

Chapter 1 : Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc/Book I/Chapter 2 - Wikisource, the free online library

*Grieg's death in September Grainger continued to promote Grieg's works through his performances, essays, editions, broadcasts, and recordings, right up until his last performance of the Concerto in January in Minnesota.*

It was a maze of crooked, narrow lanes and alleys shaded and sheltered by the overhanging thatch roofs of the barnlike houses. The houses were dimly lighted by wooden-shuttered windows—that is, holes in the walls which served for windows. The floors were dirt, and there was very little furniture. Sheep and cattle grazing was the main industry; all the young folks tended flocks. The situation was beautiful. From one edge of the village a flowery plain extended in a wide sweep to the river—the Meuse; from the rear edge of the village a grassy slope rose gradually, and at the top was the great oak forest—a forest that was deep and gloomy and dense, and full of interest for us children, for many murders had been done in it by outlaws in old times, and in still earlier times prodigious dragons that spouted fire and poisonous vapors from their nostrils had their homes in there. In fact, one was still living in there in our own time. It was thought that this dragon was of a brilliant blue color, with gold mottlings, but no one had ever seen it, therefore this was not known to be so, it was only an opinion. It was not my opinion; I think there is no sense in forming an opinion when there is no evidence to form it on. If you build a person without any bones in him he may look fair enough to the eye, but he will be limber and cannot stand up; and I consider that evidence is the bones of an opinion. But I will take up this matter more at large at another time, and try to make the justness of my position appear. As to that dragon, I always held the belief that its color was gold and without blue, for that has always been the color of dragons. That this dragon lay but a little way within the wood at one time is shown by the fact that Pierre Morel was in there one day and smelt it, and recognized it by the smell. It gives one a horrid idea of how near to us the deadliest danger can be and we not suspect it. In the earliest times a hundred knights from many remote places in the earth would have gone in there one after another, to kill the dragon and get the reward, but in our time that method had gone out, and the priest had become the one that abolished dragons. He had a procession, with candles and incense and banners, and marched around the edge of the wood and exorcised the dragon, and it was never heard of again, although it was the opinion of many that the smell never wholly passed away. Not that any had ever smelt the smell again, for none had; it was only an opinion, like that other—and lacked bones, you see. I know that the creature was there before the exorcism, but whether it was there afterward or not is a thing which I cannot be so positive about. In a noble open space carpeted with grass on the high ground toward Vaucouleurs stood a most majestic beech tree with wide-reaching arms and a grand spread of shade, and by it a limpid spring of cold water; and on summer days the children went there—oh, every summer for more than five hundred years—went there and sang and danced around the tree for hours together, refreshing themselves at the spring from time to time, and it was most lovely and enjoyable. Also they made wreaths of flowers and hung them upon the tree and about the spring to please the fairies that lived there; for they liked that, being idle innocent little creatures, as all fairies are, and fond of anything delicate and pretty like wild flowers put together in that way. I know this to be true by my own eyes; it is not hearsay. And the reason it was known that the fairies did it was this—that it was made all of black flowers of a sort not known in France anywhere. Now from time immemorial all children reared in Domremy were called the Children of the Tree; and they loved that name, for it carried with it a mystic privilege not granted to any others of the children of this world. That was what some said. Others said the vision came in two ways: If repentance came, and purity of life, the vision came again, this time summer-clad and beautiful; but if it were otherwise with that soul the vision was withheld, and it passed from life knowing its doom. Still others said that the vision came but once, and then only to the sinless dying forlorn in distant lands and pitifully longing for some last dear reminder of their home. And what reminder of it could go to their hearts like the picture of the Tree that was the darling of their love and the THE FAIRY TREE comrade of their joys and comforter of their small griefs all through the divine days of their vanished youth? Now the several traditions were as I have said, some believing one and some another. One of them I knew to be the truth, and that was the last one. I do not say anything against the others; I think they were true, but I only know that the last one was; and it is my

