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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, VICTORIA.

Clarice A. Watson

THE SCHOOL PAPER.

FOR GRADES V. AND VI. (1913).

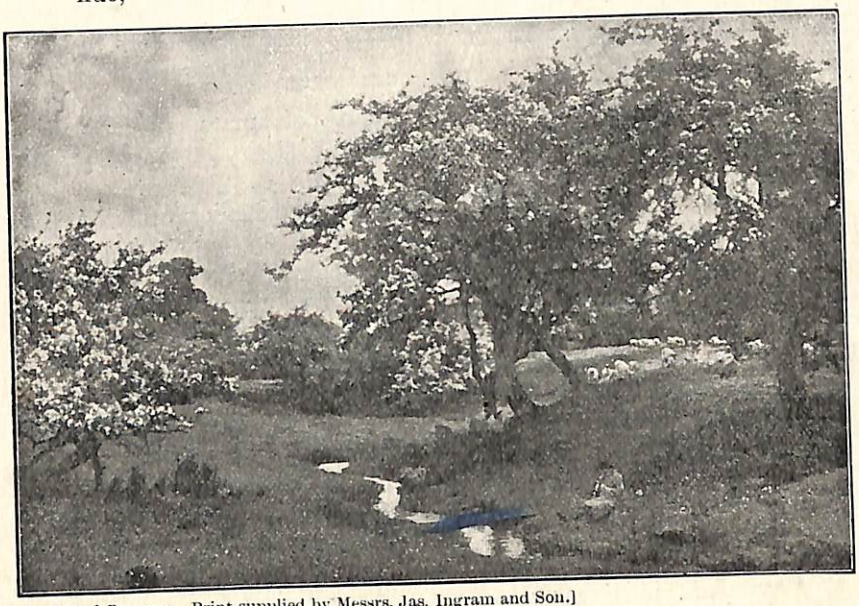
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SPRINGTIME.

Wood-land, land covered with trees.
Love-li-er, fairer ; more delightful.
Lea, meadow ; land in grass.
Sea-mew, sea-gull.
Re-gret', sorrow for something that has happened.
Vi-o-let, small flower of white or bluish color.

1. Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And, drowned in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.



By Alfred Parsons. Print supplied by Messrs. Jas. Ingram and Son.]

"WHEN NATURE PAINTED ALL THINGS GAY."

2. Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea

3. Where, now, the sea-mew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam; and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

4. From land to land; and, in my breast,
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,[1]
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

—From *In Memoriam*, by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892), one of the greatest of modern British poets.

1. An A-pril vi-o-let. In this metaphor, there are at least three implied comparisons. Regret comes from calamity as a plant comes from the dark earth. It is watered by tears as a plant is watered by April showers. As the plant puts out bud and blossom, so Tennyson's regret for the loss of his friend Hallam blossoms into the sweet and tender thoughts that are embodied in the poem.

A LARK'S SONG.

Aye (*eye*), yes.
Fra-grance, perfume; sweet odor.
Smock-frock, coarse frock or shirt worn over the other clothing.
Bel fry, bell tower.
Sab-bath, one day in seven appointed for rest or worship.
Nov-el-ty, newness; freshness.
Squat-ter, owner or occupier of a sheep or cattle run The word had at first the sense of a settler without a title to his land.
Glit-tered, shone; sparkled.
Coun-te-nance, face; features; look.
Ex-ile, one forced to leave his native country.
Bronzed, having the appearance of bronze; of a reddish brown color.
Gam-bolled, danced and skipped about in sport.
Mis-tress, title of address, equivalent to *madam*. It is shortened to *Mrs.*, which is pronounced mis-is, and used before the names of married women.
Ma'am, short for *madam*.
E-merg-ing, coming forth.
Psalm (*sahm*), sacred song.

1. "Tom," said George, one Sunday, to his mate, as they were standing outside their tent on a goldfield in Victoria, in the year 1853, "Let's go for a walk."

"Aye, aye, George; a walk this beautiful morning will be very pleasant."

2. It was the month of September; a lovely day was beginning to glow through the freshness of morning; the sky was an arch of pure blue, and the soft air crept slowly up, its wings heavy with fragrance, and just tuned the trembling leaves—no more.

"Is not this pleasant, Tom? Isn't it sweet?"

