

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Packet

April 14 - April 17, 2020

4th grade

Ms. Ward

Mr. Grimes

Mr. Garrett

Ms. Lopez

Student Name: _____ Section: _____

old lady, with such lovely white hair—as white as my silver cup. Now, when I think of it, I think her hair must be silver.”

“What nonsense you are talking, Princess!” said the nurse. “I’m not talking nonsense,” returned Irene, rather offended. “I will tell you all about her. She’s much taller than you, and much prettier.”

“Oh, I daresay!” remarked the nurse.

“And she lives upon pigeons’ eggs.”

“Most likely,” said the nurse.

“And she sits in an empty room, spin-spinning all day long.”

“Not a doubt of it,” said the nurse.

“And she keeps her crown in her bedroom.”

“Of course—quite the proper place to keep her crown in. She wears it in bed, I’ll be bound.”

“She didn’t say that. And I don’t think she does. That wouldn’t be comfortable—would it? I don’t think my papa wears his crown for a nightcap. Does he, nurse?”

“I never asked him. I daresay he does.”

“And she’s been there ever since I came here—ever so many years.”

“Anybody could have told you that,” said the nurse, who did not believe a word Irene was saying.

“Why didn’t you tell me then?”

CHAPTER 4

What the Nurse Thought of It

“Why, where can you have been, Princess?” asked the nurse, taking her in her arms. “It’s very unkind of you to hide away so long. I began to be afraid—”

Here she checked herself.

“What were you afraid of, nurse?” asked the princess.

“Never mind,” she answered. “Perhaps I will tell you another day. Now tell me where you have been?”

“I’ve been up a long way to see my very great, huge, old grandmother,” said the princess.

“What do you mean by that?” asked the nurse, who thought she was making fun.

“I mean that I’ve been a long way up and up to see my great grandmother. Ah, nurse, you don’t know what a beautiful mother of grandmothers I’ve got upstairs. She is *such* an

"There was no necessity. You could make it all up for yourself."

"You don't believe me then!" exclaimed the princess, astonished and angry, as well she might be.

"Did you expect me to believe you, Princess?" asked the nurse coldly. "I know princesses are in the habit of telling make-believes, but you are the first I ever heard of who expected to have them believed," she added, seeing that the child was strangely in earnest.

The princess burst into tears.

"Well, I must say," remarked the nurse, now thoroughly vexed with her for crying, "it is not at all becoming in a princess to tell stories *and* expect to be believed just because she is a princess."

"But it's quite true, I tell you, nurseie."

"You've dreamed it, then, child."

"No, I didn't dream it. I went upstairs, and I lost myself, and if I hadn't found the beautiful lady I should never have found myself."

"Oh, I daresay!"

"Well, you just come up with me and see if I'm not telling the truth."

"Indeed I have other work to do. It's your dinnertime, and I won't have any more such nonsense."

The princess wiped her eyes, and her face grew so hot that they were soon quite dry. She sat down to her dinner but ate next to nothing. Not to be believed does not at all agree with princesses; for a real princess cannot tell a lie. So all the afternoon she did not speak a word. Only when the nurse spoke to her she answered her, for a real princess is never rude—even when she does well to be offended.

Of course the nurse was not comfortable in her mind—not that she suspected the least truth in Irene's story, but that she loved her dearly and was vexed with herself for having been cross to her. She thought her crossness was the cause of the princess's unhappiness, and had no idea that she was really and deeply hurt at not being believed. But, as it became more and more plain during the evening in every motion and look, that, although she tried to amuse herself with her toys, her heart was too vexed and troubled to enjoy them, her nurse's discomfort grew and grew. When bedtime came she undressed and laid her down, but the child, instead of holding up her little mouth to be kissed, turned away from her and lay still. Then nurseie's heart gave way altogether and she began to cry. At the sound of her first sob the princess turned again and held her face to kiss as usual. But the nurse had her handkerchief to her eyes and did not see the movement.

"Nursie," said the princess, "why won't you believe me?"

"Because I can't believe you," said the nurse, getting angry again.

"Ah! Then you can't help it," said Irene, "and I will not be vexed with you any more. I will give you a kiss and go to sleep."

"You little angel!" cried the nurse and caught her out of bed and walked about the room with her in her arms, kissing and hugging her.

"You *will* let me take you to see my dear, old, great big grandmother, won't you?" said the princess, as she laid her down again.

"And *you* won't say I'm ugly any more—will you, Princess?"

"Nursie! I never said you were ugly. What can you mean?"

"Well, if you didn't say it, you meant it."

"Indeed, I never did."

"You said I wasn't so pretty as that—"

"As my beautiful grandmother—yes, I did say that; and I say it again, for it's quite true."

"Then I *do* think you *are* unkind!" said the nurse, and put her handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Nursie, dear, everybody can't be as beautiful as every other body, you know. You are *very* nice-looking, but if you had been as beautiful as my grandmother—"

"Bother your grandmother!" said the nurse.

"Nurse, that's very rude. You are not fit to be spoken to—till you can behave better."

The princess turned away once more, and again the nurse was ashamed of herself.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Princess," she said, though still in an offended tone. But the princess let the tone pass, and heeded only the words.

"You won't say it again, I am sure," she answered, once more turning toward the nurse. "I was only going to say that if you had been twice as nice-looking as you are, some king or other would have married you, and then what would have become of me?"

"You are an angel!" repeated the nurse, again embracing her.

"Now," insisted Irene, "you *will* come and see my grandmother—won't you?"

"I will go with you anywhere you like, my cherub," she answered; and in two minutes the weary little princess was fast asleep.

alone and asking whether she might bring her nurse. She believed the fact that she could not otherwise convince her she was telling the truth would have much weight with her grandmother.

The princess and her nurse were the best of friends all dressing time, and the princess in consequence ate an enormous little breakfast.

"I wonder, Lootie"—that was her pet name for her nurse—"what pigeons' eggs taste like?" she said, as she was eating her egg—not quite a common one, for they always picked out the pinky ones for her.

"We'll get you a pigeon's egg and you shall judge for yourself," said the nurse.

"Oh, no, no!" returned Irene, suddenly reflecting they might disturb the old lady in getting it, and that, even if they did not, she would have one less in consequence.

"What a strange creature you are," said the nurse, "first to want a thing, then to refuse it!"

But she did not say it crossly, and the princess never minded any remarks that were not unfriendly.

"Well, you see, Lootie, there are reasons," she returned, and said no more, for she did not want to bring up the subject of their former strife lest her nurse should offer to go before she had had her grandmother's permission to bring her. Of

CHAPTER 5

The Princess Lets Well Alone

When she woke the next morning, the first thing she heard was the rain still falling. Indeed, this day was so like the last that it would have been difficult to tell where was the use of it. The first thing she thought of, however, was not the rain but the lady in the tower; and the first question that occupied her thoughts was whether she should not ask the nurse to fulfill her promise this very morning, and go with her to find her grandmother as soon as she had had her breakfast. But she came to the conclusion that perhaps the lady would not be pleased if she took anyone to see her without first asking leave; especially as it was pretty evident, seeing she lived on pigeons' eggs and cooked them herself, that she did not want the household to know she was there. So the princess resolved to take the first opportunity of running up

course she could refuse to take her, but then she would believe her less than ever.

Now the nurse, as she said herself afterward, could not be every moment in the room, and as never before yesterday had the princess given her the smallest reason for anxiety, it had not yet come into her head to watch her more closely. So she soon gave her a chance, and, the very first that offered, Irene was off and up the stairs again.

This day's adventure, however, did not turn out like yesterday's, although it began like it; and indeed today is very seldom like yesterday, if people would note the differences—even when it rains. The princess ran through passage after passage, and could not find the stair of the tower. My own suspicion is that she had not gone up high enough and was searching on the second instead of the third floor. When she turned to go back she failed equally in her search after the stair. She was lost once more.

Something made it even worse to bear this time, and it was no wonder that she cried again. Suddenly it occurred to her that it was after having cried before that she had found her grandmother's stair. She got up at once, wiped her eyes, and started upon a fresh quest. This time, although she did not find what she hoped, she found what was next best: she did not come on a stair that went up, but she came upon one that

went down. It was evidently not the stair she had come up, yet it was a good deal better than none; so down she went, and was singing merrily before she reached the bottom. There, to her surprise, she found herself in the kitchen. Although she



was not allowed to go there alone, her nurse had often taken her, and she was a great favorite with the servants. So there was a general rush for her the moment she appeared, for everyone wanted to have her; and the report of where she was soon reached the nurse's ears. She came at once to fetch her; but she

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never suspected how she had got there, and the princess kept her own counsel.

Her failure to find the old lady not only disappointed her but made her very thoughtful. Sometimes she came almost to the nurse's opinion that she had dreamed all about her; but that fancy never lasted very long. She wondered much whether she should ever see her again and thought it very sad not to have been able to find her when she particularly wanted her. She resolved to say nothing more to her nurse on the subject, seeing it was so little in her power to prove her words.

CHAPTER 6

The Little Miner

The next day the great cloud still hung over the mountain and the rain poured like water from a full sponge. The princess was very fond of being out of doors and she nearly cried when she saw that the weather was no better. But the mist was not of such a dark dingy gray; there was light in it; and as the hours went on, it grew brighter and brighter until it was almost too brilliant to look at; and late in the afternoon the sun broke out so gloriously that Irene clapped her hands, crying:

“See, see, Lootie! The sun has had his face washed. Look how bright he is! Do get my hat, and let us go out for a walk. Oh dear! Oh dear! How happy I am!”

