sends out workers all over the state to help the farmers. We are shown maps of

the state which describe the kind of work that is being carried out in the different counties. The university men show the farmers how to kill their weeds in the most scientific manner, how to plant and spray their orchards, how to care for their livestock, and how to have the best possible crops. As a result of all these efforts, the crops and herds of the state have increased enormously, bringing in millions of dollars to the farmers. So the people of the state are being repaid many times over for the cost of the university.

Now we have gone all over the campus and can form some idea of the wonderful opportunities that the state is offering to its children through the university. Most of the students we meet look very happy, and this is because they are free to choose the kind of work and the kind of play that suits them best. They are planning the future, and are shown the great possibilities in the life work that stretches out before them.

It is half-past eleven, and our friend tells us that he will have to go back now to the cafeteria in the Woman's Building, and put on a white coat and apron. He is working his way through the university in part by acting as a helper in the dining hall.

He tells us that almost half the students are working their way through. In the summer they work on farms; in the winter they wait on table, or take care of furnaces, or beat rugs, or clean windows, or run laundries. The state gives them a splendid education practically free, but it does not feed them or clothe them, so

those who wish to pay all their own bills must work part of the time and earn enough money to pay for board and lodging.

A COUNTY COURTHOUSE

The government of a county is carried on in a building called the courthouse, located in the chief town of the county. Of course there are thousands of courthouses scattered over the country, as each state is divided up into many counties, but most of them are more or less alike, and the particular one that we are going to visit is fairly typical of all the rest.

We select a quiet, peaceful little country town and find the courthouse situated on the main street, in the center of the business section. At first glance one would feel no curiosity to go in, as it is by no means as splendid a sight as the other government buildings we have visited. It is just a small building, in a small, sleepy town, and is rather dingy in color and awkward in shape. There seems to be very little going on in its vicinity. But in spite of the dull air of the courthouse, we wish to see its "works" and examine them, because, after all, county government affects very closely and intimately the lives of all country people.

The courthouse turns out to be much more interesting than we had expected. For instance, we never dreamed that there was a jail in the basement of such an ordinary-looking building.

The inside of the courthouse is just as dingy as the outside. The walls are painted a dull tan color, and the woodwork is varnished golden oak. There are a number of doors opening on the hallway, and each



A COUNTY COURTHOUSE

Some county courthouses are fine imposing buildings like this one.

one has painted on it, in large black letters, the name of a county office; as, SHERIFF — COMMISSIONERS — TREASURER — ASSESSOR — CLERK AND RECORDER — SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

The first office we are shown into is the one marked SHERIFF, and we are introduced to a fine, strong-looking man who is the sheriff of the county. He tells

us that it is his duty to arrest offenders against the law and look after them while they are in jail. He asks us whether we should be interested to inspect the jail, and we reply that we should.

Carrying a bunch of strange-looking keys, the Sheriff leads the way down into the basement, an ugly place with damp walls shrouded in gloom. The first cell he opens for us, which happens to be empty, does not look so very uncomfortable. The little window up near the ceiling is barred but there is a white bed with a spring mattress, and a decent cane chair. This, so he tells us, is the best room in the jail, and is reserved for women and children.

We are thinking to ourselves that the jail, after all, is not such a terrible place, when the sight of the next cell gives us a start of horror. The walls and the inside of the door of this strange-looking room are padded with a kind of thick white mattress, and the ceiling and the higher portion of the walls are covered with a strong steel screen, most sinister in effect. This is the "padded cell" for violent lunatics, and we are shocked to hear that it was occupied only the night before. The insane are not kept in the jail long, but are sent, after examination, to the State Hospital for the Insane, where they are given kind and helpful treatment, in comfortable, and even beautiful, surroundings.

Turning a corner of the dismal basement corridor, we now come into full view of the cages where male criminals are kept. In one room we can see three of

them sitting together, reading magazines. There is a bunch of flowers on the table, probably brought by friends, but their sitting room is untidy and ill-kept.



INTERIOR OF A JAIL

One of these men has forged a small check, the other is a boy who has stolen a sum under twenty dollars, and the third is a bootlegger, who is serving time for making whiskey. The bootlegger smiles when he sees us and nods his head; later we hear him humming a song with seeming unconcern.

The Sheriff shows us the cells

where these prisoners sleep. They are miserable looking places with walls of steel and no furniture except the canvas hammocks which are strung from wall to wall. The air is dank and unhealthy, and pools of dirty water lie on the floor. The Sheriff tells us that this jail, like most county jails, is an old one, and that he would like very much to have a new jail built on a more sanitary plan.

Now he pulls out his biggest key, which is like a long screw with sharp teeth attached to it, and unlocks for us the worst horrors—the dark cell, and the murderer's cell, both empty at this time, we are thankful to see. The dark cell, as we look into it, is an almost pitchblack hole; we cannot even see how small or how big it may be. The Sheriff says that it has not been occupied for years; it is only used as a punishment for prisoners who are utterly brutalized and undisciplined. He believes that there are very few men of this nature, perhaps only one out of every four thousand prisoners. We doubt if a dark cell does even such a man any good.

The murderer's cell is solitary, apart from all the rest. The walls are of heavier steel than the other cells, and the light only enters slantwise through the cage door, from a window across the corridor. We ask the Sheriff if it is often occupied, and he explains to us that men arrested for murder and other serious crimes are only kept here in the county jail for the short period between their arrest and their trial. After their trial, if found guilty, they are sent to the State Penitentiary. The only prisoners who work out their whole sentence in the little county jail are those charged with slighter offences, such as bootlegging and petty thieving.

Now we have been all over the little county jail. We feel sure that men would have a better chance of reforming in more wholesome surroundings where they could work out of doors. The Sheriff locks all the doors again, and takes us upstairs into the Commissioners' room.

Here he introduces us to the three County Commissioners, who are sitting at a long oak table littered with papers. In a small way, the Commissioners are the general managers and lawmakers of the county government. It is they who decide how all the county taxes shall be spent. One of them tells us that in private life he is a banker; the other two are retired farmers. We ask them what political party they belong to, and it turns out that one is a Republican and the other two Democrats. But they assure us that they "get along fine" in spite of this. They look at each other and laugh, and seem to think that the party question is rather a joke. We agree with them, that so far as county politics are concerned, it is a joke. There is always a great deal of talk about Republicans and Democrats at a county election, but every one knows perfectly well that the two great parties differ chiefly on national and state questions, which have no connection at all with the daily work of a county officer. For instance, take the sheriff's office. At an election we should want to vote for the best possible sheriff, and it would matter very little if he were a Democrat or a Republican, because, as many writers have remarked, there is no difference between the Republican and Democratic methods of chasing a thief.