3. "I believe you, George! and what a shame to run down such a country as this! In England, people tell you that the flowers in Australia have no smell; but they say nothing about the trees and bushes being haystacks of flowers. Snuff the air: how fragrant it is! Look at all those shrubs, each with a thousand blossoms on it as sweet as honey, and the golden wattles on the other side, laden with perfume."

4. "Aye, lad! it is very refreshing. It is Sunday, too, and we have got away from the crowd for an hour or two. In England, there would be a little white church out yonder, with a spire like an angel's forefinger pointing from the grass to heaven; and the lads in their clean smock-frocks, the girls in their white stockings and new shawls, and the old women in their scarlet cloaks and black bonnets, all going one road, in response to the tinkle-tinkle from the belfry—they would render these other sounds and colors and sweet smells holy as well as fair on he Sabbath morn. Ah! England!"

"Tut! Tut! This is a lovely land."

5. "So 'tis, Tom, so 'tis. But I'll tell you what puts me out a bit: here, nothing is what you would suppose it to be. If you see a ripe pear and go to eat it—it is a lump of hard wood. There, now, look at that magpie! Well, it is Australia—so that magpie[1] is a crow, and not a magpie at all. Everything pretends to be some old friend or other, and turns out to be a stranger. There is nothing but surprises and make-believe. The flowers make a point of not having any smell; and the bushes that nobody wants to smell have a lovely scent. I like to smell a flower—a flower does not seem to me complete without scent,—but I don't care if I never smell a bush till I die. Then, the birds laugh and talk like Christians; they make me split my sides; but they won't chirrup. The animals have four legs, so they jump on two. Ten feet square of rock lets for a pound a month; ten acres of grass, for a few shillings a year. You are roasted at Christmas, and shiver with cold on Midsummer Day."[2]

6. Robinson laughed, and told George he admired the country for these very things. "Novelty for me against the world. Who'd come twelve thousand miles to see nothing new or strange?"

* * * * *

7. The friends strode briskly on, and, a little after eleven o'clock, they came to the house of a small squatter. "Here we are," cried George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight.

The house was whitewashed, and roofed with bark; but "English" was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. They passed to the back of the house; and there George's face fell a little, for, on the oval grass-plot and gravel-walk, he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

8. "Ah! well," said he, after thinking a little, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and, indeed, it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is—here it is—there." Tom looked up; and, in a very large cage, was a light-brown bird. Near the cage stood the woman who owned the little creature.

He was utterly at a loss. "What, is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

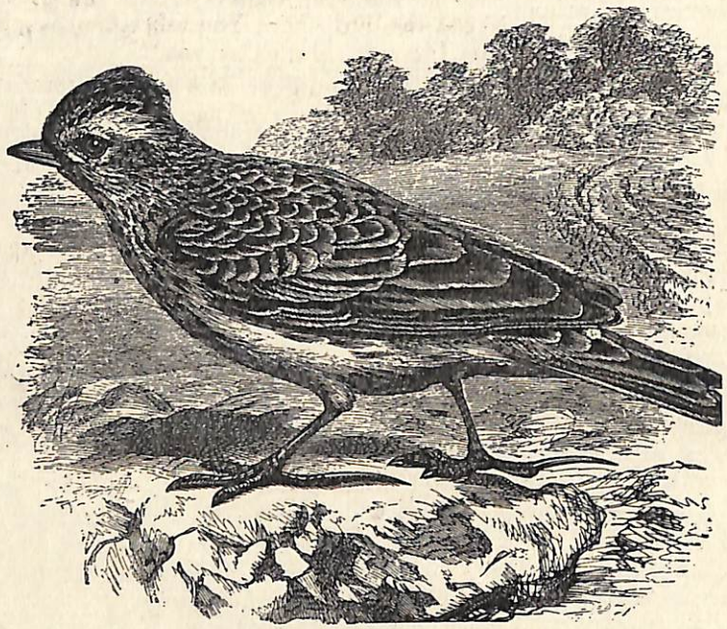
"Aye! and twice twelve wouldn't have been far to me."

9. "Hold your noise," cried one of the men; "the lark is going to sing." The whole party had their eyes turned towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But, at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had said that he would sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. And, then, the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here; and he gave music back for it more and more, till, at last, amidst breathless silence, the glistening eyes of the rough diggers fixed intently on him, out burst, in a distant land, his English song.

10. It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force; and, every time he checked it to think of the green meadows, the quiet, stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And, when he swelled with song again, and poured forth, with all his soul, the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honeyed clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled down bronzed and rugged cheeks. Home, sweet home!