thought that if one keep to the things he knows, and not trouble about the things which he cannot be sure about, he will have the steadier mind for it—and there is profit in that. I know that when the Children of the Tree die in a far land, then—if they be at peace with God—they turn their longing eyes toward home, and there, far-shining, as through a rift in a cloud that curtains heaven, they see the soft picture of the Fairy Tree, clothed in a dream of golden light; and they see the bloomy mead sloping away to the river, and to their perishing nostrils is blown faint and sweet the fragrance of the flowers of home. And then the vision fades and passes—but they know, they know! Joan and I believed alike about this matter. In fact, they and many others said they knew it. Probably because their fathers had known it and had told them; for one gets most things at second hand in this world. Now one thing that does make it quite likely that there were really two apparitions of the Tree is this fact: From the most ancient times if one saw a villager of ours with his face ash-white and rigid with a ghastly fright, it was common for every one to whisper to his neighbor, "Ah, he is in sin, and has got his warning. A thing that is backed by the cumulative evidence of centuries naturally gets nearer and nearer to being proof all the time; and if this continue and continue, it will some day become authority—and authority is a bedded rock, and will abide. In my long life I have seen several cases where the Tree appeared announcing a death which was still far away; but in none of these was the person in a state of sin. I myself, old and broken, wait with serenity; for I have seen the vision of the Tree. I have seen it, and am content. They sang it to a quaint sweet air—a solacing sweet air which has gone murmuring through my dreaming spirit all my life when I was weary and troubled, resting me and carrying me through night and distance home again. No stranger can know or feel what that song has been, through the drifting centuries, to exiled Children of the Tree, homeless and heavy of heart in countries foreign to their speech and ways. You will think it a simple thing, that song, and poor, perchance; but if you will remember what it was to us, and what it brought before our eyes when it floated through our memories, then you will respect it. And you will understand how the water wells up in our eyes and makes all things dim, and our voices break and we cannot sing the last lines: And that hallows it, yes, you will grant that: The fairies were still there when we were children, but we never saw them; because, a hundred years before that, the priest of Domremy had held a religious function under the tree and denounced them as being blood-kin to the Fiend and barred them from redemption; and then he warned them never to show themselves again, nor hang any more immortelles, on pain of perpetual banishment from that parish. All the children pleaded for the fairies, and said they were their good friends and dear to them and never did them any harm, but the priest would not listen, and said it was sin and shame to have such friends. The children mourned and could not be comforted; and they made an agreement among themselves that they would always continue to hang flower-wreaths on the tree as a perpetual sign to the fairies that they were still loved and remembered, though lost to sight. But late one night a great misfortune befell. But in about a minute or two minutes the poor little ruined creatures discovered her. They burst out in one heartbreaking squeak of grief and terror and fled every which way, with their wee hazel-nut fists in their eyes and crying; and so disappeared. The heartless woman—no, the foolish woman; she was not heartless, but only thoughtless—went straight home and told the neighbors all about it, whilst we, the small friends of the fairies, were asleep and not witting the calamity that was come upon us, and all unconscious that we ought to be up and trying to stop these fatal tongues. In the morning everybody knew, and the disaster was complete, for where everybody knows a thing the priest knows it, of course. This all happened at the worst time possible, for Joan of Arc was ill of a fever and out of her head, and what could we do who had not her gifts of reasoning and persuasion? We flew in a swarm to her bed and cried out, "Joan, wake! Wake, there is no moment to lose! Come and plead for the fairies—come and save them; only you can do it! Yes, all was lost, forever lost; the faithful friends of the children for five hundred years must go, and never come back any more. We could not wear mourning that any could have noticed, it would not have been allowed; so we had to be content with some poor small rag of black tied upon our garments where it made no show; but in our hearts we wore mourning, big and noble and occupying all the room, for our hearts were ours; they could not get at them to prevent that. No, the place was not quite the same afterwards. When that wise little child, Joan, got well, we realized how much her illness had cost us; for we found that we had been right in believing she could save the fairies. And mine, yes, and mine; for I have been unjust. And it is no little matter, this thing that you have

