

GreatHearts

Northern Oaks



Supplemental Packet

May 11 - 15, 2020

4th grade

Ms. Ward

Mr. Grimes

Mr. Garrett

Ms. Lopez

Student Name: _____ Section: _____



John Philip Sousa

... a composer from
the **UNITED STATES**
who lived during the
ROMANTIC period
of music...

John Philip Sousa was born in Washington, D.C., in 1854.

His parents came from Portugal to live in America. They provided him with a happy home. His father and older sister taught him to read and write. When he was seven years old, he attended a nearby school.

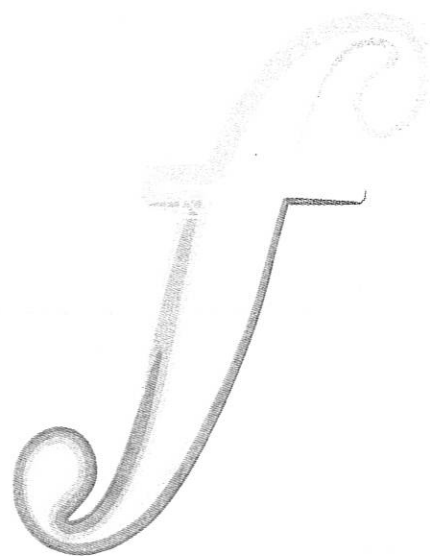
John Philip also went to music school where he studied violin. When he was 11 years old, he began his own dance band.

When he enlisted as an apprentice in the U.S. Marine Band, he studied composition and music theory.

He met his wife Jennie, a singer, while he was on a band tour. John wrote later, "We lived happily ever after."

Sousa's marches made Americans feel very patriotic. His performances inspired many towns to form bands. His distinctly American music was popular throughout the world.

Sousa died in 1932 at the age of 77.



The March King

A large man in a uniform knocked on the door of the Sousa's home in a Washington, D.C. neighborhood. John Philip put down his violin and answered the door.

"Hello! Young man," said the stranger. "I have been listening to your playing for quite a while. You play the violin very well!"

"Thank you, sir," said John Philip. "I play other instruments too."

"Excellent!" said the stranger. "How would you like to play in a circus band?"

"Wow! I would love it!" exclaimed the surprised young boy. "Do you really mean it? A real circus band that travels everywhere?"

"Oh, yes," answered the stranger with a smile. "And we are a very good band too! Why don't you come to the circus grounds tomorrow night? Since we will be leaving town early the next morning, you should bring some clothes in a little suitcase."

"Oh, I know right where that is," said John. "Thank you so much! I'll see you tomorrow night!"

John ran up the stairs and began gathering his clothes together when his mother came into his room.

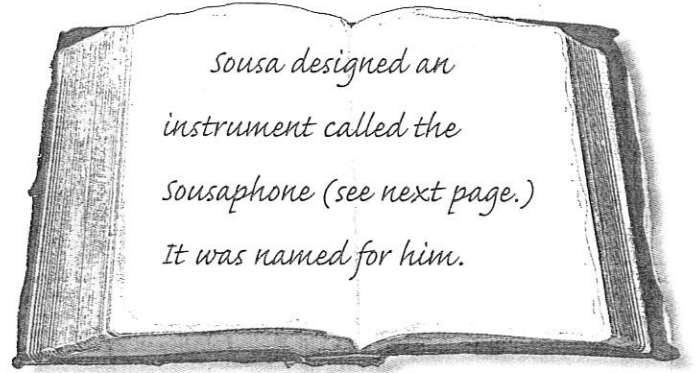
"And what is all the excitement about, young man? Are you planning to go somewhere?" she asked with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Oh mother, you will never guess! I am going to join the circus and play in the band!"

"Is that so?" asked his mother. "Of course you realize that you will be gone far away from your home and family for many years!"

"Well, I guess so," said John, a little more thoughtful now.

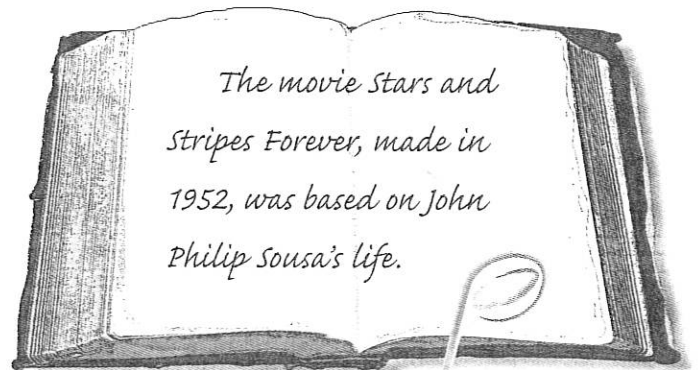
"We'll talk with your father tonight and see what he says," said his mother with a soft smile.



John Philip's father did not smile at all. He was upset to think of this young son leaving to go with the circus.

After talking to John about the hardships of circus life, his father said, "If you would really like to play in a band, I want you to come with me and play in the U.S. Marine Band."

"That is better yet!" said John Philip. "I can play in the band and be at home at the same time!"

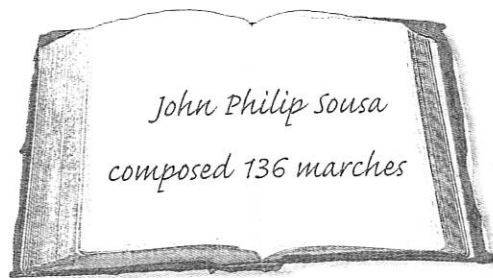


John Philip loved playing in the band. He was so good that by the time he was 23, he was named the 14th conductor of the U.S. Marine Band.

The U.S. Marine Band became famous. They played for presidents and kings. John Philip became known as the "March King."

One day, when he was much older, he saw the caravan of a circus traveling to another city. "How glad I am that I joined the marine band with my father, instead of running away with the circus band," he thought. "Had I joined the circus, I never would have become the 'March King'."