11. These rough, bearded men had once been fair-haired boys, and had roamed about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers,



AN ENGLISH SKYLARK.

and had seen the lark rise, and heard him sing, again and again, this very song. And so, for a moment or two, the long years rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory of each, and the past shone out in the glory of the song. They came back, those faded pictures and those fleeted days—the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay or gambolled while the lark praised God overhead.

12. "What will you take for him, mistress?" asked one. "I will give you five pounds for him."

"No! no! I won't take five pounds for my bird."

"Of course she won't," cried another. "Here, ma'am," said he, "I'll give you that for him;" and he extended a brown hand, with at least thirty new sovereigns glittering in it.

13. The woman trembled; she and her husband were just emerging from poverty, after a hard fight. "O!" she cried, "it is a shame to tempt me with so much gold. We had six larks brought over, and all died on the way but this one." And she threw her white apron over her head so as not to see the glittering bribe.

14. "Put your money up, and don't tempt the woman," was the cry on all sides. Then one added, "Why, the bird wouldn't live a week if you had it."

The woman, turning to the man who wanted to buy the lark, said, "Come every Sunday and hear the bird sing. You will get more pleasure from him, in that way, than if he were always by you."

"So I will, thank you," replied the digger, in a friendly tone.

15. George stayed till the lark gave up singing altogether, and, then he said, "Now, I am off. Let us take the lark's song home to bed with us." And they made off.

"The pretty bird," said George. "I feel after hearing him—there—as if I had just come out of church."

"So do I, George, and I think his song must be a psalm, if we knew all."

—Adapted from *It is Never too Late to Mend*, by CHARLES READE (1814-84), an English novelist.

1. Mag'pie. The common European magpie is a black and white, noisy, and mischievous bird. It has a long, graduated tail. The Australian magpies are crow-shrikes, and resemble the English magpie in general appearance, but have not the long tail of that bird.

2. Mid-sum mer Day. Midsummer, the middle of summer, the summer solstice, falls, in the Northern Hemisphere, about the 21st of June; but it is usual to call the 24th Midsummer Day.

* AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING.

Or'chard, fruit-garden.
Hoar'y, white.
Wealth (the "a" silent), riches; abundance.
Prom'ised, offered as a future gift.
Ma'vis (the "a" as in *ale*), song-thrush.
Subt'le (*sut'l*), working in a secret manner.
Pet'als, flower-leaves.
Cas-cades', downpourings, as of foaming water.
Pre'cious (*presh'us*), of great worth.
Ren'der, give.

1. Have you seen an apple orchard
In the spring?
Have you seen an apple orchard
in the spring,
When the spreading trees are
hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring?

2. Have you plucked the apple
blossoms in the spring,
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors
in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the
light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring.

3. Have you walked beneath the
blossoms in the spring,
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in
the spring,
When the pink cascades are
falling,
And the silver brooklets
brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft
calling,
In the spring?

4. If you have not, then you
know not, in
the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color,
beauty, wonder
of the spring;
No sweet sight
I can remem-
ber
Half so precious,
half so tender,
As the apple
blossoms ren-
der
In the spring.

—WILLIAM MARTIN,
an English
writer.



APPLE-TREES IN BLOOM AT BURNLEY VICTORIA.

THE CODLIN MOTH.

De-light'ed, greatly pleased.
At-tract'ing, drawing to; enticing.
In'ter-est-ed, having the attention taken.
Cat'er-pil-lar, worm or grub-like creature.
Dis-turbed', interfered with or moved.
Ad-mir'ing (the first "i" as in *ice*), looking at with wonder and pleasure.
Ap-plied', put on.
Poi'son-ous, here, hurtful to life or health if eaten.
Co-coons', cases in which the caterpillars or grubs of certain insects envelop themselves.
In-spect'ed, examined carefully.
Re-ceived', took what was offered.

1. Charlie had lived nearly all his short life in Melbourne, so it was a great treat to him and his sister Kate when their uncle invited them to spend a long holiday at his orchard.