But to return to our Commissioners. We ask them what becomes of the county taxes after they have been collected, and they tell us that they are spent on roads and bridges, on the County Home (for the homeless poor), on schools, on child welfare work, and a dozen other good causes.

Opposite the Commissioners' office is the Treasurer's office. We do not go in there to inquire what the Treasurer's business may be, because we can see for ourselves. PAY YOUR TAXES HERE is written in large black letters on the door. Next to the Treasurer's office is the office of the Superintendent of Schools. The Superintendent is the general manager of all the country schools in the county, and he is constantly making little trips into the country districts, visiting one school after the other. He examines the schoolchildren, engages teachers, plans with the teachers the courses of study, and has general charge of the educational system.

Now we go up to the second floor of the County Courthouse, to see the court rooms where trials are held. We spend more time looking at the District Court Room, as it is the bigger and more important of the two. At present it is empty.

Filling the body of the District Court Room are rows and rows of wooden chairs for visitors. Facing these is the judge's seat upon a small platform, and directly below the judge's seat is a table with chairs, reserved for the lawyers and the prisoners. In a corner, on the left-hand side of the judge's seat, there is another platform with twelve chairs grouped together. This platform is reserved for the jury.

According to an age-old custom, it is the jury of twelve citizens, and not the judge, that decides whether a prisoner is guilty or innocent. After a case has been heard, the jurymen retire to a little anteroom and talk

over the case until they all agree upon the verdict. Then they come back and announce their decision. If they say "not guilty," the prisoner is let free. If they say "guilty," then it is the duty of the judge to decide how light or how heavy the prisoner's punishment shall be.

The Clerk of the Court, who is showing us the District Court Room, tells us that a murder trial was held here not long ago. A poor dull-witted country lad had murdered his father and a farm helper with a shotgun, giving as his reason that he felt "mad" because they had put his little dog to death. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge imposed the sentence of imprisonment for life. When the poor boy heard the words "for life," he murmured, "that's too long, that's too long." Later he was declared insane, and was removed from the State Penitentiary to the State Asylum for the Insane.

After hearing this melancholy story, we leave the little County Courthouse, realizing that many strange scenes have been enacted within its dingy walls, some of them moving and tragic in the extreme.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: The United States is a nation formed on the federal principle. Each state has its own government and local authority, but all the states together form one union, recognizing the authority of the central, or National Government.

(If any of the children reading this book happen to live in the capital of a state, it is suggested that their teacher take them to visit the State Capitol. If they live in a county town, they should visit the County Courthouse.)

QUESTIONS

1. If you have visited a state capitol, describe what you saw there.
2. Who makes the laws for the state? Who are the principal state officials?
3. Explain how the state governments resemble the National Government in organization.
4. What work is being done by the states in regard to public education?
5. What kinds of laws are generally state laws?
6. Would you like to attend a university later on? If so, why?
7. If you have visited a county courthouse, describe what you saw there.
8. What are the duties of the sheriff?
9. What are the duties of the county commissioners?
10. Do you think it is right that a jail should be in an untidy and unsanitary basement? Give reasons.
11. Should prisoners of all ages be kept together, regardless of what they have done? Give reasons.

CHAPTER XIII

CITY GOVERNMENT

1. A VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY
2. THE CITY HALL
3. THE WORK OF CITY GOVERNMENT

We now plan to visit a great American city and learn something about city government. After some hesitation, we choose New York. Its government is not exactly like that of any other city government, but it is a wonderful city, the largest and richest in the United States, and the largest and richest in the world. We feel certain that after we have seen something of such a huge and complicated city government as New York must have, it will be easy for us afterwards to understand the government of any smaller American city.

A VISIT TO NEW YORK CITY

Our train pulls in at the Pennsylvania Station, which is on Manhattan Island in the heart of New York. We follow a stream of people into the huge central hall of the station and are thrilled and excited at our first sight of the great city. We recall the dingy, smoky little railroad depots we have seen in small towns, and our first impression suggests the might and good fortune of New York. The Pennsylvania Station is as

huge and beautiful as a cathedral. Walls of light colored stone and enormous pillars in the Roman style support an arched ceiling decorated in pale colors. We look up at some designs on the walls and find that they are not pictures, as we at first glance imagined them to be, but gigantic maps made up of different colored stones.

Now we come out of the station into the hubbub of the New York streets. We clamber into a taxi with our suitcases and are carried rapidly to our hotel, driving a few blocks along Fifth Avenue on the way. On the sidewalks there are vast streams of people elbowing each other; some are hurrying along, others are looking with interest at the glittering store windows. The blue dusk of a winter's evening is falling, and the round street lights shine out like colored balloons. The store windows are filled with luxurious objects, and the jewellers' stores, especially, display a magic wealth which reminds one of the Arabian Nights.

Out in the current of the traffic, the automobiles follow so closely upon one another that they almost touch; they form long continuous lines, sliding, twisting, and writhing like serpents. At the end of every block there is a policeman regulating the traffic, and several times our taxi has to stop, with the rest of the autos, while a little huddled crowd of people on foot cross the avenue. The policemen are big men, as stately as lords, and all their gestures have dignity and authority. This is our first sight of city officials, and it comes up to all our expectations.

Our hotel—a skyscraper—also comes up to our anticipations. It is actually so tall that we can hardly see the top as we lean out of the window of our taxi and gaze up at it. It seems to loom down out of the evening mists like a mountain cliff.

Inside the hotel there are crystal chandeliers, all lit up, like enormous bunches of shining flowers shedding a glorious golden blur over the whole scene. We walk through open halls, among waving palms and fountains past velvet curtains, treading silently upon soft carpets into which our feet seem to sink two or three inches. In one room there is an orchestra playing dance music, and for a moment we stand and watch the dancers. In another room, called the Japanese Tea Garden, groups of beautifully dressed women and some men are sitting at little tables drinking tea.

Now we wish to find the rooms that we have engaged, and we pass into another section of the hotel which is filled with shops and booths. There is a barber's shop, a drug store, a candy store, a tobacco store, a newspaper store, and many others. We are shown to an "express" elevator and are wafted up to our rooms on the twenty-fifth floor, leaping five stories at a time. The elevator boy tells us that he spends the whole day going up and down the elevator shaft in this rapid manner.

Out of all our confused impressions of the city, one stands out very strikingly: the wonderful organization of modern city life. Both the Pennsylvania Station and this hotel are like great organized beehives. Some

of the people are the drones; and some are the workers, running and flying busily to and fro, each carrying his own small burden into the hive, each, like the elevator boy, fulfilling his small duty and making his special contribution, to this enormous pile of energy which is the Modern City.