Sousa's marches are still played today by many high school, college and concert bands.



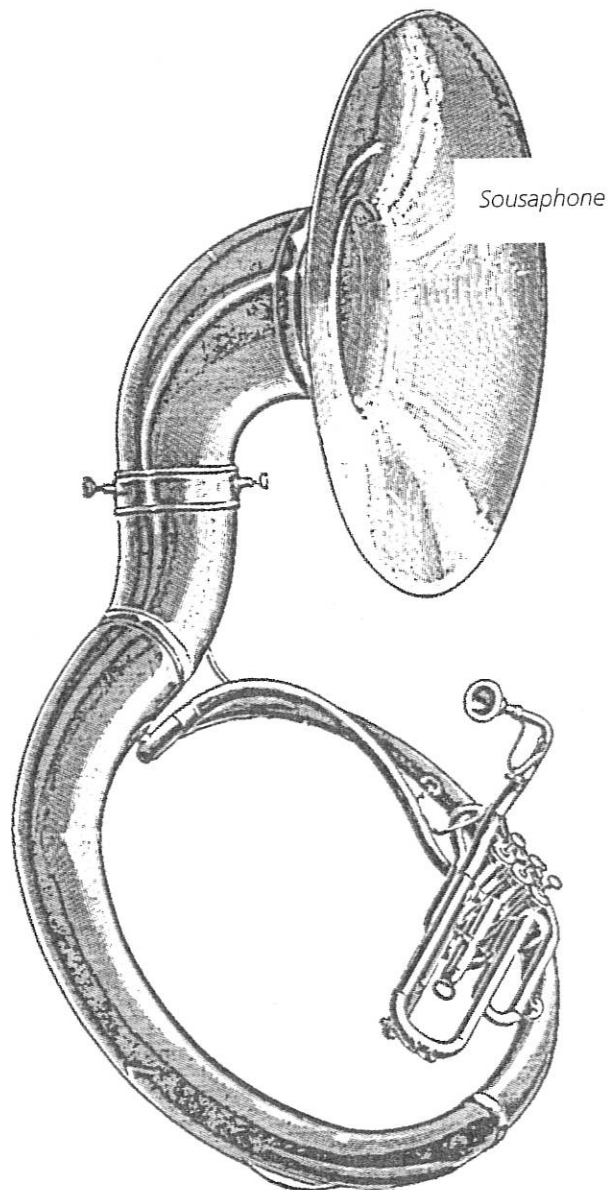
Important Compositions



Stars and Stripes Forever

Semper Fidelis

The Washington Post



Sousaphone



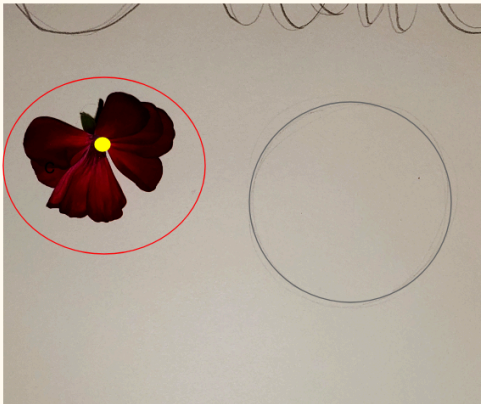
Stars and Stripes Forever

This is one of the most popular marches ever written. In 1897, Sousa was visiting Italy when he got a letter saying a close friend had died. He decided to return home. During the trip home, the melody of this march kept going through his mind. As soon as he got home, he composed the piece.

HOW TO DRAW A FLOWER (PAGE 1)

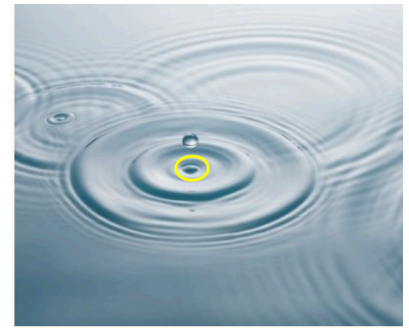


Break It Down Into Shapes

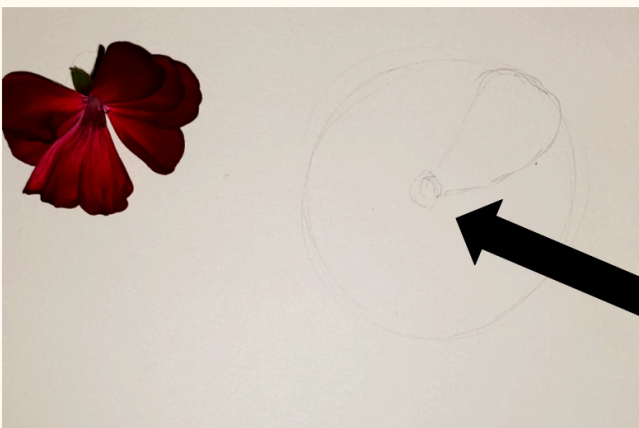


- This flower radiates!
 - Radiate: Coming from a central point (the yellow dot)
- Draw a circle the size of your fist
 - Draw **light** until you get it **right!**

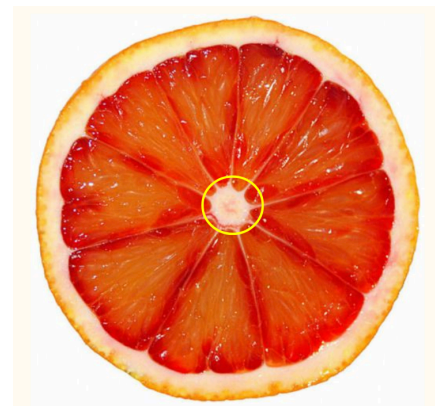
OTHER THINGS THAT
RADIATE FROM THE
CENTER:



