

Victorian Era

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME



Victorian Era

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	Esther 1	Esther 2	Esther 3	Esther 4	Esther 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	William Frith Biography, Art Selection 1: Ramsgate Sands	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Felix Mendelssohn Biography, Listen to: A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Our Island Story, Ch.101		Our Island Story, Ch.102	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read Elizabeth Barrett Browning Biography	In Your Arms I Am Safe Copywork	Poetry: Sonnet No. 43	In Your Arms I Am Safe Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 1		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 2		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Victorian Sponge Cake, Read: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	Esther 6	Esther 7	Esther 8	Esther 9	Esther 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	Review Frith Bio, Art Selection 2: A Private View at the Royal Academy	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Review Mendelssohn Bio, Listen to: Songs Without Words	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Our Island Story, Ch.103		Our Island Story, Ch.104	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		1 Peter 1:3 Copywork	Poetry: Sonnet No. 14	1 Peter 1:3 Copywork	Shakespeare: Cymbeline
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 4		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 5	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Baking: English Crumpets, Read: The Adventure of the Norwood Builder			Art Lesson: William Morris Wallpaper	Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	Ruth 1	Ruth 2	Ruth 3	Ruth 4	Proverbs 31
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	Narrate Frith Bio, Art Selection 3: The Railway Station	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Narrate Felix Mendelssohn Biography, Listen to: Octet in E-flat major	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Our Island Story, Ch.105		Our Island Story, Ch.106	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Sonnet No. 44 Copywork	Poetry: Sonnet No. 44	Sonnet No. 44 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 6		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 7		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 8
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Rice Pudding, Read: Rime of the Ancient Mariner				Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	Judges 4	Judges 5	1 Samuel 1	1 Samuel 2:1-10	1 Samuel 25
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	Art Selection 4: The Crossing Sweeper	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Listen to: Symphony No. 3 - The Scottish	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Our Island Story, Ch.107		Our Island Story, Ch.108	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		The Lady's Yes Copywork	Poetry: The Lady's Yes	The Lady's Yes Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 9		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 10	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Lemon Tart, Watch: The Importance of Being Earnest			Handicraft: Victorian Shellwork Trinket Box	Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Kings 17:7-16	2 Kings 4:8-37	Joshua 2 & 6:22-23	Exodus 2:1-10 & 15:20	Luke 1:1-25
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	Art Selection 5: The Crossing Sweeper	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Listen to: The Hebrides Overture	Nature Study 5
<i>History/ Geography</i>		Our Island Story, Ch.109		Our Island Story, Ch.110	
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Patience Taught By Nature Copywork	Poetry: Patience Taught By Nature	Patience Taught By Nature Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 11		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 12		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 13
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Charlotte Russe, Read: Thumbelina				Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	In Your Arms I Am Safe				
<i>Bible</i>	Luke 7:36-50	Luke 26-67	Genesis 24	John 11:1-45, Luke 10:38-42	John 20
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus	Art Selection 6: The Two Central Figures in Derby Day	Folk Song: Daisy Bell	Listen to: Violin Concerto in E minor	Nature Study 6
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>		Cheerfulness Taught By Reason Copywork	Poetry: Cheerfulness Taught By Reason	Cheerfulness Taught By Reason Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 14		*Little Lord Fauntleroy, Ch. 15	
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Trifle, Tea Time Read: The Milkmaid and Her Pail				Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Elementary & Middle Grades

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll
Through the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll
Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell
Treasure Island, by Robert Louis Stevenson
A Child's History of England, by Charles Dickens
The Princess and the Goblin, by George MacDonald

Upper Grades

Cranford, by Elizabeth Gaskell
North and South, by Elizabeth Gaskell
Wives and Daughters: An Everyday Story, by Elizabeth Gaskell
Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë
Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë
The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, by Anne Brontë
The Pickwick Papers, by Charles Dickens
Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens
David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens
A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens
Great Expectations, by Charles Dickens
Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray
Middlemarch, by George Eliot
Silas Marner, by George Eliot
Daniel Deronda, by George Eliot
Under the Greenwood Tree, by Thomas Hardy
Far from the Madding Crowd, by Thomas Hardy
Tess of the d'Urbervilles, by Thomas Hardy
Sherlock Holmes, by Conan-Doyle
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by Robert Louis Stevenson
Dracula, by Bram Stoker

Family

Mrs. Sharp's Traditions, by Sarah ban Breathnach
The Country Flowers of a Victorian Lady, by Fanny Robinson
What Jane Austen Ate and Charles Dickens Knew, by Daniel Pool

Recommended Read Alouds

**Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett <https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/479/pg479-images.html>

*Alternately, you may wish to dive into *Oliver Twist* for your read aloud (or assign it to your middle or high students). Since this is a 6-week session, and there are 53 chapters in this novel, plan on reading between 8 and 9 chapters each week.

<https://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/730/pg730-images.html>

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **In Your Arms I Am Safe**, and focus on writing and memorizing **1 Peter 1:3**.

1 Peter 1:3

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant mercy has begotten us again to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,"

In Your Arms I Am Safe

*O my Lord and Savior,
in your arms I am safe.
Keep me and I have nothing to fear.
Give me up and I have nothing to hope for.
I do not know what will come upon me before I die.
I know nothing about the future,
but I rely upon you.
I pray that you would give me what is good for me.
I pray that you would take from me whatever would imperil my salvation.
I do not pray that you would make me rich.
I do not pray that you would make me very poor.
I leave it all to you, because you know and I do not.
If you bring pain or sorrow on me,
give me grace to bear it well—
keep me from fretfulness and selfishness.
If you give me health and strength and success in this world,
keep me always on my guard
lest these great gifts carry me away from you.
O Christ, you died on the Cross for me,
even for me, sinner as I am.
Help me to know you,
to believe in you,
to love you,
to serve you,
to always aim at bringing you glory,
to live to and for you,
to set a good example to all around me.
Allow me to die just at that time and in that way
which is best for your glory,
and best for my salvation.*

O my Lord and Savior,

in your arms I am safe.

Keep me and I have

nothing to fear.

Give me up and I have

nothing to hope for.

I do not know what will

come upon me before I die.

I know nothing about the

future,

but I rely upon you.

I pray that you would give

me what is good for me.

I pray that you would to

take from me whatever

would imperil my salvation.

I do not pray that you

would make me rich.

I do not pray that you

would make me very poor.

I leave it all to you,

because you know and I do

not.

If you bring pain or sorrow

on me,

give me grace to bear it

well-

keep me from fretfulness

and selfishness.

If you give me health and

strength and success in this

world,

keep me always on my

guard

lest these great gifts carry

me away from you.

O Christ, you died on the

Cross for me,

even for me, sinner as I am.

Help me to know you,

to believe in you,

to love you,

to serve you,

to always aim at bringing

you glory,

to live to and for you,

to set a good example to

all around me.

Allow me to die just at

that time and in that way

which is best for your glory,

and best for my salvation.

O my Lord and Savior,

in your arms I am safe.

Keep me and I have nothing to fear.

Give me up and I have nothing to hope for.

I do not know what will come upon me before

I die.

I know nothing about the future,

but I rely upon you.

I pray that you would give me what is good

for me.

I pray that you would take from me

whatever would imperil my salvation.

I do not pray that you would make me rich.

I do not pray that you would make me very poor.

I leave it all to you, because you know and

I do not.

If you bring pain or sorrow on me,

give me grace to bear it well—

keep me from fretfulness and selfishness.

If you give me health and strength and success

in this world,

keep me always on my guard

lest these great gifts carry me away from you.

O Christ, you died on the Cross for me,

even for me, sinner as I am.

Help me to know you,

to believe in you,

to love you,

to serve you,

to always aim at bringing you glory,

to live to and for you,

to set a good example to all around me.

Allow me to die just at that time and in that

way

which is best for your glory,

and best for my salvation.

O my Lord and Savior,

in your arms I am safe.

Keep me and I have nothing to
fear.

Give me up and I have nothing
to hope for.

I do not know what will come
upon me before I die.

I know nothing about the

future,

but I rely upon you.

I pray that you would give me

what is good for me.

I pray that you would to take

from me whatever would imperil

my salvation.

I do not pray that you would

make me rich.

I do not pray that you would

make me very poor.

I leave it all to you, because you

know and I do not.

If you bring pain or sorrow on

me,

give me grace to bear it well-

keep me from fretfulness and

selfishness.

If you give me health and

strength and success in this world,

keep me always on my guard

lest these great gifts carry me

away from you.

O Christ, you died on the Cross

for me,

even for me, sinner as I am.

Help me to know you,

to believe in you,

to love you,

to serve you,

to always aim at bringing you

glory,

to live to and for you,

to set a good example to all

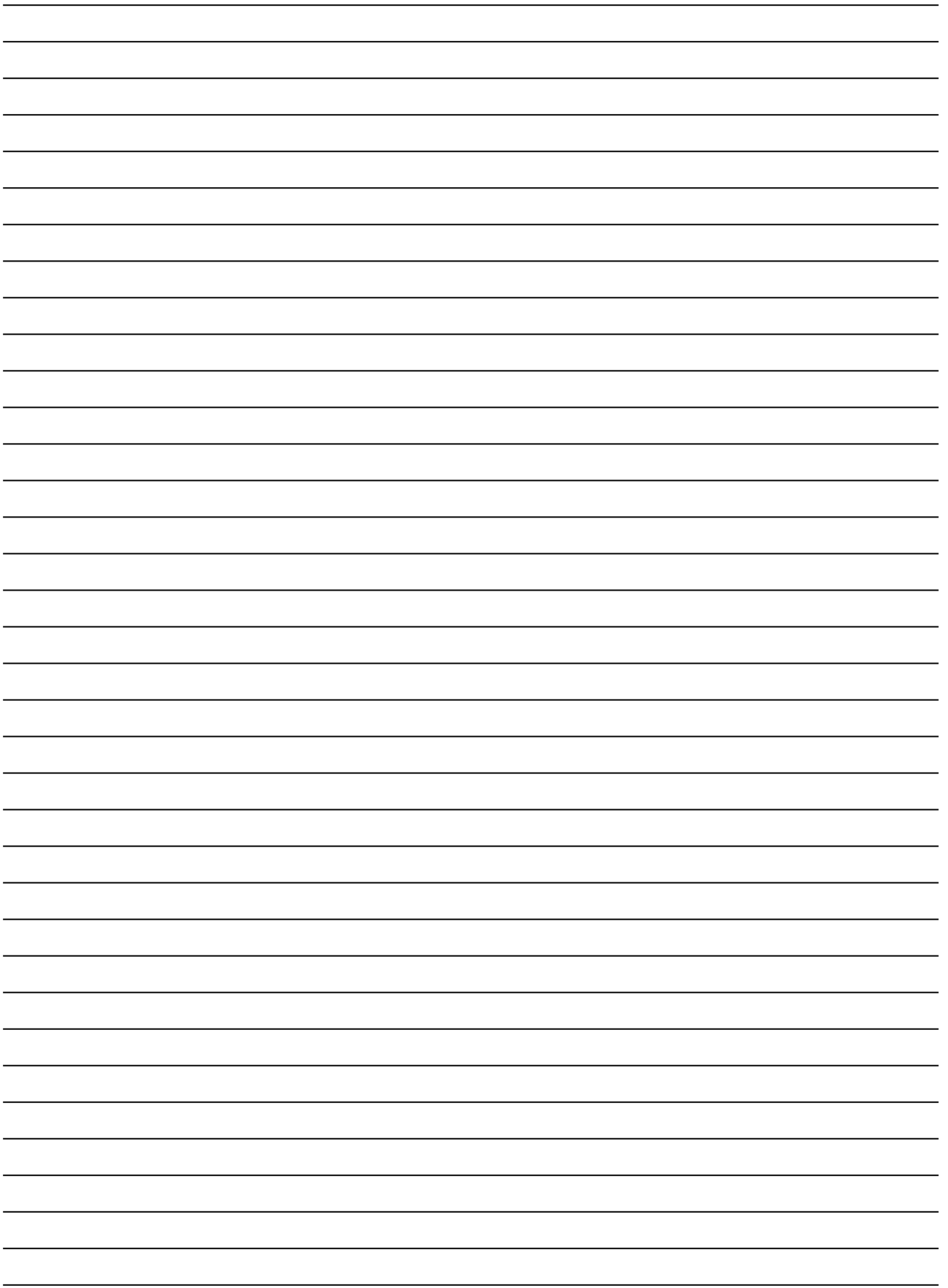
around me.

Allow me to die just at that time

and in that way

which is best for your glory,

and best for my salvation.



Blessed be the God and

Father of our Lord Jesus

Christ, who according to

His abundant mercy has

begotten us again to a

living hope through the

resurrection of Jesus

Christ from the dead,

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord

Jesus Christ, who according to His abundant

mercy has begotten us again to a living hope

through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from

the dead,

Blessed be the God and Father of
our Lord Jesus Christ, who
according to His abundant mercy
has begotten us again to a living
hope through the resurrection of
Jesus Christ from the dead,



Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is William Frith. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Ramsgate Sands (Life at the Seaside)*
- *A Private View at the Royal Academy*
- *The Railway Station*
- *The Crossing Sweeper*
- *Charles Dickens in His Study*
- *The Two Central Figures in "Derby Day"*

Our featured composer is Felix Mendelssohn. We've included six of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture
- Songs Without Words
- Octet in E-flat Major
- Symphony No. 3 - The Scottish
- The Hebrides Overture
- Violin Concerto in E Minor

Artist & Composer Study



William Frith

January 9, 1819 – November 2, 1909

Born in 1819, William Powell Frith was a British painter best known for his detailed and realistic depictions of Victorian life.

He grew up in a middle class family in a small village near Yorkshire and was encouraged by his father, who owned and ran a hotel, to study art.

At the age of sixteen, he moved to London to pursue his passion and enrolled at the Royal Academy Schools.

Frith's early works were influenced by the Romanticism movement, evident in his vibrant colors and dramatic compositions. However, during his studies at the Royal Academy,

he became more interested in the works of Dutch Golden Age painters, such as Rembrandt and Vermeer. This influence can be seen in Frith's later works, which focused on portraying scenes from everyday life with great attention to detail.

In 1854, Frith gained recognition and success with his painting "Ramsgate Sands," which captured the essence of Victorian leisure and became one of the most iconic images of the era. The success of this painting led to numerous commissions from wealthy patrons, including Queen Victoria herself, and established Frith as a leading artist in British society.

Frith's popularity continued to grow, with his paintings being exhibited at the prestigious Royal Academy and other prominent galleries. He also became a member of the Royal Academy, solidifying his position as a respected artist.

Despite his success, Frith faced criticism for his depictions of Victorian society, which were sometimes seen as too vulgar or exaggerated. However, he defended his paintings by stating that he wanted to capture the truth of everyday life rather than an idealized version.

In addition to being a successful painter, Frith was also a skilled writer and published two books about his artistic process and experiences. These autobiographies were well-received during his time, given that he was a gifted and amusing storyteller.

Throughout his career, Frith continued to paint scenes of Victorian society, capturing the rapid changes and advancements of the era. His paintings provide valuable insight into the social norms, customs, and values of Victorian England. Today, Frith's works can be found in prestigious museums and galleries around the world, including the Tate Britain and the Victoria and Albert Museum.