We can realize that where people are organized so closely the government will have a great deal of work to do. It must protect the people who are helpless, and prevent those who are unprincipled from doing harm to their neighbors.

We find that our hotel bedrooms are a miracle of modern plumbing. Each one has its own little bathroom attached, all finished with glazed white tiles and beautifully fitted. The rooms are lighted with electricity and supplied with telephones. When we go to hang up our coats we find that the light inside the closet is turned on by opening the closet door, and turned off by shutting it. Another neat device that pleases us is a little niche in the wall with a silver button which, when pressed, causes iced water to pour into a drinking glass standing ready to receive it. All these labor-saving devices, however trifling, mark the high pitch of civilization in our great cities.

The whole of our next day is given up to sight-seeing.

Early in the morning we telephone to a friend, who is a real New Yorker, having lived here all his life, and he promises to act as our guide. We meet him in the lobby of the hotel and explain to him that we wish to see something of the government of the city.



A RIDE ON FIFTH AVENUE

“Very well,” he replies, “but first you ought to see something of the city itself.”

He takes us to Fifth Avenue, and we climb to the top of a motor bus headed in the direction of Riverside Drive.

The ride is very pleasant. There is a general hum and movement of life in the street, and the sun is shining down brightly on the polished tops of automobiles and

on the bright colors of women's hats and dresses. Most of the store buildings are high and seem very new. Their white tiles glitter, and their flags float gaily in the wind.

When we reach the Public Library, on Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, we clamber down from our bus, be-



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT NIGHT

cause we want to see this famous library which is considered one of the finest in the United States. It was built by the City of New York, for the free use of the people.

It is much bigger than the library which we saw at the State University. An attendant informs us that there are altogether ninety miles of bookshelves. We go through all the reading rooms and see some wonder-

ful books and prints, but what charms us most is the children's reading room on the first floor. Here the walls are painted with gay scenes illustrating various children's books, and there are little tables and comfortable little chairs to fit small children. There are bowls of fresh flowers on the tables and pots of ivy plants and ferns. Everything is pleasing and delightful, and even the kind girl librarians who find books for us seem to have been especially chosen for their youth and prettiness.

Our friend tells us that there are forty other public libraries, built by the city with money given by Mr. Carnegie. A great art museum and other museums also belong to the city. If we only had time, he assures us, we could spend days and days of pure enjoyment at the Art Museum, or the Natural History Museum.

"Or," he continues, "if you would rather see all kinds of wild animals, we ought to go out to Bronx Park. Most of the animals in the Bronx Park Zoo are not shut up in cages, but are allowed to wander about freely in fields fenced in like small parks. Even the bird cage in the Bronx is so big that it contains several growing trees and a little stream of water with two pools. The birds can spread their wings and fly about from one tree to the other. All the animals are there, two by two, just as they were in Noah's Ark, but there isn't the same overcrowding."

We are interested to hear about these places, but unfortunately we have no time to visit them. We mount to the top of another bus and content our-

selves, for this morning, with visiting Central Park. On our way we pass by a number of great stone mansions, belonging to famous millionaires including the families of Vanderbilt, Carnegie, Frick, and Astor.

Central Park is a charming place with wide grassy spaces, tall elm trees, and a number of little lakes where white ducks are swimming. It seems like a quiet corner of the country that has been transported to the middle of the great city. There are plenty of children playing here, most of whom look as if they belonged to well-to-do families. The little girls are well dressed; their bobbed hair is combed very smooth and they wear smart hats and pretty shoes.

“Now you must see something quite different,” says our friend, leading us out of the park. “In a great city there are sharp contrasts of rich and poor. Let us go down a few blocks to the East Side, where the factory workers and poorer classes live. Then we will take a street car to the Bowery, which is quite close to the City Hall and the Municipal Building where the government of the city is carried on.”

We turn to the right and soon come to a gloomy quarter where the streets are very narrow and the stores are mean looking. We get into an electric tram-car and find it crowded with men and women who seem to be foreigners. The men are mostly standing, hanging on to straps for support as the car lurches and sways; we notice the tired-out look on the faces of some of our fellow passengers. This part of the city does not seem a healthful place to live in. Many of the women have

worried faces, and the children are pale. Our car grinds and crashes along for several miles, down an avenue lined with small dirty stores and an occasional factory quivering with the vibrations of powerful machinery. One big building we notice is closed and silent; there are men guarding the doors. Our friend suggests that the workmen are on strike. Probably the employers of the factory have ordered a cut in wages and the workmen have refused to go back to work, or the workmen have asked for higher wages and their request has been refused.

Most of our big business companies are so organized that a small group of employers with money have control over the work of thousands of laboring men who are only wage-earners. So the social condition in our great cities is not such an equal one as that of our farmers in the country. In the eyes of our government all men are equal. But it is always difficult to preserve true equality in government and democracy where there is no real equality in the working life of the people. One of the great problems of the future, which city children will have to face as they grow up, is the adjustment of the relations of workmen and employers. A big coal strike, for instance, results in great hardship for all city people. They cannot buy enough coal to keep themselves warm, because the demand is usually greater than the supply and a strike cuts off the supply. Probably, in order to do away with strikes and industrial conflicts in the future, changes will have to be made in the organization of many factories and big business companies. The workers do not consider

themselves fairly treated unless they are given some share in the profits and some share in the management.

The ride to the Bowery takes some time as the car stops at each street corner and traffic is congested. When, finally, we reach the lower east side of the city, we get out of the car and explore some of the byways of this quarter. It is not merely overcrowded; it is simply swarming with human beings. The houses are swarming with people, the



DOYER STREET IN CHINATOWN

pavements are swarming with people, the streets are swarming with people, so that an automobile has literally to push its way through. The little children, having no other place to play, are cheerfully playing on the sidewalks, or squatting in the gutters which are littered with garbage. Their clothes and their sticky little faces are covered with dirt and soot, but they do not seem to mind their condition.

The houses in the worst streets are small and dingy and old, and the ugliness of their general appearance is not improved by the number of fire escapes stuck on the outside, little staircases of iron bars which at once remind us of the cages at the Zoo in Central Park.

Emerging suddenly from the gloom of the Bowery, we catch a glimpse of a group of splendid skyscrapers, shining golden-white in the sunlight, high up above the murky, smoky little houses of the slums. Our friend points out to us the famous Woolworth Building, fifty-one stories high, and near it the new Municipal Building, only a few stories lower.

By this time we are beginning to feel rather weary, and are footsore from walking so long on hard pavements. We find a quiet little café overlooking City Hall Park, and here we rest while we eat our lunch.