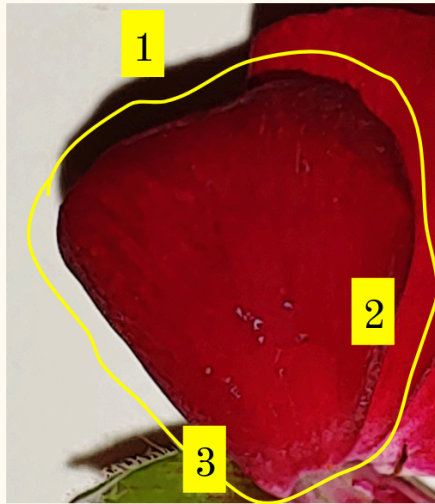
Add our Petals



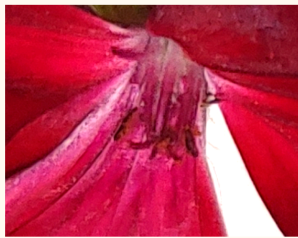
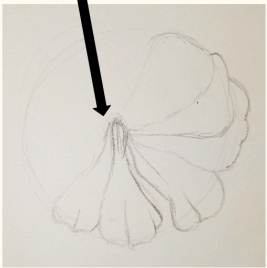
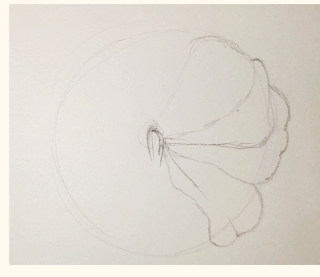
- Start with your **CENTER POINT**
- Observe **HOW** (the shape) the petal comes out of the central point!



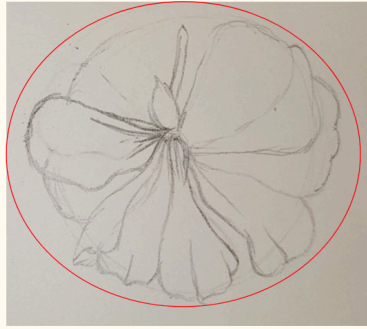
HOW TO DRAW A PETAL (PAGE 2)



1. **Wide** on top with a **dip in the middle, rounding** out on either side
2. Coming **towards** the central point
3. **Squaring** off at the **bottom**



(PAGE 3)



Becoming a State

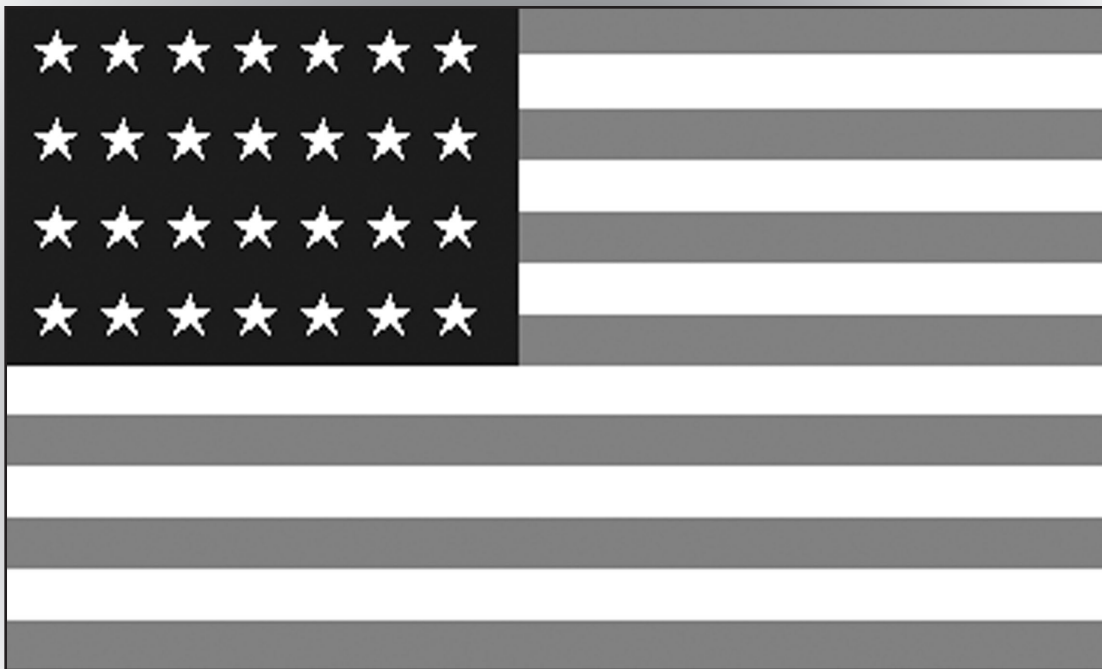
Soon after Texas won its independence from Mexico and became the **Republic** of Texas, many Texans began to talk about joining the United States as a new **state**. Some people in the United States also wanted Texas to become a state, but others did not. There was disagreement in the United States about whether states should allow people to have slaves or not. Texas had around 30,000 slaves by this time, and the northern states were worried that Texas would become a slave state. Southern slave states thought Texas would help them become stronger in their fight for allowing slavery in the United States.

During this time in the United States, many people, including the President, James K. Polk, believed that the United States should reach from the Atlantic Ocean all the way to the Pacific Ocean. This was known as Manifest Destiny. Because of this idea, the United States Congress agreed to make Texas a state. Texas also agreed to become a state, even though they knew Mexico would not support this and that the decision could lead to war with Mexico. The president of the Republic of Texas at this time was Anson Jones.



President James K. Polk

Texas delegates were chosen to meet and write a constitution for the new state. Delegates included José' Navarro, who also signed the Texas Declaration of Independence and was a friend of Stephen F. Austin, and James Pinckney Henderson, who would later be elected the first governor of the state of Texas. The new constitution was approved by the Texas citizens and then by the United States Congress. Texas became the 28th state of The United States of America on December 29, 1845. The new flag to fly over Texas had 28 stars and 13 red and white stripes. The next year, in 1846, Texas set up a state government with Henderson as governor of a brand new state.