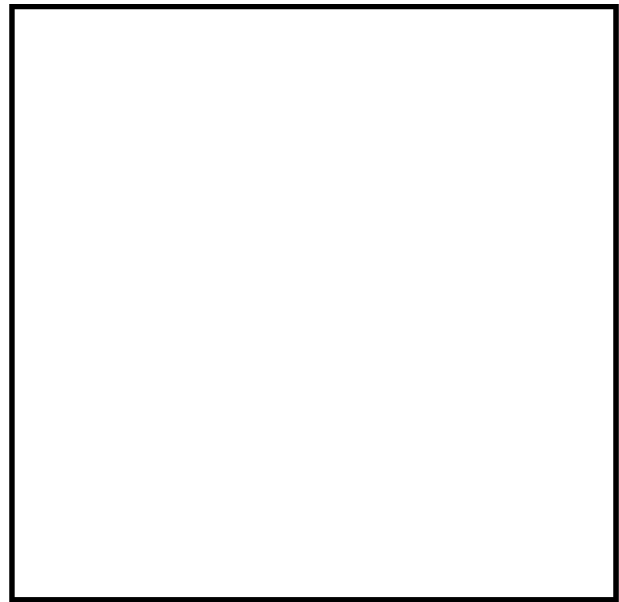
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



Ramsgate Sands (Life at the Seaside), 1854



A Private View at the Royal Academy, 1881



The Railway Station, 1862



The Crossing Sweeper, 1858



Charles Dickens in His Study, 1859



The Two Central Figures in "Derby Day," 1860

Picture Study

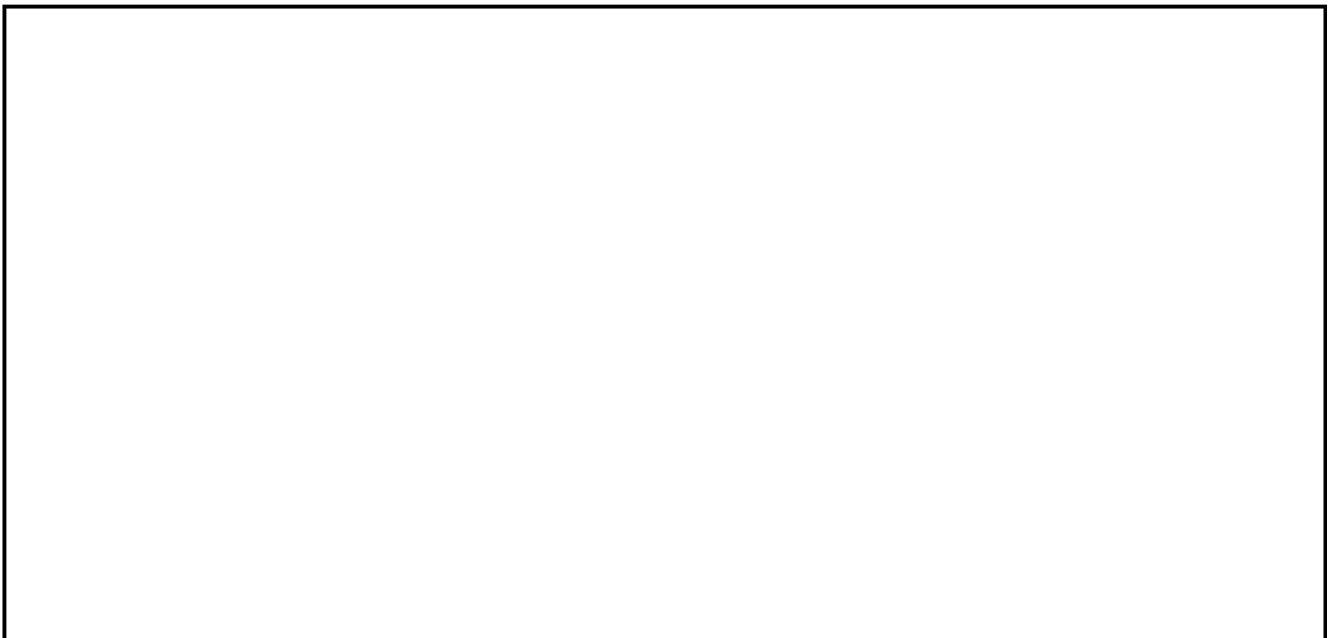
Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.





Felix Mendelssohn

February 3, 1809 – November 4, 1847

Felix Mendelssohn was a German composer, pianist, and organist during the early Romantic period. He is known for his musical contributions to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, many symphonies, and "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!"

Mendelssohn was born into a well-known Jewish family, his grandfather being a famous philosopher. He and his older sister, Fanny, exemplified strong musical talents from an early age.

In 1811, his family moved to Berlin to escape any possible backlash from the Mendelssohns' banking role in the breaking of Napoleon's Continental System blockade.

He began piano lessons at the age of six with his mother, moving on to be tutored by Marie Bigot in Paris the next year. In 1819, he began studying counterpoint and composition with Carl Friedrich Zelter. This made a major impact on Mendelssohn's career, his later works reflecting Zelter's conservative and Bach-influenced pieces. In 1821, Zelter introduced Felix to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who kept in contact with the child and also influenced much of Mendelssohn's work. Mendelssohn would go on to set many of Goethe's poems to music.

By the age of nine, Mendelssohn had already made his public concert debut. In the next few years, he wrote twelve-string symphonies and multiple chamber works. His first work was published when he was thirteen. At fifteen, he wrote his first symphony for a full orchestra. In 1826, he wrote one of his best-known early pieces, his overture to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. His success in writing the piece and its effect on musical Romanticism came partly from his broad education in the arts. Mendelssohn also studied art, philosophy, language, and literature. From 1826-1829, he attended lectures at the Humboldt University of Berlin.

In 1829, Mendelssohn arranged and conducted a successful performance of Bach's work in Berlin. This was a major event in the revival of Bach's music throughout Europe and earned Mendelssohn much positive attention at the age of 20. He spent the next few years traveling and piecing together his famous Scottish and Italian symphonies. In 1832, his mentor Zelter died.

Mendelssohn had anticipated succeeding him as the conductor of the Singakademie but was defeated by Carl Friedrich Rungenhagen. Instead, he was appointed musical director of Düsseldorf the following year. He began to divide his time between Düsseldorf and Britain, putting on many concerts and participating in many other musical engagements in Britain. On multiple occasions, he met and played for Queen Victoria.

In 1835, he was offered a position as director of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. He worked to revive the town's musical life by focusing on not only the orchestra but also the opera house, choir, and other musical institutions. In 1843, he founded a music school, the Leipzig Conservatory. He persuaded many prominent musicians, such as Robert Schumann, Ferdinand David, and Moritz Hauptmann, to join as staff members. Within this period, he married Cecile Charlotte Sophie Jeanrenaud. They had five children together. In 1844, he met Swedish soprano Jenny Lind, whom he became very close with and even began writing an opera for, but never finished.

After a long tour of England that left him exhausted and ill, Mendelssohn died. Many believe that his death may have been due to overworking and distress. His musical talents are still remembered today, especially his contributions to composing within the Romantic period.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - A Midsummer Night's Dream Overture

Week 2 - Songs Without Words

Week 3 - Octet in E-flat Major

Week 4 - Symphony No. 3 - The Scottish

Week 5 - The Hebrides Overture

Week 6 - Violin Concerto in E Minor

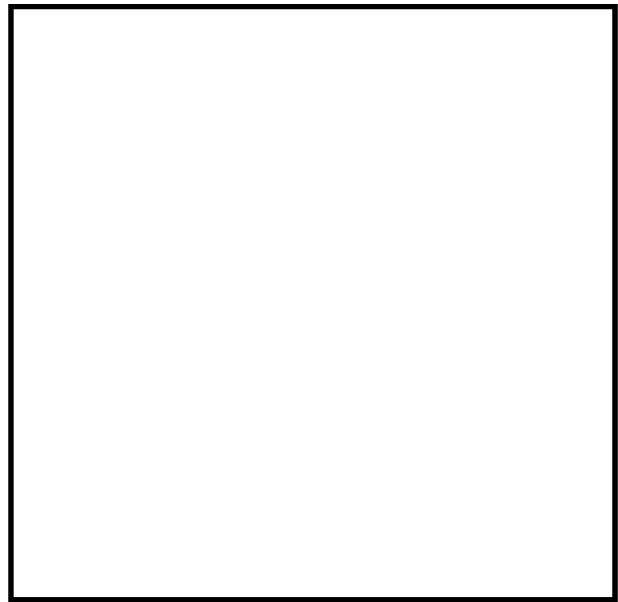
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: Fairest Lord Jesus

"Fairest Lord Jesus" was a very popular hymn during the Victorian era, a time when the singing of hymns as part of worship was just becoming favored.

There are several accounts as to the origin of the beautiful hymn "Fairest Lord Jesus." The best-known legend is that it was sung by the twelfth-century German Crusaders as they made their long, weary way to the Holy Land. Another more credible account is that it was sung by the followers of John Hus, who were driven out of Bohemia in 1620 in the anti-Reformation purge and settled in Silesia, now part of Poland. They had to keep their faith secret, yet had a strong tradition of hymn singing.

It has been attributed to the German Jesuits, who first published it in their Munster Gesangbuch in 1677. The words date back at least 15 years earlier, having been found in a manuscript dating back to 1662.

Fairest Lord Jesus Lyrics

1 Fairest Lord Jesus,
ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
fairer still the woodlands,
robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer
who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
fairer still the moonlight,
and all the twinkling starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
than all the angels heaven can boast.

4 Beautiful Savior!
Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
praise, adoration,
now and forevermore be thine.

Fairest Lord Jesus

Joseph A. Seiss

Schlesische Volkslieder

Eb
Cm
Ab⁶
Bb
Eb
Eb
Cm

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all
 Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the
 Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the
 Bea - ti - ful Sav - ior, Lord of the

4 Ab⁶
Bb
Eb
Eb
Ab
Eb

na - ture, O Thou of God and
 wood - lands, Robed in the bloom - ing
 moon - light, And all the twin - kling,
 na - tions, Son of God and

7 Bb⁷/D
Eb
Bb
Eb/G
Ab
Eb/Bb

man the Son; Thee I will
 garb of spring: Je - sus is
 star - ty host: Je - sus shines
 Son of Man! Glo - ry and

10 C⁷
Fm
Bb⁷
Eb

cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou,
 fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who
 bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er, Than
 hon - or, Praise, ad - o - ra - tion, Now

13 Eb
Eb/G
Ab
Eb/Bb
Bb⁷
Eb

my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 all the ang - gels heav'n can boast.
 and for - ev - er - more be Thine!

Folk Song: Daisy Bell

"Daisy Bell," also known as "Bicycle Built for Two," is a popular song from the Victorian era, written by Harry Dacre in 1892. The song tells the story of a young man who expresses his love for his sweetheart, Daisy, and his desire to marry her and ride a bicycle built for two, symbolizing their journey together in life.

The chorus, which is the most recognizable part of the song, features the repeated plea from the young man to Daisy to give him her answer regarding his proposal of marriage: "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do — I'm half crazy all for the love of you."

"Daisy Bell" captures the spirit of romance and whimsy characteristic of the Victorian period, with its emphasis on courtship, love, and the emerging technologies of the time. Bicycles were a relatively new invention in the late 19th century, and the idea of a couple riding together on a tandem bicycle symbolized companionship and shared adventures.

The song became immensely popular in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, both in England and in the United States. It was often performed in music halls, vaudeville shows, and on gramophone records. Its catchy melody and sentimental lyrics made it a favorite for generations, and it has endured through various adaptations and covers.

One of the most notable renditions of "Daisy Bell" is by IBM's 7094 computer, which famously performed a rendition of the song using speech synthesis in 1961, marking a milestone in early computer-generated music.

This song remains a charming and timeless piece of Victorian music, evoking a sense of nostalgia for a bygone era while still resonating with audiences today.

Daisy Bell

(Bicycle Built for Two)

Harry Dacre

Tempo di Valse

1

7

1. There is a flow - er with - in my heart. Dai -
 2. We will go "tan - dem" as man and wife, Dai -
 3. I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Dai -

14

sy, Dai - sy! Plant - ed one day by a glanc - ing dart,
 sy, Dai - sy! "Ped - 'ling" a - way down the road of life,
 sy, Dai - sy! You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know!

21

Plant-ed by Dai - sy Bell! _____ Whe-ther she loves me or loves me
 I and my Dai - sy Bell! _____ When the road's dark we can both des -
 Sweet lit - tle Dai - sy Bell! _____ You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we

not, Some-times it's hard to tell; Yet I am long-ing to
pise P'lice - men and "lamps" as well; There are "brightlights" in the
take, Then if I don't do well; I will per - mit you to

35

share the lot Of beau - ti - ful Dai - sy Bell! Dai -
daz - zling eyes Of beau - ti - ful Dai - sy Bell! Dai -
use the brake, My beau - ti - ful Dai - sy Bell!

rit.

42

sy, Dai - sy, Give me your an - swer, do!

49

I'm half cra - zy, All for the love of you!

It won't be a styl - ish mar - riage I can't af - ford a

car-riage, But you'll look sweet on the seat of a bi - cy - cle

built for two! two!

Temp I

f



Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet No. 43)
- If Thou Must Love Me (Sonnet No. 14)
- The Lady's Yes
- Beloved, Thou Has Brought Me Many Flowers (Sonnet No. 44)
- Patience Taught by Nature
- Cheerfulness Taught by Reason

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Beloved, Thou Has Brought Me Many Flowers (Sonnet No. 44)
- The Lady's Yes
- Cheerfulness Taught By Reason
- Patience Taught By Nature

"God Himself is the best Poet, And the Real is His song."

~ Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Poetry Recitation & Copywork



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

March 6, 1806 - June 29, 1861

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born on March 6th, 1806, in Durham, England, to a prosperous family. She was the oldest of 12 children and lived a comfortable and happy life during her childhood. She grew up playing outdoors, reading books, and writing poems with her brothers and sisters.

Her parents encouraged her to learn about all kinds of subjects, including literature, philosophy, politics, history, science, and theology. From an early age, Elizabeth displayed a great talent for writing and composed her first poem at only six years old.

At 15 years old, Elizabeth contracted a serious illness that confined her to bed rest for several months. This period of time left lasting effects on her physical and mental state, and she would continue to battle severe spinal and head pain throughout the course of her life. Despite these hardships, she continued to write.

In 1842, Elizabeth published a poem called "The Cry of the Children," which called to attention the evils and hardships of child labor. This poem helped to raise support for a bill that brought reforms. Her early writing made her an established poet in England and later in Europe, with works like *Aurora Leigh* receiving much critical acclaim and being considered by some to be one of the greatest poems of the 19th century.

In 1845, Elizabeth eloped with Robert Browning, a poet she had corresponded with for years. He was a great admirer of her work, and they greatly influenced each other's writing in the years following. Despite her restrictions from chronic illness and depression, they traveled to Italy, where Elizabeth wrote one of her most well-known works, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

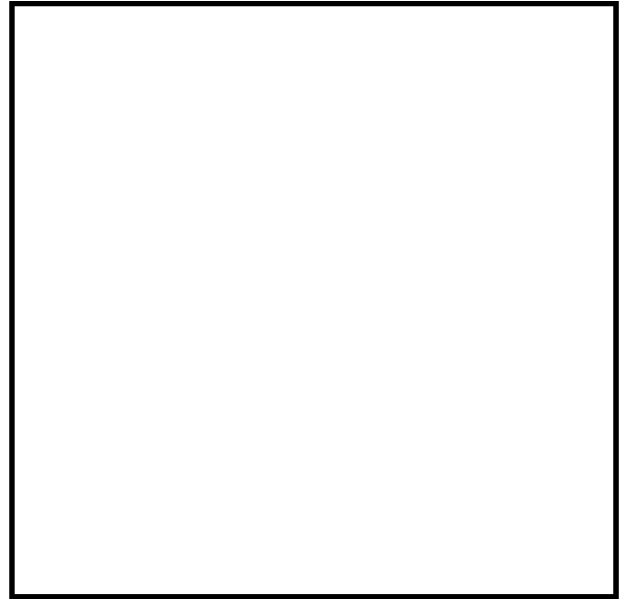
While she may have suffered from poor health throughout her life, she remained dedicated to writing until her death at the age of 55 in 1861. Elizabeth's words have comforted, moved, and inspired countless readers and writers over the years.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Elizabeth Barrett Browning Selections

How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet No. 43)

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

If Thou Must Love Me (Sonnet No. 14)

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning Selections

The Lady's Yes

" Yes !" I answered you last night ;
" No !" this morning, Sir, I say !
Colours, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below —
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *Yes* or fit for *No* !

Call me false, or call me free —
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both —
Time to dance is not to woo —
Wooer light makes fickle troth —
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you* !

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high ;
Bravely, as for life and death —
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her, by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true —
Ever true, as wives of yore —
And her *Yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be *Yes* for evermore.

Sonnets from the Portuguese 44: Beloved, thou has brought me many flowers

Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers
Plucked in the garden, all the summer through
And winter, and it seemed as if they grew
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers,
So, in the like name of that love of ours,
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,
Here's ivy!— take them, as I used to do
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colours true,
And tell thy soul, their roots are left in mine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning Selections

Patience Taught by Nature

"O Dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and
herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land: savannah-swards
Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to
these;—
But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

Cheerfulness Taught by Reason

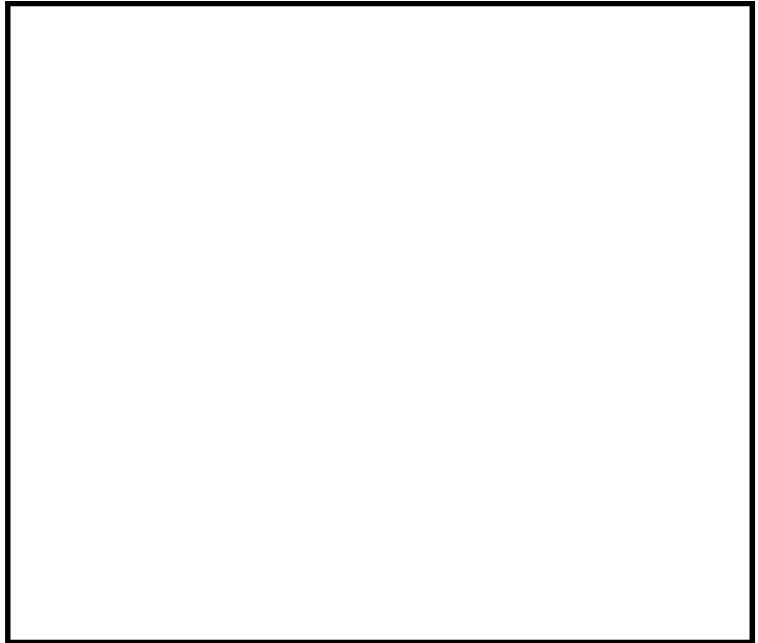
I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road—
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

Beloved, thou hast brought

me many flowers

Plucked in the garden,

the summer through

And winter, and it seemed

as if they grew

In this close room,

nor missed the sun and

showers,

So, in the like name of

that love of ours,

Take back these thoughts

which here unfolded too,

And which on warm and

cold days I withdrew

From my heart's ground.