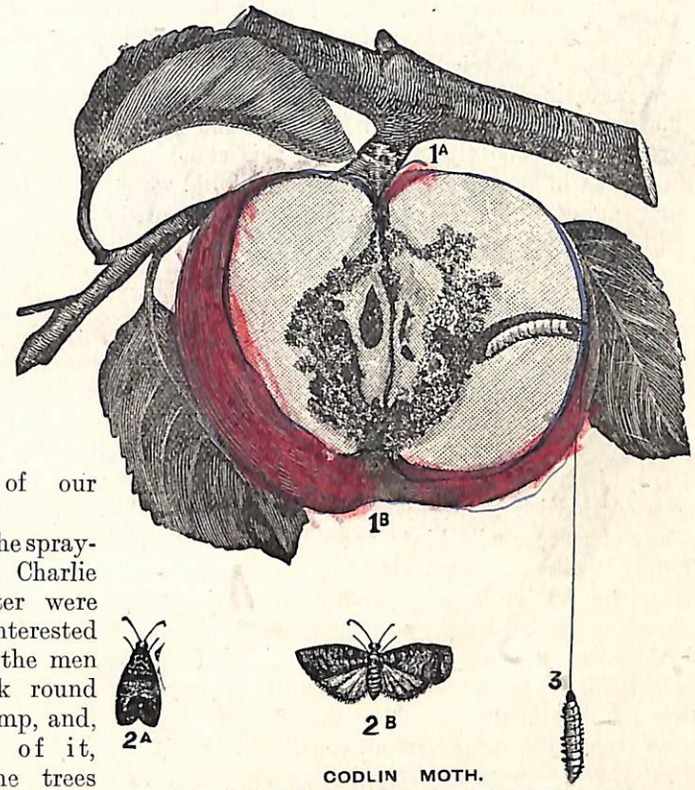
2. On reaching the end of their journey, the children were delighted. It was springtime. The weather was perfect. The flower gardens were gay with colors; and the long rows of fruit-trees in the well-kept orchard were gaily decked with dainty blossoms. Wild flowers, too, grew thickly in the fields and along the wayside. Never before had the children seen so much beauty at one time. Little Kate clapped her hands with joy at the charming sights. The bees, and butterflies,

and other insects were having a busy and happy time; and the children were never weary of admiring the many wonderful things they saw.

3. One bright morning, they went with their uncle to that part of the orchard where the apple-trees were growing. The lovely petals of some of the earlier kinds were beginning to fall. They had done their duty in attracting the bees and other insects; and, as they dropped off, they left behind them the result of their life work in the shape of a tiny, green apple.

4. "Now," said their uncle, "we must begin at once to spray these trees, or else the insects will get the best part of our crop."

Next day, the spraying began. Charlie and his sister were very much interested in watching the men as they took round the spray pump, and, by means of it, covered the trees with a very fine mist. They had no idea why this was done, so they asked Tom, their cousin.



CODLIN MOTH.

From *Guides to Growers*, No. 27, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Victoria.]

1A. Branch of apple-tree and fruit, showing damage done to pips, and mode of escape of caterpillar. 1B. Upper portion of fruit when newly formed, showing where egg of moth is deposited. 2A Perfect insect at rest. Slightly enlarged. 2B. Perfect insect on wing. Slightly enlarged. 3. Caterpillar lowering itself from apple by means of silken thread spun by the insect for the purpose.

5. "The spraying," said Tom, "is done to the apple and the pear-trees to kill the grub, or caterpillar, of the codlin moth. If we were not to do this, or if we did not do it thoroughly, and at the proper time, our crop of apples would, very likely, be spoiled. If we do it too soon, while the blossoms are on the trees, we may injure the bees, and the fruit will not set. If we wait till the grub has got right into the apple, we shall be too late, as the spray liquid cannot then reach it. The moth lays an

egg in the crown of the apple just after it is formed, or on the side of the more advanced fruit. In four or five days, a tiny grub is hatched, and, if it is not disturbed, it will slowly eat its way to the core of the fruit, and so spoil it. But we spray the trees, as you see, with a poisonous substance, so that the first food the newly-hatched grub eats is poison. The spraying is done several times during the season; and, in this way, we destroy the pest and save the crop."

"But won't that poison the apples, too?" asked Kate.

6. "O no! there is no fear on that score," replied Tom. "You see, the poison is applied in so small a quantity; and, then, winds and rain are removing it all the time the fruit is growing. Only a very small portion is caught in the tiny hollow at the crown of the apple. We must first spray while the apple is in this stage with its crown uppermost. Soon, it will hang over, and, then, the liquid would not lodge. But, even supposing that all the spray liquid were to remain on the apple, it would still do no harm. A person would have to eat several cases of fruit at one time to get enough poison to do him any injury, and I think that even Charlie wouldn't be able to manage that."