Most people expected there to be a big problem with Mexico after Texas became a state, and there was! The United States and Texas wanted the border with Mexico to be the Rio Grande. Mexico, on the other hand, wanted the border to be the Nueces River, which was further north. That would have given Mexico more land and the United States less land. President Polk ordered soldiers to go to Texas and guard the land between these two rivers. Mexican soldiers believed this land belonged to Mexico and attacked these American soldiers. After two more battles at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the two countries were at war. The American soldiers **invaded** Mexico and captured the cities of Monterrey and later Mexico City. Santa Anna, who had returned to power as president of Mexico, **resigned**.

After a war lasting two years, Mexico and the United States signed the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on February 2, 1848. This agreement ended the Mexican War. In this **treaty**, the United States gained land that included New Mexico, Arizona, California, and parts of Utah, Nevada and Colorado. The United States agreed to pay Mexico \$15 million for this land. The treaty also made the Rio Grande the national border between this country and Mexico.

After the war with Mexico was over, Texas still had one large problem to solve. Texas had millions of dollars in **debt** that needed to be paid and no real way to pay it except with land. So on November 25, 1850, the governor signed the **Compromise** of 1850. The Compromise of 1850 comprised many bills. One of them was an agreement that officially gave the United States land in New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma and Wyoming that had been part of Texas. In return, the United States would take responsibility for \$10 million in Texas debt. Both the United States and Texas benefited from this agreement. The United States got more land, and Texas got help with the large debt it had been worried about. This compromise would give Texas the shape and land area that we know today.



The news of the end of the war did not reach parts of Texas quickly. When Union soldiers once again attempted to take control of Brownsville, they were defeated by Confederate soldiers in the Battle at Palmito Ranch. This was the last land battle of the Civil War.

Although the war had ended, there were still issues to be resolved. The attempt by the government to resolve these issues is known as **Reconstruction**. Laws were passed to address how the states that had seceded would rebuild their governments and rejoin the United States. Also,



even though President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 had **declared** all slaves living in the states that had seceded to be free, southerners did not go along with this until the war was over.

In Texas, United States soldiers landed at Galveston and declared all slaves were free on June 19, 1865. This day, known as Juneteenth Day, is still recognized as the day slaves were freed in Texas. It is celebrated as a holiday in several states. However, it would be a few more years before freed African-Americans would begin to gain the **rights** that other Texans had.

In order to be readmitted into the Union, the former Confederate states had to do three main things: adopt the thirteenth amendment, which ended slavery; adopt the fourteenth amendment, which granted citizenship to *anyone* born in the United States; and write and approve a new state constitution. Texas did these things and again became part of the United States of America in 1870. A short time later, the fifteenth amendment gave all men who were citizens, including former slaves, the right to vote. Women would not gain this right until almost fifty years later in 1920.

CHAPTER 16

The Ring

The same moment her nurse came into the room, sobbing. When she saw her sitting there she started back with a loud cry of amazement and joy. Then running to her, she caught her up in her arms and covered her dear little face with kisses.

"My precious darling princess! Where have you been? What has happened to you! We've all been crying our eyes out and searching the house from top to bottom for you."

"Not quite from the top," thought Irene to herself; and she might have added, "Not quite to the bottom," perhaps, if she had known all. But the one she would not, and the other she could not say.

"Oh, Lootie! I've had such a dreadful adventure!" she replied, and told her all about the cat with the long legs, and

how she ran out upon the mountain and came back again. But she said nothing of her grandmother or her lamp.

"And there we've been searching for you all over the house for more than an hour and a half!" exclaimed the nurse. "But that's no matter, now we've got you! Only, Princess, I must say," she added, her mood changing, "what you ought to have done was to call for your own Lootie to come and help you, instead of running out of the house, and up the mountain, in that wild—I must say, foolish fashion."

"Well, Lootie," said Irene quietly, "perhaps if you had a big cat, all legs, running at you, you mightn't exactly know which was the wisest thing to do at the moment."

"I wouldn't run up the mountain, anyhow," returned Lootie.

"Not if you had time to think about it. But when those creatures came at you that night on the mountain, you were so frightened yourself that you lost your way home."

This put a stop to Lootie's reproaches. She had been on the point of saying that the long-legged cat must have been a twilight fancy of the princess's, but the memory of the horrors of that night, and of the talking-to which the king had given her in consequence, prevented her from saying that which after all she did not half believe—having a strong suspicion that the cat was a goblin; for the fact was that she knew

nothing of the difference between the goblins and their creatures: she counted them all just goblins.

Without another word she went and got some fresh tea and bread and butter for the princess. Before she returned, the whole household, headed by the housekeeper, burst into the nursery to exult over their darling. The gentlemen-at-arms followed, and were ready enough to believe all she told them about the long-legged cat. Indeed, though wise enough to say nothing about it, they remembered, with no little horror, just such a creature among those they had surprised at their gambols upon the princess's lawn. In their own hearts they blamed themselves for not having kept better watch. And their captain gave orders that from this night the front door and all the windows on the ground floor should be locked immediately the sun set, and opened afterward upon no pretense whatever. The men-at-arms redoubled their vigilance, and for some time there was no further cause of alarm.

When the princess woke the next morning her nurse was bending over her.

"How your ring does glow this morning, Princess—just like a fiery rose!" she said.

"Does it, Lootie?" returned Irene. "Who gave me the ring, Lootie? I know I've had it a long time, but where did I get it? I don't remember."

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

"I think it must have been your mother gave it you, Princess; but really, for as long as you have worn it, I don't remember that ever I heard," answered her nurse.

"I will ask my king-papa the next time he comes," said Irene.