Lootie was very glad to please the princess. She got her hat and cloak, and they set out together for a walk up the

mountain; for the road was so hard and steep that the water could not rest upon it, and it was always dry enough for walking a few minutes after the rain ceased. The clouds were rolling away in broken pieces, like great, over-woolly sheep, whose wool the sun had bleached till it was almost too white for the eyes to bear. Between them the sky shone with a deeper and purer blue, because of the rain. The trees on the roadside were hung all over with drops, which sparkled in the sun like jewels. The only things that were no brighter for the rain were the brooks that ran down the mountain; they had changed from the clearness of crystal to a muddy brown; but what they lost in color they gained in sound—or at least in noise, for a brook when it is swollen is not so musical as before. But Irene was in raptures with the great brown streams tumbling down everywhere; and Lootie shared in her delight, for she too had been confined to the house for three days. At length she observed that the sun was getting low and said it was time to be going back. She made the remark again and again, but, every time, the princess begged her to go on just a little farther, and a little farther, reminding her that it was much easier to go downhill, and saying that when they did turn they would be at home in a moment. So on and on they did go, now to look at a group of ferns over whose tops a stream was pouring in a watery arch, now to pick a shining

stone from a rock by the wayside, now to watch the flight of some bird. Suddenly the shadow of a great mountain peak came up from behind and shot in front of them. When the nurse saw it she started and shook, and tremulously grasping the hand of the princess turned and began to run down the hill.

"What's all the haste, nursie?" asked Irene, running alongside of her.

"We must not be out a moment longer."

"But we can't help being out a good many moments longer."

It was too true. The nurse almost cried. They were much too far from home. It was against express orders to be out with the princess one moment after the sun was down; and they were nearly a mile up the mountain! If His Majesty, Irene's papa, were to hear of it Lootie would certainly be dismissed; and to leave the princess would break her heart. It was no wonder she ran. But Irene was not in the least frightened, not knowing anything to be frightened at. She kept on chattering as well as she could, but it was not easy.

"Lootie! Lootie! Why do you run so fast? It shakes my teeth when I talk."

"Then don't talk," said Lootie.

But the princess went on talking. She was always saying,

"Look, look, Lootie," but Lootie paid no more heed to anything she said, only ran on.

"Look, look, Lootie! Don't you see that funny man peeping over the rock?"

Lootie only ran the faster. They had to pass the rock, and when they came nearer the princess clearly saw that it was only a large fragment of the rock itself that she had mistaken for a man.

"Look, look, Lootie! There's *such* a curious creature at the foot of that old tree. Look at it, Lootie! It's making faces at us, I do think."

Lootie gave a stifled cry and ran faster still—so fast, that Irene's little legs could not keep up with her and she fell with a clash. It was a hard downhill road, and she had been running very fast—so it was no wonder she began to cry. This put the nurse nearly beside herself; but all she could do was to run on the moment she got the princess on her feet again.

"Who's that laughing at me?" said the princess, trying to keep in her sobs, and running too fast for her grazed knees.

"Nobody, child," said the nurse almost angrily.

But that instant there came a burst of coarse tittering from somewhere near, and a hoarse indistinct voice that seemed to say, "Lies! Lies! Lies!"

"Oh!" cried the nurse, with a sigh that was almost a scream, and ran on faster than ever.

"Nursie! Lootie! I can't run any more. Do let us walk a bit."



"What *am* I to do?" said the nurse. "Here, I will carry you." She caught her up but found her much too heavy to run with and had to set her down again. Then she looked wildly about her, gave a great cry, and said:

“We’ve taken the wrong turning somewhere, and I don’t know where we are. We are lost, lost!”

The terror she was in had quite bewildered her. It was true enough they had lost the way. They had been running down into a little valley in which there was no house to be seen.

Now Irene did not know what good reason there was for her nurse’s terror, for the servants had all strict orders never to mention the goblins to her, but it was very discomposing to see her nurse in such a fright. Before, however, she had time to grow thoroughly alarmed like her, she heard the sound of whistling and that revived her. Presently she saw a boy coming up the road from the valley to meet them. He was the whistler, but before they met, his whistling changed to singing. And this is something like what he sang:

“Ring! Dod! Bang!

Go the hammers’ clang!

Hit and turn and bore!

Whizz and puff and roar!

Thus we rive the rocks,

Force the goblin locks.

See the shining ore!

One, two, three—

Bright as gold can be!
Four, five, six—
Shovels, mattocks, picks!
Seven, eight, nine—



Light your lamp at mine.
Ten, eleven, twelve—
Loosely hold the helve.
We’re the merry miner boys,
Make the goblins hold their noise.”

"I wish you would hold *your* noise," said the nurse rudely, for the very word goblin at such a time and in such a place made her tremble. It would bring the goblins upon them to a certainty, she thought, to defy them in that way. But whether the boy heard her or not, he did not stop his singing.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—

This is worth the sifftin';

Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—

There's the match, and lay't in.

Nineteen, twenty—

Goblins in a plenty."

"Do be quiet," cried the nurse, in a whispered shriek. But the boy, who was now close at hand, still went on:

"Hush! Scush! Scurry!

There you go in a hurry!

Gobble! Gobble! Goblin!

There you go a-wobblin';

Hobble, hobble, hobblin'!

Cobble! Cobble! Cobblin'!

Hob-bob-goblin—Huuuuuh!"

"There!" said the boy, as he stood still opposite them. "There! That'll do for them. They can't bear singing, and they can't stand that song. They can't sing themselves, for they have no more voice than a crow; and they don't like other people to sing."

The boy was dressed in a miner's dress, with a curious cap on his head. He was a very nice-looking boy, with eyes as dark as the mines in which he worked, and as sparkling as the crystals in their rocks. He was about twelve years old. His face was almost too pale for beauty, which came of his being so little in the open air and the sunlight—for even vegetables grown in the dark are white; but he looked happy, merry indeed—perhaps at the thought of having routed the goblins; and his bearing as he stood before them had nothing clownish or rude about it.

"I saw them," he went on, "as I came up; and I'm very glad I did. I knew they were after somebody, but I couldn't see who it was. They won't touch you so long as I'm with you."

"Why, who are you?" asked the nurse, offended at the freedom with which he spoke to them.

"I'm Peter's son."

"Who's Peter?"

"Peter the miner."

"I don't know him."

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"I'm his son, though."

"And why should the goblins mind *you*, pray?"

"Because I don't mind them. I'm used to them."

"What difference does that make?"

"If you're not afraid of them, they're afraid of you. I'm not afraid of them. That's all. But it's all that's wanted—up here, that is. It's a different thing down there. They won't always mind that song even, down there. And if anyone sings it, they stand grinning at him awfully; and if he gets frightened and misses a word, or says a wrong one, they—oh, don't they give it him!"

"What do they do to him?" asked Irene with a trembling voice.

"Don't go frightening the princess," said the nurse.

"The princess!" repeated the little miner, taking off his curious cap. "I beg your pardon; but you oughtn't to be out so late. Everybody knows that's against the law."

"Yes, indeed it is!" said the nurse, beginning to cry again. "And I shall have to suffer for it."

"What does that matter?" said the boy. "It must be your fault. It is the princess who will suffer for it. I hope they didn't hear you call her the princess. If they did they're sure to know her again: they're awfully sharp."

"Lootie! Lootie!" cried the princess. "Take me home."

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"Don't go on like that," said the nurse to the boy, almost fiercely. "How could I help it? I lost my way."

"You shouldn't have been out so late. You wouldn't have lost your way if you hadn't been frightened," said the boy. "Come along. I'll soon set you right again. Shall I carry Your little Highness?"

"Impertinence!" murmured the nurse, but she did not say it aloud, for she thought if she made him angry, he might take his revenge by telling someone belonging to the house, and then it would be sure to come to the king's ears.

"No, thank you," said Irene. "I can walk very well, though I can't run so fast as nursie. If you will give me one hand, Lootie will give me another, and then I shall get on famously."

They soon had her between them, holding a hand of each.

"Now let's run," said the nurse.

"No, no," said the little miner. "That's the worst thing you can do. If you hadn't run before, you would not have lost your way. And if you run now, they will be after you in a moment."

"I don't want to run," said Irene.

"You don't think of *me*," said the nurse.

"Yes, I do, Lootie. The boy says they won't touch us if we don't run."

"Yes, but if they know at the house that I've kept you out so late, I shall be turned away and that would break my heart."

"Turned away, Lootie? Who would turn you away?"

"Your papa, child."

"But I'll tell him it was all my fault. And you know it was, Lootie."

"He won't mind that. I'm sure he won't."

"Then I'll cry and go down on my knees to him and beg him not to take away my own dear Lootie."

The nurse was comforted at hearing this, and said no more. They went on, walking pretty fast, but taking care not to run a step.

"I want to talk to you," said Irene to the little miner, "but it's so awkward! I don't know your name."

"My name's Curdie, little Princess."

"What a funny name! Curdie! What more?"

"Curdie Peterson. What's your name, please?"

"Irene."

"What more?"

"I don't know what more—what more is my name, Lootie?"

"Princesses haven't got more than one name. They don't want it."

"Oh, then, Curdie, you must call me just Irene, and no more."

"No, indeed," said the nurse indignantly. "He shall do no such thing."

"What shall he call me, then, Lootie?"

"Your Royal Highness."

"My Royal Highness! What's that? No, no, Lootie, I will not be called names. I don't like them. You said to me once yourself that it's only rude children that call names; and I'm sure Curdie wouldn't be rude—Curdie, my name's Irene."

"Well, Irene," said Curdie, with a glance at the nurse which showed he enjoyed teasing her, "it's very kind of you to let me call you anything. I like your name very much."

He expected the nurse to interfere again, but he soon saw that she was too frightened to speak. She was staring at something a few yards before them in the middle of the path, where it narrowed between rocks so that only one could pass at a time.

"It's very much kinder of you to go out of your way to take us home," said Irene.

"I'm not going out of my way yet," said Curdie. "It's on the other side of those rocks the path turns off to my father's."

"You wouldn't think of leaving us till we're safe home, I'm sure," gasped the nurse.

"Of course not," said Curdie.

"You dear, good, kind Curdie! I'll give you a kiss when we get home," said the princess.

The nurse gave her a great pull by the hand she held. But at that instant the something in the middle of the way, which had looked like a great lump of earth brought down by the rain, began to move. One after another it shot out four long things, like two arms and two legs, but it was now too dark to tell what they were. The nurse began to tremble from head to foot. Irene clasped Curdie's hand yet faster, and Curdie began to sing again.