Indeed, those beds and

bowers

Be overgrown with bitter

weeds and rue,

And wait thy weeding;

yet here's eglantine,

Here's ivy!— take them,

as I used to do

Thy flowers, and keep them

where they shall not pine.

Instruct thine eyes to keep

their colours true,

And tell thy soul,

their roots are left in mine.

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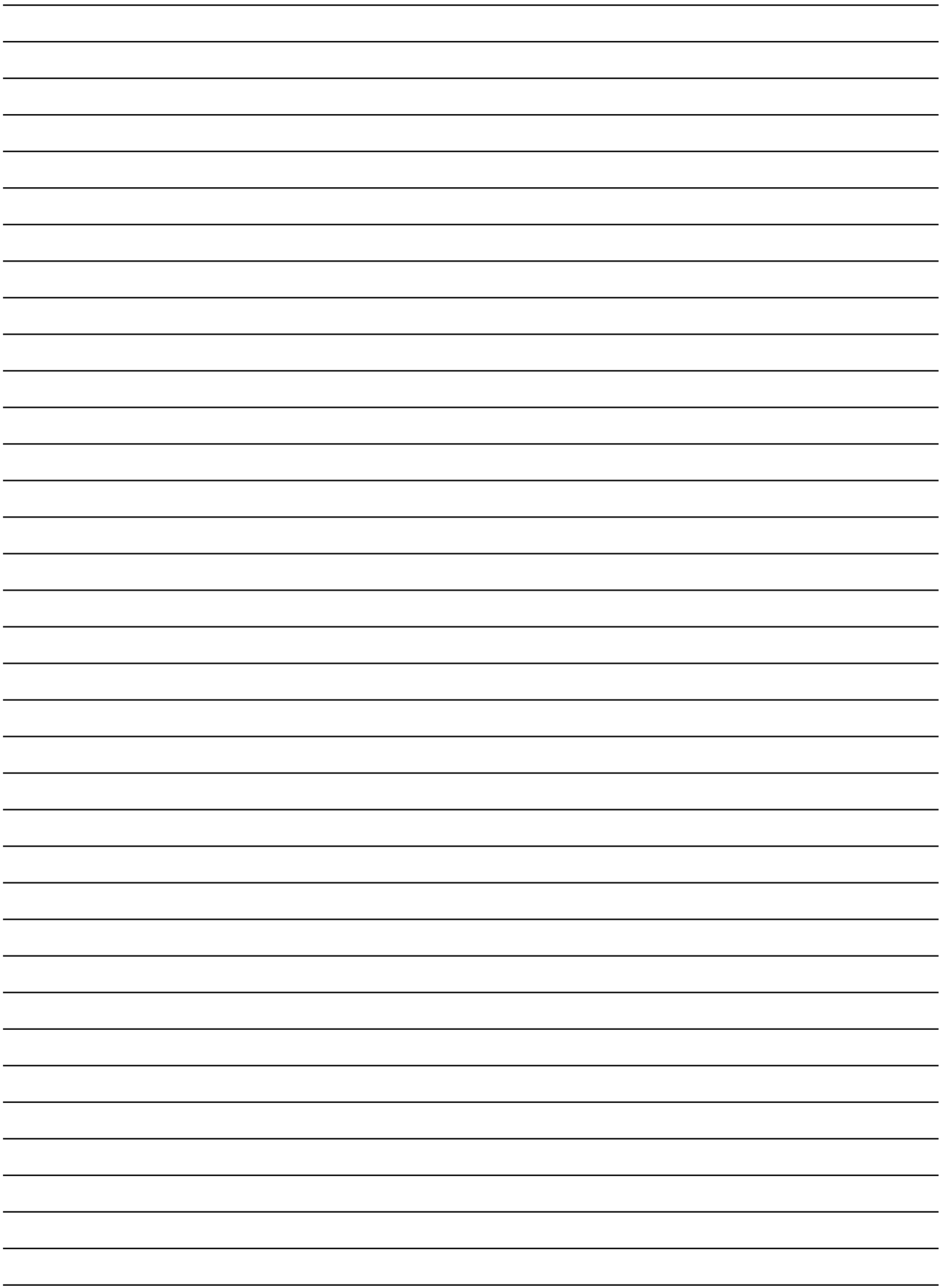
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And tell thy soul, their roots are

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"Yes!" I answered you last

night;

"No!" this morning, Sir,

I say!

Colours, seen by

candle-light,

Will not look the same by

day.

When the tabors played

their best,

Lamps above, and laughs

below —

Love me sounded like a jest,

Fit for Yes or fit for No!

Call me false, or call me

free -

Vow, whatever light may

shine,

No man on your face shall

see

Any grief for change on

mine.

Yet the sin is on us both -

Time to dance is not to

woo -

Wooer light makes fickle

troth -

Scorn of me recoils on you!

Learn to win a lady's faith

Nobly, as the thing is high;

Bravely, as for life and

death -

With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive

boards,

Point her to the starry

skies,

Guard her, by your truthful

words,

Pure from courtship's

flatteries.

By your truth she shall be

true -

Ever true, as wives of

yore -

And her Yes, once said to

you,

SHALL be Yes for evermore.

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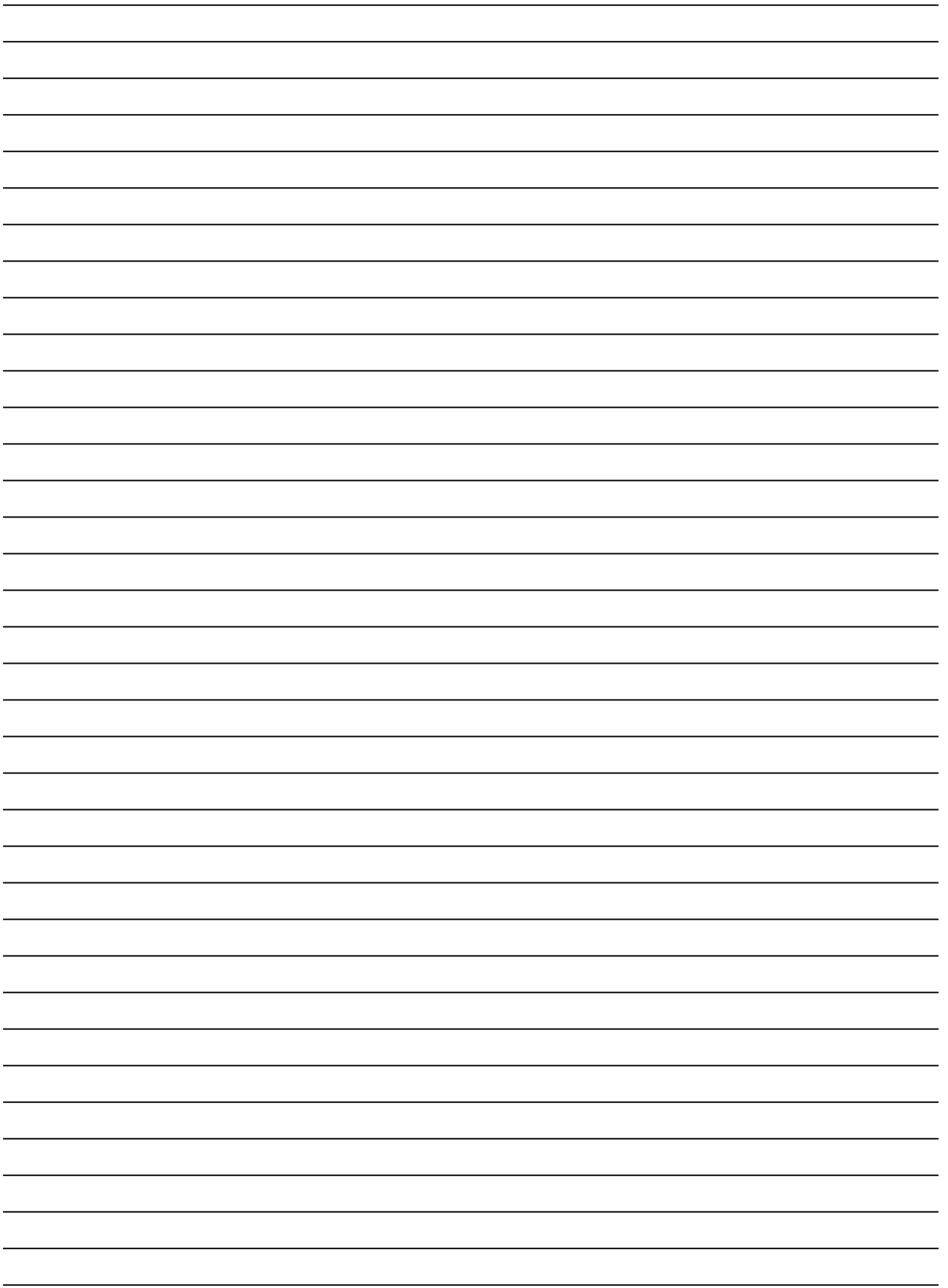
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true -

Ever true, as wives of yore -

And her Yes, once said to you,

SHALL be Yes for evermore.



I think we are too ready

with complaint

In this fair world of God's.

Had we no hope

Indeed beyond the zenith

and the slope

Of yon gray blank of sky,

we might be faint

To muse upon eternity's

constraint

Round our aspirant souls.

But since the scope

Must widen early, is it well

to droop,

For a few days consumed

in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous Heart,

be comforted,-

And, like a cheerful

traveller, take the road-

Singing beside the hedge.

What if the bread

Be bitter in thine inn,

and thou unshod

To meet the flints?—

At least it may be said,

“Because the way is short,

I thank thee, God!”

I think we are too ready with complaint

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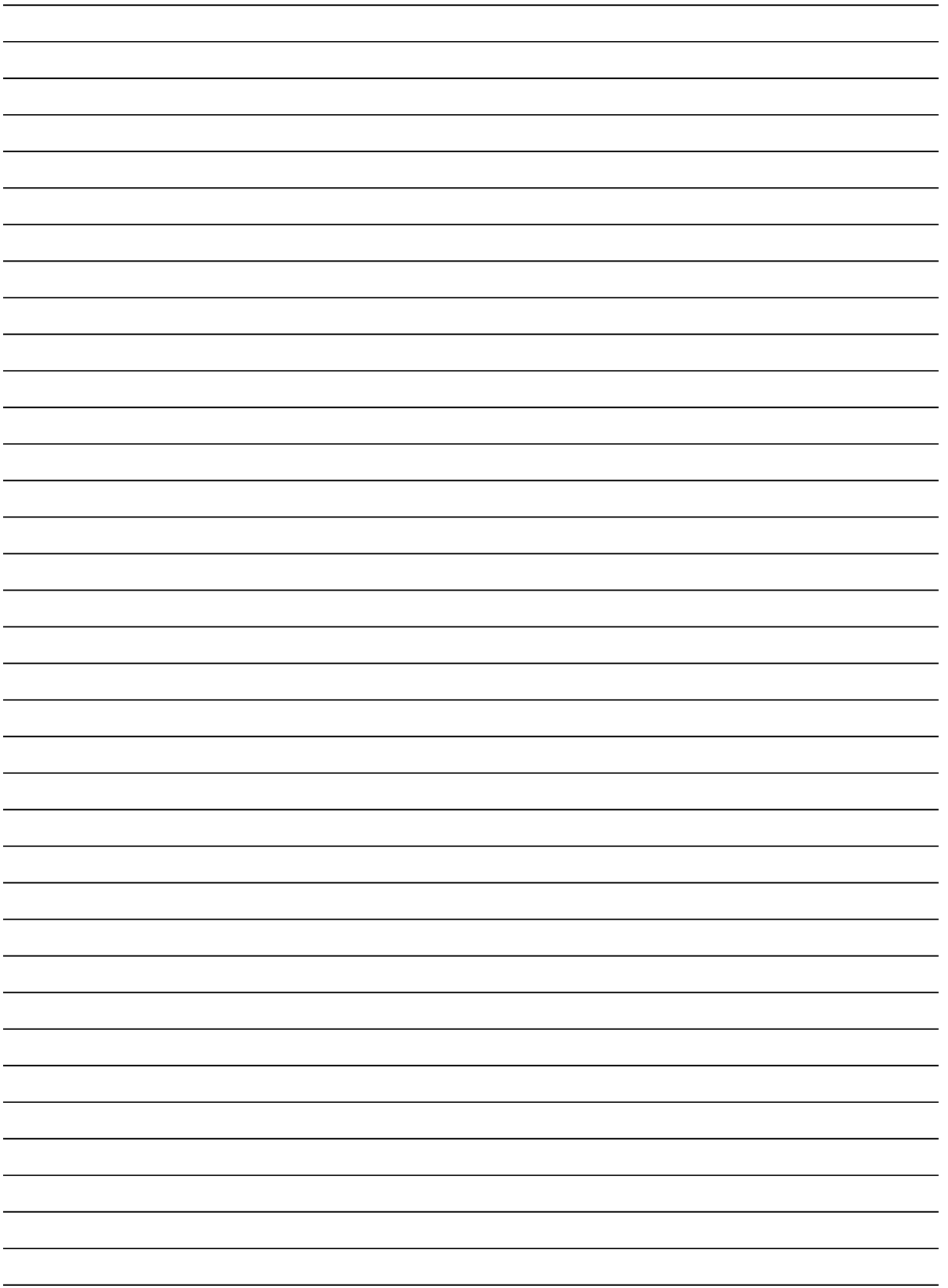
and thou unshod

To meet the flints?—

At least it may be said,

“Because the way is short,

I thank thee, God!”



"O Dreary life!" we cry,

"O dreary life!"

And still the generations

of the birds

Sing through our sighing,

and the flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are

keeping strife

With Heaven's true

purpose in us, as a knife

Against which we may

struggle. Ocean girds

Unslackened the dry land:

savannah-swards

Unweary sweep: hills watch,

unworn; and rife

Meek leaves drop yearly

from the forest-trees,

To show, above,

the unwasted stars that

pass

In their old glory.

O thou God of old!

Grant me some smaller

grace than comes to these;—

But so much patience,

as a blade of grass

Grows by contented

through the heat and cold.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

“O Dreary life!” we cry, “O dreary life!”

And still the generations of the birds

Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds

Serenely live while we are keeping strife

With Heaven’s true purpose in us, as a knife

Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds

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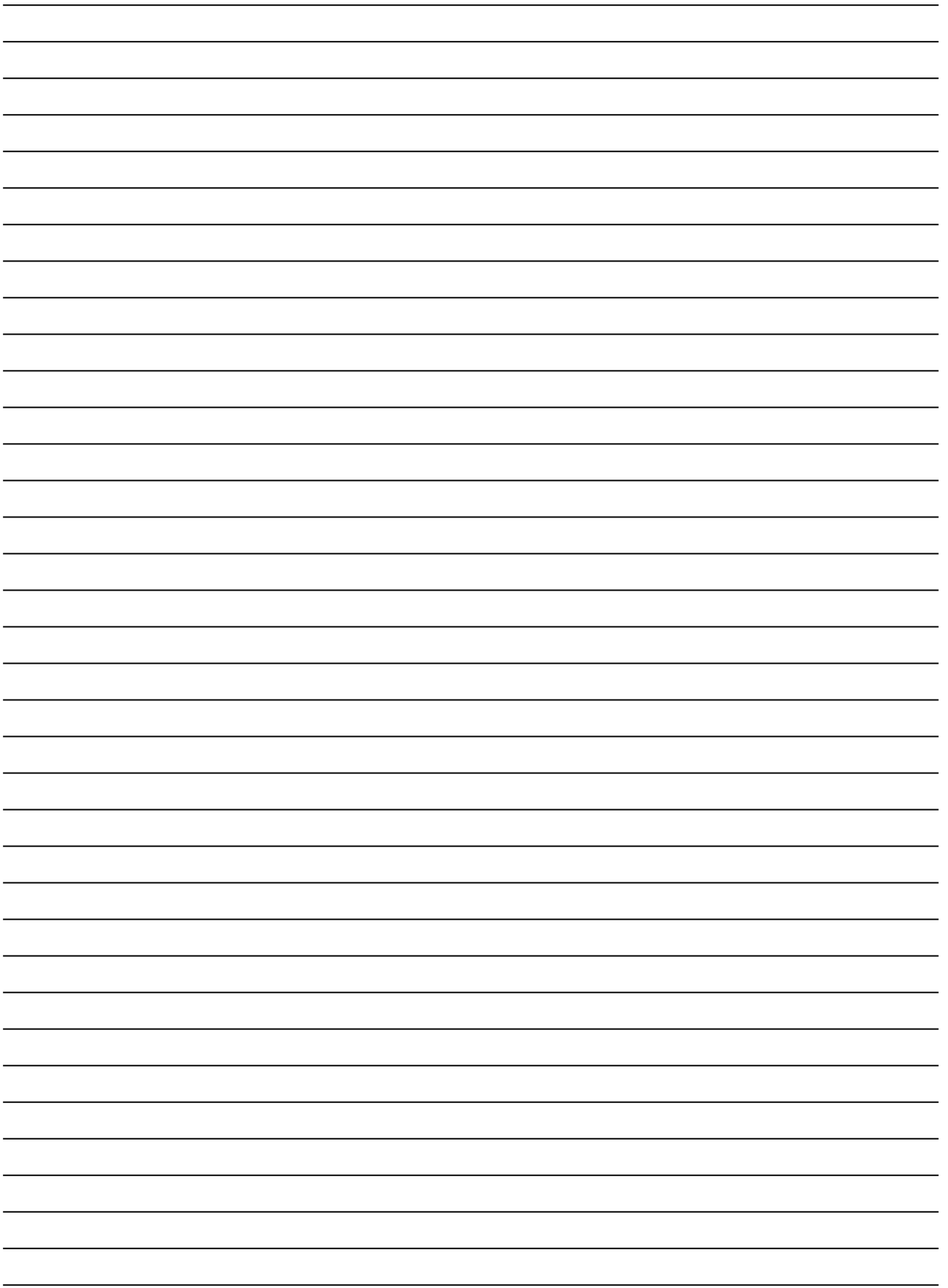
than comes to these;—

But so much patience, as a blade

of grass

Grows by contented through the

heat and cold.





Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you six recipes for our hospitality tea: Victorian Sponge Cake, English Crumpets, Rice Pudding, Lemon Tart, Charlotte Russe, and Trifle.

We will also have two Storytime teas, a Poetry teatime, a Theater teatime, a Fairy Tale teatime, and a Fable teatime:

Storytime Tea 1: *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Chapter VII: "The Mad Tea Party" by Lewis Carroll

Storytime Tea 2: *The Adventure of the Norwood Builder* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Poetry Teatime: "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Theater Teatime: *The Importance of Being Earnest* play (we have included a link for you to watch the performance on YouTube)

Fairy Tale Teatime: *The Yellow Fairy Book*, "Thumbelina" by Andrew Lang

Fable Teatime: "The Milkmaid and Her Pail" by Aesop

"One of the secrets of life is that all that is really worth the doing is what we do for others."

~ Lewis Carroll

Tea Times

Victorian Sponge Cake



Ingredients

1 ½ c softened butter
1 ⅓ c all-purpose flour
3 ¼ tsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
¾ c plus 2 T granulated sugar
3 large eggs
2 T milk
Confectioners' sugar (for dusting)

Directions

Preheat oven to 350° and place a rack in the center. Grease and line the bottoms of two 8-inch round cake pans or spring pans with parchment paper.

In a medium bowl, sift together flour, baking powder, and salt.

In the bowl of an electric mixer, beat butter and sugar until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Beat in eggs, one at a time, until incorporated, then beat in milk, scraping down sides of the bowl as necessary. Mix in flour mixture until combined, then pour into prepared cake pans, smoothing the top.

Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until cakes are golden brown and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool completely on a wire rack.

Once cool, spread jam evenly over the top of one cake. Spread whipped cream on top of jam, then top with remaining cake. Dust with confectioners' sugar and serve immediately.

English Crumpets



Ingredients

2 c all-purpose flour (can substitute half bread flour)
1 tsp salt
1 c warm milk
2 tsp active dry yeast
1 tsp cane sugar
1 c warm water
½ tsp baking soda
Crumpet rings or cookie cutters (optional)

Directions

Stir the sugar and yeast into the warm milk and let it rest for 10 minutes until frothy.

In a large bowl combine the flour and salt. Add the yeast mixture and stir/knead until a thick dough forms. Cover the bowl loosely with plastic wrap and set it in a warm place for 1-2 hours or until the dough is nearly double in size.

Dissolve the baking soda in the warm water and add it to the dough, using a mixer to beat the batter for a minute or two. (It is okay if there are small lumps as they will dissolve during the next resting stage.) Cover the batter and let it rest in a warm place for at least 30 minutes or until the batter is bubbly.

If you don't have rings/cutters, they can still be easily prepared in a small skillet. Lightly oil the skillet and pour your batter in, about half to a full inch thick. If you have crumpet rings or cookie cutters, grease the inside of each rim as well as the skillet and place the rings/cutters in the frying pan over medium-high heat, allowing them to heat up. Pour the batter into each ring until it's slightly more than half full.

Cook until the top of the batter bubbles and pops, checking to make sure they don't burn on the bottom and lowering the temperature as needed. When the bottom is lightly brown, remove the rings/cutters (if using) and flip to cook the other side for another minute or two until golden.

Serve the crumpets immediately with butter, jam, or honey. They can also be kept in the fridge or frozen and toasted later.

Trifle

Ingredients

10 oz store-bought pound cake
2 T water
2 ½ tsp powdered gelatin
1 ¼ c water
¼ c granulated sugar
1 ⅔ c raspberries, roughly mashed
1 batch of vanilla custard or pudding mix
Whipped cream
¾ c cooking sherry (we substituted orange juice)

Directions

Cut the pound cake into small cubes and divide between the six 8 oz dishes or glasses. (If using sherry or orange juice, sprinkle about 2 T into each glass.)



In a small bowl, prepare the gelatin with water and set aside for 10 minutes. In a saucepan over medium heat, mix the water and sugar and allow to simmer. Whisk the gelatin into the simmering water until dissolved. Remove from the heat and add in the mashed raspberries. Allow the mixture to cool down for 15 minutes before dividing it evenly between the six dishes.

Cover the dishes with plastic wrap and place in the fridge for at least 6 hours to allow the gelatin to set. When ready to serve, pour a thick layer of custard or vanilla pudding over the cake. Finish with a big dollop of whipped cream and serve immediately, or keep refrigerated for up to 24 hours.



Rice Pudding

Ingredients

¾ c long grain white rice
14 oz evaporated milk
3 ½ c whole milk
⅓ sugar
2 tsp ground nutmeg
2 T butter

Directions

Mix everything together and cook in a 300° oven for 2 hours and 15 minutes, stirring halfway through.

Charlotte Russe



Ingredients

2 packets unflavored gelatin
3 eggs
½ c sugar
¼ tsp salt
2 c milk
1 T vanilla extract
Ladyfingers
2 c heavy cream
¼ c powdered sugar
1 tsp vanilla

Directions

In a mixing bowl, sprinkle 2 packets unflavored gelatin over ½ c cold water. Let it stand for 1 minute, then add ½ cup boiling water, stirring constantly until the powder is completely dissolved.

In a separate bowl, whisk together eggs, sugar, and salt.

In a large saucepan, cook the milk until tiny bubbles form around the edge, but do not boil. Remove milk from heat and gradually add to the egg mixture, stirring constantly with a whisk. While still warm, stir in vanilla and gelatin and let cool for 20 minutes until it becomes thick custard.

With a standing or electric mixer, whisk heavy cream, powdered sugar, and vanilla for 5-10 minutes or until firm peaks form.

Grease a springform pan and line bottom and sides with ladyfingers, using whipped cream to “glue” them together to form a solid bottom. Fold remaining whipped cream into custard mixture and then pour over ladyfingers.

Place in the freezer for an hour and then take out and carefully unmold onto a plate. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Just before serving, garnish with toppings such as strawberries or other fruit, more whipped cream, and/or powdered or colored sugar.

Lemon Tart



Ingredients

For the pastry

- ¾ c all purpose flour
- 1 stick cold butter, cut into small cubes
- ¼ c powdered sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 T cold water

For the filling

- 5 eggs
- ½ c double cream
- 1 c granulated sugar
- 4 lemons, juice and zest
- Powdered sugar for dusting

Directions

Mix flour, butter, and powdered sugar in a food processor. Pulse briefly until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs, then add the egg yolk and water. Pulse again until the mixture sticks together in clumps, then pour out onto a work surface and pack it into a ball with your hands. Knead the pastry just two or three times to make it smooth.

Grease a 9-inch tart tin or pie dish and dust the base with flour. Roll out the pastry ball, turning it a quarter-turn every few rolls to ensure it stays even. Gently fold the pastry into the dish, pressing the edges of the pastry into the sides and pinching off any excess over the top. Prick the base with a fork, but not quite all the way through. Cover loosely with plastic wrap and chill in the fridge for 30 minutes.

Preheat the oven to 350° and bake for 15-20 minutes or until it is lightly golden. Set aside to cool and reduce the oven temperature to 325°.

For the filling, whisk the eggs in a large bowl, then add the rest of the ingredients until well combined. Pour the filling mixture into the cooled baked pastry and bake for about 30-35 minutes or until just set but with a slight wobble in the center. Allow to cool, and dust with sifted powdered sugar before serving.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

by Lewis Carroll

Chapter VII - A Mad Tea-Party

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's plenty of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "You might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the best butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way you manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not !!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before he went mad, you know—" (pointing with his tea spoon at the March Hare,) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!

How I wonder what you're at!

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'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "very ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary ways of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take less," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take more than nothing."

"Nobody asked your opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be one."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were in the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; "—well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are "much of a muchness"—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go there again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she went to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and then—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

The Adventure of the Norwood Builder

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"From the point of view of the criminal expert," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "London has become a singularly uninteresting city since the death of the late lamented Professor Moriarty."

"I can hardly think that you would find many decent citizens to agree with you," I answered.

"Well, well, I must not be selfish," said he, with a smile, as he pushed back his chair from the breakfast-table. "The community is certainly the gainer, and no one the loser, save the poor out-of-work specialist, whose occupation has gone. With that man in the field, one's morning paper presented infinite possibilities. Often it was only the smallest trace, Watson, the faintest indication, and yet it was enough to tell me that the great malignant brain was there, as the gentlest tremors of the edges of the web remind one of the foul spider which lurks in the centre. Petty thefts, wanton assaults, purposeless outrage—to the man who held the clue all could be worked into one connected whole. To the scientific student of the higher criminal world, no capital in Europe offered the advantages which London then possessed. But now——" He shrugged his shoulders in humorous deprecation of the state of things which he had himself done so much to produce.

At the time of which I speak, Holmes had been back for some months, and I at his request had sold my practice and returned to share the old quarters in Baker Street. A young doctor, named Verner, had purchased my small Kensington practice, and given with astonishingly little demur the highest price that I ventured to ask—an incident which only explained itself some years later, when I found that Verner was a distant relation of Holmes, and that it was my friend who had really found the money.

Our months of partnership had not been so uneventful as he had stated, for I find, on looking over my notes, that this period includes the case of the papers of ex-President Murillo, and also the shocking affair of the Dutch steamship Friesland, which so nearly cost us both our lives. His cold and proud nature was always averse, however, from anything in the shape of public applause, and he bound me in the most stringent terms to say no further word of himself, his methods, or his successes—a prohibition which, as I have explained, has only now been removed.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes was leaning back in his chair after his whimsical protest, and was unfolding his morning paper in a leisurely fashion, when our attention was arrested by a tremendous ring at the bell, followed immediately by a hollow drumming sound, as if someone were beating on the outer door with his fist. As it opened there came a tumultuous rush into the hall, rapid feet clattered up the stair, and an instant later a wild-eyed and frantic young man, pale, disheveled, and palpitating, burst into the room. He looked from one to the other of us, and under our gaze of inquiry he became conscious that some apology was needed for this unceremonious entry.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Holmes," he cried. "You mustn't blame me. I am nearly mad. Mr. Holmes, I am the unhappy John Hector McFarlane."

He made the announcement as if the name alone would explain both his visit and its manner, but I could see, by my companion's unresponsive face, that it meant no more to him than to me.

"Have a cigarette, Mr. McFarlane," said he, pushing his case across. "I am sure that, with your symptoms, my friend Dr. Watson here would prescribe a sedative. The weather has been so very warm these last few days. Now, if you feel a little more composed, I should be glad if you would sit down in that chair, and tell us very slowly and quietly who you are, and what it is that you want. You mentioned your name, as if I should recognize it, but I assure you that, beyond the obvious facts that you are a bachelor, a solicitor, a Freemason, and an asthmatic, I know nothing whatever about you."

Familiar as I was with my friend's methods, it was not difficult for me to follow his deductions, and to observe the untidiness of attire, the sheaf of legal papers, the watch-charm, and the breathing which had prompted them. Our client, however, stared in amazement.

"Yes, I am all that, Mr. Holmes; and, in addition, I am the most unfortunate man at this moment in London. For heaven's sake, don't abandon me, Mr. Holmes! If they come to arrest me before I have finished my story, make them give me time, so that I may tell you the whole truth. I could go to jail happy if I knew that you were working for me outside."

"Arrest you!" said Holmes. "This is really most grati—most interesting. On what charge do you expect to be arrested?"

"Upon the charge of murdering Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood."

My companion's expressive face showed a sympathy which was not, I am afraid, entirely unmixed with satisfaction.

"Dear me," said he, "it was only this moment at breakfast that I was saying to my friend, Dr. Watson, that sensational cases had disappeared out of our papers."

Our visitor stretched forward a quivering hand and picked up the Daily Telegraph, which still lay upon Holmes's knee.

"If you had looked at it, sir, you would have seen at a glance what the errand is on which I have come to you this morning. I feel as if my name and my misfortune must be in every man's mouth." He turned it over to expose the central page. "Here it is, and with your permission I will read it to you. Listen to this, Mr. Holmes. The headlines are: 'Mysterious Affair at Lower Norwood. Disappearance of a Well-known Builder. Suspicion of Murder and Arson. A Clue to the Criminal.' That is the clue which they are already following, Mr. Holmes, and I know that it leads infallibly to me. I have been followed from London Bridge Station, and I am sure that they are only waiting for the warrant to arrest me. It will break my mother's heart—it will break her heart!" He wrung his hands in an agony of apprehension, and swayed backward and forward in his chair.

I looked with interest upon this man, who was accused of being the perpetrator of a crime of violence. He was flaxen-haired and handsome, in a washed-out negative fashion, with frightened blue eyes, and a clean-shaven face, with a weak, sensitive mouth. His age may have been about twenty-seven, his dress and bearing that of a gentleman. From the pocket of his light summer overcoat protruded the bundle of indorsed papers which proclaimed his profession.

"We must use what time we have," said Holmes. "Watson, would you have the kindness to take the paper and to read the paragraph in question?"

Underneath the vigorous headlines which our client had quoted, I read the following suggestive narrative:

"Late last night, or early this morning, an incident occurred at Lower Norwood which points, it is feared, to a serious crime. Mr. Jonas Oldacre is a well-known resident of that suburb, where he has carried on his business as a builder for many years. Mr. Oldacre is a bachelor, fifty-two years of age, and lives in Deep Dene House, at the Sydenham end of the road of that name. He has had the reputation of being a man of eccentric habits, secretive and retiring. For some years he has practically withdrawn from the business, in which he is said to have massed considerable wealth. A small timber-yard still exists, however, at the back of the house, and last night, about twelve o'clock, an alarm was given that one of the stacks was on fire. The engines were soon upon the spot, but the dry wood burned with great fury, and it was impossible to arrest the conflagration until the stack had been entirely consumed. Up to this point the incident bore the appearance of an ordinary accident, but fresh indications seem to point to serious crime. Surprise was expressed at the absence of the master of the establishment from the scene of the fire, and an inquiry followed, which showed that he had disappeared from the house. An examination of his room revealed that the bed had not been slept in, that a safe which stood in it was open, that a number of important papers were scattered about the room, and finally, that there were signs of a murderous struggle, slight traces of blood being found within the room, and an oaken walking-stick, which also showed stains of blood upon the handle. It is known that Mr. Jonas Oldacre had received a late visitor in his bedroom upon that night, and the stick found has been identified as the property of this person, who is a young London solicitor named John Hector McFarlane, junior partner of Graham and McFarlane, of 426, Gresham Buildings, E.C. The police believe that they have evidence in their possession which supplies a very convincing motive for the crime, and altogether it cannot be doubted that sensational developments will follow.

"LATER.—It is rumoured as we go to press that Mr. John Hector McFarlane has actually been arrested on the charge of the murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. It is at least certain that a warrant has been issued. There have been further and sinister developments in the investigation at Norwood. Besides the signs of a struggle in the room of the unfortunate builder it is now known that the French windows of his bedroom (which is on the ground floor) were found to be open, that there were marks as if some bulky object had been dragged across to the wood-pile, and, finally, it is asserted that charred remains have been found among the charcoal ashes of the fire.