THE CITY HALL

After lunch we stroll through City Hall Park. We pass by one of the courthouses of the city, and we can see very plainly looming up into the sky the huge Municipal Building, where the offices of the city departments are housed. The first place we wish to visit, however, is the City Hall, a little, old building of pale yellow marble, which seems very small and insignificant in the presence of the glittering, overtowering skyscrapers that have sprung up around it like giant beanstalks. But the City Hall has charm and quaintness, and it is interesting historically. It contains a collection of relics that

date back to the days of the Revolution, among which is a writing desk which belonged to George Washington.

We enter by the main doorway, and there is no one to prevent us from wandering around inside to see what we please. Turn-

ing to the left, we come to the office of the Mayor of New York. As the chief official of the city government, the Mayor has a great deal of power, and he appoints most of the men who are the heads of the city departments, just as the President of the United States appoints the heads of the

great departments in Washington. The Mayor is elected by the votes of the citizens.

At the other end of the little City Hall is the room where the Council or Board of Aldermen meets to pass the laws of the city. This council is the lawmaking branch of the city government, and the council room reminds us of the House of Representatives in Washington. There are rows of chairs and desks on the main



CITY HALL PARK

The tall Municipal Building is shown in the center.

floor, where the aldermen sit, and a little gallery above for spectators. The aldermen are elected by the citizens, one from each city district.

We now go upstairs to the second floor of the City Hall and are shown the Washington relics and the room where the Board of Estimate and Apportionment meets. This Board is very important because it decides how the city taxes shall be raised and spent. We see eight men coming out of the room, and hear one of them say:

“Well, then, the total this year will be two hundred and seventy-three million dollars—more than the expenses of London and Paris put together.”

Two hundred and seventy-three million dollars! That is a big sum for one city to spend in a year.

Our friend suggests to us: “If you wish to see with your own eyes what a big job it is that the city departments have to tackle, and how they spend some of their money, we had better go to the top of the Woolworth Building, where we can look down over the whole of New York City and get an idea of its greatness.”

THE WORK OF CITY GOVERNMENT

So we cross the street to the Woolworth Building, each pay fifty cents, and are shot up in an elevator to the fiftieth floor. After we get out of the elevator we go up a short flight of steps and come out on an open platform which runs around the topmost pinnacle of the building.

The wind is blowing strongly up here, and we are in the full blaze of the sun. We walk to the edge of the little platform, and for a moment feel sickeningly dizzy, as if we were hanging over a great precipice. The building seems to rock with the wind, and we could almost imagine we were on the topmast of a tall ship. Soon, however, we become used to our strange position, and are able to look around with pleasure at the wonderful view below.

We can see that we are on the tip of a narrow strip of land, Manhattan Island. The broad expanse of two rivers, the Hudson River and the East River, divides Manhattan from the mainland. The bridges spanning the rivers look like the threads of a spider's web, they are so thin and fine seen from this distance. Beyond them lies the great grey mass of the city—rows upon rows of shining roofs stretching out in every direction for miles and miles to the misty horizon.

As we marvel at the intricate network of lines that are the streets in the great living design mapped out below us, we are told that the streets of New York would span the whole continent of America, if they were stretched out into one straight line. It is the duty of the city to build streets, repair them, and keep them clean. The clearing of the streets of New York after one very heavy snowstorm cost the city almost two million dollars!

Ten million people live under this grey mass of roofs, guarded by an army of ten thousand city policemen and five thousand city firemen.

If we could stay up on the roof of the Woolworth Building until night falls, when all the streets are lighted with electricity, in the dark mist the city so far below us would seem like another sky lit with stars.



NEW YORK AT NIGHT (TIMES SQUARE)

The city supplies the electricity for lighting the streets, and it also supplies pure water for all the houses.

“One must think of a great city,” says our friend, “as a huge mass which is honeycombed with hidden pipes and wires. Under the streets, under the pavements, between the floors and ceilings of all the houses

they run, hundreds and thousands of them—electric wires, telephone wires, gas pipes, and water mains. They are like the pulsing veins and nerves inside a human body.

“A city needs pure water, if it is to remain healthy, just as the human body needs pure blood. The citizens of New York drink the pure crystal water of mountain streams, which is brought down to them from the Catskill Mountains, a distance of ninety-two miles.”

We look again over the great view in the afternoon light, and notice here and there little green patches breaking into the dull expanse of roofs. These are the city parks. They seem very small and far apart, and yet we are told that the city keeps up, altogether, eight thousand acres of park land. Unfortunately too few of these are in the crowded section.

Then our friend points out the roofs of a number of big public buildings belonging to the city—schools, libraries, museums, and hospitals. The city maintains ten splendid hospitals, one of which is especially for children. Looking many miles down the East River, we see some little islands, faint and misty in the distance, and are told that some of the city hospitals and many of the city prisons are located on these islands.

Directly underneath us is the little City Hall Park, and opposite us is the Municipal Building where the offices of the city departments are housed. It is an enormous skyscraper, forty-one stories high. A fairly wide street, noisy with traffic, runs right through the middle of the building, reminding us of the drive-

ways that are cut through the trunks of giant trees in California. On one of the sidewalks our friend points out to us the entrance to a subway station which is built among the foundations of the skyscraper. The subways are underground electric railways used every day by hundreds of thousands of workers who come in from the suburbs to their places of business in the heart of the city.

We spend almost half an hour on the top of the Woolworth Building gazing down at this aeroplane view of the city, spread out below us as flat as a map. Then we dive down by way of the elevator, and join the stream of people that are hurrying along the streets. From the top of the Woolworth Building all the inhabitants of the city looked like tiny, creeping insects, and the automobiles seemed to crawl like flies.

By this time we are tired of sight-seeing, and go back thankfully to the luxurious comfort of our hotel.

That same afternoon we read a description of a typical New York family, written by Mr. John Tildsley, who is connected with the schools of New York. It shows how the well-being of a city family is dependent on the work of the city government.

"Mr. Jones, the average New Yorker, lives in an apartment of six rooms. When he gets up in the morning he washes with clear water brought a hundred miles and furnished to himself and his family by the city government for drinking, cooking, bathing, and cleaning at a cost of about twelve dollars a year, paid as part of his rent. Mrs. Jones cooks the breakfast

with gas, the price of which is regulated by law. On the cereal she pours milk, the purity of which has been tested by the same city government. The hash is made from beef bearing the stamp of a Federal Inspector which means that the animal from which it came was free from disease when killed. Even the butter and eggs have been inspected by some officer of the law. After breakfast Mrs. Jones sends down the garbage to be removed by the 'White Wings' of the city Department of Street Cleaning. The dishwater is carried by a city-built drain to the river miles away.