"One, two—

Hit and hew!

Three, four—

Blast and bore!

Five, six—

There's a fix!

Seven, eight—

Hold it straight.

Nine, ten—

Hit again!

Hurry! Scurry!

Bother! Smother!

There's a toad

In the road!

Smash it!

Squash it!

Fry it!

Dry it!

You're another!

Up and off!

There's enough—Huuuuuh!"

As he uttered the last words, Curdie let go his hold of his companion, and rushed at the thing in the road as if he would trample it under his feet. It gave a great spring and ran straight up one of the rocks like a huge spider. Curdie turned back laughing and took Irene's hand again. She grasped his very tight but said nothing till they had passed the rocks. A few yards more and she found herself on a part of the road she knew, and was able to speak again.

"Do you know, Curdie, I didn't quite like your song; it sounds to me rather rude," she said.

"Well, perhaps it is," answered Curdie. "I never thought of that; it's a way we have. We do it because they don't like it."

"Who don't like it?"

"The cobs, as we call them."

"Don't!" said the nurse.

"Why not?" said Curdie.

"I beg you won't. Please don't."

"Oh, if you ask me that way, of course I won't, though I don't a bit know why. Look! There are the lights of your great house down below. You'll be at home in five minutes now."

Nothing more happened. They reached home in safety. Nobody had missed them or even known they had gone out, and they arrived at the door belonging to their part of the house without anyone seeing them. The nurse was rushing in, with a hurried and not over-gracious good night to Curdie; but the princess pulled her hand from hers, and was just throwing her arms around Curdie's neck when she caught her again and dragged her away.

"Lootie, Lootie, I promised Curdie a kiss," cried Irene.

"A princess mustn't give kisses. It's not at all proper," said Lootie.

"But I promised," said the princess.

"There's no occasion; he's only a miner boy."

"He is a good boy and a brave boy, and he has been very kind to us. Lootie! Lootie! I promised."

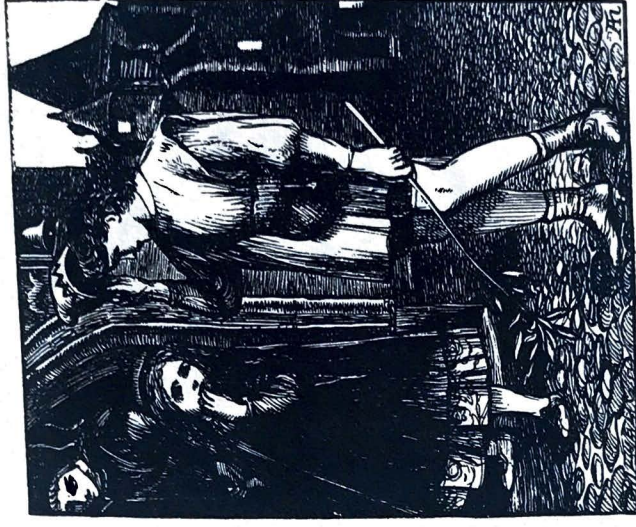
"Then you shouldn't have promised."

"Lootie, I promised him a kiss."

"Your Royal Highness," said Lootie, suddenly grown very respectful, "must come in directly."

"Nurse, a princess must *not* break her word," said Irene, drawing herself up and standing stock-still.

Lootie did not know which the king might count the worse—to let the princess be out after sunset or to let her kiss



a miner boy. She did not know that, being a gentleman, as many kings have been, he would have counted neither of them the worse. However much he might have disliked his daughter to kiss the miner boy, he would not have had her break her word for all the goblins in creation. But, as I say, the nurse was

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not lady enough to understand this and so she was in a great difficulty, for, if she insisted, someone might hear the princess cry and run to see, and then all would come out. But here Curdie came again to the rescue.

"Never mind, Princess Irene," he said. "You mustn't kiss me tonight. But you shan't break your word. I will come another time. You may be sure I will."

"Oh, thank you, Curdie!" said the princess, and stopped crying.

"Good night, Irene; good night, Lootie," said Curdie, and turned and was out of sight in a moment.

"I should like to see him!" muttered the nurse as she carried the princess to the nursery.

"You *will* see him," said Irene. "You may be sure Curdie will keep his word. He's *sure* to come again."

"I should like to see him!" repeated the nurse, and said no more. She did not want to open a new cause of strife with the princess by saying more plainly what she meant. Glad enough that she had succeeded both in getting home unseen, and in keeping the princess from kissing the miner's boy, she resolved to watch her far better in future. Her carelessness had already doubled the danger she was in. Formerly the goblins were her only fear; now she had to protect her charge from Curdie as well.

Empresarios Come With Settlers

Fighting between Spanish-born citizens in New Spain and Mexican-born citizens who wanted the Spanish to leave went on for several years. There were also many others fighting for the Spanish to get out of Texas. Two of those people were Dr. John Long, who was killed in his attempt to make the Spanish leave, and a pirate named Jean Lafitte, who attacked Spanish ships off the coast of Texas.

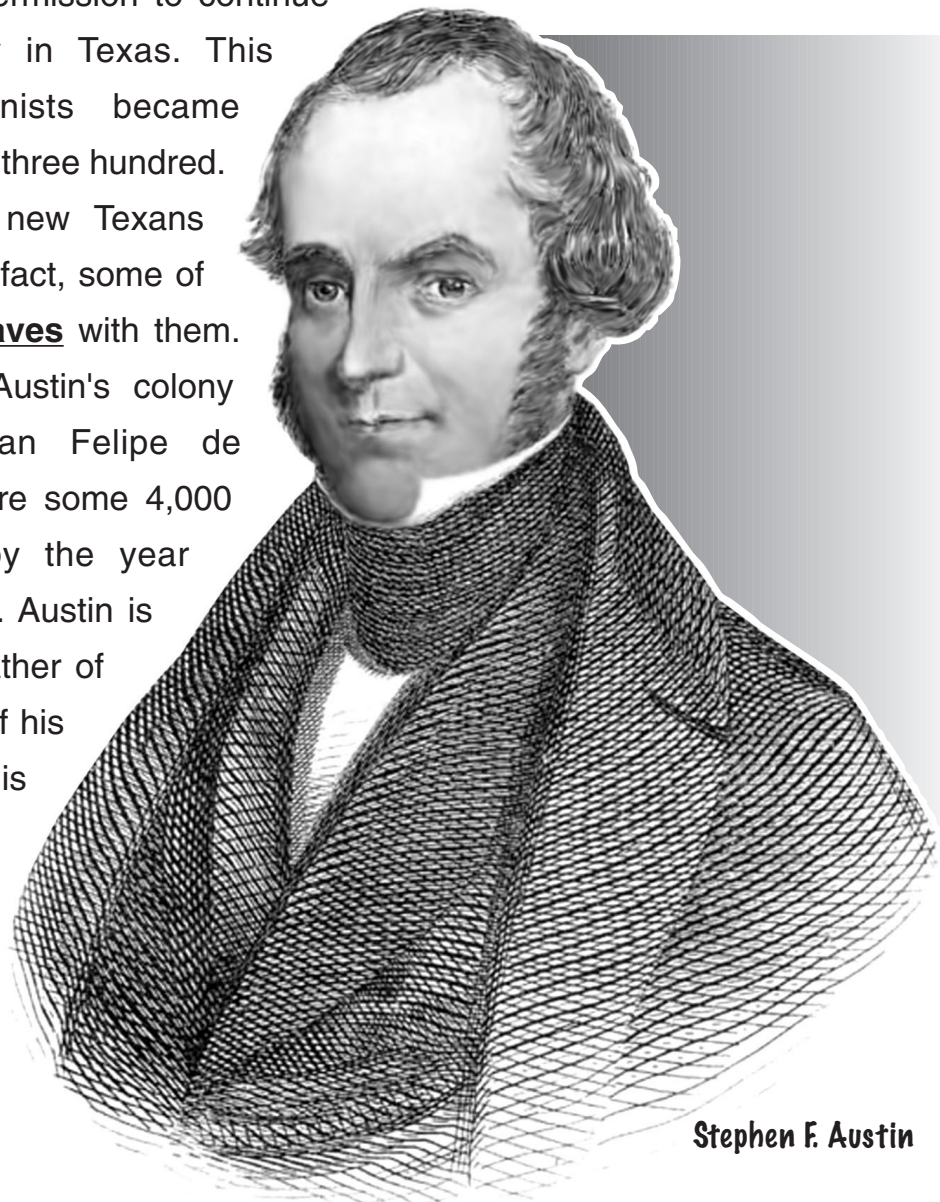
In 1821, Mexico won **independence** from Spain. **Territory** north of the Rio Grande, including Texas, became part of Mexico. Agustin de Iturbide declared himself Emperor of Mexico, but his rule did not last long. Mexico had many more leaders over the next few years. The fighting over control of Mexico had caused many of the Texas settlements to fall apart and become **abandoned**. The new country of Mexico was worried that the United States might take over the Texas land because there were so few Mexican settlers left there.

The Mexican government decided to issue **grants** to people who would come settle in Texas. These gifts of land were given to **empresarios**, who found settlers and brought them to different parts of Texas with the permission of the Mexican government. These settlers had to agree to follow Mexican law and honor the Catholic religion.

Tejanos, or Mexican citizens who had come to settle in Texas while it was still under the control of Spain, were already living there. These settlements were at San Antonio de Bexar, Nacogdoches, and La Bahia del Espiritu Santo. Two of these Tejanos were a father and son named Erasmo and Juan Sequin. They played a very important role in helping the new Texians, as they became known, to get settled and taught the Texians the best ways to survive in this new land.

Before Mexico won its independence from Spain, a man from Missouri named Moses Austin had asked permission from the Spanish government to bring American families into Texas to settle. He was given permission to do so, but he became very sick and was not able to finish gathering the settlers. His son, Stephen F. Austin, asked the Spanish government if he might continue his father's work. They agreed, and Stephen F. Austin became the first empresario in Texas. He picked out land along the Brazos River in South Texas and started to gather settlers and supplies for the new **colony**.