CHAPTER 17

Springtime

The spring so dear to all creatures, young and old, came at last, and before the first few days of it had gone, the king rode through its budding valleys to see his little daughter. He had been in a distant part of his dominions all the winter, for he was not in the habit of stopping in one great city or of visiting only his favorite country houses, but he moved from place to place that all his people might know him. Wherever he journeyed he kept a constant lookout for the ablest and best men to put into office, and wherever he found himself mistaken, and those he had appointed incapable or unjust, he removed them at once. Hence you see it was his care of the people that kept him from seeing his princess so often as he would have liked. You may wonder why he did not take her about with him; but there were several reasons against his doing so, and I

suspect her great-great-grandmother had had a principal hand in preventing it. Once more Irene heard the bugle blast, and once more she was at the gate to meet her father as he rode up on his great white horse.

After they had been alone for a little while she thought of what she had resolved to ask him.

"Please, King-Papa," she said, "will you tell me where I got this pretty ring? I can't remember."

The king looked at it. A strange beautiful smile spread like sunshine over his face, and an answering smile, but at the same time a questioning one, spread like moonlight over Irene's.

"It was your queen-mamma's once," he said.

"And why isn't it hers now?" asked Irene.

"She does not want it now," said the king, looking grave.

"Why doesn't she want it now?"

"Because she's gone where all those rings are made."

"And when shall I see her?" asked the princess.

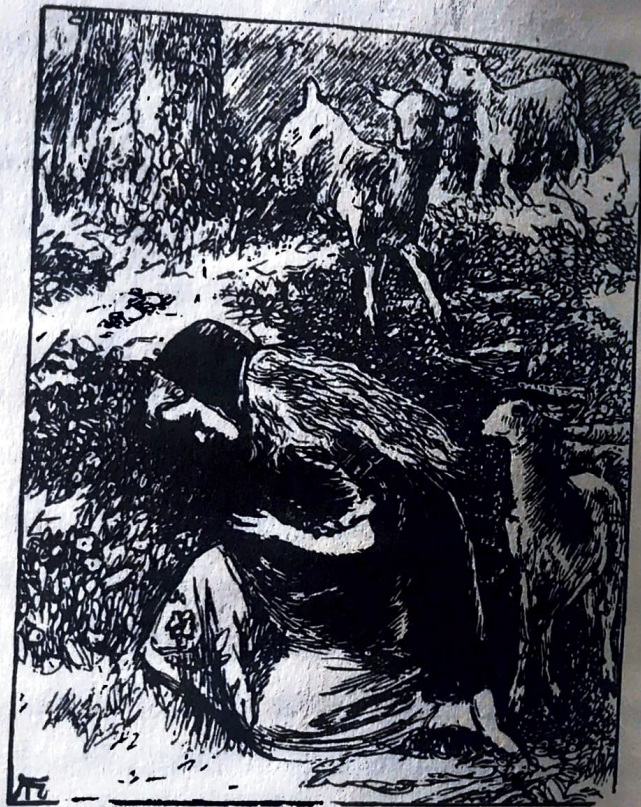
"Not for some time yet," answered the king, and the tears came in his eyes.

Irene did not remember her mother, and did not know why her father looked so, and why the tears came in his eyes; but she put her arms round his neck and kissed him and asked no more questions.

The king was much disturbed on hearing the report of the gentlemen-at-arms concerning the creatures they had seen; and I presume would have taken Irene with him that very day but for what the presence of the ring on her finger assured him of. About an hour before he left, Irene saw him go up the old stair; and he did not come down again till they were just ready to start; and she thought within herself that he had been up to see the old lady. When he went away he left the other six gentlemen behind him that there might be six of them always on guard.

And now, in the lovely spring weather, Irene was out on the mountain the greater part of the day. In the warmer hollows there were lovely primroses, and not so many that she ever got tired of them. As often as she saw a new one opening an eye of light in the blind earth, she would clap her hands with gladness, and, unlike some children I know, instead of pulling it would touch it as tenderly as if it had been a new baby, and, having made its acquaintance, would leave it as happy as she found it. She treated the plants on which they grew like birds' nests; every fresh flower was like a new little bird to her. She would pay a visit to all the flower-nests she knew, remembering each by itself. She would go down on her hands and knees beside one and say, "Good morning! Are you all smelling very sweet this morning? Good-by!" And then

she would go to another nest and say the same. It was a favorite amusement with her. There were many flowers up and down and she loved them all, but the primroses were her favorites.



"They're not too shy and they're not a bit forward," she would say to Lottie.

There were goats, too, about, over the mountain, and when the little kids came she was as pleased with them as with the flowers. The goats belonged to the miners mostly—a few

of them to Curdie's mother; but there were a good many wild ones that seemed to belong to nobody. These the goblins counted theirs, and it was upon them partly that they lived. They set snares and dug pits for them; and did not scruple to take what tame ones happened to be caught; but they did not try to steal them in any other manner, because they were afraid of the dogs the hill people kept to watch them, for the knowing dogs always tried to bite their feet. But the goblins had a kind of sheep of their own—very queer creatures, which they drove out to feed at night, and the other goblin creatures were wise enough to keep good watch over them, for they knew they should have their bones by and by.

CHAPTER 18

Curdie's Clue

Curdie was as watchful as ever but was almost getting tired of his ill success. Every other night or so he followed the goblins about as they went on digging and boring and, getting as near them as he could, watched them from behind stones and rocks; but as yet he seemed no nearer finding out what they had in view. As at first, he always kept hold of the end of his string, while his pickaxe left just outside the hole by which he entered the goblins' country from the mine continued to serve as an anchor and hold fast the other end. The goblins, hearing no more noise in that quarter, had ceased to apprehend an immediate invasion and kept no watch.