7. A day or two afterwards, the children were greatly interested in watching their uncle's men tie bands round the trunks of the trees. These, they were told, were for the purpose of catching the grubs that collected in cracks in the trunk or other suitable hiding-places. The children often went round with Tom, as he inspected the bands, and killed the grubs and cocoons that had collected under them. The tame magpie was often with them on these rounds, and helped as much as anyone. They often saw wild birds, too, busy searching the bands and any cranny about the trees. Tom also told them that some tiny insects helped in keeping down the pest, by laying their eggs in the caterpillar itself. These eggs soon hatch, and the tiny grubs from them feed on the codlin-moth caterpillar, and so, as it were, "nip it in the bud."

8. Charlie began, at first, to count the grubs that they killed, but, soon, the number became so great that he had to give up. He could see it was true, as Tom explained, that, by killing them in this stage, the next brood would be much less in number. He also noticed that more grubs gathered under bandages of woollen stuff than under cotton bands or strips of bagging. Tom told Charlie and his sister that, when the apples were larger, the men were very careful to pick up from the ground, or off the trees, all fruit that showed signs of having a grub inside, and such fruit was quickly and carefully destroyed.

9. The children's holiday ended, as they thought, much too soon, and they had to return to their city home.

When the fruit was ripe, they, to their great delight, received a case of the finest and rosiest apples, which their uncle sent them to show how the crop had been saved by the three operations of spraying, bandaging the trees, and destroying the infected fruit.

—G. H. ADCOCK, F.L.S., Department of Agriculture.

* THE WEST WIND.

POETRY

Daf'fo-dils, yellow flowers of the lily kind.
Balm (*bahm*), healing ointment.
Bruised, sore from blows.
Ach'ing (*ayk'ing*), feeling pain

1. It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes,
For it comes from the west lands, the old, brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

2. It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine:
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine;
There is cool, green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

3. "Will you not come home, brother? You've been long away.
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the spray,
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain.
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again?

4. "The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun;
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

5. "Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat;
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

6. It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread,
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets, and the brown brooks, and the thrushes' song,
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

—JOHN MASEFIELD, a living English poet, in *Ballads and Poems*, published by Elkin Mathews.

* THE LIBERATOR.

Lib'er-a'tor, one who sets others free.
Vol'un-teers', those who offer to do something.
Al'li-ga-tor, kind of huge, savage lizard, found in rivers.
Ar'ma-dil'lo, burrowing animal with an armored coat.
E'gret, white heron, with delicate plumes.
Ca-noes' (*kah-nooz'*), light boats of bark or the like.
Gla'ciers (*glay'sherz* or *glas'e-ers*), bodies of ice slowly moving down valleys or mountain-slopes.
Colo'nel (*kur'nel*), chief officer of a regiment.
Wretch'ed, unhappy.
In-vad'er (the "a" as in *ale*), one who comes with force into an enemy's country.
Re-cruits', newly enlisted soldiers.
He-ro'ic, brave and resolute.

1. An army marched to the west in search of freedom, and the captain was Simon Bolivar,[1] who is known in history as the Liberator. In June, 1819, the soldiers—brown-skinned, partly of Spanish, partly of Indian blood, with some English volunteers—marched along the bank of the

river Apure.[2] The enemy was Spain. The Spanish pioneers had conquered this region of South America. Times had passed, and the people now desired to govern themselves, and they had risen, under the leadership of Bolivar, against the power of Spain.

2. Alligators made the rivers dangerous. Red deer trot; armadillos creep; monkeys chatter; parrots crack nuts; and white vultures, with red heads, glide through the air in search of prey. Native Indians go up and down the rivers in rough canoes in search of the egret, whose lovely feathers are sought after for the adorning of hats. Alas! poor egrets, they die too soon, because they are beautiful.

3. On the left hand of Bolivar's army stretched the wide plains of the Orinoco,[3] where cowboys herd vast herds of cattle. Many llaneros (*lah-nay'-roze*), or cowboys, had joined the Liberator's force, but they had a dread of hills and mountains, and, when they saw the road he was taking towards the rugged west, many of them deserted. The band of liberty pressed forward, on horse and on foot.



From *The World of To-day.*]
A SPANISH-AMERICAN HALF-BREED.