The police theory is that a most sensational crime has been committed, that the victim was clubbed to death in his own bedroom, his papers rifled, and his dead body dragged across to the wood-stack, which was then ignited so as to hide all traces of the crime. The conduct of the criminal investigation has been left in the experienced hands of Inspector Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, who is following up the clues with his accustomed energy and sagacity."

Sherlock Holmes listened with closed eyes and fingertips together to this remarkable account.

"The case has certainly some points of interest," said he, in his languid fashion. "May I ask, in the first place, Mr. McFarlane, how it is that you are still at liberty, since there appears to be enough evidence to justify your arrest?"

"I live at Torrington Lodge, Blackheath, with my parents, Mr. Holmes, but last night, having to do business very late with Mr. Jonas Oldacre, I stayed at an hotel in Norwood, and came to my business from there. I knew nothing of this affair until I was in the train, when I read what you have just heard. I at once saw the horrible danger of my position, and I hurried to put the case into your hands. I have no doubt that I should have been arrested either at my city office or at my home. A man followed me from London Bridge Station, and I have no doubt—Great heaven! what is that?"

It was a clang of the bell, followed instantly by heavy steps upon the stair. A moment later, our old friend Lestrade appeared in the doorway. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of one or two uniformed policemen outside.

"Mr. John Hector McFarlane?" said Lestrade.

Our unfortunate client rose with a ghastly face.

"I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Jonas Oldacre, of Lower Norwood."

McFarlane turned to us with a gesture of despair, and sank into his chair once more like one who is crushed.

"One moment, Lestrade," said Holmes. "Half an hour more or less can make no difference to you, and the gentleman was about to give us an account of this very interesting affair, which might aid us in clearing it up."

"I think there will be no difficulty in clearing it up," said Lestrade, grimly.

"None the less, with your permission, I should be much interested to hear his account."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, it is difficult for me to refuse you anything, for you have been of use to the force once or twice in the past, and we owe you a good turn at Scotland Yard," said Lestrade. "At the same time I must remain with my prisoner, and I am bound to warn him that anything he may say will appear in evidence against him."

"I wish nothing better," said our client. "All I ask is that you should hear and recognize the absolute truth."

Lestrade looked at his watch. "I'll give you half an hour," said he.

"I must explain first," said McFarlane, "that I knew nothing of Mr. Jonas Oldacre. His name was familiar to me, for many years ago my parents were acquainted with him, but they drifted apart. I was very much surprised therefore, when yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he walked into my office in the city. But I was still more astonished when he told me the object of his visit. He had in his hand several sheets of a notebook, covered with scribbled writing—here they are—and he laid them on my table.

"'Here is my will,' said he. 'I want you, Mr. McFarlane, to cast it into proper legal shape. I will sit here while you do so.'

"I set myself to copy it, and you can imagine my astonishment when I found that, with some reservations, he had left all his property to me. He was a strange little ferret-like man, with white eyelashes, and when I looked up at him I found his keen grey eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. I could hardly believe my own as I read the terms of the will; but he explained that he was a bachelor with hardly any living relation, that he had known my parents in his youth, and that he had always heard of me as a very deserving young man, and was assured that his money would be in worthy hands. Of course, I could only stammer out my thanks. The will was duly finished, signed, and witnessed by my clerk. This is it on the blue paper, and these slips, as I have explained, are the rough draft. Mr. Jonas Oldacre then informed me that there were a number of documents—building leases, title-deeds, mortgages, scrip, and so forth—which it was necessary that I should see and understand. He said that his mind would not be easy until the whole thing was settled, and he begged me to come out to his house at Norwood that night, bringing the will with me, and to arrange matters. 'Remember, my boy, not one word to your parents about the affair until everything is settled. We will keep it as a little surprise for them.' He was very insistent upon this point, and made me promise it faithfully.

"You can imagine, Mr. Holmes, that I was not in a humour to refuse him anything that he might ask. He was my benefactor, and all my desire was to carry out his wishes in every particular. I sent a telegram home, therefore, to say that I had important business on hand, and that it was impossible for me to say how late I might be. Mr. Oldacre had told me that he would like me to have supper with him at nine, as he might not be home before that hour. I had some difficulty in finding his house, however, and it was nearly half-past before I reached it. I found him——"

"One moment!" said Holmes. "Who opened the door?"

"A middle-aged woman, who was, I suppose, his housekeeper."

"And it was she, I presume, who mentioned your name?"

"Exactly," said McFarlane.

"Pray proceed."

McFarlane wiped his damp brow, and then continued his narrative:

"I was shown by this woman into a sitting-room, where a frugal supper was laid out. Afterwards, Mr. Jonas Oldacre led me into his bedroom, in which there stood a heavy safe. This he opened and took out a mass of documents, which we went over together. It was between eleven and twelve when we finished. He remarked that we must not disturb the housekeeper. He showed me out through his own French window, which had been open all this time."

"Was the blind down?" asked Holmes.

"I will not be sure, but I believe that it was only half down. Yes, I remember how he pulled it up in order to swing open the window. I could not find my stick, and he said, 'Never mind, my boy, I shall see a good deal of you now, I hope, and I will keep your stick until you come back to claim it.' I left him there, the safe open, and the papers made up in packets upon the table. It was so late that I could not get back to Blackheath, so I spent the night at the Anerley Arms, and I knew nothing more until I read of this horrible affair in the morning."

"Anything more that you would like to ask, Mr. Holmes?" said Lestrade, whose eyebrows had gone up once or twice during this remarkable explanation.

"Not until I have been to Blackheath."

"You mean to Norwood," said Lestrade.

"Oh, yes, no doubt that is what I must have meant," said Holmes, with his enigmatical smile. Lestrade had learned by more experiences than he would care to acknowledge that that brain could cut through that which was impenetrable to him. I saw him look curiously at my companion.

"I think I should like to have a word with you presently, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he. "Now, Mr. McFarlane, two of my constables are at the door, and there is a four-wheeler waiting." The wretched young man arose, and with a last beseeching glance at us walked from the room. The officers conducted him to the cab, but Lestrade remained.

Holmes had picked up the pages which formed the rough draft of the will, and was looking at them with the keenest interest upon his face.

"There are some points about that document, Lestrade, are there not?" said he, pushing them over.

The official looked at them with a puzzled expression.

"I can read the first few lines and these in the middle of the second page, and one or two at the end. Those are as clear as print," said he, "but the writing in between is very bad, and there are three places where I cannot read it at all."

"What do you make of that?" said Holmes.

"Well, what do you make of it?"

"That it was written in a train. The good writing represents stations, the bad writing movement, and the very bad writing passing over points. A scientific expert would pronounce at once that this was drawn up on a suburban line, since nowhere save in the immediate vicinity of a great city could there be so quick a succession of points. Granting that his whole journey was occupied in drawing up the will, then the train was an express, only stopping once between Norwood and London Bridge."

Lestrade began to laugh.

"You are too many for me when you begin to get on your theories, Mr. Holmes," said he. "How does this bear on the case?"

"Well, it corroborates the young man's story to the extent that the will was drawn up by Jonas Oldacre in his journey yesterday. It is curious—is it not?—that a man should draw up so important a document in so haphazard a fashion. It suggests that he did not think it was going to be of much practical importance. If a man drew up a will which he did not intend ever to be effective, he might do it so."

"Well, he drew up his own death warrant at the same time," said Lestrade.

"Oh, you think so?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, it is quite possible, but the case is not clear to me yet."

"Not clear? Well, if that isn't clear, what could be clearer? Here is a young man who learns suddenly that, if a certain older man dies, he will succeed to a fortune. What does he do? He says nothing to anyone, but he arranges that he shall go out on some pretext to see his client that night. He waits until the only other person in the house is in bed, and then in the solitude of a man's room he murders him, burns his body in the wood-pile, and departs to a neighbouring hotel. The blood-stains in the room and also on the stick are very slight. It is probable that he imagined his crime to be a bloodless one, and hoped that if the body were consumed it would hide all traces of the method of his death—traces which, for some reason, must have pointed to him. Is not all this obvious?"

"It strikes me, my good Lestrade, as being just a trifle too obvious," said Holmes. "You do not add imagination to your other great qualities, but if you could for one moment put yourself in the place of this young man, would you choose the very night after the will had been made to commit your crime? Would it not seem dangerous to you to make so very close a relation between the two incidents? Again, would you choose an occasion when you are known to be in the house, when a servant has let you in? And, finally, would you take the great pains to conceal the body, and yet leave your own stick as a sign that you were the criminal? Confess, Lestrade, that all this is very unlikely."

"As to the stick, Mr. Holmes, you know as well as I do that a criminal is often flurried, and does such things, which a cool man would avoid. He was very likely afraid to go back to the room. Give me another theory that would fit the facts."

"I could very easily give you half a dozen," said Holmes. "Here for example, is a very possible and even probable one. I make you a free present of it. The older man is showing documents which are of evident value. A passing tramp sees them through the window, the blind of which is only half down. Exit the solicitor. Enter the tramp! He seizes a stick, which he observes there, kills Oldacre, and departs after burning the body."

"Why should the tramp burn the body?"

"For the matter of that, why should McFarlane?"

"To hide some evidence."

"Possibly the tramp wanted to hide that any murder at all had been committed."

"And why did the tramp take nothing?"

"Because they were papers that he could not negotiate."

Lestrade shook his head, though it seemed to me that his manner was less absolutely assured than before.

"Well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you may look for your tramp, and while you are finding him we will hold on to our man. The future will show which is right. Just notice this point, Mr. Holmes: that so far as we know, none of the papers were removed, and that the prisoner is the one man in the world who had no reason for removing them, since he was heir-at-law, and would come into them in any case."

My friend seemed struck by this remark.

"I don't mean to deny that the evidence is in some ways very strongly in favour of your theory," said he. "I only wish to point out that there are other theories possible. As you say, the future will decide. Good-morning! I dare say that in the course of the day I shall drop in at Norwood and see how you are getting on."

When the detective departed, my friend rose and made his preparations for the day's work with the alert air of a man who has a congenial task before him.

"My first movement Watson," said he, as he bustled into his frockcoat, "must, as I said, be in the direction of Blackheath."

"And why not Norwood?"

"Because we have in this case one singular incident coming close to the heels of another singular incident. The police are making the mistake of concentrating their attention upon the second, because it happens to be the one which is actually criminal. But it is evident to me that the logical way to approach the case is to begin by trying to throw some light upon the first incident—the curious will, so suddenly made, and to so unexpected an heir. It may do something to simplify what followed. No, my dear fellow, I don't think you can help me. There is no prospect of danger, or I should not dream of stirring out without you. I trust that when I see you in the evening, I will be able to report that I have been able to do something for this unfortunate youngster, who has thrown himself upon my protection."

It was late when my friend returned, and I could see, by a glance at his haggard and anxious face, that the high hopes with which he had started had not been fulfilled. For an hour he droned away upon his violin, endeavouring to soothe his own ruffled spirits. At last he flung down the instrument, and plunged into a detailed account of his misadventures.

"It's all going wrong, Watson—all as wrong as it can go. I kept a bold face before Lestrade, but, upon my soul, I believe that for once the fellow is on the right track and we are on the wrong. All my instincts are one way, and all the facts are the other, and I much fear that British juries have not yet attained that pitch of intelligence when they will give the preference to my theories over Lestrade's facts."

"Did you go to Blackheath?"

"Yes, Watson, I went there, and I found very quickly that the late lamented Oldacre was a pretty considerable blackguard. The father was away in search of his son. The mother was at home—a little, fluffy, blue-eyed person, in a tremor of fear and indignation. Of course, she would not admit even the possibility of his guilt. But she would not express either surprise or regret over the fate of Oldacre. On the contrary, she spoke of him with such bitterness that she was unconsciously considerably strengthening the case of the police for, of course, if her son had heard her speak of the man in this fashion, it would predispose him towards hatred and violence. 'He was more like a malignant and cunning ape than a human being,' said she, 'and he always was, ever since he was a young man.'

"'You knew him at that time?' said I.

"'Yes, I knew him well, in fact, he was an old suitor of mine. Thank heaven that I had the sense to turn away from him and to marry a better, if poorer, man. I was engaged to him, Mr. Holmes, when I heard a shocking story of how he had turned a cat loose in an aviary, and I was so horrified at his brutal cruelty that I would have nothing more to do with him.' She rummaged in a bureau, and presently she produced a photograph of a woman, shamefully defaced and mutilated with a knife. 'That is my own photograph,' she said. 'He sent it to me in that state, with his curse, upon my wedding morning.'

"'Well,' said I, 'at least he has forgiven you now, since he has left all his property to your son.'

'Neither my son nor I want anything from Jonas Oldacre, dead or alive!' she cried, with a proper spirit. 'There is a God in heaven, Mr. Holmes, and that same God who has punished that wicked man will show, in His own good time, that my son's hands are guiltless of his blood.'

"Well, I tried one or two leads, but could get at nothing which would help our hypothesis, and several points which would make against it. I gave it up at last and off I went to Norwood.

"This place, Deep Dene House, is a big modern villa of staring brick, standing back in its own grounds, with a laurel-clumped lawn in front of it. To the right and some distance back from the road was the timber-yard which had been the scene of the fire. Here's a rough plan on a leaf of my notebook. This window on the left is the one which opens into Oldacre's room. You can look into it from the road, you see. That is about the only bit of consolation I have had to-day. Lestrade was not there, but his head constable did the honours. They had just found a great treasure-trove. They had spent the morning raking among the ashes of the burned wood-pile, and besides the charred organic remains they had secured several discoloured metal discs. I examined them with care, and there was no doubt that they were trouser buttons. I even distinguished that one of them was marked with the name of 'Hyams,' who was Oldacres tailor. I then worked the lawn very carefully for signs and traces, but this drought has made everything as hard as iron. Nothing was to be seen save that some body or bundle had been dragged through a low privet hedge which is in a line with the wood-pile. All that, of course, fits in with the official theory. I crawled about the lawn with an August sun on my back, but I got up at the end of an hour no wiser than before.

"Well, after this fiasco I went into the bedroom and examined that also. The blood-stains were very slight, mere smears and discolourations, but undoubtedly fresh. The stick had been removed, but there also the marks were slight. There is no doubt about the stick belonging to our client. He admits it. Footmarks of both men could be made out on the carpet, but none of any third person, which again is a trick for the other side. They were piling up their score all the time and we were at a standstill.

"Only one little gleam of hope did I get—and yet it amounted to nothing. I examined the contents of the safe, most of which had been taken out and left on the table. The papers had been made up into sealed envelopes, one or two of which had been opened by the police. They were not, so far as I could judge, of any great value, nor did the bank-book show that Mr. Oldacre was in such very affluent circumstances. But it seemed to me that all the papers were not there. There were allusions to some deeds—possibly the more valuable—which I could not find. This, of course, if we could definitely prove it, would turn Lestrade's argument against himself, for who would steal a thing if he knew that he would shortly inherit it?

"Finally, having drawn every other cover and picked up no scent, I tried my luck with the housekeeper. Mrs. Lexington is her name—a little, dark, silent person, with suspicious and sidelong eyes. She could tell us something if she would—I am convinced of it. But she was as close as wax. Yes, she had let Mr. McFarlane in at half-past nine. She wished her hand had withered before she had done so. She had gone to bed at half-past ten. Her room was at the other end of the house, and she could hear nothing of what had passed. Mr. McFarlane had left his hat, and to the best of her belief his stick, in the hall. She had been awakened by the alarm of fire. Her poor, dear master had certainly been murdered. Had he any enemies? Well, every man had enemies, but Mr. Oldacre kept

himself very much to himself, and only met people in the way of business. She had seen the buttons, and was sure that they belonged to the clothes which he had worn last night. The wood-pile was very dry, for it had not rained for a month. It burned like tinder, and by the time she reached the spot, nothing could be seen but flames. She and all the firemen smelled the burned flesh from inside it. She knew nothing of the papers, nor of Mr. Oldacre's private affairs.

"So, my dear Watson, there's my report of a failure. And yet—and yet—" he clenched his thin hands in a paroxysm of conviction—"I know it's all wrong. I feel it in my bones. There is something that has not come out, and that housekeeper knows it. There was a sort of sulky defiance in her eyes, which only goes with guilty knowledge. However, there's no good talking any more about it, Watson; but unless some lucky chance comes our way I fear that the Norwood Disappearance Case will not figure in that chronicle of our successes which I foresee that a patient public will sooner or later have to endure."

"Surely," said I, "the man's appearance would go far with any jury?"

"That is a dangerous argument my dear Watson. You remember that terrible murderer, Bert Stevens, who wanted us to get him off in '87? Was there ever a more mild-mannered, Sunday-school young man?"

"It is true."