One night, after dodging about and listening till he was nearly falling asleep with weariness, he began to roll up his ball, for he had resolved to go home to bed. It was not long,

however, before he began to feel bewildered. One after another he passed goblin houses, caves, that is, occupied by goblin families, and at length was sure they were many more than he had passed as he came. He had to use great caution to pass unseen—they lay so close together. Could his string have led him wrong? He still followed, winding it, and still it led him into more thickly populated quarters, until he became quite uneasy, and indeed apprehensive; for although he was not afraid of the cobs, he was afraid of not finding his way out. But what could he do? It was of no use to sit down and wait for the morning—the morning made no difference here. It was all dark, and always dark; and if his string failed him he was helpless. He might even arrive within a yard of the mine and never know it. Seeing he could do nothing better, he would at least find where the end of the string was, and if possible how it had come to play him such a trick. He knew by the size of the ball that he was getting pretty near the last of it, when he began to feel a tugging and pulling at it. What could it mean? Turning a sharp corner, he thought he heard strange sounds. These grew, as he went on, to a scuffling and growling and squeaking; and the noise increased, until, turning a second sharp corner, he found himself in the midst of it, and the same moment tumbled over a wallowing mass, which he knew must be a knot of the cobs' creatures. Before he could recover his feet, he had

caught some great scratches on his face, and several severe bites on his legs and arms. But as he scrambled to get up, his hand fell upon his pickaxe, and before the horrid beasts could do him any serious harm, he was laying about with it right



and left in the dark. The hideous cries which followed gave him the satisfaction of knowing that he had punished some of them pretty smartly for their rudeness, and by their scampering and their retreating howls he perceived that he had routed them. He stood a little, weighing his battle-axe in his hand as if

it had been the most precious lump of metal—but indeed no lump of gold itself could have been so precious at that time as that common tool—then untied the end of the string from it, put the ball in his pocket, and still stood thinking. It was clear that the cobs' creatures had found his axe, had between them carried it off, and had so led him he knew not where. But for all his thinking he could not tell what he ought to do, until suddenly he became aware of a glimmer of light in the distance. Without a moment's hesitation he set out for it, as fast as the unknown and rugged way would permit. Yet again turning a corner, led by the dim light, he spied something quite new in his experience of the underground regions—a small irregular shape of something shining. Going up to it, he found it was a piece of mica, or Muscovy glass, called sheep-silver in Scotland, and the light flickering as if from a fire behind it. After trying in vain for some time to discover an entrance to the place where it was burning, he came at length to a small chamber in which an opening high in the wall revealed a glow beyond. To this opening he managed to scramble up, and then he saw a strange sight.

Below sat a little group of goblins around a fire, the smoke of which vanished in the darkness far aloft. The sides of the cave were full of shining minerals like those of the palace hall; and the company was evidently of a superior

order, for everyone wore stones about head or arms or waist, shining dull, gorgeous colors in the light of the fire. Nor had Curdie looked long before he recognized the king himself and found that he had made his way into the inner apartment of the royal family. He had never had such a good chance of hearing something! He crept through the hole as softly as he could, scrambled a good way down the wall toward them without attracting attention, and then sat down and listened. The king, evidently the queen, and probably the crown prince and the prime minister were talking together. He was sure of the queen by her shoes, for as she warmed her feet at the fire, he saw them quite plainly.

"That *will* be fun!" said the one he took for the crown prince.

It was the first whole sentence he heard.

"I don't see why you should think it such a grand affair!" said his stepmother, tossing her head backward.

"You must remember, my spouse," interposed His Majesty, as if making excuse for his son, "he has got the same blood in him. His mother—"

"Don't talk to me of his mother! You positively encourage his unnatural fancies. Whatever belongs to *that* mother ought to be cut out of him."

"You forget yourself, my dear!" said the king.

"I don't," said the queen, "nor you, either. If you expect me to approve of such coarse tastes, you will find yourself mistaken. I don't wear shoes for nothing."

"You must acknowledge, however," the king said, with a little groan, "that this at least is no whim of Harelip's, but a matter of state policy. You are well aware that his gratification comes purely from the pleasure of sacrificing himself to the public good. Does it not, Harelip?"

"Yes, Father, of course it does. Only it *will* be nice to make her cry. I'll have the skin taken off between her toes, and tie them up till they grow together. Then her feet will be like other people's, and there will be no occasion for her to wear shoes."

"Do you mean to insinuate I've got toes, you unnatural wretch?" cried the queen, and she moved angrily toward Harelip. The councilor, however, who was betwixt them, leaned forward so as to prevent her touching him, but only as if to address the prince.

"Your Royal Highness," he said, "possibly requires to be reminded that you have got three toes yourself—one on one foot, two on the other."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" shouted the queen triumphantly.

The councilor, encouraged by this mark of favor, went on: "It seems to me, Your Royal Highness, it would greatly endear you to your future people, proving to them that you

are not the less one of themselves that you had the misfortune to be born of a sun-mother, if you were to command upon yourself the comparatively slight operation which, in a more extended form, you so wisely meditate with regard to your future princess."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the queen, louder than before, and the king and the minister joined in the laugh. It was anything but a laughing matter to Harelip. He growled, and for a few moments the others continued to express their enjoyment of his discomfiture.

The queen was the only one Curdie could see with any distinctness. She sat sideways to him, and the light of the fire shone full upon her face. He could not consider her handsome. Her nose was certainly broader at the end than its extreme length, and her eyes, instead of being horizontal, were set up like two perpendicular eggs, one on the broad, the other on the small end. Her mouth was no bigger than a small buttonhole until she laughed, when it stretched from ear to ear—only, to be sure, her ears were very nearly in the middle of her cheeks.

Anxious to hear everything they might say, Curdie ventured to slide down a smooth part of the rock just under him, to a projection below, upon which he thought to rest. But whether he was not careful enough, or the projection gave

way, down he came with a rush on the floor of the cavern, bringing with him a great rumbling shower of stones.