4. On the savannas,[4] the grass grew more than six feet high. A long-legged stork was sometimes seen standing in the midst of a marsh. Lizards basked in the sun.

Hills arose, and, after a time, the men lifted up their eyes to the high peaks of the Andes[5] afar off, the ice of glaciers glistening on the sides of the mountains. Bolivar counted his men, and they numbered 2,500. A small army, indeed, but it had faith.

5. Faith! Yes, even in the midst of many waters. Rains fell, and Bolivar's troops waded in streams that reached to the knee, or even, at times, to the waist; or they swam (beware of alligators!); or they crossed rivers in boats made of hides. No easy matter was it to keep the gunpowder dry. At night, the soldiers halted on some rising ground, and lit fires for cooking and for drying clothes.

6. Colonel Rook, leader of the English company, had been present at the battle of Waterloo.[6] His temper was cheery amid all troubles. Dreadful was the march of his company, which formed the rear-guard when Bolivar's army struggled along the cold mountain pass.

"How have you fared?" asked the General, as Rook and his half-frozen men trudged into camp. "We have had a pleasant time," replied Rook, with a sunny smile.

7. All the animals—mules and horses—perished in the chill of this high path, for Bolivar had led his people to hills that rose 13,000 feet above sea-level. Had they climbed a little higher, they would have trod the fields of eternal snow. Clad in light clothing, which was suited to the warm plains, the soldiers suffered terribly, and many died; and wretched was the state of the cowboys, who had no brave horses to carry them. Salute the brave horses. They, also, bore the pain of the fight for freedom. Men flogged one another, not in wrath, but in brotherhood, seeking to warm their sluggish blood. Sleep was difficult. Down in the valley, at the city of Bogota,[7] the Spaniards could sleep at ease. They little dreamed of the approach of Bolivar and liberty.

8. On the 6th of July, the army had dragged its weary load downwards to the town of Socha, where the valley is green, and fruit-trees bear



From *The World of To-day.*]
A REST-HOUSE ON A ROAD OVER THE ANDES.

fruit, and water-mills grind corn, and the air is sweet like everlasting spring; and the ragged host of freedom took breath after the toilsome crossing of the Andes; and Rook, the Englishman, smiled again, not knowing his death was so near; and Bolivar was glad with the pride of a man who overcomes hardship in a noble cause.

9. The people of Socha ran out to the help of the invaders. They offered food, tobacco, country beer; and there was a joyful hum of talk and joke and song. Rusty muskets were cleaned, and mules and horses bought, and long-haired youths came forward as recruits for the fight that was soon to be waged. Hair had to be cut; musket drill taught; orderly marching learned.

10. About 4,000 Spaniards met the Liberator in the valley. Some of them had mounted the hills on the left. The Army of Freedom was in peril. Then, the cowboys charged to the front, and Rook and his English clambered up the left slopes, and the soldiers of Spain gave away. Rook's arm was badly hurt, and had to be cut off. A few days later, he died; but, to the last, he might have said:—

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul." 8

11. On the 7th of August, a bridge and a river were the center of a battlefield; and, at the close of the day, 1,600 of the enemy had yielded, with guns and stores, to the power and faith of Bolivar. Three evenings later, Bolivar and his comrades tramped into the capital city of Bogota.

12. To-day, Bogota is the capital of the Republic of Colombia. Bolivar's body rests in the capital of the Republic of Venezuela, which also owes its liberty to the Liberator. The Republic of Bolivia is named after his name.

13. Let us work to put an end to all war; but let us remember with honor the heroic spirits who fought in wars of freedom. Honor to Simon Bolivar, and the men who crossed the Andes in 1819! Let us be just, and give a salute also to the Spaniards who died, doing—as they deemed—their duty.

—From *Stories for Young Hearts and Minds*, by F. J. GOULD, published by George Allen, London.

1. **Si-mon Bol-i-var** (1783-1830), was born in Caracas (*kah-rah-kahs*), and educated in Europe. He fought under General Miranda to secure the independence of Venezuela. He was made first president of the United States of Colombia. He helped the Peruvians to establish the new republic of Bolivia. He is sometimes called the "Washington of South America."

2. **A-pu-re,** one of the tributaries of the Orinoco.

3. **Or-i-no-co,** one of the principal rivers of South America, ranking next in importance to the Amazon and the La Plata. It flows into the Caribbean Sea.