"Mr. Jones then goes to his work on one of the subways built by the city, and he pays a nickel fare, the amount fixed by law. He works in a factory where the conditions of work are regulated by state and city laws.

"Mrs. Jones sends the little daughter of eight to a free public school supported by the city where the child is not only given an education but is examined from time to time by a nurse from the Department of Health, so that her health may be protected.

"A son of fourteen goes to a free public high school, a son of seventeen attends the free College of the City of New York, and a daughter attends Hunter College, also supported by the city.

"At three o'clock the little eight year old daughter returns from school and plays in a street which has been swept clean and washed down by the 'White Wings,' and at this hour is kept free from traffic by a policeman so that the children may play in safety. The daughter attending Hunter College goes to read in a

beautiful public library, and the high-school boy goes with his school team to play baseball in a city park.

“In the evening Mr. Jones and his wife attend a free lecture provided by the city, and the older children go to a free band concert in the park. At eleven they return to their home. They climb up stairs lighted throughout the night by order of the Tenement House Department, and they go to sleep in rooms well aired and well built according to the regulations of the city.

“If, in spite of all this care taken by the city government, one of the Jones family should fall sick, he or she may be removed to a hospital supported by the city.”

And so, Mr. Tildsley concludes, if city government costs much, it also does much.

TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION: In a big city, where people are organized closely together, the city government must undertake a great deal of work.

(Children living in a large city should be taken to visit the city hall.)

QUESTIONS

1. If you live in a city, explain how your health and comfort are dependent on the conduct of your neighbors and the protection of the city government. Suppose, for instance, that your next door neighbor has scarlet fever, what precaution is taken to secure the recovery of your neighbor and to prevent contagion?
2. Explain the use and value of public libraries and public parks.
3. Compare living conditions in a great city with living conditions in the country.
4. What are the bad results of overcrowding in a big city?
5. What are the bad results of lack of supervision in the country?

6. If you have visited a city hall, describe what you saw there.
7. Name the chief city officers for whom a citizen votes at a city election.
8. How many policemen and how many firemen are there in New York City?
9. Describe the work of the city government in connection with streets, electricity, water, and transportation.
10. What are public buildings?
11. Explain how the well-being of a city family is dependent on the work of the city government.
12. Who is responsible for a bad city government?
13. What advantages have the children of a great city over country children? What disadvantages?

CHAPTER XIV

AN AMERICAN BOY AND DEMOCRACY

1. JOHN AND LUCY
2. THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

The express trains that cross the United States from East to West pass, without stopping, through hundreds of small towns that are never mentioned or described in our geography textbooks because there are too many of them.

In one of these small towns, which we shall call Redfield Center, lives a boy whom we shall call John. His life is like that of thousands of other boys who are now growing up in America. His house is the type of house that would be advertised in the local newspapers as:

A Real Bargain

Nine-room frame house. Modern. Bathroom, porch, garage, henhouse, fruit.

JOHN AND LUCY

John comes down to breakfast still feeling very sleepy. He eats his grapefruit, enjoying the sharp, bitter taste, but he is scarcely conscious of his thoughts, they are so vague and slow. He speaks very little, except to ask for more to eat.

Brilliant sunlight, the sunlight of the dry middle-western air, is pouring in over the breakfast table. It shines on the bright heads of the three children—John, and Lucy, and the baby. It throws haloes around the cups, and rainbows around the glasses, so that all the table is in a luminous haze of light.



JOHN'S HOME

As soon as they have finished their breakfast, John and Lucy start to school. There are streams of children pattering down Seventeenth Street, on their way to the Lincoln School. The sky is blue and high, and the tall maple trees shading the sidewalks are crimson and yellow against the blue, for it is the beginning of the school year.

John hails some of his young friends and walks to school with them. His talk is rather inclined to slang,

and at home he alludes to his school friends variously as *guys*, *chaps*, *fellows*, *birds*, or *nuts*. Now and again, his father asks, "Aren't there any *boys* at all in your school, John?"

The Lincoln School is a solid red brick building set in a large playground. There are several swings and teeters, a sandpile for the little children, and a steep wooden slide for the older ones. The children go into school for an hour or two, then they come out again for an interval of play. John and his friends play baseball, and make a great noise, squealing and yelling. Their voices rise and fall with bursts of excitement in a kind of chant, like the rude songs of the Indians that follow no musical scale. Soon the bell rings, however, and the children march back into the schoolhouse. When they are all in the classroom, they sing to piano accompaniment a little song called "Sunbeam." Now their voices sound very different. Some of the boys, including John, do not seem to have voice enough to sing at all.

When John was a little boy he enjoyed school very much, because in the primary grades the children did so many pleasant things—painting paper daffodils to stick on window panes, cutting out black witches for Halloween, or making paper furniture and airplanes. Now John has to study more seriously and at times he has to take examinations. If you ask him nowadays whether he likes school, he answers cautiously, "Oh, I like it pretty well."

There are no expensive private schools in this little Western town, and so the children of rich parents

attend the public schools with the poorer children. John's father is a firm believer in the American public school system, because it means equal opportunity for all. He hopes that his son will go to high school, and then work his way through the state university. He tells John that all kinds of opportunities are open to boys with university degrees, and that there will be no limits to John's future except those set by his own ability and character.

At midday John and Lucy go home to dinner and eat a hearty meal of roast beef, with browned potatoes, and corn on the cob fresh from the garden, followed by pumpkin pie.

Their mother is tired, after a long morning of ironing and cooking; so, after dinner, John and Lucy clear the table, and then clean the dishes in the kitchen. They have time for this because they live near the school. Lucy does the washing, while John does the drying. John would prefer to wash the dishes himself, but when he undertakes this, he is apt to splash the whole kitchen with soapy water.

Dishes in hand, John gives his sister what she calls a free lecture on radio. He has borrowed books on this subject from the library, and has set up a wireless apparatus on the roof of his bedroom.

At last Lucy exclaims, "John, if you say another word to me about wireless, I think I shall go crazy!"

"But Lucy," he remonstrates in a reproachful tone, "if I don't explain this to you, you might have a *terrible* accident some day!"

So he goes on talking, and Lucy only pretends to listen. At the end of a long explanation, she says vaguely "yes" or "no" or "gee!" according to the tone of John's voice. At last he gives up for the time.

"You can't fool me, Lucy. I know you haven't been listening for a long while. It's no use. It's no fun explaining all these difficult things to you."

Lucy is not at all interested in the science of wireless telegraphy. She loves reading. She loves to sit, curled up in an armchair, reading fairy tales or laughing and weeping over the stories of Miss Alcott.