The goblins jumped from their seats more in anger than consternation, for they had never yet seen anything to be afraid of in the palace. But when they saw Curdie with his pickaxe in his hand, their rage was mingled with fear, for they took him for the first of an invasion of miners. The king, notwithstanding, drew himself up to his full height of four feet, spread himself to his full breadth of three and a half, for he was the handsomest and squarest of all the goblins, and, strutting up to Curdie, planted himself with outspread feet before him and said with dignity: "Pray what right have you in my palace?"

"The right of necessity, Your Majesty," answered Curdie. "I lost my way and did not know where I was wandering to."

"How did you get in?"

"By a hole in the mountain."

"But you are a miner! Look at your pickaxe!"

Curdie did look at it, answering: "I came upon it, lying on the ground, a little way from here. I tumbled over some wild beasts that were playing with it. Look, Your Majesty." And Curdie showed him how he was scratched and bitten.

The king was pleased to find him behave more politely than he had expected from what his people had told him concerning the miners, for he attributed it to the power of his

own presence; but he did not therefore feel friendly to the intruder.

"You will oblige me by walking out of my dominions at once," he said, well knowing what a mockery lay in the words.

"With pleasure, if Your Majesty will give me a guide," said Curdie.

"I will give you a thousand," said the king, with a scoffing air of magnificent liberality.

"One will be quite sufficient," said Curdie.

But the king uttered a strange shout, half halloo, half roar, and in rushed goblins till the cave was swarming. He said something to the first of them that Curdie could not hear, and it was passed from one to another till in a moment the farthest in the crowd had evidently heard and understood it. They began to gather about him in a way he did not relish, and he retreated toward the wall. They pressed upon him.

"Stand back!" said Curdie, grasping his pickaxe tighter by his knee.

They only grinned and pressed closer. Curdie bethought himself, and began to rhyme:

"Ten, twenty, thirty—

You're all so very dirty!

Twenty, thirty, forty—
You're all so thick and snorty!

"Thirty, forty, fifty—
You're all so puff-and-snifty!
Forty, fifty, sixty—
Beast and man so mixty!

"Fifty, sixty, seventy—
Mixty, maxty, leaventy
Sixty, seventy, eighty—
All your cheeks so slaty.

"Seventy, eighty, ninety,
All your hands so flinty!
Eighty, ninety, hundred,
Altogether dundred!"

The goblins fell back a little when he began, and made horrible grimaces all through the rhyme, as if eating something so disagreeable that it set their teeth on edge and gave them the creeps; but whether it was that the rhyming words were most of them no words at all, for, a new rhyme being

considered more efficacious, Curdie had made it on the spur of the moment, or whether it was that the presence of the king and queen gave them courage, I cannot tell; but the moment the rhyme was over they crowded on him again, and out shot a hundred long arms, with a multitude of thick nailless fingers at the end of them, to lay hold upon him. Then Curdie heaved up his axe. But being as gentle as courageous and not wishing to kill any of them, he turned the end which was square and blunt like a hammer, and with that came down a great blow on the head of the goblin nearest him. Hard as the heads of all goblins are, he thought he must feel that. And so he did, no doubt; but he only gave a horrible cry and sprang at Curdie's throat. Curdie, however, drew back in time and just at that critical moment remembered the vulnerable part of the goblin body. He made a sudden rush at the king, and stamped with all his might on His Majesty's feet. The king gave a most unkingly howl and almost fell into the fire. Curdie then rushed into the crowd, stamping right and left. The goblins drew back howling on every side as he approached, but they were so crowded that few of those he attacked could escape his tread; and the shrieking and roaring that filled the cave would have appalled Curdie but for the good hope it gave him. They were tumbling over each other in heaps in their eagerness to rush from the cave, when a new assailant suddenly

faced him—the queen, with flaming eyes and expanded nostrils, her hair standing half up from her head, rushed at him. She trusted in her shoes; they were of granite—hollowed like French *sabots*. Curdie would have endured much rather than



hurt a woman, even if she was a goblin; but here was an affair of life and death: forgetting her shoes, he made a great stamp on one of her feet. But she instantly returned it with very different effect, causing him frightful pain and almost disabling him. His only chance with her would have been to attack the

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granite shoes with his pickaxe, but before he could think of that, she had caught him up in her arms and was rushing with him across the cave. She dashed him into a hole in the wall, with a force that almost stunned him. But although he could not move, he was not too far gone to hear her great cry and the rush of multitudes of soft feet, followed by the sounds of something heaved up against the rock; after which came a multitudinous patter of stones falling near him. The last had not ceased when he grew very faint, for his head had been badly cut, and at last insensible.

When he came to himself there was perfect silence about him, and utter darkness but for the merest glimmer in one tiny spot. He crawled to it, and found that they had heaved a slab against the mouth of the hole, past the edge of which a poor little gleam found its way from the fire. He could not move it a hair's breadth, for they had piled a great heap of stones against it. He crawled back to where he had been lying, in the faint hope of finding his pickaxe. But after a vain search he was at last compelled to acknowledge himself in an evil plight. He sat down and tried to think but soon fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER 19

Goblin Councils

He must have slept a long time, for when he awoke he felt wonderfully restored—indeed he felt almost well, and he was also very hungry. There were voices in the outer cave.

Once more then it was night; for the goblins slept during the day, and went about their affairs during the night.

In the universal and constant darkness of their dwelling, they had no reason to prefer the one arrangement to the other; but from aversion to the sun-people, they chose to be busy when there was least chance of their being met either by the miners below, when they were burrowing, or by the people of the mountain above, when they were feeding their sheep or catching their goats. And indeed it was only when the sun was away that the outside of the mountain was sufficiently like their own dismal regions to be endurable to their

mole-eyes, so thoroughly had they become disused to any light beyond that of their own fires and torches.

Curdie listened, and soon found that they were talking of himself.

"How long will it take?" asked Harelip.

"Not many days, I should think," answered the king.