4. **The sa-van-nas,** or savannahs. The name is given chiefly to the treeless, grassy plains in the south-east of the United States. Along the Orinoco, similar plains are called llanos (*lah-noze*).

5. **An-des.** a great mountain chain in South America, extending from the Isthmus of Panama to Cape Horn. Some of its peaks attain a height of 20,000 feet.

6. **Bat-tle of Wat-er-loo,** the great battle fought on Sunday, 18th June, 1815, by the English under the Duke of Wellington and the Prussians under Marshal Blücher against the French under Napoleon I., near Waterloo, in Belgium. It resulted in the final overthrow of Napoleon.

7. **Bo-go-ta'** (*bo-go-tah'*), on the River Bogota, is the capital of the United States of Colombia.

8. **Cap-tain of my soul.** The quotation is from an English poet named Henley, who died a few years ago.

* BRAVE WOMEN.

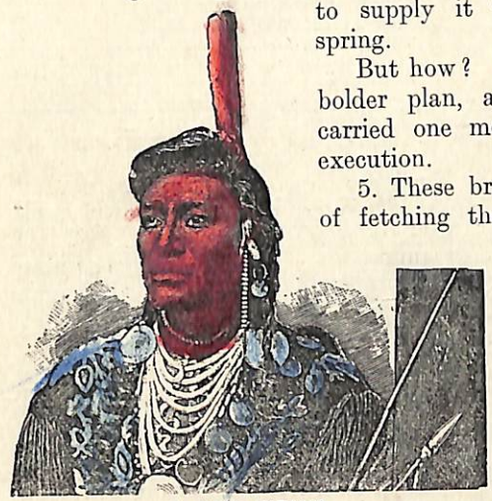
1. Upon the banks of a river in the State of Kentucky,[1] there was once a fort to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers against the allied Indians of Ohio,[2] led by two renegade white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

2. The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the corn-fields one summer night. That very evening, the garrison had chanced to gather under

arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested. They were, therefore, unexpectedly prepared for the attack.

3. The Indians saw, at a glance, that the moment was not favorable to them; and, having failed to surprise the garrison, they attempted to decoy them from the fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege.

4. But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins, arranged in a hollow square, was, unhappily, not supplied with water; and the besieged were aware that the enemy had placed his real force in ambush near a neighboring spring. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring.



A RED INDIAN.

But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder plan, and woman's courage never carried one more dangerous into successful execution.

5. These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that, if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would perceive that their ambuscade had been discovered, and would, instantly, commence the assault.

6. Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy-party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they expected no enemy in that quarter.

7. Could anything be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors! The slightest alarm will betray them. If they show that they are aware of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other, till each fills her bucket in succession.

8. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated, and are, at last, hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

9. A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, at once proclaimed the safety of the

women and the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians renewed the attack again and again; but they were foiled every time, and, at last, withdrew their forces.

—CHARLES F. HOFFMAN (1806-1884), an American writer.

Pi'o-neers', men who go first into new country.
Des'per-ate, heedless of danger.
Ren'e-gade, unfaithful to one's party; turncoat.
Gar'ri-son, troops that guard a fort.
Sim'i-lar-ly, in like manner.
In-vest'ed, set round with the enemy.
Un'ex-pect'ed-ly, in an unlooked-for manner.
Fa'vor-a-ble, giving hope of success.
De-coy', draw into a trap; coax into danger.
Pre-sent'ing, here, displaying; offering.
Siege (*seej*), settling down of an army before a fort to take it.
Am'bush, act or place of hiding to attack others as they pass by.
De-ter'mined, resolved; made up their minds.
De-vised', invented.
Suc-cess'ful, leading to the wished-for end.
Ex'e-cu'tion, carrying out of a plan.
Am'bus-cade, same as "ambush."
As-sault', furious attack.
Ap-pall'ing, terrifying.
In-ev'i-ta-ble, not to be avoided.
De-ceived', led into error.
Her'o-ines (*her'o-inz*), brave women
Ag'i-tat-ed (the second "a" as in *ale*), much troubled
Tra-di'tion, knowledge handed down in unwritten stories.
In-sane', mad.
Cov'ert, hiding-place.
Foiled, baffled.

1. **State of Ken-tuck'y**, one of the United States of North America, bounded on the north by the Ohio River. About two-thirds of the State is under forest. Its chief town is Louisville. Its productions are maize, wheat, tobacco, hemp, petroleum, coal, horses, and iron ore.