"Unless we succeed in establishing an alternative theory, this man is lost. You can hardly find a flaw in the case which can now be presented against him, and all further investigation has served to strengthen it. By the way, there is one curious little point about those papers which may serve us as the starting-point for an inquiry. On looking over the bank-book I found that the low state of the balance was principally due to large checks which have been made out during the last year to Mr. Cornelius. I confess that I should be interested to know who this Mr. Cornelius may be with whom a retired builder has such very large transactions. Is it possible that he has had a hand in the affair? Cornelius might be a broker, but we have found no scrip to correspond with these large payments. Failing any other indication, my researches must now take the direction of an inquiry at the bank for the gentleman who has cashed these checks. But I fear, my dear fellow, that our case will end ingloriously by Lestrade hanging our client, which will certainly be a triumph for Scotland Yard."

I do not know how far Sherlock Holmes took any sleep that night, but when I came down to breakfast I found him pale and harassed, his bright eyes the brighter for the dark shadows round them. The carpet round his chair was littered with cigarette-ends and with the early editions of the morning papers. An open telegram lay upon the table.

"What do you think of this, Watson?" he asked, tossing it across.

It was from Norwood, and ran as follows:

Important fresh evidence to hand. McFarlane's guilt definitely established. Advise you to abandon case.—LESTRADE.

"This sounds serious," said I.

"It is Lestrade's little cock-a-doodle of victory," Holmes answered, with a bitter smile. "And yet it may be premature to abandon the case. After all, important fresh evidence is a two-edged thing, and may possibly cut in a very different direction to that which Lestrade imagines. Take your breakfast, Watson, and we will go out together and see what we can do. I feel as if I shall need your company and your moral support today."

My friend had no breakfast himself, for it was one of his peculiarities that in his more intense moments he would permit himself no food, and I have known him presume upon his iron strength until he has fainted from pure inanition. "At present I cannot spare energy and nerve force for digestion," he would say in answer to my medical remonstrances. I was not surprised, therefore, when this morning he left his untouched meal behind him, and started with me for Norwood. A crowd of morbid sightseers were still gathered round Deep Dene House, which was just such a suburban villa as I had pictured. Within the gates Lestrade met us, his face flushed with victory, his manner grossly triumphant.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, have you proved us to be wrong yet? Have you found your tramp?" he cried.

"I have formed no conclusion whatever," my companion answered.

"But we formed ours yesterday, and now it proves to be correct, so you must acknowledge that we have been a little in front of you this time, Mr. Holmes."

"You certainly have the air of something unusual having occurred," said Holmes.

Lestrade laughed loudly.

"You don't like being beaten any more than the rest of us do," said he. "A man can't expect always to have it his own way, can he, Dr. Watson? Step this way, if you please, gentlemen, and I think I can convince you once for all that it was John McFarlane who did this crime."

He led us through the passage and out into a dark hall beyond.

"This is where young McFarlane must have come out to get his hat after the crime was done," said he. "Now look at this." With dramatic suddenness he struck a match, and by its light exposed a stain of blood upon the whitewashed wall. As he held the match nearer, I saw that it was more than a stain. It was the well-marked print of a thumb.

"Look at that with your magnifying glass, Mr. Holmes."

"Yes, I am doing so."

"You are aware that no two thumb-marks are alike?"

"I have heard something of the kind."

"Well, then, will you please compare that print with this wax impression of young McFarlane's right thumb, taken by my orders this morning?"

As he held the waxen print close to the blood-stain, it did not take a magnifying glass to see that the two were undoubtedly from the same thumb. It was evident to me that our unfortunate client was lost.

"That is final," said Lestrade.

"Yes, that is final," I involuntarily echoed.

"It is final," said Holmes.

Something in his tone caught my ear, and I turned to look at him. An extraordinary change had come over his face. It was writhing with inward merriment. His two eyes were shining like stars. It seemed to me that he was making desperate efforts to restrain a convulsive attack of laughter.

"Dear me! Dear me!" he said at last. "Well, now, who would have thought it? And how deceptive appearances may be, to be sure! Such a nice young man to look at! It is a lesson to us not to trust our own judgment, is it not, Lestrade?"

"Yes, some of us are a little too much inclined to be cock-sure, Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade. The man's insolence was maddening, but we could not resent it.

"What a providential thing that this young man should press his right thumb against the wall in taking his hat from the peg! Such a very natural action, too, if you come to think of it." Holmes was outwardly calm, but his whole body gave a wriggle of suppressed excitement as he spoke.

"By the way, Lestrade, who made this remarkable discovery?"

"It was the housekeeper, Mrs. Lexington, who drew the night constable's attention to it."

"Where was the night constable?"

"He remained on guard in the bedroom where the crime was committed, so as to see that nothing was touched."

"But why didn't the police see this mark yesterday?"

"Well, we had no particular reason to make a careful examination of the hall. Besides, it's not in a very prominent place, as you see."

"No, no—of course not. I suppose there is no doubt that the mark was there yesterday?"

Lestrade looked at Holmes as if he thought he was going out of his mind. I confess that I was myself surprised both at his hilarious manner and at his rather wild observation.

"I don't know whether you think that McFarlane came out of jail in the dead of the night in order to strengthen the evidence against himself," said Lestrade. "I leave it to any expert in the world whether that is not the mark of his thumb."

"It is unquestionably the mark of his thumb."

"There, that's enough," said Lestrade. "I am a practical man, Mr. Holmes, and when I have got my evidence I come to my conclusions. If you have anything to say, you will find me writing my report in the sitting-room."

Holmes had recovered his equanimity, though I still seemed to detect gleams of amusement in his expression.

"Dear me, this is a very sad development, Watson, is it not?" said he. "And yet there are singular points about it which hold out some hopes for our client."

"I am delighted to hear it," said I, heartily. "I was afraid it was all up with him."

"I would hardly go so far as to say that, my dear Watson. The fact is that there is one really serious flaw in this evidence to which our friend attaches so much importance."

"Indeed, Holmes! What is it?"

"Only this: that I know that that mark was not there when I examined the hall yesterday. And now, Watson, let us have a little stroll round in the sunshine."

With a confused brain, but with a heart into which some warmth of hope was returning, I accompanied my friend in a walk round the garden. Holmes took each face of the house in turn, and examined it with great interest. He then led the way inside, and went over the whole building from basement to attic. Most of the rooms were unfurnished, but none the less Holmes inspected them all minutely. Finally, on the top corridor, which ran outside three untenanted bedrooms, he again was seized with a spasm of merriment.

"There are really some very unique features about this case, Watson," said he. "I think it is time now that we took our friend Lestrade into our confidence. He has had his little smile at our expense, and perhaps we may do as much by him, if my reading of this problem proves to be correct. Yes, yes, I think I see how we should approach it."

The Scotland Yard inspector was still writing in the parlour when Holmes interrupted him.

"I understood that you were writing a report of this case," said he.

"So I am."

"Don't you think it may be a little premature? I can't help thinking that your evidence is not complete."

Lestrade knew my friend too well to disregard his words. He laid down his pen and looked curiously at him.

"What do you mean, Mr. Holmes?"

"Only that there is an important witness whom you have not seen."

"Can you produce him?"

"I think I can."

"Then do so."

"I will do my best. How many constables have you?"

"There are three within call."

"Excellent!" said Holmes. "May I ask if they are all large, able-bodied men with powerful voices?"

"I have no doubt they are, though I fail to see what their voices have to do with it."

"Perhaps I can help you to see that and one or two other things as well," said Holmes. "Kindly summon your men, and I will try."

Five minutes later, three policemen had assembled in the hall.

"In the outhouse you will find a considerable quantity of straw," said Holmes. "I will ask you to carry in two bundles of it. I think it will be of the greatest assistance in producing the witness whom I require. Thank you very much. I believe you have some matches in your pocket Watson. Now, Mr. Lestrade, I will ask you all to accompany me to the top landing."

As I have said, there was a broad corridor there, which ran outside three empty bedrooms. At one end of the corridor we were all marshalled by Sherlock Holmes, the constables grinning and Lestrade staring at my friend with amazement, expectation, and derision chasing each other across his features. Holmes stood before us with the air of a conjurer who is performing a trick.

"Would you kindly send one of your constables for two buckets of water? Put the straw on the floor here, free from the wall on either side. Now I think that we are all ready."

Lestrade's face had begun to grow red and angry. "I don't know whether you are playing a game with us, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he. "If you know anything, you can surely say it without all this tomfoolery."

"I assure you, my good Lestrade, that I have an excellent reason for everything that I do. You may possibly remember that you chaffed me a little, some hours ago, when the sun seemed on your side of the hedge, so you must not grudge me a little pomp and ceremony now. Might I ask you, Watson, to open that window, and then to put a match to the edge of the straw?"

I did so, and driven by the draught a coil of grey smoke swirled down the corridor, while the dry straw crackled and flamed.

"Now we must see if we can find this witness for you, Lestrade. Might I ask you all to join in the cry of 'Fire!'? Now then; one, two, three——"

"Fire!" we all yelled.

"Thank you. I will trouble you once again."

"Fire!"

"Just once more, gentlemen, and all together."

"Fire!" The shout must have rung over Norwood.

It had hardly died away when an amazing thing happened. A door suddenly flew open out of what appeared to be solid wall at the end of the corridor, and a little, wizened man darted out of it, like a rabbit out of its burrow.

"Capital!" said Holmes, calmly. "Watson, a bucket of water over the straw. That will do! Lestrade, allow me to present you with your principal missing witness, Mr. Jonas Oldacre."

The detective stared at the newcomer with blank amazement. The latter was blinking in the bright light of the corridor, and peering at us and at the smouldering fire. It was an odious face—crafty, vicious, malignant, with shifty, light-grey eyes and white lashes.

"What's this, then?" said Lestrade, at last. "What have you been doing all this time, eh?"

Oldacre gave an uneasy laugh, shrinking back from the furious red face of the angry detective.

"I have done no harm."

"No harm? You have done your best to get an innocent man hanged. If it wasn't for this gentleman here, I am not sure that you would not have succeeded."

The wretched creature began to whimper.

"I am sure, sir, it was only my practical joke."

"Oh! a joke, was it? You won't find the laugh on your side, I promise you. Take him down, and keep him in the sitting-room until I come. Mr. Holmes," he continued, when they had gone, "I could not speak before the constables, but I don't mind saying, in the presence of Dr. Watson, that this is the brightest thing that you have done yet, though it is a mystery to me how you did it. You have saved an innocent man's life, and you have prevented a very grave scandal, which would have ruined my reputation in the Force."

Holmes smiled, and clapped Lestrade upon the shoulder.

"Instead of being ruined, my good sir, you will find that your reputation has been enormously enhanced. Just make a few alterations in that report which you were writing, and they will understand how hard it is to throw dust in the eyes of Inspector Lestrade."

"And you don't want your name to appear?"

"Not at all. The work is its own reward. Perhaps I shall get the credit also at some distant day, when I permit my zealous historian to lay out his foolscap once more—eh, Watson? Well, now, let us see where this rat has been lurking."

A lath-and-plaster partition had been run across the passage six feet from the end, with a door cunningly concealed in it. It was lit within by slits under the eaves. A few articles of furniture and a supply of food and water were within, together with a number of books and papers.

"There's the advantage of being a builder," said Holmes, as we came out. "He was able to fix up his own little hiding-place without any confederate—save, of course, that precious housekeeper of his, whom I should lose no time in adding to your bag, Lestrade."

"I'll take your advice. But how did you know of this place, Mr. Holmes?"

"I made up my mind that the fellow was in hiding in the house. When I paced one corridor and found it six feet shorter than the corresponding one below, it was pretty clear where he was. I thought he had not the nerve to lie quiet before an alarm of fire. We could, of course, have gone in and taken him, but it amused me to make him reveal himself. Besides, I owed you a little mystification, Lestrade, for your chaff in the morning."

"Well, sir, you certainly got equal with me on that. But how in the world did you know that he was in the house at all?"

"The thumb-mark, Lestrade. You said it was final; and so it was, in a very different sense. I knew it had not been there the day before. I pay a good deal of attention to matters of detail, as you may have observed, and I had examined the hall, and was sure that the wall was clear. Therefore, it had been put on during the night."

"But how?"

"Very simply. When those packets were sealed up, Jonas Oldacre got McFarlane to secure one of the seals by putting his thumb upon the soft wax. It would be done so quickly and so naturally, that I daresay the young man himself has no recollection of it. Very likely it just so happened, and Oldacre had himself no notion of the use he would put it to. Brooding over the case in that den of his, it suddenly struck him what absolutely damning evidence he could make against McFarlane by using that thumb-mark. It was the simplest thing in the world for him to take a wax impression from the seal, to moisten it in as much blood as he could get from a pin-prick, and to put the mark upon the wall during the night, either with his own hand or with that of his housekeeper. If you examine among those documents which he took with him into his retreat, I will lay you a wager that you find the seal with the thumb-mark upon it."

"Wonderful!" said Lestrade. "Wonderful! It's all as clear as crystal, as you put it. But what is the object of this deep deception, Mr. Holmes?"

It was amusing to me to see how the detective's overbearing manner had changed suddenly to that of a child asking questions of its teacher.

"Well, I don't think that is very hard to explain. A very deep, malicious, vindictive person is the gentleman who is now waiting us downstairs. You know that he was once refused by McFarlane's mother? You don't! I told you that you should go to Blackheath first and Norwood afterwards. Well, this injury, as he would consider it, has rankled in his wicked, scheming brain, and all his life he has longed for vengeance, but never seen his chance. During the last year or two, things have gone against him—secret speculation, I think—and he finds himself in a bad way. He determines to swindle his creditors, and for this purpose he pays large checks to a certain Mr. Cornelius, who is, I imagine, himself under another name. I have not traced these checks yet, but I have no doubt that they were banked under that name at some provincial town where Oldacre from time to time led a double existence. He intended to change his name altogether, draw this money, and vanish, starting life again elsewhere."

"Well, that's likely enough."

"It would strike him that in disappearing he might throw all pursuit off his track, and at the same time have an ample and crushing revenge upon his old sweetheart, if he could give the impression that he had been murdered by her only child. It was a masterpiece of villainy, and he carried it out like a master. The idea of the will, which would give an obvious motive for the crime, the secret visit unknown to his own parents, the retention of the stick, the blood, and the animal remains and buttons in the wood-pile, all were admirable. It was a net from which it seemed to me, a few hours ago, that there was no possible escape. But he had not that supreme gift of the artist, the knowledge of when to stop. He wished to improve that which was already perfect—to draw the rope tighter yet round the neck of his unfortunate victim—and so he ruined all. Let us descend, Lestrade. There are just one or two questions that I would ask him."

The malignant creature was seated in his own parlour, with a policeman upon each side of him.

"It was a joke, my good sir—a practical joke, nothing more," he whined incessantly. "I assure you, sir, that I simply concealed myself in order to see the effect of my disappearance, and I am sure that you would not be so unjust as to imagine that I would have allowed any harm to befall poor young Mr. McFarlane."

"That's for a jury to decide," said Lestrade. "Anyhow, we shall have you on a charge of conspiracy, if not for attempted murder."

"And you'll probably find that your creditors will impound the banking account of Mr. Cornelius," said Holmes.

The little man started, and turned his malignant eyes upon my friend.

"I have to thank you for a good deal," said he. "Perhaps I'll pay my debt some day."

Holmes smiled indulgently.

"I fancy that, for some few years, you will find your time very fully occupied," said he. "By the way, what was it you put into the wood-pile besides your old trousers? A dead dog, or rabbits, or what? You won't tell? Dear me, how very unkind of you! Well, well, I daresay that a couple of rabbits would account both for the blood and for the charred ashes. If ever you write an account, Watson, you can make rabbits serve your turn."

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

(text of 1834)

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Argument

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—'
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?'—With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a DEATH? and are there two?
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'—
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay dead like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt always
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

'I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART VI

First Voice
'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'

Second Voice
Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

First Voice
'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

Second Voice
'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared!'—'Push on, push on!
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own cuntry,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Thumbelina

The Yellow Fairy Book by Andrew Lang

There was once a woman who wanted to have quite a tiny, little child, but she did not know where to get one from. So one day she went to an old Witch and said to her: 'I should so much like to have a tiny, little child; can you tell me where I can get one?'

'Oh, we have just got one ready!' said the Witch. 'Here is a barley-corn for you, but it's not the kind the farmer sows in his field, or feeds the cocks and hens with, I can tell you. Put it in a flower-pot, and then you will see something happen.' 'Oh, thank you!' said the woman, and gave the Witch a shilling, for that was what it cost. Then she went home and planted the barley-corn; immediately there grew out of it a large and beautiful flower, which looked like a tulip, but the petals were tightly closed as if it were still only a bud. 'What a beautiful flower!' exclaimed the woman, and she kissed the red and yellow petals; but as she kissed them the flower burst open. It was a real tulip, such as one can see any day; but in the middle of the blossom, on the green velvety petals, sat a little girl, quite tiny, trim, and pretty. She was scarcely half a thumb in height; so they called her Thumbelina. An elegant polished walnut-shell served Thumbelina as a cradle, the blue petals of a violet were her mattress, and a rose-leaf her coverlid. There she lay at night, but in the day-time she used to play about on the table; here the woman had put a bowl, surrounded by a ring of flowers, with their stalks in water, in the middle of which floated a great tulip pedal, and on this Thumbelina sat, and sailed from one side of the bowl to the other, rowing herself with two white horse-hairs for oars. It was such a pretty sight! She could sing, too, with a voice more soft and sweet than had ever been heard before. One night, when she was lying in her pretty little bed, an old toad crept in through a broken pane in the window. She was very ugly, clumsy, and clammy; she hopped on to the table where Thumbelina lay asleep under the red rose-leaf. 'This would make a beautiful wife for my son,' said the toad, taking up the walnut-shell, with Thumbelina inside, and hopping with it through the window into the garden. There flowed a great wide stream, with slippery and marshy banks; here the toad lived with her son. Ugh! how ugly and clammy he was, just like his mother! 'Croak, croak, croak!' was all he could say when he saw the pretty little girl in the walnut-shell.