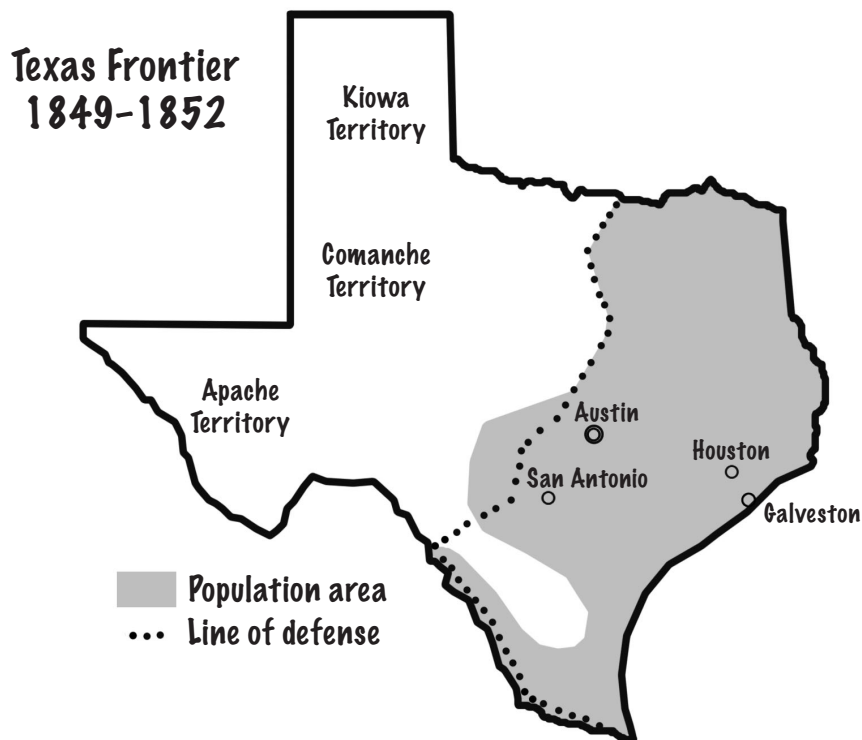
Before he could finish, however, Mexico became independent from Spain, and he had to start over again. Austin traveled to Mexico to talk to the government and again got permission to continue with the colony in Texas. This group of colonists became known as the old three hundred. Many of these new Texans were wealthy; in fact, some of them brought **slaves** with them. The capital of Austin's colony was named San Felipe de Austin; there were some 4,000 settlers there by the year 1830. Stephen F. Austin is known as the Father of Texas because of his role in bringing this group of settlers to live in Texas.



Stephen F. Austin

Other empresarios who founded colonies in Texas included Martin de Leon and Green DeWitt. Martin de Leon started a settlement at Guadalupe Victoria with twelve Mexican families who were joined later by American and Irish settlers. DeWitt had an agreement with the Mexican government to settle 400 families on land to the south and west of Austin's colony. He did not know that de Leon's settlement was within this land. The Mexican government said that de Leon's settlement could continue where it was. DeWitt went ahead and brought settlers to the area anyway. The town of Gonzales, part of DeWitt's colony, was attacked by native Texans, and many settlers escaped to the Austin colony. The colony had a difficult time growing but the population eventually did reach about 400.

Many other colonies were started in Texas by empresarios. These included settlements of Irish, German, Mexican and American colonists and others. Almost all of the early colonies were in southern, eastern and central Texas. The High Plains and Mountains and Basins regions were not well settled until much later for several reasons. Among those reasons were poor sources of water; poor soil, which was thought to be unsatisfactory for growing crops; harsh weather; and fear of attacks from tribes such as the Comanche and Apache.



Letter from Zeke Johnson of Tennessee

Dear Josiah,

I heard tell that they was openin' up land fer settlin' in Texas. It shore sounded right nice if'n it were good land. I remember when my pa cleared the land. It were good land with rich soil and it weren't too far from the river. The problem was jist too danged many trees. Course I realize that a feller needs trees fer building hisself a home, but clearin deep forest were jist too hard. Why, it liked ta break my Pa's back a pulling all them stumps. Course, livin' in a forest, ya always had to worry about Injuns ahidin' in the woods. Woods was always good fer Injuns to hide in.

I hopes that the land in Texas is good fer farmin', but farmin' shore is a lot of hard work. Now, if'n some of the land were clear enough fer raisin' beef critters, then a man might be able to put a few gold pieces in his pocket. Here at home, there ain't enough land fer raisin' beef critters. They is jist too dang many trees an' neighbors.

Course, I been a thinkin' of some other way which a body might earn hisself a good keep. If'n they was a good sized river in that there Texas, then I reckon that I could maybe build a mill a some sort; you know, a corn grinding mill, or maybe even a sawmill. It might be kinda nice ta do somethin' different for a change.

Maybe that ther land in Texas is what I'm lookin' fer. Course, I heard tell they was all kinds a land in Texas, even deserts. If'n I was ta move ta Texas, I shore wouldn't want to live in no desert. I jist hopes the land that there Austin feller choose is jist what me an' the family been prayin' fer. I guess only time will tell.

Yours most respectkfully,

Zeke Johnson

(his mark)

Odysseus and the Trial of the Bow

After Odysseus revealed himself to his son Telemachus, Telemachus returned to the royal palace, but he said nothing of Odysseus' return. The next day, Odysseus appeared at the royal palace as a beggar. On his way there he encountered an old dog named Argus, whom he had raised from a pup, feeding him by hand. But before it had been full grown, Odysseus had gone off to war. Ever since then, Argus had been waiting for his master to return. The dog was so old now that it no longer walked around or ate. It simply lay on the ground. But when he saw Odysseus he recognized his master. He lifted his head slightly, wagged his tail weakly, and drooped his ears. Then he laid his head down on the ground and died, satisfied to have seen his master one last time.

At the royal palace, Odysseus made conversation with the suitors, in particular a leader among the suitors named Antinous. On their first encounter, Odysseus, in his beggar persona, told a tale of how he had once been very rich but had lost all his wealth. Then he asked for money. Antinous mocked him and told him to go away. Odysseus said, "You have a fair face but an evil heart. You sit here at another man's feast, and yet will give me nothing." This made Antinous so angry that he stood up, took the stool upon which he sat, and struck Odysseus with it. It was a mighty blow, shattering the wooden stool, but it didn't hurt Odysseus. He didn't even move. He just stood as firm as a rock, staring at Antinous with intense anger and hatred. Then he announced to the whole room, "Hear, all ye Suitors of the queen! Antinoüs has struck me because I am poor. May the curse of the hungry fall upon him, and bring him to destruction before he come to his marriage day." Even the other suitors rebuked Antinous, but he ignored them.

When Penelope heard about this, she asked that this beggar be brought to her. Odysseus, however, did not yet want to reveal himself to Penelope. He was afraid that if he revealed himself to her too soon, she would not be able to contain her joy, and this change in her demeanor would alert the suitors of Odysseus' return. He did, however, agree to see her that night once the suitors went away.

Later that afternoon, another beggar named Irus, who was young and stout but cowardly, tried to scare Odysseus off. Irus didn't want any other beggars in the area to compete with. Irus challenged him to a fight. But when Odysseus took off his cloak and revealed his muscled body, Irus became afraid and tried to run away, but the suitors made him engage in the fight. He struck Odysseus, but again it didn't hurt him. Then Odysseus knocked Irus out with one mighty blow to his jaw. Odysseus could easily have killed Irus, but he decided to show him mercy.

As it became evening, Odysseus told Telemachus to enact the first part of their plan. Telemachus had all the weapons and armor that were on display in the great hall taken away. When someone asked why he was doing that, he told them it was to have them cleaned and polished. But he left two swords and two spears.

Later that night Penelope came down to the great hall after the suitors were all gone to bed, and Odysseus was still there. Odysseus did not yet reveal himself to her, but in his persona as a well-traveled beggar, he told her stories of Odysseus with details about Odysseus' clothing and companions that convinced her of the authenticity of the stories. He assured her that Odysseus was still alive and encouraged her to wait a little longer. To thank the beggar, she called for one of her servants to come wash his feet. She was, in fact, Odysseus' old nurse. As she was washing his feet, she recognized a distinctive scar and realized that this old beggar was actually Odysseus. Odysseus saw the recognition in her eyes, but he quietly rebuked her and told her to not to tell anyone.

Penelope returned and spoke some more with Odysseus. She told him about a dream she had had. She said, "In my dream I saw a flock of geese in the palace. Then an eagle came into the hall and killed them all. Then I heard a voice saying: 'These geese are the Suitors, and the eagle is your husband.'"

"That," said the stranger, "is a good dream."

Then Penelope said, "Tomorrow I must make my choice among the Suitors. I have promised to bring out the great bow that was Odysseus', and he that shall draw the bow most easily, and best shoot an arrow at the mark, he shall be my husband."

"That, too, is well," answered Odysseus. "Let this trial of the bow be made at once. Truly, before one of these men shall bend the bow, Odysseus shall come back and shoot at a certain mark."

That night, Odysseus lay in the great hall but could not sleep. He was wondering how he, with the help of maybe two or three, might be able to slay all 108 of the suitors. The Athena appeared to him. "Why are you worried? Here you are sleeping in your own home. Your wife is faithful to you. Your son is strong and brave. What troubles you?"

"O goddess," Odysseus replied. "How am I, being just one, to slay so many?"

"Have faith in the gods, Odysseus," Athena replied. "The gods are on your side." Then Athena touched Odysseus, and he slept.