2. **O-hi'o**, another of the United States, bordering on Lake Erie. Its largest towns are Cincinnati and Cleveland. Its products are wheat, oats, potatoes, tobacco, pork, petroleum, coal, and iron.

* WAS HE A COWARD?

I knew a young soldier who died in the early campaign, who confided to his sister that he had made up his mind to volunteer for the war. "I have not," he said, "any proper courage, but I shall never let anyone find it out." And he had accustomed himself always to go into whatever place of danger, and do whatever he was afraid to do, setting a dogged resolution to resist this natural infirmity.

—From an essay on *Courage*, by RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-82), an American poet, essayist, and philosopher.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Sir WALTER SCOTT. (GLEE.) Sir H. R. BISHOP.



HAIL TO THE CHIEF—*continued.*



HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

KEY D. *f*

d'	:—	:d'.t	d'	:	:d'.,d'	d'	:d'	:r'	m'.,r'	:d'	:
m	:—	:m.r	m	:	:d.,r	m	:m	:s	s .,f	:m	:
1 Hail		to the chief			who in	tri -	umph	ad -	van - ces!		
2 Row,		vas-sals, row			for the	pride	of	the	High - lands!		

d'	:d'	:r'	s	:d'	:- .t	d'	:l	:r'	d'	:t	:
m	:m	:f	m	:m	:- .r	m	:f	:f	m	:r	:
1 Hon - or'd		and	blest	be	the	ev -	er -	green	pine!		
2. Stretch	to	your	oars,	for	the	ev -	er -	green	pine!		

d'	:—	:d'.t	d'	:d'	:d'	d'.d'	:—	:r'	m'.,r'	:d	: .d'
m	:—	:m.r	m	:m	:f	m.m	:—	:s	s .,f	:m	: .m
1. Long		may he tree	in	his		ban - ner		that	glan - ces		
2. O!		that the rose -	bud	that		gra - ces		yon	is - lands		Were

d'.d'	:—	:t.l	s	:m	:l	r	:s	:fe	s	:—	:
m.m	:—	:re.re	m	:d	:d	t_1	:t_1	:d	t_1	:—	:
1 Flour-ish,		the	she	ter	and	grace	of	our	line!		
2. wreath'd		in a	gar -	land	a -	round	him	to	twine!		

p

s	:—	:t .t	d'	:- .s	:s	s	:—	:t .t	d'	:- .s	:s
f	:—	:f .f	m	:- .m	:m	f	:—	:f .f	m	:- .m	:m
1 Heav'n		send it	hap -	py	dew,	Earth		lend it	sap	-	a - new,
2. O		that some seed	-	ling	gem,	wor	- -	thy such	no	- -	ble stem

cres.

t	:—	:l .t	d'	:d'	:d'	t	:t	:d'	r'	:—	:—
r	:—	:r .r	d	.,r :m	:f	s	:s	:l	t	:—	:—
1. Gai - -		ly to	bour -	geon	and	broad -	ly	to	grow,		
2. Hon -		or'd and	blest	in	their	sha -	dow	might	grow!		

r'	:—	:m'.r'	d'.l	:s	:—	r'	:- .m'	:r'	d'.l	:s	:—
s	:—	:f .f	m.f	:m	:—	f	:- .f	:f	m.f	:m	:—
1. While		ev - 'ry	High-land glen			sends	our	shout	back a - gain,		
2. Loud		should Clan	Al - pine then			ring	from	her	deep-est glen,		

ff

m'.,r'	:d'	:	m'.,r'	:d'	:	d'.,d'	:d'	:d'	d'	:m'	:m
s .,f	:m	:	s .,f	:m	:	m.,f	:s	:l	s	:m	:m
"Rod - er - ick,			Rod - er - ick,			Rod - er - ick		Vich	Al -	pine	dhu,

dim.

d'	:—	:—	s	:—	:—	s .m	:—	:—	—	:	:
l_1	:—	:—	t_1	:—	:—	d	:—	:—	—	:	:
Ho	-	-	ie	-	-	roe!					

p *pp*

l	:—	:—	s	:—	:—	s .d'	:—	:—	—	:—	:—
f	:—	:—	f	:—	:—	m	:—	:m	m	:—	:—
Ho	.	.	ie	-	-	roe!"		(ie -	roe.")		

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