This same afternoon, in school, Lucy is given a sum in arithmetic about three men walking in a handicap race. They all start at different times and walk at different speeds. Poor Lucy ponders over this problem until her brain is in a whirl. She is not sure whether the answer should be in men, or miles, or minutes, and she keeps telling herself that she does not care in the least *which* man wins. John, on the other hand, who is good at arithmetic, enjoys working out a problem of this kind. But a little later when compositions must be written, John scowls and scratches his head while Lucy's pen runs rapidly over the paper.

After school, John rides down town on his bicycle to the newspaper office and then spends an hour delivering the *Redfield Center News* to its subscribers along a certain route. There are two local newspapers in Redfield Center, the *News* and the *Star*.

John's method of delivering papers is to career down the street on his bicycle at full speed, tossing papers

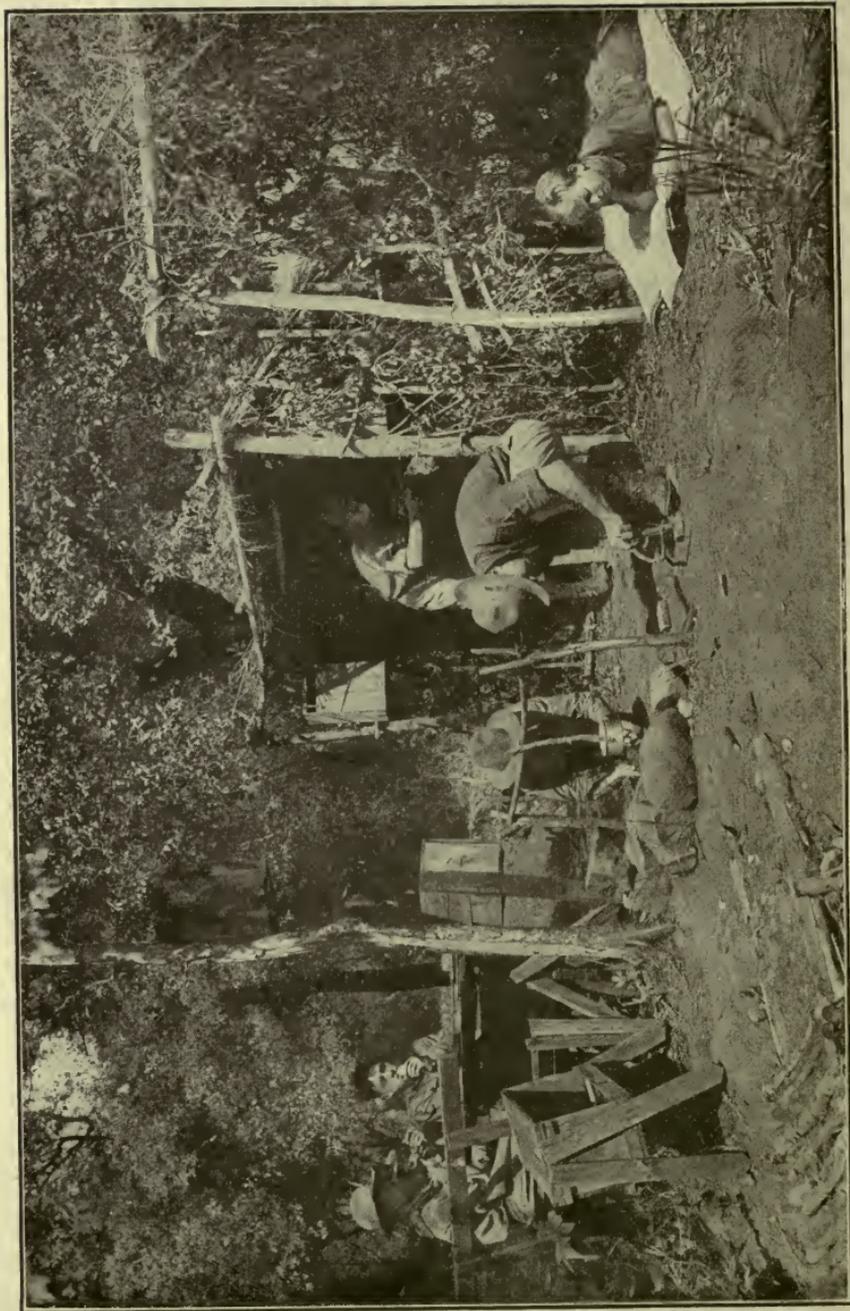
right and left into front yards and on to front porches. It is a hit-or-miss method, but he is a good shot, and so far very few of his subscribers have telephoned complaints to the newspaper office.

John does not mind delivering the paper, because he earns a little money in this way, and can go to the movies with his friends, buying his own tickets.

When he returns home, he finds his mother sitting on the front porch in a rocker, with the baby on her lap. It is a quiet evening, and the weather is warm. John's grandfather is watering the front lawn with the hose, and he is also watering the concrete sidewalk which connects the house with all the other houses like it on Seventeenth Street.

John now has a little rest, sitting chatting with his mother on the porch and playing with the baby. He needs astonishingly little rest, however, and in an hour or so he is ready for more exercise. He asks his mother if he may go for a picnic supper with the Boy Scouts. She has no objection, and soon he puts on his uniform, slings his canteen over his shoulder, and starts off on a hike into the hills with his friends.

It is the object of the Boy Scout organization to teach the boys to be good citizens, and, taken in its widest sense, good citizenship means nothing less than good living. Scouts must have respect for law and order, and they must be honest, healthy-minded, out-of-door boys. John's Scoutmaster teaches his Scouts to observe the life of the woods, the plants, trees, birds, and animals, believing that a love of nature is one



BOY SCOUTS HAVING A PICNIC SUPPER

of the healthiest outlets for a boy's energy and interest. Like thousands of other young Scouts all over the country, John has become especially interested in birds.

While they are climbing up a steep hillside, John tells the Scoutmaster all about his wrens.

The grocer at the corner store on Seventeenth Street gave John a little wooden box which he has nailed up under the roof of the back porch. Every summer this box is occupied by wrens, and John firmly believes that the same pair of birds come back to it year after year. He watches them with absorption and is deeply concerned when any tragedy overtakes their young ones.

"Those birds are like humans in some ways," he says to the Scoutmaster, "you would be surprised. First the father wren starts building the nest, and then the little mother wren comes along and throws out some of the furniture, till the porch is all littered with twigs. Their tastes in house furnishing don't quite agree; that's the trouble. She seems very quiet at first, and doesn't sing the way he does, waking me up every morning; but as soon as the young ones are hatched she begins to jabber a blue streak at them, and they jabber back. Last year one of the young ones was more scary than the rest. He sat in the nest two or three hours after the others had flown. It was a circus to watch him; he couldn't make up his mind. He kept pokin' his head out of the window and pullin' it in again. It was a long steep flight, and it scared him, but finally he made it. A funny little bird he was, too, soft and

fat, with a little bit of a wren's tail cocked up. Birds have instinct, but they have to have courage too in starting out, the same as we have."