The next day, when all the suitors had once again gathered in the great hall and were eating and drinking, Penelope appeared. In her hand was Odysseus' great bow about which it was said that no man but Odysseus could bend it and string it. Penelope issued her challenge to the suitors: "Today, I will choose my husband. The one of you who most easily bends this bow and shoots an arrow at a mark my son will designate will become my husband." The suitors all smiled eagerly. Telemachus took twelve axes and lined them up so that a line might be drawn straight through the rings on the bottoms of their handles. At the end of that line he set a target.

One by one the suitors began to try to bend Odysseus' bow, and one-by-one they failed. They shook their heads and cursed in shame, knowing that this failure proved their inferiority to Odysseus. As they each tried, Odysseus took his son and two servants he knew were loyal to him outside the hall. He revealed himself to them and asked them to fight alongside himself and his son. They agreed, and the four went back inside the great hall. By this time all the suitors had tried, and Antinous, the leader of the suitors, was declaring that they should adjourn and try again tomorrow. Then Odysseus said, "Let me try it; I should like to know whether I have still the strength which I had when I was young."

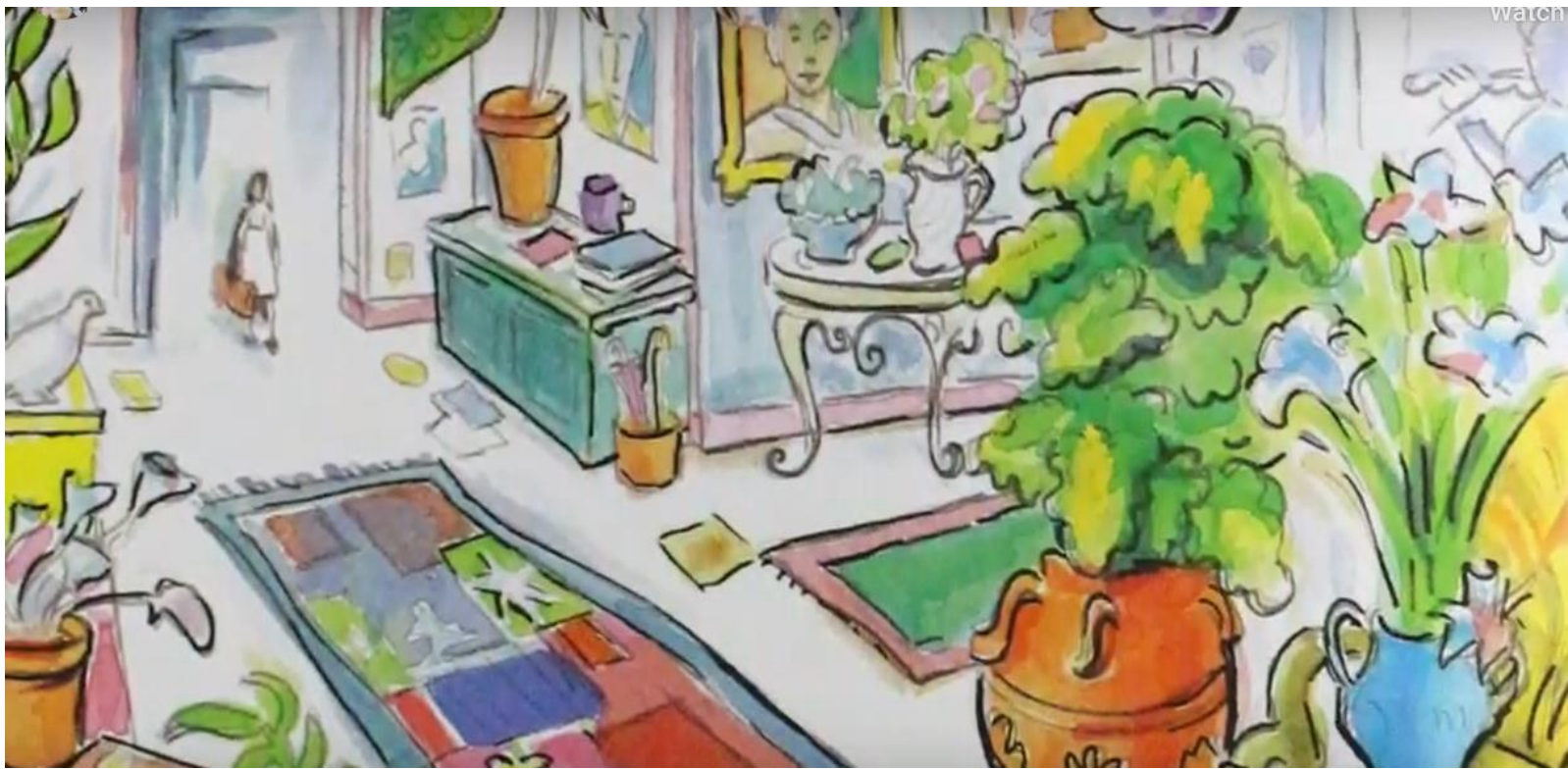
Some of the suitors laughed. Some mocked. Some were angry and offended at a beggar's suggestion that he might be superior to them. But Telemachus said, "This bow was my father's and now belongs to me. I shall be the one to decide who tries to bend it, and I say that the beggar shall try." Then Telemachus said to his mother, "Go now, you and all the maidservants. Leave the great hall." The women all departed, and Odysseus servants closed and locked the doors to the great hall from the outside.

Odysseus took the bow in his hand, and with his great strength he bent the bow and strung it. The suitors stared at Odysseus, speechless and a little fearful. Then Odysseus took an arrow, pulled back the string of the bow, and took aim through the twelve axes. He released the arrow, and with a loud swish the arrow passed through the twelve rings and struck the target. Before the suitors could realize what was going on, Odysseus drew another arrow and fired it at Antinous, killing him.

Then Odysseus pulled off his cloak and revealed himself. "I am Odysseus, you dogs. You thought I would never return. You devoured my goods. You pursued my wife though I was still alive. You have respected neither the gods nor men. Now destruction has come upon you all."

Matisse: The King of Color

By Laurence Anholt



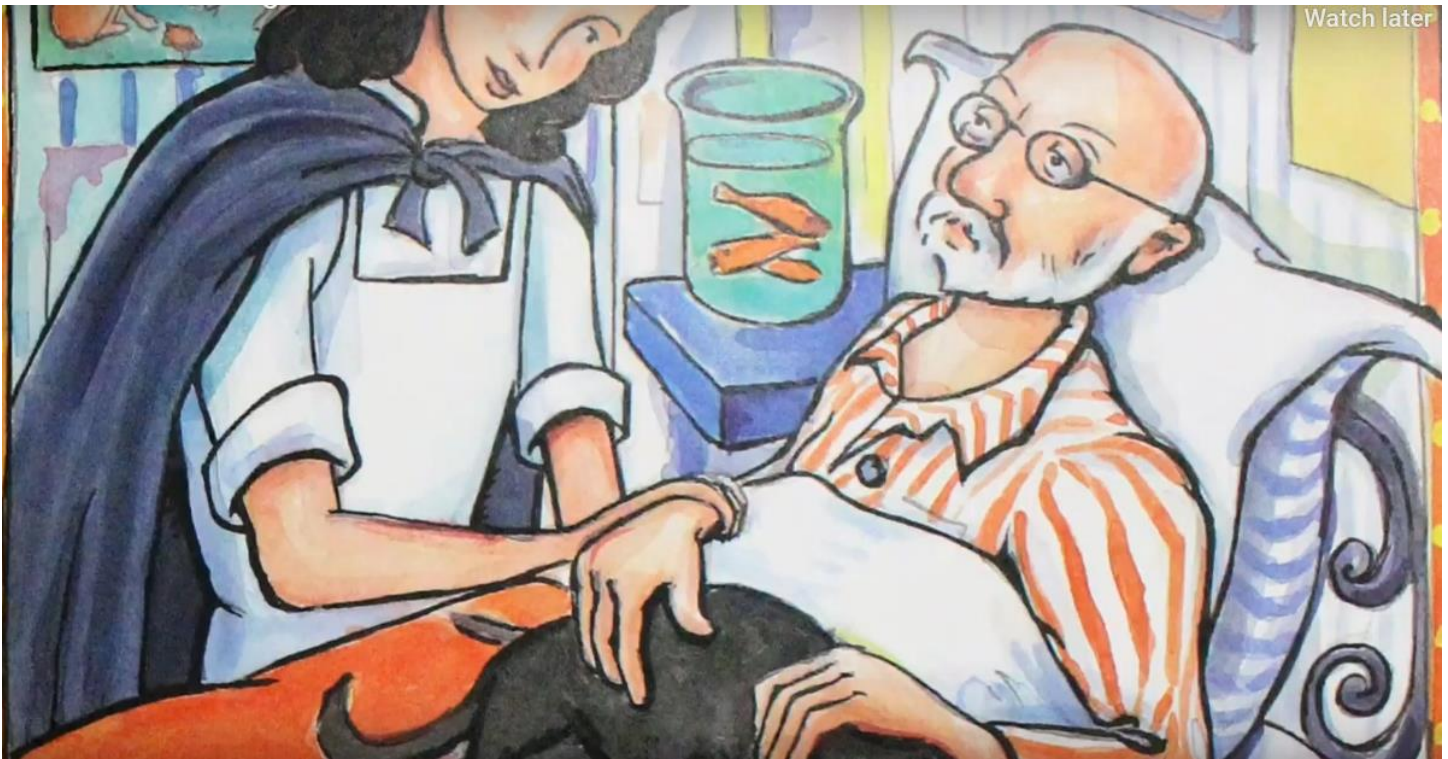
Monique climbed the steep hill and up some long steps to a huge building high above the town. The sign by the door said: Henri Matisse.

It was like stepping into a multicolored jungle. Birds flew from room to room and plants grew as tall as trees!

“Hello?”, called a small voice, “Is that the night nurse?”

“Hello, Mr. Matisse”, said Monique, “I have come to look after you.”

The old artist had a silver beard and twinkly glasses. He was recovering from a very big operation. The doctors thought he would never paint again.



“I feel a little bit better”, he said, “but I would like for you to read to me.”