"They are poor feeble creatures, those sun-people, and want to be always eating. We can go a week at a time without food, and be all the better for it; but I've been told *they* eat two or three times every day! Can you believe it? They must be quite hollow inside—not at all like us, nine tenths of whose bulk is solid flesh and bone. Yes—I judge a week of starvation will do for him."

"If I may be allowed a word," interposed the queen, "and I think I ought to have some voice in the matter—"

"The wretch is entirely at your disposal, my spouse," interrupted the king. "He is your property. You caught him yourself. We should never have done it."

The queen laughed. She seemed in far better humor than the night before.

"I was about to say," she resumed, "that it does seem a pity to waste so much fresh meat."

"What are you thinking of, my love?" said the king. "The

very notion of starving him implies that we are not going to give him any meat, either salt or fresh."

"I'm not such a stupid as that comes to," returned Her Majesty. "What I mean is that by the time he is starved, there will hardly be a picking upon his bones."

The king gave a great laugh.

"Well, my spouse, you may have him when you like," he said. "I don't fancy him for my part. I am pretty sure he is tough eating."

"That would be to honor instead of punish his insolence," returned the queen. "But why should our poor creatures be deprived of so much nourishment? Our little dogs and cats and pigs and small bears would enjoy him very much."

"You are the best of housekeepers, my lovely queen!" said her husband. "Let it be so by all means. Let us have our people in and get him out and kill him at once. He deserves it. The mischief he might have brought upon us, now that he had penetrated so far as our most retired citadel, is incalculable. Or rather let us tie him hand and foot and have the pleasure of seeing him torn to pieces by full torchlight in the great hall."

"Better and better!" cried the queen and prince together,

both of them clapping their hands. And the prince made an ugly noise with his harelip, just as if he had intended to be one at the feast.

"But," added the queen, bethinking herself, "he is so troublesome. For as poor creatures as they are, there is something about those sun-people that is *very* troublesome. I cannot imagine how it is that with such superior strength and skill and understanding as ours, we permit them to exist at all. Why do we not destroy them entirely, and use their cattle and grazing lands at our pleasure? Of course, we don't want to live in their horrid country! It is far too glaring for our quieter and more refined tastes. But we might use it for a sort of out-house, you know. Even our creatures' eyes might get used to it, and if they did grow blind, that would be of no consequence, provided they grew fat as well. But we might even keep their great cows and other creatures, and then we should have a few more luxuries, such as cream and cheese, which at present we only taste occasionally when our brave men have succeeded in carrying some off from their farms."

"It is worth thinking of," said the king; "and I don't know why you should be the first to suggest it, except that you have a positive genius for conquest. But still, as you say, there is something very troublesome about them; and it would be

better, as I understand you to suggest, that we should starve him for a day or two first so that he may be a little less frisky when we take him out."

"Once there was a goblin
Living in a hole;
Busy he was cobblin'
A shoe without a sole.

"By came a birdie:
'Goblin, what do you do?'
'Cobble at a sturdy
Upper leather shoe.'

"What's the good o' that, sir?"
Said the little bird;
'Why, it's very pat, sir—
Plain without a word.

"Where 'tis all a hole, sir,
Never can be holes:
Why should their shoes have soles, sir,
When they've got no souls?"

"What's that horrible noise?" cried the queen, shuddering from pot-metal head to granite shoes.

"I declare," said the king with solemn indignation, "it's the sun-creature in the hole!"

"Stop that disgusting noise!" cried the crown prince valiantly, getting up and standing in front of the heap of stones, with his face toward Curdie's prison. "Do now, or I'll break your head."

"Break away," shouted Curdie, and began singing again:

"Once there was a goblin
Living in a hole—"

"I really cannot bear it," said the queen. "If I could only get at his horrid toes with my slippers again!"

"I think we had better go to bed," said the king.

"It's not time to go to bed," said the queen.

"I would if I were you," said Curdie.

"Impertinent wretch!" said the queen, with the utmost scorn in her voice.

"An impossible *if*," said His Majesty with dignity.

"Quite," returned Curdie, and began singing again:

"Go to bed,
Goblin, do.

Help the queen
Take off her shoe.

"If you do,
It will disclose
A horrid set
Of sprouting toes."

"What a lie!" roared the queen in a rage.

"By the way, that reminds me," said the king, "that, for as long as we have been married, I have never seen your feet, Queen. I think you might take off your shoes when you go to bed! They positively hurt me sometimes."

"I will do just as I like," retorted the queen sulkily.

"You ought to do as your own hubby wishes you," said the king.

"I will not," said the queen.

"Then I insist upon it," said the king.

Apparently His Majesty approached the queen for the purpose of following the advice given by Curdie, for the latter heard a scuffle and then a great roar from the king.

"Will you be quiet then?" said the queen wickedly.

"Yes, yes, Queen. I only meant to coax you."

"Hands off!" cried the queen triumphantly. "I'm going to

bed. You may come when you like. But as long as I am queen I will sleep in my shoes. It is my royal privilege. Harelip, go to bed."

"I'm going," said Harelip sleepily.

"So am I," said the king.

"Come along, then," said the queen; "and mind you are good, or I'll—"

"Oh, no, no, no!" screamed the king, in the most supplicating of tones.

Curdie heard only a muttered reply in the distance; and then the cave was quite still.

They had left the fire burning, and the light came through brighter than before. Curdie thought it was time to try again if anything could be done. But he found he could not get even a finger through the chink between the slab and the rock. He gave a great rush with his shoulder against the slab, but it yielded no more than if it had been part of the rock. All he could do was to sit down and think again.

By and by he came to the resolution to pretend to be dying, in the hope they might take him out before his strength was too much exhausted to let him have a chance. Then, for the creatures, if he could but find his axe again he would have no fear of them; and if it were not for the queen's horrid shoes, he would have no fear at all.

Meantime, until they should come again at night, there was nothing for him to do but forge new rhymes, now his only weapons. He had no intention of using them at present, of course; but it was well to have a stock, for he might live to want them, and the manufacture of them would help to while away the time.