The Scoutmaster is very much interested in this account; because he, too, finds bird life fascinating to watch.

Redfield Center lies on the edge of the plains up against the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. When the Boy Scouts reach the top of the high ridge where they are going to cook their supper—a wild scene of rocks and pine trees—they have an immense view, that stretches eastward over the plains and westward into the mountains. The mountains are beautiful at this hour of sunset, but the plains are still more so. Seen from a great height, the plains reflect, like a tinged mirror, the changing colors of the sky; they are green and blue and violet. In the far distance lie stretches of pure gold; in the foreground move great dark shadows, wine-colored, thrown by the clouds.

John never feels happier than when he is out of doors. Now, as he sees the great landscape stretching about him, he suddenly feels proud to be an American boy. "This country is mine," he says to himself. "It's a new country, it's an open country, and it's a democracy; so it belongs to me as much as it belongs to anyone. I'm an American boy and I'm a Scout. I'll blaze my own trail in life, and I'll follow it."

To be out of doors, to have a sense of the fullness of life, and of the bigness and freedom of the land; that is what it means to John, in this mood, to be an Ameri-

can. He is looking down over the edge of the great American prairie that has been called the Valley of Democracy.

Suppose John were to think of himself as a citizen, and say to himself, "Here am I, an American boy, living in an American city. What does it mean? If I had to take an oath, like the Athenian boy, to leave my country not lessened, but greater and better than I found it, what could I do?"

When John grows up, he will have to vote on a great many new questions. Thirty years hence, Redfield Center will be different from what it is now, and America will be different, because life is continually changing. John and millions of others who are now children must serve their country if they wish to make it a better country and not a worse, and they must work for the welfare of their cities, to make them more beautiful and more wholesome places to live in.

At city elections, John will have to vote on what may seem to him, perhaps, small questions. Should a new concrete bridge be built on Twelfth Street? Do the children of Redfield Center need an indoor swimming pool? But only by the wise solving of such questions can Redfield Center grow into a fine American city.

In connection with the government of his state, he will have to think over social questions of greater importance, including very likely the problems of the workingman. Should the trade-unions be allowed to strike against their employers when a big strike means suffering and loss to the general public? Should the

workers in a great industrial corporation be given some share in its management? Such questions as these are very serious; they still remain unsettled and cause great disputes.

When John votes for the President of the United States, and for his national Senators and Representatives, he will be dealing with matters affecting the whole country, perhaps even affecting the whole world. One of the great problems of the future is the matter of a coming together of nations. Is it possible to prevent wars between nations? Would it be safe for the United States to maintain only a very small army and navy?

John will have to think seriously over such questions and many others, and he will have to decide them for himself. No book on democracy can tell John with what party he should vote, because his freedom of choice is the foundation of democracy.

But, in the past history of the world and the history of America, certain principles of freedom, which have proved themselves true, and helpful to progress, have been won at great sacrifice. John, and all American children, should know them and consider them.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

As we look back through the ages we find that the story of democracy is thousands of years old. There has been a gradual but irregular progress. The thought of mankind has climbed slowly, reaching one peak after

another, but at times it has slipped back, so that the gain of one century has been lost in the next. The development of democracy still stretches, unlimited, into the future.

In the story of tribal government, At-o-tar-ho, the Wizard, represents the past of barbarism, of lawlessness, of torture and constant warfare, of murder unpunished, and of selfish mastery. Hi-a-wa-tha represents the high standards of future mankind. In his prophetic sayings there is the simplest and purest spirit of order and harmony, like water fresh and unsullied at its source.

During the Age of Bronze, men have not yet learned how to govern themselves, but they have learned how to obey their kings. They trade with each other, and live together in little towns, with the palace of the king as the center of social life. In the story of Alcinous, monarchy is shown at its best. But the development of personal property has brought with it the problem of riches and poverty. There is danger that an unjust king, a rich and therefore a powerful man, may oppress his subjects by demanding too much tribute from them, and so become a tyrant.

As the centuries pass, a Greek city-state conquers tyranny and develops democracy, the self-government of the many. The Athenians reach, during the Age of Pericles, a high peak in the history of progress, and their direct democracy still remains to us in some respects a model. But it is a very limited democracy according to our modern ideals, because only freemen

are allowed to vote in the Assembly. Women and slaves are not considered citizens in Athens, and they are treated as inferiors in the law courts.

In Athens, as everywhere, democracy is only successful when the people choose wise leaders. After the death of Pericles, the citizens of Athens voted for bad leaders and unwise policies, so that the power and glory of the city were lessened. Democracy still faces the same dangers, and so its success must always be insecure. Therefore, a good citizen must always be on guard to defend his democracy by intelligently choosing his leaders and the policies that they are to carry out.

The Romans learn much from Athenian civilization, and at one time their government is a democracy. Their great Empire, however, develops as a despotism. The life of conquered peoples is stifled, and Rome finally becomes the mistress of a dead world, as a great historian has said. But though democracy has died in one branch of government, the executive, it is still living in another branch, the judicial. Roman lawyers introduce the Law of Humanity, the principle that all human beings, men, women, and slaves, are equal under the *law of nature*. The spread of Christianity gives aid to this principle, for the spirit of democracy is a part of the Christian religion.

In reading of the customs of the ancient Norsemen, we go back to a condition of half-savagery. Though there is a healthy, sturdy democracy among the Icelandic freemen at their Things, there is heartless cruelty to thralls among the Norsemen. Manslaughters

are common, and the rule of justice is only beginning to replace the rule of might.

During the Middle Ages, there is a strange mingling of ancient pagan customs and Christianity, of monarchy and democracy, and there is a constant struggle for progress. The principle of representative government is developed, and serfdom, or slavery, comes to an end in England. Thus the path is cleared for a future democracy purer and greater than that of Athens.

In the seventeenth century, the Pilgrim Fathers struggle for liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. They flee from England for the sake of liberty of conscience, and found a democratic government in New England, which, like that of Athens, has been an inspiration to the world. All men are treated as equals among them, but women take no part in government.

After the American Revolution, a Federal Government is established, and a new nation—the United States—is formed, on the federal principle. Each state retains its own government and local authority, but all the states together form one union, and recognize the authority of the central government: *e pluribus, unum*—out of the many, the one.