'Don't talk so loud, or you'll wake her,' said the old toad. 'She might escape us even now; she is as light as a feather. We will put her at once on a broad water-lily leaf in the stream. That will be quite an island for her; she is so small and light. She can't run away from us there, whilst we are preparing the guest-chamber under the marsh where she shall live.' Outside in the brook grew many water-lilies, with broad green leaves, which looked as if they were swimming about on the water. The leaf farthest away was the largest, and to this the old toad swam with Thumbelina in her walnut-shell. The tiny Thumbelina woke up very early in the morning, and when she saw where she was she began to cry bitterly; for on every side of the great green leaf was water, and she could not get to the land.

The old toad was down under the marsh, decorating her room with rushes and yellow marigold leaves, to make it very grand for her new daughter-in-law; then she swam out with her ugly son to the leaf where Thumbelina lay. She wanted to fetch the pretty cradle to put it into her room before Thumbelina herself came there. The old toad bowed low in the water before her, and said: 'Here is my son; you shall marry him, and live in great magnificence down under the marsh.'

'Croak, croak, croak!' was all that the son could say. Then they took the neat little cradle and swam away with it; but Thumbelina sat alone on the great green leaf and wept, for she did not want to live with the clammy toad, or marry her ugly son. The little fishes swimming about under the water had seen the toad quite plainly, and heard what she had said; so they put up their heads to see the little girl. When they saw her, they thought her so pretty that they were very sorry she should go down with the ugly toad to live. No; that must not happen. They assembled in the water round the green stalk which supported the leaf on which she was sitting, and nibbled the stem in two. Away floated the leaf down the stream, bearing Thumbelina far beyond the reach of the toad.

On she sailed past several towns, and the little birds sitting in the bushes saw her, and sang, 'What a pretty little girl!' The leaf floated farther and farther away; thus Thumbelina left her native land.

A beautiful little white butterfly fluttered above her, and at last settled on the leaf. Thumbelina pleased him, and she, too, was delighted, for now the toads could not reach her, and it was so beautiful where she was traveling; the sun shone on the water and made it sparkle like the brightest silver. She took off her sash, and tied one end round the butterfly; the other end she fastened to the leaf, so that now it glided along with her faster than ever.

A great cockchafer came flying past; he caught sight of Thumbelina, and in a moment had put his arms round her slender waist, and had flown off with her to a tree. The green leaf floated away down the stream, and the butterfly with it, for he was fastened to the leaf and could not get loose from it. Oh, dear! how terrified poor little Thumbelina was when the cockchafer flew off with her to the tree! But she was especially distressed on the beautiful white butterfly's account, as she had tied him fast, so that if he could not get away he must starve to death. But the cockchafer did not trouble himself about that; he sat down with her on a large green leaf, gave her the honey out of the flowers to eat, and told her that she was very pretty, although she wasn't in the least like a cockchafer. Later on, all the other cockchafers who lived in the same tree came to pay calls; they examined Thumbelina closely, and remarked, 'Why, she has only two legs! How very miserable!' 'She has no feelers!' cried another. 'How ugly she is!' said all the lady chafers—and yet Thumbelina was really very pretty.

The cockchafer who had stolen her knew this very well; but when he heard all the ladies saying she was ugly, he began to think so too, and would not keep her; she might go wherever she liked. So he flew down from the tree with her and put her on a daisy. There she sat and wept, because she was so ugly that the cockchafer would have nothing to do with her; and yet she was the most beautiful creature imaginable, so soft and delicate, like the loveliest rose-leaf.

The whole summer poor little Thumbelina lived alone in the great wood. She plaited a bed for herself of blades of grass, and hung it up under a clover-leaf, so that she was protected from the rain; she gathered honey from the flowers for food, and drank the dew on the leaves every morning. Thus the summer and autumn passed, but then came winter—the long, cold winter.

All the birds who had sung so sweetly about her had flown away; the trees shed their leaves, the flowers died; the great clover-leaf under which she had lived curled up, and nothing remained of it but the withered stalk. She was terribly cold, for her clothes were ragged, and she herself was so small and thin. Poor little Thumbelina! she would surely be frozen to death. It began to snow, and every snow-flake that fell on her was to her as a whole shovelful thrown on one of us, for we are so big, and she was only an inch high. She wrapt herself round in a dead leaf, but it was torn in the middle and gave her no warmth; she was trembling with cold.

Just outside the wood where she was now living lay a great corn-field. But the corn had been gone a long time; only the dry, bare stubble was left standing in the frozen ground. This made a forest for her to wander about in. All at once she came across the door of a field-mouse, who had a little hole under a corn-stalk. There the mouse lived warm and snug, with a store-room full of corn, a splendid kitchen and dining-room. Poor little Thumbelina went up to the door and begged for a little piece of barley, for she had not had anything to eat for the last two days.

'Poor little creature!' said the field-mouse, for she was a kind-hearted old thing at the bottom. 'Come into my warm room and have some dinner with me.'

As Thumbelina pleased her, she said: 'As far as I am concerned you may spend the winter with me; but you must keep my room clean and tidy, and tell me stories, for I like that very much.' And Thumbelina did all that the kind old field-mouse asked, and did it remarkably well too.

'Now I am expecting a visitor,' said the field-mouse; 'my neighbor comes to call on me once a week. He is in better circumstances than I am, has great, big rooms, and wears a fine black-velvet coat. If you could only marry him, you would be well provided for. But he is blind. You must tell him all the prettiest stories you know.'

But Thumbelina did not trouble her head about him, for he was only a mole. He came and paid them a visit in his black-velvet coat.

'He is so rich and so accomplished,' the field-mouse told her. 'His house is twenty times larger than mine; he possesses great knowledge, but he cannot bear the sun and the beautiful flowers, and speaks slightly of them, for he has never seen them.' Thumbelina had to sing to him, so she sang 'Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home!' and other songs so prettily that the mole fell in love with her; but he did not say anything, he was a very cautious man. A short time before he had dug a long passage through the ground from his own house to that of his neighbor; in this he gave the field-mouse and Thumbelina permission to walk as often as they liked. But he begged them not to be afraid of the dead bird that lay in the passage: it was a real bird with beak and feathers, and must have died a little time ago, and now laid buried just where he had made his tunnel. The mole took a piece of rotten wood in his mouth, for that glows like fire in the dark, and went in front, lighting them through the long dark passage. When they came to the place where the dead bird lay, the mole put his broad nose against the ceiling and pushed a hole through, so that the daylight could shine down. In the middle of the path lay a dead swallow, his pretty wings pressed close to his sides, his claws and head drawn under his feathers; the poor bird had evidently died of cold. Thumbelina was very sorry, for she was very fond of all little birds; they had sung and twittered so beautifully to her all through the summer. But the mole kicked him with his bandy legs and said: 'Now he can't sing any more! It must be very miserable to be a little bird! I'm thankful that none of my little children are; birds always starve in winter.'

'Yes, you speak like a sensible man,' said the field-mouse. 'What has a bird, in spite of all his singing, in the winter-time? He must starve and freeze, and that must be very pleasant for him, I must say!'

Thumbelina did not say anything; but when the other two had passed on she bent down to the bird, brushed aside the feathers from his head, and kissed his closed eyes gently. 'Perhaps it was he that sang to me so prettily in the summer,' she thought. 'How much pleasure he did give me, dear little bird!' The mole closed up the hole again which let in the light, and then escorted the ladies home. But Thumbelina could not sleep that night; so she got out of bed, and plaited a great big blanket of straw, and carried it off, and spread it over the dead bird, and piled upon it thistle-down as soft as cotton-wool, which she had found in the field-mouse's room, so that the poor little thing should lie warmly buried.

'Farewell, pretty little bird!' she said. 'Farewell, and thank you for your beautiful songs in the summer, when the trees were green, and the sun shone down warmly on us!' Then she laid her head against the bird's heart. But the bird was not dead: he had been frozen, but now that she had warmed him, he was coming to life again.

In autumn the swallows fly away to foreign lands; but there are some who are late in starting, and then they get so cold that they drop down as if dead, and the snow comes and covers them over.

Thumbelina trembled, she was so frightened; for the bird was very large in comparison with herself—only an inch high. But she took courage, piled up the down more closely over the poor swallow, fetched her own coverlid and laid it over his head. Next night she crept out again to him. There he was alive, but very weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment and look at Thumbelina, who was standing in front of him with a piece of rotten wood in her hand, for she had no other lantern. 'Thank you, pretty little child!' said the swallow to her. 'I am so beautifully warm! Soon I shall regain my strength, and then I shall be able to fly out again into the warm sunshine.' 'Oh!' she said, 'it is very cold outside; it is snowing and freezing! stay in your warm bed; I will take care of you!' Then she brought him water in a petal, which he drank, after which he related to her how he had torn one of his wings on a bramble, so that he could not fly as fast as the other swallows, who had flown far away to warmer lands. So at last he had dropped down exhausted, and then he could remember no more. The whole winter he remained down there, and Thumbelina looked after him and nursed him tenderly. Neither the mole nor the field-mouse learnt anything of this, for they could not bear the poor swallow.

When the spring came, and the sun warmed the earth again, the swallow said farewell to Thumbelina, who opened the hole in the roof for him which the mole had made. The sun shone brightly down upon her, and the swallow asked her if she would go with him; she could sit upon his back. Thumbelina wanted very much to fly far away into the green wood, but she knew that the old field-mouse would be sad if she ran away. 'No, I mustn't come!' she said.

'Farewell, dear good little girl!' said the swallow, and flew off into the sunshine. Thumbelina gazed after him with the tears standing in her eyes, for she was very fond of the swallow. 'Tweet, tweet!' sang the bird, and flew into the green wood. Thumbelina was very unhappy. She was not allowed to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which had been sowed in the field over the field-mouse's home grew up high into the air, and made a thick forest for the poor little girl, who was only an inch high. 'Now you are to be a bride, Thumbelina!' said the field-mouse, 'for our neighbor has proposed for you!

What a piece of fortune for a poor child like you! Now you must set to work at your linen for your dowry, for nothing must be lacking if you are to become the wife of our neighbor, the mole! Thumbelina had to spin all day long, and every evening the mole visited her, and told her that when the summer was over the sun would not shine so hot; now it was burning the earth as hard as a stone. Yes, when the summer had passed, they would keep the wedding.

But she was not at all pleased about it, for she did not like the stupid mole. Every morning when the sun was rising, and every evening when it was setting, she would steal out of the house-door, and when the breeze parted the ears of corn so that she could see the blue sky through them, she thought how bright and beautiful it must be outside, and longed to see her dear swallow again. But he never came; no doubt he had flown away far into the great green wood.

By the autumn Thumbelina had finished the dowry. 'In four weeks you will be married!' said the field-mouse; 'don't be obstinate, or I shall bite you with my sharp white teeth! You will get a fine husband! The King himself has not such a velvet coat. His store-room and cellar are full, and you should be thankful for that.'

Well, the wedding-day arrived. The mole had come to fetch Thumbelina to live with him deep down under the ground, never to come out into the warm sun again, for that was what he didn't like. The poor little girl was very sad; for now she must say good-bye to the beautiful sun.

'Farewell, bright sun!' she cried, stretching out her arms towards it, and taking another step outside the house; for now the corn had been reaped, and only the dry stubble was left standing. 'Farewell, farewell!' she said, and put her arms round a little red flower that grew there. 'Give my love to the dear swallow when you see him!'

'Tweet, tweet!' sounded in her ear all at once. She looked up. There was the swallow flying past! As soon as he saw Thumbelina, he was very glad. She told him how unwilling she was to marry the ugly mole, as then she had to live underground where the sun never shone, and she could not help bursting into tears. 'The cold winter is coming now,' said the swallow. 'I must fly away to warmer lands: will you come with me? You can sit on my back, and we will fly far away from the ugly mole and his dark house, over the mountains, to the warm countries where the sun shines more brightly than here, where it is always summer, and there are always beautiful flowers. Do come with me, dear little Thumbelina, who saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark tunnel!'

'Yes, I will go with you,' said Thumbelina, and got on the swallow's back, with her feet on one of his outstretched wings. Up he flew into the air, over woods and seas, over the great mountains where the snow is always lying. And if she was cold she crept under his warm feathers, only keeping her little head out to admire all the beautiful things in the world beneath. At last they came to warm lands; there the sun was brighter, the sky seemed twice as high, and in the hedges hung the finest green and purple grapes; in the woods grew oranges and lemons: the air was scented with myrtle and mint, and on the roads were pretty little children running about and playing with great gorgeous butterflies. But the swallow flew on farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under the most splendid green trees besides a blue lake stood a glittering white-marble castle. Vines hung about the high pillars; there were many swallows' nests, and in one of these lived the swallow who was carrying Thumbelina.

'Here is my house!' said he. 'But it won't do for you to live with me; I am not tidy enough to please you. Find a home for yourself in one of the lovely flowers that grow down there; now I will set you down, and you can do whatever you like.' 'That will be splendid!' said she, clapping her little hands. There lay a great white marble column which had fallen to the ground and broken into three pieces, but between these grew the most beautiful white flowers. The swallow flew down with Thumbelina, and set her upon one of the broad leaves. But there, to her astonishment, she found a tiny little man sitting in the middle of the flower, as white and transparent as if he were made of glass; he had the prettiest golden crown on his head, and the most beautiful wings on his shoulders; he himself was no bigger than Thumbelina. He was the spirit of the flower. In each blossom there dwelt a tiny man or woman; but this one was the King over the others.

'How handsome he is!' whispered Thumbelina to the swallow. The little Prince was very much frightened at the swallow, for in comparison with one so tiny as himself he seemed a giant. But when he saw Thumbelina, he was delighted, for she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. So he took his golden crown from off his head and put it on hers, asking her her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she would be Queen of all the flowers. Yes! he was a different kind of husband to the son of the toad and the mole with the black-velvet coat. So she said 'Yes' to the noble Prince. And out of each flower came a lady and gentleman, each so tiny and pretty that it was a pleasure to see them. Each brought Thumbelina a present, but the best of all was a beautiful pair of wings which were fastened on to her back, and now she too could fly from flower to flower. They all wished her joy, and the swallow sat above in his nest and sang the wedding march, and that he did as well as he could; but he was sad, because he was very fond of Thumbelina and did not want to be separated from her.

'You shall not be called Thumbelina!' said the spirit of the flower to her; 'that is an ugly name, and you are much too pretty for that. We will call you May Blossom.' 'Farewell, farewell!' said the little swallow with a heavy heart, and flew away to farther lands, far, far away, right back to Denmark. There he had a little nest above a window, where his wife lived, who can tell fairy-stories. 'Tweet, tweet!' he sang to her. And that is the way we learnt the whole story.



The Milkmaid & Her Pail

by Aesop

A Milkmaid had been out to milk the cows and was returning from the field with the shining milk pail balanced nicely on her head.

As she walked along, her pretty head was busy with plans for the days to come.

"This good, rich milk," she mused, "will give me plenty of cream to churn. The butter I make I will take to market, and with the money I get for it I will buy a lot of eggs for hatching.

How nice it will be when they are all hatched and the yard is full of fine young chicks. Then when May day comes I will sell them, and with the money I'll buy a lovely new dress to wear to the fair. All the young men will look at me. They will come and try to make love to me,—but I shall very quickly send them about their business!"

As she thought of how she would settle that matter, she tossed her head scornfully, and down fell the pail of milk to the ground. And all the milk flowed out, and with it vanished butter and eggs and chicks and new dress and all the milkmaid's pride.

Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "Cymbeline."

Read it from E. Nesbit's *Beautiful Stories From Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "Cymbeline."

Shakespeare

Cymbeline

by E. Nesbit

Cymbeline was the King of Britain. He had three children. The two sons were stolen away from him when they were quite little children, and he was left with only one daughter, Imogen. The King married a second time, and brought up Leonatus, the son of a dear friend, as Imogen's playfellow; and when Leonatus was old enough, Imogen secretly married him. This made the King and Queen very angry, and the King, to punish Leonatus, banished him from Britain.

Poor Imogen was nearly heart-broken at parting from Leonatus, and he was not less unhappy. For they were not only lovers and husband and wife, but they had been friends and comrades ever since they were quite little children. With many tears and kisses they said "Good-bye." They promised never to forget each other, and that they would never care for anyone else as long as they lived.