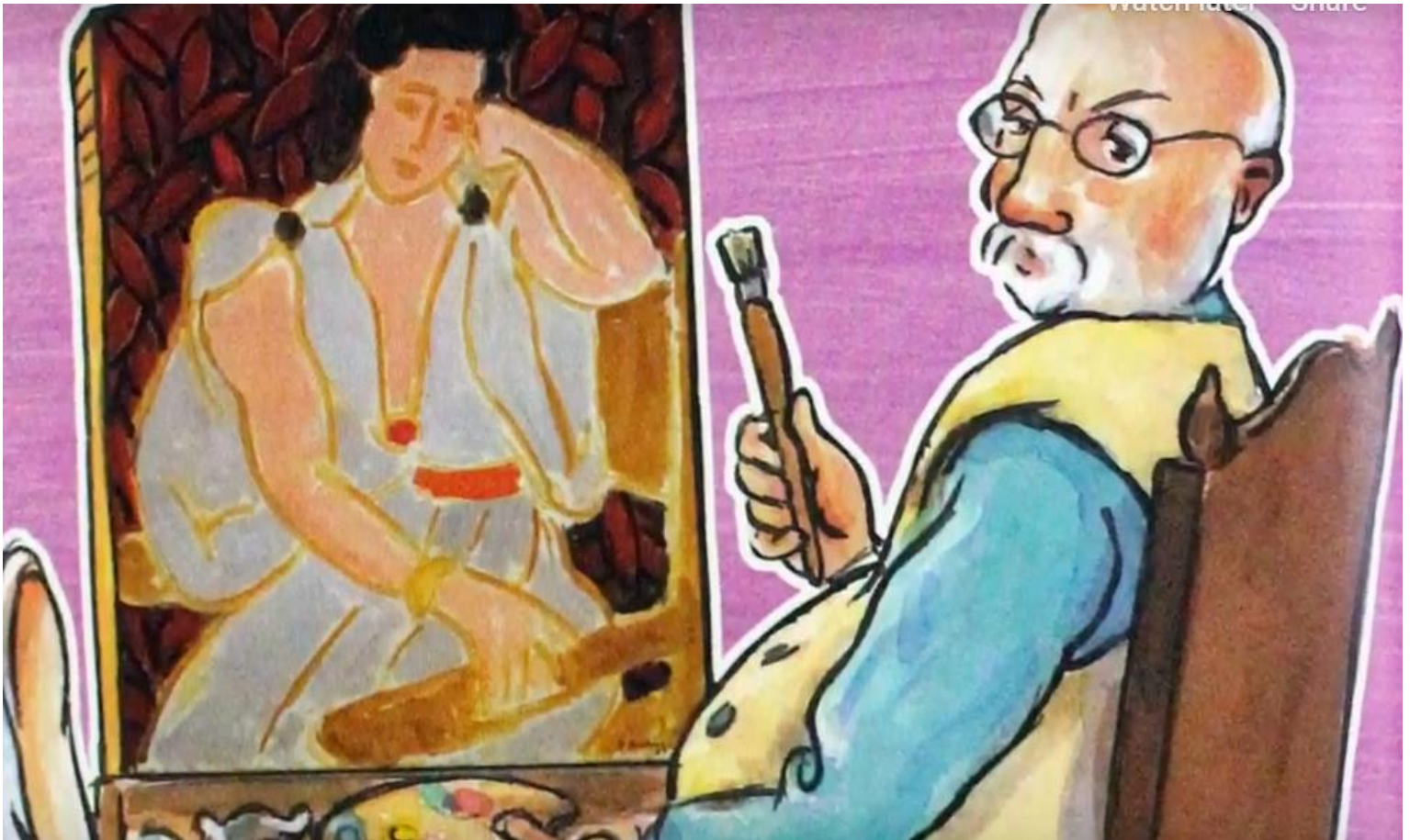
So Monique chose a book she read for a long time. Matisse didn't sleep, but Monique did.

“Oh, I'm sorry”, she said. “This is my very first job.”

Matisse just smiled, “Look, I made a drawing of you.” Then Matisse told her about his adventures in different lands. Diving in tropical lagoons and rowing on blue-green seas and soon Monique forgot it was night outside.

Matisse loved music. He loved flowers. He loved children, too. He tied chalk to a long stick so that he could draw his grandchildren on the ceiling. “They keep me company”, he said.

But the thing Matisse loved the most of all was ... COLOR!



He was always trying to find ways to make his paintings brighter and brighter. Some people called him the “Wild Beast” because his colors were so crazy. Every evening, Monique climbed the hill to the jungle studio. Monique helped Matisse to sit up and paint and they became good friends.

Matisse made lots of pictures of Monique in a beautiful silk dress with a mandolin on a chair and all his work was full of joy.

“There’s enough sadness in the world”, he would say. “Look how much better I am”, said Matisse one day. “It’s like having a new life! Thank you for looking after me, Monique.”

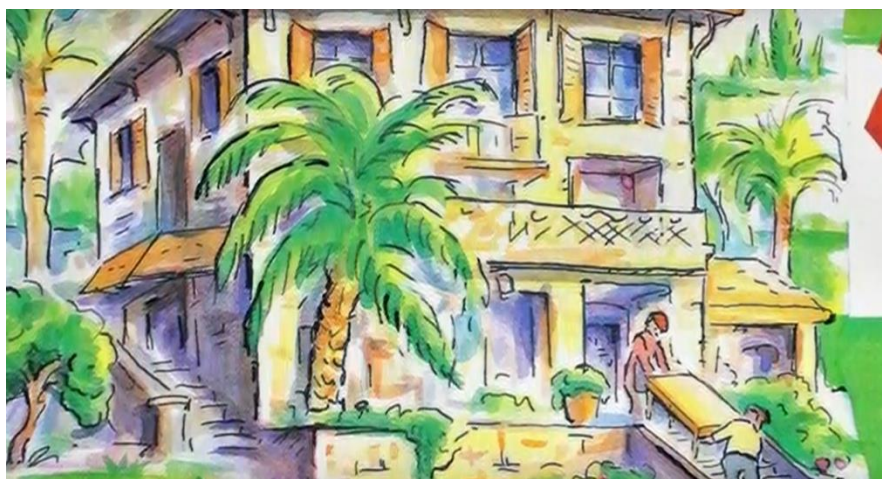
“You have been like a grandfather to me”, said Monique.

Then, Monique picked up her bag and walked slowly out of the jungle room. She thought she would never see Matisse again.



Monique went to school far away in the mountains, but it was not an ordinary school. Everybody dressed in black and white. There were no colors at all. Monique's school was a school for nuns

Life was very hard, and the nuns were so poor they didn't even have a proper chapel. They had to say their prayers in a cold garage. When the old nuns heard Monique had been a nurse, they gave her a bicycle and sent her to look after people who weren't well.



Every day, Monique cycled along the lane past an empty house. The house had views right across the mountains to the sea. It was called "The Dream". One afternoon, in June, Monique saw that a new owner was moving into The Dream. The new owner loved birds. The new owner loved cats. The new owner was ... Henri Matisse!

Matisse was delighted to see Monique again. "You are all black and white", he teased, "but I have found a way to be more colorful than ever! Look, I'll show you ..."

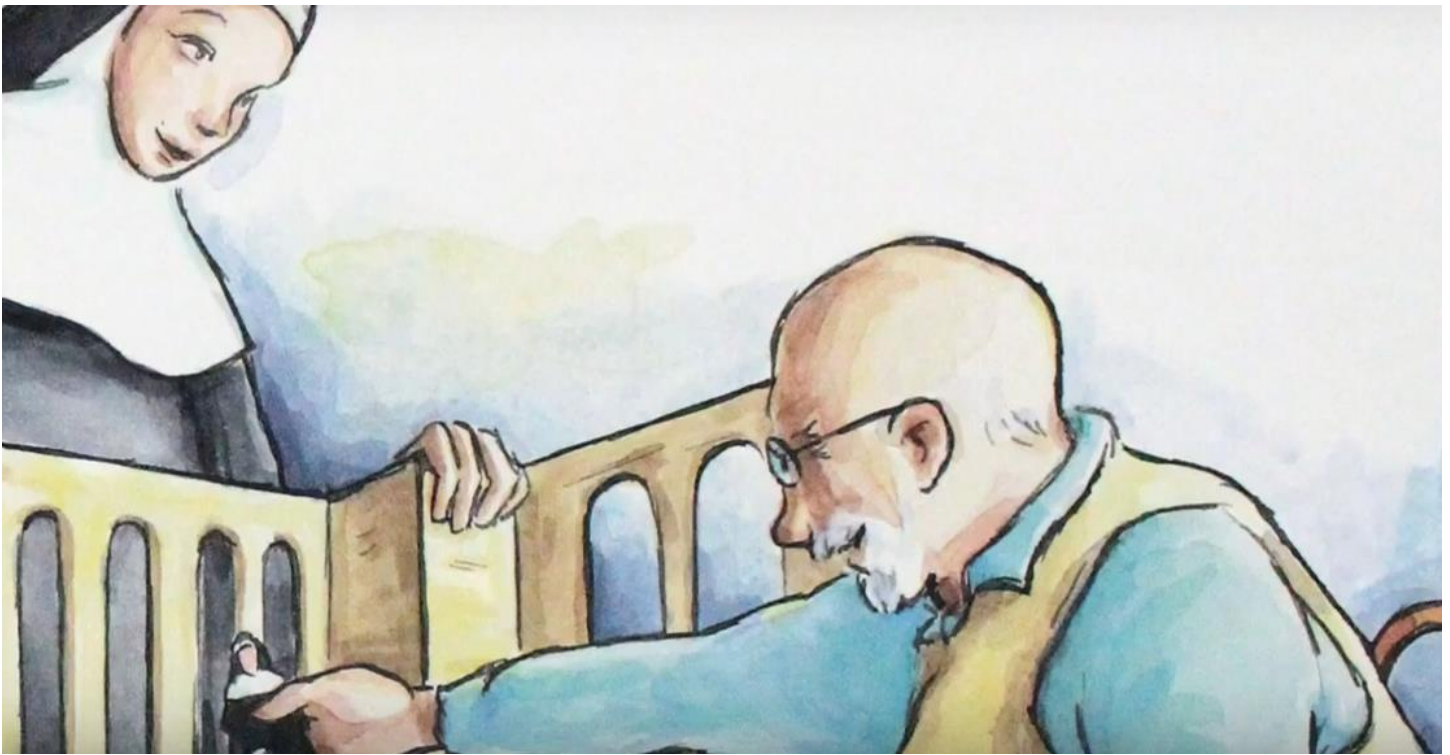


“First, I put on some music. Jazz is best. Now, I shall paint some big sheets of paper as bright as I can. Then, with hands as quick as butterflies, Matisse cut a hundred dancing shapes and, soon, they were on every wall of The Dream.