The Civil War tested the authority of this central government and it stood the test, victorious. As a result of the Civil War, slavery was abolished, and the right to vote was given to negroes.

At the present time, women have been given the vote in the United States, so that our democracy is no

longer limited to one half of humanity. The freedom of women marks the beginning of a new era in the progress of mankind.

So much has been won for us already.

Now the nations are striving to create an international union to prevent warfare in the future. The greatest of wars came to an end in November, 1918. It caused so much misery to all the peoples who took part in it that when the victorious nations came to lay down the terms of peace to the defeated nations, they tried to do more than this—they tried to form a plan that would prevent any such great war in the future. We cannot be sure how this plan will develop, as it is only in its beginning. But we can hope at least that international law in the future will work for peace and justice between nations, as government has worked for peace and justice between men. And so our book ends, as it began, with the striving for a Great Peace. "We shall gather up the causes of warfare into a bundle," said Hi-a-wa-tha, "and throw them away from the earth."

Hi-a-wa-tha in imagery, described fellow-feeling, the source of justice and democracy, when he said:

"They will take one another by the hands and arms, they will have their minds in one place, and they will have but one head, one tongue, and one blood in their bodies.

"It may be that after the passing of time, some man may come who will see the Great White Root, and then lift his hatchet and strike at it. If he does that, blood will flow from the root and we shall all feel it."

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

ā, as in āle; â, as in sen'âte; â, as in câre; ă, as in ăm; ǎ as in fi'nǎl; ä, as in ärm; à, as in àsk; a, as in ałl; á, as in so'fá; ē, as in ēve; ê, as in ê-vent'; ě, as in ěnd; ě, as in fěrn; ě, as in re'cěnt; ĭ, as in ĭce; ĭ, as in ĭ-de'a; ĭ, as in ĭll; ō, as in ōld; ô, as in ô-bey'; ô, as in ôrb; ǫ, as in ǫdd; ǫ, as in cǫn-nect'; ū, as in ūse; ū, as in ū-nite'; ū, as in ūp; ū, as in ūrn; ǚ, as in pit'ǚ; oō, as in fōōd; oō, as in fōōt; ou, as in out; oi, as in oil.

CHAPTER I

TRIBAL GOVERNMENT

At-o-tar-ho (ăt-ō-tār'hō)
Cayuga (kā-yōō'gá)
Cherokee (chĕr'ō-kĕ)
Dek-a-na-wi-dah (dĕk-á-ná'wĭ-dá)
Hai-yo-wen-tha (hĭ-yō-wĕn'thá)
Hi-a-wa-tha (hĭ'á-wá'thá)
Huron (hū'rōn)
Iroquois (ĭr'ō-kwoi')
Mohawk (mō'hąk)
Oneida (ō-nĭ'dá)
Onondaga (ŏn-ŏn-dā'gá)
Seneca (sĕn'ĕ-ká)
Wyandot (wĭ'án-dōt)

CHAPTER II

EARLY MONARCHY

Achilles (á-kĭl'ĕz)
Agamemnon (ăg'á-mĕm'nōn)
Alcinous (ăl-sĭn'ō-ŭs)
Briseis (brĭ-sĕ'ĭs)
Calypso (ká-lĭp'sō)
Charybdis (ká-rĭb'dĭs)
Circe (sŭr'sĕ)
Cyclops (sĭ'klōps)
Dicon (dĭ'kōn)

Heliodora (hĕ'li-ŏ-dō'rá)
Ithaca (ĭth'á-ká)
Nausicaä (nā-sĭk'á-á)
Odysseus (ō-dĭs'ŭs)
Patroclus (pá-trō'klŭs)
Scylla (sĭl'á)
Strato (strā'tō)

CHAPTER III

THE DEMOCRACY OF ATHENS

Artemis (ăr'tĕ-mĭs)
Chrysis (krĭ-sĭl'á)
Cleandros (klĕ-ăn'drōs)
Cleon (klĕ'ōn)
Pericles (pĕr'ĭ-klĕz)
Theodora (thĕ'ō-dō'rá)
Xanthias (zăn'thĭ-ăs)
Zeus (zŭs)

CHAPTER IV

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Cæsar (sĕ'zăr)
Domitian (dō-mĭsh'ăn)
Mediterranean (mĕd'ĭ-tĕr-ă'nĕ-ăn)
Tarpeian (tăr-pĕ'yăn)
Valerian (va-lĕ'ri-ăn)
Vespasian (vĕs-pă'zhĭ-ăn)

CHAPTER V

ICELAND: THE NEIGHBORHOOD
THING AND THE *ALL-THING*

Bergthora (bĕrg-thō'rá)
 Geir (gār)
 Gizur (gĭ-zōōr')
 Gunnar (gōōn'nár)
 Hallgerda (hăl'gĕr-dá)
 Hauskuld (hous'kōōlt)
 Hrut (hrōōt)
 Kolskegg (kōl'skĕg)
 Nyal (ny'āl)
 Otkell (ōt'kĕl)

CHAPTER VI

ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Acre (ā'kĕr)
 Adriatic (ā'drĕ-ăt'ík)
 Berengaria (bĕr'ĕn-gā'ri-á)
 Cœur de Lion (kūr' dĕ lĕ'ōn)
 Cyprus (sĭ'prūs)
 Godiva (gō-dĭ'vá)
 Leofric (lĕ-ōf'rik)
 Navarre (ná-vār')
 Saladin (săl'á-dĭn)

CHAPTER VII

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

Amidas (ám'ĭ-dás)
 Pocahontas (pō'ká-hōn'tás)
 Powhatan (pou'há-tăn')
 Raleigh (rā'lĭ)

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS

Delftshaven (dĕlfs'hä'vĕn)
 Leyden (lĭ'dĕn)
 Massasoit (mäs'á-soit)
 Oceanus (ō-sĕ'á-nus)
 Priscilla (prĭ-sil'lá)

CHAPTER IX

THE BUILDING OF THE NATION

Abigail (áb'ĭ-gāl)
 Delft (dĕlft)
 Grasse, de (dĕ gräs')
 Lafayette, de (dĕ lä'fā-yet')
 Rochambeau, de (dĕ rô'shān'bō')

CHAPTER X

AMERICA TO-DAY

Algonquin (äl-gōn'kĭn)
 Darius (dá-rĭ'ūs)
 Lycidas (lĭs'ĭ-dās)
 Mohican (mō-hĕ'kăn)
 Roosevelt (rō'zĕ-vĕlt)

CHAPTER XI

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

Potomac (pō-tō'mác)

CHAPTER XII

STATE AND COUNTY GOVERNMENT

Holstein (hōl'stĭn)

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