"This diamond was my mother's, love," said Imogen; "take it, my heart, and keep it as long as you love me."

"Sweetest, fairest," answered Leonatus, "wear this bracelet for my sake."

"Ah!" cried Imogen, weeping, "when shall we meet again?"

And while they were still in each other's arms, the King came in, and Leonatus had to leave without more farewell.

When he was come to Rome, where he had gone to stay with an old friend of his father's, he spent his days still in thinking of his dear Imogen, and his nights in dreaming of her. One day at a feast some Italian and French noblemen were talking of their sweethearts, and swearing that they were the most faithful and honorable and beautiful ladies in the world. And a Frenchman reminded Leonatus how he had said many times that his wife Imogen was more fair, wise, and constant than any of the ladies in France.

"I say so still," said Leonatus.

"She is not so good but that she would deceive," said Iachimo, one of the Italian nobles.

"She never would deceive," said Leonatus.

"I wager," said Iachimo, "that, if I go to Britain, I can persuade your wife to do whatever I wish, even if it should be against your wishes."

"That you will never do," said Leonatus. "I wager this ring upon my finger," which was the very ring Imogen had given him at parting, "that my wife will keep all her vows to me, and that you will never persuade her to do otherwise."

So Iachimo wagered half his estate against the ring on Leonatus's finger, and started forthwith for Britain, with a letter of introduction to Leonatus's wife. When he reached there he was received with all kindness; but he was still determined to win his wager.

He told Imogen that her husband thought no more of her, and went on to tell many cruel lies about him. Imogen listened at first, but presently perceived what a wicked person Iachimo was, and ordered him to leave her. Then he said--

"Pardon me, fair lady, all that I have said is untrue. I only told you this to see whether you would believe me, or whether you were as much to be trusted as your husband thinks. Will you forgive me?"

"I forgive you freely," said Imogen.

"Then," went on Iachimo, "perhaps you will prove it by taking charge of a trunk, containing a number of jewels which your husband and I and some other gentlemen have bought as a present for the Emperor of Rome."

"I will indeed," said Imogen, "do anything for my husband and a friend of my husband's. Have the jewels sent into my room, and I will take care of them."

"It is only for one night," said Iachimo, "for I leave Britain again to-morrow."

So the trunk was carried into Imogen's room, and that night she went to bed and to sleep. When she was fast asleep, the lid of the trunk opened and a man got out. It was Iachimo. The story about the jewels was as untrue as the rest of the things he had said. He had only wished to get into her room to win his wicked wager. He looked about him and noticed the furniture, and then crept to the side of the bed where Imogen was asleep and took from her arm the gold bracelet which had been the parting gift of her husband. Then he crept back to the trunk, and next morning sailed for Rome.

When he met Leonatus, he said--

"I have been to Britain and I have won the wager, for your wife no longer thinks about you. She stayed talking with me all one night in her room, which is hung with tapestry and has a carved chimney-piece, and silver andirons in the shape of two winking Cupids."

"I do not believe she has forgotten me; I do not believe she stayed talking with you in her room. You have heard her room described by the servants."

"Ah!" said Iachimo, "but she gave me this bracelet. She took it from her arm. I see her yet. Her pretty action did outsell her gift, and yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said she prized it once."

"Take the ring," cried Leonatus, "you have won; and you might have won my life as well, for I care nothing for it now I know my lady has forgotten me."

And mad with anger, he wrote letters to Britain to his old servant, Pisanio, ordering him to take Imogen to Milford Haven, and to murder her, because she had forgotten him and given away his gift. At the same time he wrote to Imogen herself, telling her to go with Pisanio, his old servant, to Milford Haven, and that he, her husband, would be there to meet her.

Now when Pisanio got this letter he was too good to carry out its orders, and too wise to let them alone altogether. So he gave Imogen the letter from her husband, and started with her for Milford Haven. Before he left, the wicked Queen gave him a drink which, she said, would be useful in sickness. She hoped he would give it to Imogen, and that Imogen would die, and the wicked Queen's son could be King. For the Queen thought this drink was a poison, but really and truly it was only a sleeping-draft.

When Pisanio and Imogen came near to Milford Haven, he told her what was really in the letter he had had from her husband.

"I must go on to Rome, and see him myself," said Imogen.

And then Pisanio helped her to dress in boy's clothes, and sent her on her way, and went back to the Court. Before he went he gave her the drink he had had from the Queen.

Imogen went on, getting more and more tired, and at last came to a cave. Someone seemed to live there, but no one was in just then. So she went in, and as she was almost dying of hunger, she took some food she saw there, and had just done so, when an old man and two boys came into the cave. She was very much frightened when she saw them, for she thought that they would be angry with her for taking their food, though she had meant to leave money for it on the table. But to her surprise they welcomed her kindly. She looked very pretty in her boy's clothes and her face was good, as well as pretty.

"You shall be our brother," said both the boys; and so she stayed with them, and helped to cook the food, and make things comfortable. But one day when the old man, whose name was Bellarius, was out hunting with the two boys, Imogen felt ill, and thought she would try the medicine Pisanio had given her. So she took it, and at once became like a dead creature, so that when Bellarius and the boys came back from hunting, they thought she was dead, and with many tears and funeral songs, they carried her away and laid her in the wood, covered with flowers.

They sang sweet songs to her, and strewed flowers on her, pale primroses, and the azure harebell, and eglantine, and furred moss, and went away sorrowful. No sooner had they gone than Imogen awoke, and not knowing how she came there, nor where she was, went wandering through the wood.

When the battle was fought between the Romans and Britons, Bellarius and his two boys fought for their own country, and Leonatus, disguised as a British peasant, fought beside them. The Romans

had taken Cymbeline prisoner, and old Bellarius, with his sons and Leonatus, bravely rescued the King. Then the Britons won the battle, and among the prisoners brought before the King were Lucius, with Imogen, Iachimo, and Leonatus, who had put on the uniform of a Roman soldier. He was tired of his life since he had cruelly ordered his wife to be killed, and he hoped that, as a Roman soldier, he would be put to death.

When they were brought before the King, Lucius spoke out--

"A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer," he said. "If I must die, so be it. This one thing only will I entreat. My boy, a Briton born, let him be ransomed. Never master had a page so kind, so duteous, diligent, true. He has done no Briton harm, though he has served a Roman. Save him, Sir."

Then Cymbeline looked on the page, who was his own daughter, Imogen, in disguise, and though he did not recognize her, he felt such a kindness that he not only spared the boy's life, but he said--

"He shall have any boon he likes to ask of me, even though he ask a prisoner, the noblest taken."

Then Imogen said, "The boon I ask is that this gentleman shall say from whom he got the ring he has on his finger," and she pointed to Iachimo.

"Speak," said Cymbeline, "how did you get that diamond?"

Then Iachimo told the whole truth of his villainy. At this, Leonatus was unable to contain himself, and casting aside all thought of disguise, he came forward, cursing himself for his folly in having believed Iachimo's lying story, and calling again and again on his wife whom he believed dead.

"Oh, Imogen, my love, my life!" he cried. "Oh, Imogen!"

Then Imogen, forgetting she was disguised, cried out, "Peace, my lord--here, here!"

Leonatus turned to strike the forward page who thus interfered in his great trouble, and then he saw that it was his wife, Imogen, and they fell into each other's arms.

The King was so glad to see his dear daughter again, and so grateful to the man who had rescued him (whom he now found to be Leonatus), that he gave his blessing on their marriage, and then he turned to Bellarius, and the two boys. Now Bellarius spoke--

"I am your old servant, Bellarius. You accused me of treason when I had only been loyal to you, and to be doubted, made me disloyal. So I stole your two sons, and see,--they are here!" And he brought forward the two boys, who had sworn to be brothers to Imogen when they thought she was a boy like themselves.

The wicked Queen was dead of some of her own poisons, and the King, with his three children about him, lived to a happy old age.

So the wicked were punished, and the good and true lived happy ever after. So may the wicked suffer, and honest folk prosper till the world's end.



History & Geography

For history and geography, we have curated a variety of websites and subjects for you to study:

Lesson 1 - Write out "What hath God wrought" in large letters and have your children write the Morse code underneath each letter then tap it out. Discuss how geography was a challenge for cross country and international communication and what a breakthrough the telegraph was.

Lesson 2 - View the Pony Express route here:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pony_Express#/media/File:Pony_Express_Map_William_Henry_Jackson.jpg Have your children add the route to a copy of their US map or to their geography notebook if you wish.

"Life does not consist in thinking, it consists in acting."

~ Woodrow Wilson

History & Geography

Lesson 3 - For further learning about the Gold Rush, visit this page:

<https://exhibits.stanford.edu/david-rumsey-map-collection/feature/the-california-gold-rush>

Lesson 4 - Learn more about San Francisco and its roll in the Gold Rush and Transcontinental RR here: <https://www.nationalgeographic.org/article/after-gold-rush/>

Lesson 5- For futher learning about the Union Pacific: <https://www.up.com/heritage/history/>

Lesson 6 - Learn more about the Pacific Railway Act here:

<https://www.ourdocuments.gov/doc.php?flash=true&doc=32>

Lesson 7 - Nebraska and the Transcontinental RR - <http://www.nebraskalife.com/March-2019/More-about-the-Transcontinental-Railroad/>

Lesson 8 - Learn about the first bridge across the Missouri River -

<https://www.up.com/timeline/index.cfm/first-bridge-across-missouri>

Lesson 9 - Learn more about the laborers of the Transcontinental Railroad here:

<https://www.history.com/news/transcontinental-railroad-chinese-immigrants>

Lesson 10 - View the Golden Spike at this link:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Golden_spike#/media/File:The-Golden-Spike-7Oct2012.jpg



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study

1

Quillwort *Isoetes*

- Quillwort have 192 different species.
- Quillwort are aquatic or semi-aquatic. Most can be found in water.
- Its leaves have air chambers that take up carbon dioxide.
- Stomata are absent.
- Quillworts are spore-producing plants and highly rely on water dispersion.
- Several species of *Isoetes* are commonly called Merlin's Grass.



1

Tufted Duck *Aythya fuligula*

- Tufted ducks are common diving ducks.
- Tufted duck are mainly found in Eurasia.
- Adult males are black with white flanks and have an obvious head tuft that gives the species its name. Adult females are brown.
- They eat mollusks or aquatic insects.
- In summer, these ducks live in shallow lakes. In winter, they live in deeper lakes.



2

Globeflower *Trollius*

- In the family Ranunculaceae
- Globeflowers can often be found growing around bogs and swamps.
- They are fibrous rooted perennials.
- Globeflowers are used as food plants by the larvae of some Lepidoptera species.
- They can grow between on and two feet tall.
- All species of *Trollius* are poisonous to cattle and other livestock when fresh.



2

Freshwater Crayfish *Cambarus*

- Crayfish are crustaceans and are similar to small lobsters.
- They live in clear water and cannot live in polluted waters.
- Crayfish can be a variety of colors, including pink, yellow, red, and blue.
- They can also be called crawfish, mudbugs, or crawdads.
- There are three families of crayfish, two in the Northern Hemisphere and one in the Southern Hemisphere.



3

Roseroot *Rhodiola rosea*



- In the family Crassulaceae.
- Roseroot are perennials.
- It is often used as an herbal supplement, including for the treatment of anxiety and depression.
- Roseroot leaves can be eaten raw. They can be added to salads.
- They can also be called “arctic root,” but arctic root is an official, trademarked name.

3

Butterflies *Rhopalocera*



- Butterflies are insects. They have six legs, three main body parts, and 4 wings.
- 41 different species have been recorded in The Lake District.
- Butterflies start as caterpillars. Caterpillars are herbivores; they eat plants.
- The limestone woodlands and grasslands bordering Morecambe Bay are the UK stronghold of the rare High Brown Fritillary and are also home to Pearl-bordered Fritillary, Northern Brown Argus, Silver-washed Fritillary, and Duke of Burgundy butterflies.

4

Water Avens *Guem rivale*



- Water Avens can be one to two feet tall.
- As the flower matures, elongation of the stamens ensures it self-fertilizes if not already cross-pollinated.
- Water Avens flower in May and June.
- They can often be found in damp habitats.
- Their unique cup-shaped flowers make them easy to spot.
- The seeds of Water Avens are burr-like and are distributed after being caught in the coats of rabbits and other small mammals and by rhizome growth.

4

Red Squirrel *Sciurus vulgaris*



- Red squirrels can be found in northern Europe. They usually live in the forest.
- In Great Britain, Ireland, and Italy, numbers have decreased drastically in recent years. This decline is associated with the introduction by humans of the eastern grey squirrel from North America.
- They can have red-orange coats or darker coats.
- Red squirrels can live around 7 years.
- Squirrels are omnivores and eat fruit, nuts, seeds, and other small items.

5

Alpine Catchfly *Silene suecica*



- Alpine catchfly can be 10 to 14 inches tall.
- They are a perennial herb.
- Because of its ability to grow in soils with heavy amounts of copper, *Silene suecica* is used as a copper content indicator in geobotanical prospecting.
- Its name, "catchfly," comes from other related catchfly plants that have sticky stems.
- They flower in late spring or early summer.

5

Peregrine Falcon *Falco peregrinus*



- The male peregrine falcon is called a tiercel because it is one third of the size of a female falcon.
- The peregrine falcon's wingspan can be 2.4 to 4 feet.
- The peregrine's breeding range includes land regions from the Arctic tundra to the tropics.
- Their name means "wanderer."
- An adult can travel up to 240 miles per hour.

6

Purple Saxifrage *Saxifraga oppositifolia*



- Purple saxifrage can grow up to two inches tall.
- It can only grow in calciferous soils.
- Calciferous soils contain or produce calcium salts.
- Purple saxifrage are not endangered but may face threats in the future.
- Swiss botanist Christian Körner found the plant growing at an elevation of 14,780 ft in the Swiss Alps, making it the highest-elevation angiosperm in Europe.
- This plant is consumed by caterpillars like the Arctic woolly-bear caterpillar.

6

Red Deer *Cervus elaphus*



- Red deer live in Europe, the Caucasus Mountains region, Asia Minor, Iran, parts of western Asia, and central Asia.
- Red deer are one of the largest deer species. Male deer (stags) can weigh over 500 pounds.
- Red deer can live 20 years in captivity or around 10 years in the wild.
- Only stags have antlers.
- Red deer have a 4-chambered stomach.
- The red deer are the largest non-domesticated land mammals still existing in Ireland.



Handicraft Lesson

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will create a “shellwork” trinket box (or frame). This is a simple activity that all ages can enjoy — from your younger children (with a bit of help to press their shells carefully onto their box lid), to teens who can design and embellish their own intricate creations.

Use seashells from your family’s vacation at the beach, or pick up an inexpensive pack of shells at your local craft store and have fun creating these practical pieces for yourself or giving them as gifts!

“I’ve filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he’s an all-around craftsman.”

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Victorian Shellwork Trinket Box



During the Victorian Era, people became fascinated with creating beautiful pieces from seashells found at the beach. This was called “shellwork” or “shell craft.”

Since England is a small island, the seaside was never too far a distance for Victorian families to travel. They believed that embracing the salty sea air was healthy. But rather than sunbathe (which wasn’t fashionable), they would “sea bathe” fully clothed or walk along the shoreline for their health.

Inevitably, they would find and pick up beautiful seashells to take home as souvenirs. Their love for natural elements in the home caused shellwork to gain popularity as a charming form of domestic art. These crafts became a favored pastime, particularly among women, who utilized seashells to decorate various household items including boxes, frames, and even furniture. The practice eventually elevated to high art through intricate designs and patterns.

Even sailors would often meticulously craft pieces, known as “Sailor’s Valentines,” during long sea voyages as tokens of love for their sweethearts back home. The Victorian fascination with shellwork crafts also reflected the era’s broader interest in natural history and collection.

Supplies

- Seashells
- Papier-mâché box or frame
- Tacky glue (Tacky glue will work well for repositioning the shells if necessary while adding them to your piece. However, hot glue or E6000 would work for older students.)
- Acrylic paint in your choice of color
- Paint brush
- Sponge brush
- (Optional: pearl beads)



Directions

1. Paint the papier-mâché box (or frame) with a couple coats of paint and allow it to dry completely. (We chose gold to give it that “gilded” Victorian look.) [Image 1]
2. While the paint is drying, separate the seashells by size and color to decide which ones to use. [Image 2]
3. Think about the design you’d like to create and lay the shells out in that pattern before you apply them to the lid. [Image 3]
4. Once you’ve decided on your design, use your sponge brush to cover the entire surface with tacky glue. (NOTE: If using hot glue or E6000, simply glue each piece in place. No need to cover the surface area.)
5. Add your largest shells first, then fill in your design or the entire surface until you’re satisfied. Tiny shells or pearl beads can be added as fillers towards the end.
6. Allow the glue to dry completely before using as a trinket box or frame. (Tacky glue will dry clear.)



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