“I’ve been painting, too!” Said Monique shyly. She showed Matisse a tiny picture. It was a design for a stained-glass window.

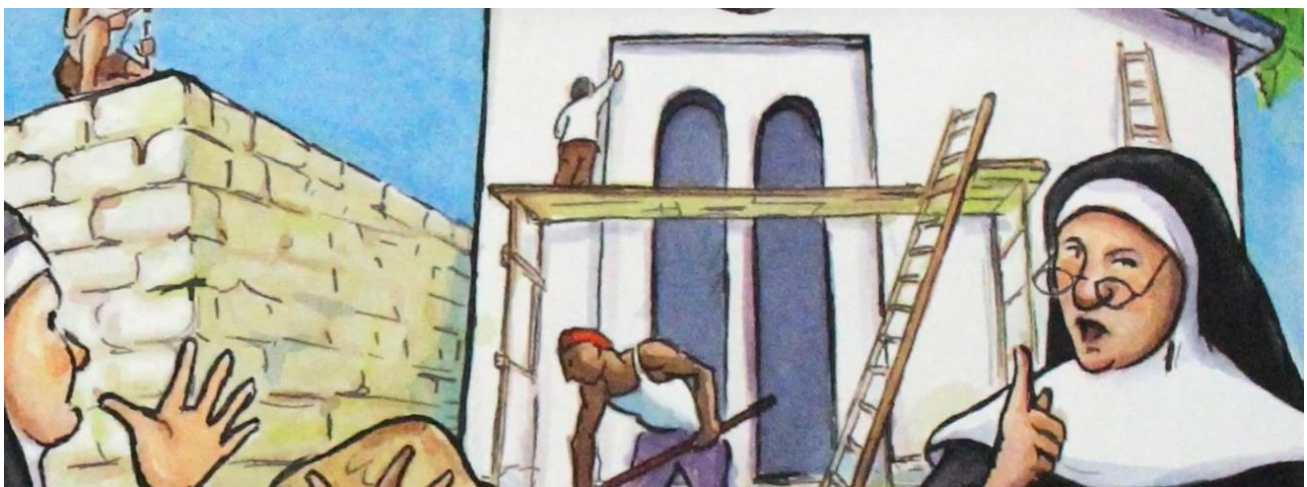
“We could have made this real stained-glass – as high as this room!” Said Matisse. But Monique laughed, “The nuns don’t even have a chapel – you can’t put stained-glass windows in a garage!” It was nearly dark when Monique ran home. The nuns would be worried ... and, look, Monique was covered in splashes of color! “Come back soon!” Laughed Matisse.

Late into the night, the lights burned at The Dream. Matisse was working on an idea!



The next time Monique called, she found Matisse very excited. “Monique, you have been so kind to me. This is my idea: I’m going to build a chapel up here in the mountains. Not a dark, gloomy church. My chapel will be a house of color! It will be my present for you.”

Matisse asked Monique to build a model, like a big dollhouse. “Now, all I have to do is fill your box with my imagination.”



Matisse made wonderful drawings for the chapel walls; He even designed some colorful robes for the priests to wear!

“We do not want a chapel built by a Wild Beast”, grumbled the old nuns.



The chapel took a very long time. Matisse became tired; he asked for the carpenter to put wheels on a bed and a tray for his paints. Matisse called it his taxi-bed!

At last, the workmen began to put the chapel walls together. Their bangs and shouts echoed through the mountains. The chapel had a bright blue roof and a golden bell on a curly tower.

“This will be more like a circus than a chapel”, said the old nuns.

One grey day, when everything was nearly finished, Monique pushed Matisse along the lane to look inside. Monique was surprised. Everything seemed to be shiny white. It didn't look like a house of color at all. Perhaps the nuns had won. The chapel was black and white just like their clothes. But the King of Color had one more trick to play.



He had been working away in his studio designing windows for the chapel, using colored paper to cut out blue and green shapes of colored light.



Seventeen stained-glass windows were made in a factory exactly as Matisse had planned. A big truck climbed slowly up the mountain and the workmen lifted them carefully into place. Then, they drove back down the mountain and the chapel was finished.



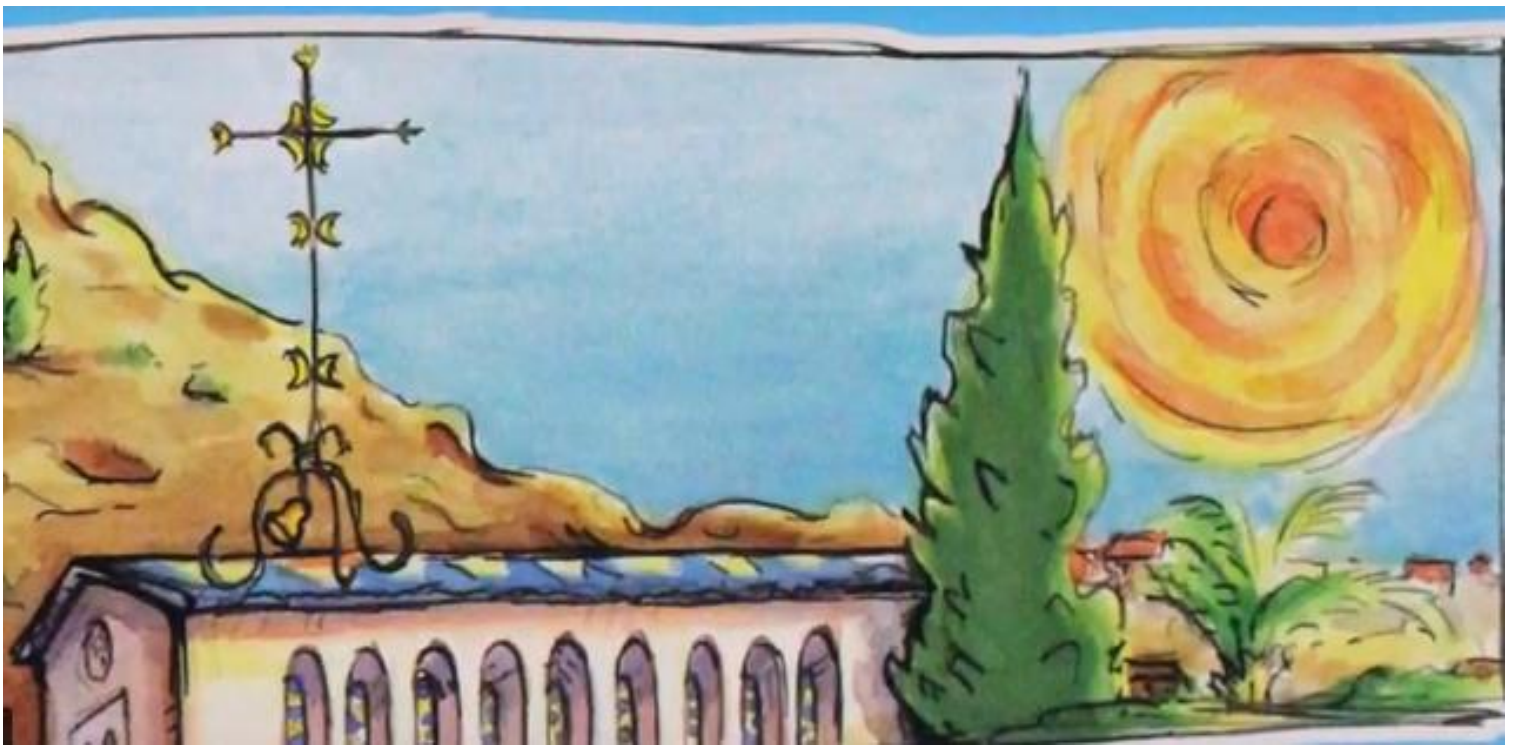
Monique got up early. It was her turn to wake the others and today was a very special day. It was the opening of the Matisse chapel. There would be lots of visitors and Monique wanted everything to be ready. She crept outside.

The chapel was dark and quiet. Then something amazing happened.

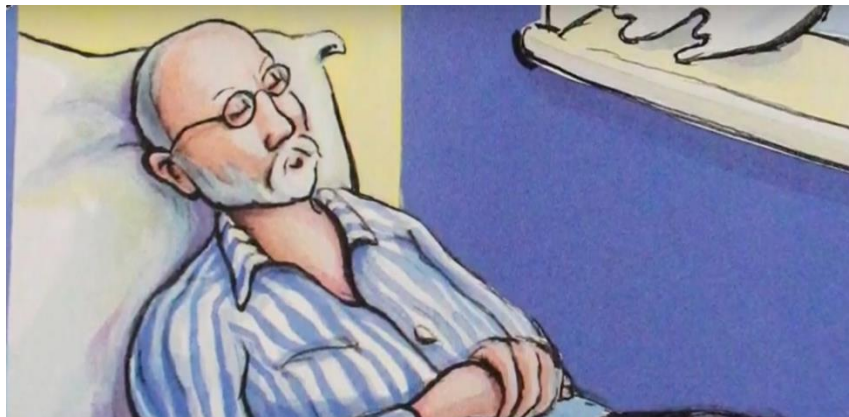


The morning sun rose over the mountains and a bright ray of sunlight fell across the darkened windows. Very slowly, the room began to fill with colored light. It crept across the floors and into the white walls.

Then, just like a magic painting, the black and white world filled with beautiful colors. Monique felt as if she was floating in a multicolored sea. Matisse was painting with light. Monique stood still for a moment, then she went to wake up the others.



High on the blue roof, the golden bell began to chime. It echoed across the mountains to the sea.



As the sunlight filled his bedroom, Matisse heard the sound and he smiled.

“Now I can rest”, said the King of Color.

The End

Felix Mendelssohn



Important Facts to Know About Felix Mendelssohn

Born: 1809 in Germany

Died: 1847

Period of Music: Romantic

Instruments He Played: Piano, organ

Major Compositions:

PIANO: *Songs Without Words*; Piano Concerto in G Minor, Op. 25

ORCHESTRA: Violin Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64

ORATORIO: *Elijah*, Op. 70; *St. Paul*, Op. 36

Interesting Facts: A performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* conducted by Mendelssohn started a revival of interest in the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. He was also a talented artist who painted beautiful watercolor paintings.



Suggested Listening: *Song without Words* (Tarantella), Op. 102, No. 3

The story of Felix Mendelssohn

(1809–1847)

Felix Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1809, but was whisked away with his older sister Fanny by his parents as they fled Napoleon's conquering troops. They ended up in Berlin, Germany where the family's wealth allowed Felix all the benefits of the intellectual and artistic city. His parents were his first teachers: his father taught him arithmetic and French while his mother taught him German, literature and the fine arts, including piano. Later, like his sister, he studied theory, violin, organ, language and painting with the finest teachers in Berlin.

When Mendelssohn was twelve, his composition teacher, Carl Friedrich Zelter, took him to Weimar to meet the great German writer, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Although Goethe was already in his 70s, he was greatly impressed by Felix and wanted to hear him play every day. Felix wrote his parents that he played Bach fugues and improvisations every afternoon for two hours. On another day the Grand Duke and Duchess came to visit and he played from eleven in the morning until ten in the evening with only two hours interruption.



Cécile Jeanrenaud

EDUARD MAGNUS

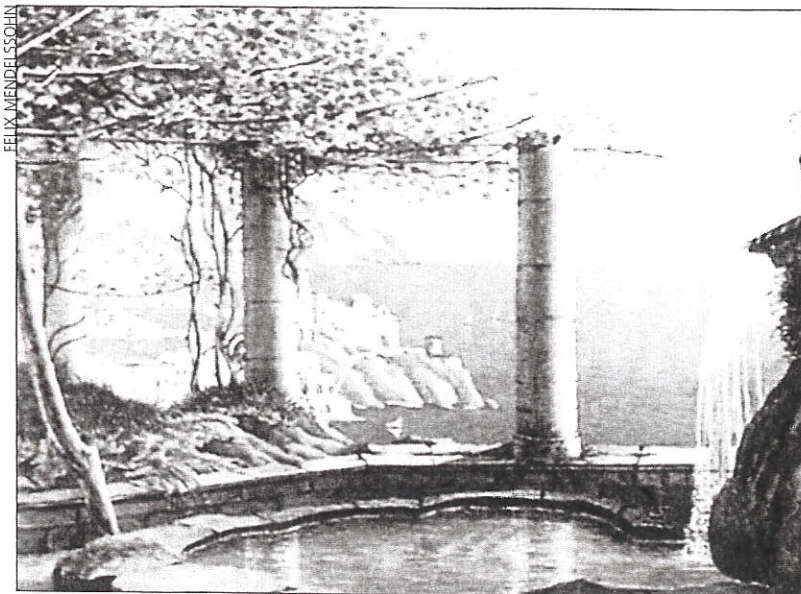
When he was 17, he composed a highly successful and remarkable overture to Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He wrote a number of works called "concert overtures." These are separate complete pieces, not introductions to operas or oratorios as had been done before by composers of this time. He is given credit for introducing and developing this form of music.

A performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, which he conducted when he was only 19, opened his eyes to the wealth of Bach's music that had been neglected for half a century. He dedicated himself to the task of reviving the memory of Bach, forming a Bach Society, and supervising a complete edition of his works. He put a work by Bach on his programs whenever possible. Mendelssohn's revival of Bach's music in itself was a great contribution to music, but he also created many beautiful compositions of his own.

In 1837 Mendelssohn married Cécile Jeanrenaud. They had a happy marriage with five children.

Mendelssohn's music was popular in England and he often traveled there. He became a friend of Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert. While in England in 1846, he composed *Elijah*, his best-known oratorio, and his much-loved Violin Concerto in E Minor, Op. 64. He had more influence on English music than any other composer since Handel.

Severely overworked, Mendelssohn returned to Germany in 1847 after he learned of his sister Fanny's death. He was shocked and shattered, and after a series of strokes, he died a few months later.

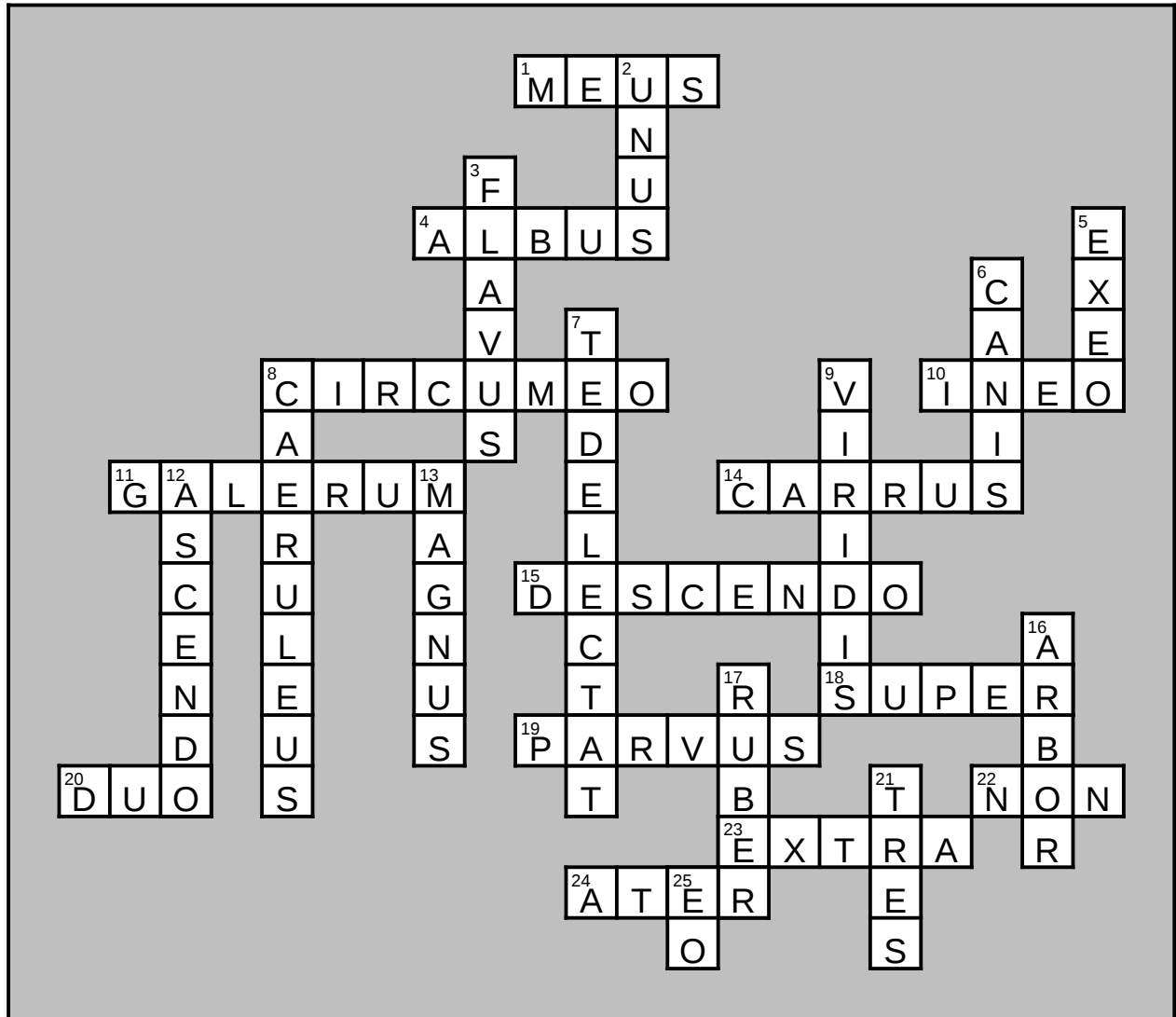


This watercolor, Bay of Amalfi, was painted by Felix around 1830.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Go, Dog. Go! Lists 1 & 2

Enter the Latin words for the English clues below.



Across

1. my
4. white
8. I go around
10. I go in
11. hat
14. wagon, car
15. I go down

Down

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 18. on top of,
above | 2. one | 12. I go up |
| 19. little | 3. yellow | 13. big |
| 20. two | 5. I go out | 16. tree |
| 22. no, not | 6. dog | 17. red |
| 23. outside of | 7. it pleases you | 21. three |
| 24. black | 8. blue | 25. I go |
| | 9. green | |

W4 Translation Answer Key

Tuesday

Ūnus parvus canis init. = One little dog goes in.

Trēs magnī canēs exeunt. = Three big dogs go out.

Ruber canis super caeruleam arborem. = A red dog on a blue tree.

Caeruleus canis super rubram arborem. = A blue dog on a red tree.

Viridis canis super flāvam arborem. = A green dog on a yellow tree.

Wednesday

Magnī canēs et parvī canēs circumeunt in carrīs. = Big dogs and little dogs go around in cars.

Canis est extrā carrum. = A dog is outside of a car.

Duo magnī canēs ascendunt. = Two big dogs go up.

Ūnus parvus canis dēscendit. = One little dog goes down.