done. Is being sorry penance enough for such an act? I will put on sackcloth and ashes; thereâ€™are you satisfied? It must be fulfilled. So he got up and went to the fireplace, Joan watching him with deep interest, and took a shovelful of cold ashes, and was going to empty them on his old gray head when a better idea came to him, and he said: The victory was with the priest. One can imagine how the idea of such a profanation would strike Joan or any other child in the village. She ran and dropped upon her knees by his side and said: Do you forgive me? Oh, you have done nothing to me, father; it is yourself that must forgive yourself for wronging those poor things. Now what can I do? Find me some way out of this with your wise little head. She was about to cry again; then she had an idea, and seized the shovel and deluged her own head with the ashes, stammering out through her chokings and suffocationsâ€™ "Thereâ€™now it is done. Oh, please get up, father. He was in fine spirits now, and ready for further argument, so he took his seat and drew Joan to his side again, and said: I knew he was going to drop corn along in front of Joan now.

Chapter 2 : Trauma and Memory: Healing Through Art | Hayes | Journal of Art for Life

*Mark Twain's Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc is a fascinating story of love, faith and innocence. His own love of history adds not only color but humor in a story of danger, turmoil and massive suffering.*

It was not mere entertainment. It took effort to read it, but I found that effort rewarding. I read the entire work collected in one volume rather than split into three volumes. I read it for my book group which was good, because I would not likely have picked it up otherwise. In fact, I had no idea Mark Twain had ever wr This was a very interesting book. Twain worked on his historical fiction account of Joan of Arc for 12 years, ten years of intensive research and two years of writing it. He considered it his finest work, though it has not remained popular. Apparently Twain admired Joan of Arc for most of his life, ever since he had read about her when he was a young man. He was intrigued and inspired by her. I did not think Twain was very religious, but he wrote this book from a perspective of faith. He was convinced that Joan was genuine and miraculous and he works hard to convince the reader. He has a point: Given her background and situation, how could she ever have accomplished what she did, if she were not inspired and aided by God? This is a serious work rather than humorous. The book is written in a slower, older, romantic style. Twain idolizes her to the point of claiming she was the most innocent, pure, pious, beautiful, accomplished, intelligent, charming, perfect person ever to live. While I can certainly believe Joan was inspired, I would have preferred to see her portrayed as human, too. On the other hand, the evil, conspiring bishop who condemns Joan to death on false charges, is described as horribly ugly, warty, fat, etc. It can be seen as a literary device, but it is also obviously a fallacy to assume that someone who is beautiful inside must also embody perfection on the outside, or that a loathsome character would naturally be physically repulsive, as well. So attitudes like that made this book feel old to me, too. But it is old; it was first published in Twain also romanticizes war as glorious and exciting much of the time, yet other times he will shock the reader by describing how a cannonball suddenly killed a child. She believed her mission from God was to lead the army and see the king crowned at Rheims, and she did that. But afterward when she was captured, the king did not ransom her when he could have. Instead, he left her to die. Yet her victories against the English still prepared the way for the end of the war and kept France intact as the nation it is today. They only wanted to know if the visions were from God or from the devil. An ecclesiastical court had earlier examined Joan and found no fault in her. Yet the charges against her in the court which condemned her to death were things like the fact that she wore male clothing to battle. Points that we find crazy today, they took seriously. Because she was illiterate, she was tricked into signing a false confession. Also, she did not know that she could appeal her case to the Pope, to an ecclesiastical court in Rome. If she had done that, she would likely have been acquitted. So she died young at only 19 years old as a religious martyr. But her influence has been lasting. This review is much longer than I normally write, sorry.

**Chapter 3 : Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, Vol 1 Quotes by Mark Twain**

*Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain Consider this unique and imposing distinction. Since the writing of human history began, Joan of Arc is the only person, of either sex, who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen.*

Lewis slowly comes to terms with his emotions following the horrible death of his wife, Joy. God has not been trying an experiment on my faith or love in order to find out their quality. He knew it already. In this collection of personal recollections, Lewis describes how the loss of a loved one is like "an amputation"; The following quote from A Grief Observed perhaps helps understand how C. In this collection of personal recollections, Lewis describes how the loss of a loved one is like "an amputation"; the pain does not go away, you remember the loss daily, and the fact that change is expected and obligated to happen whether willfully or against our will makes the loss all the more powerful in our lives. Lewis observes that, in order to understand the plan that God has behind allowing tragedy to touch our doors, he makes us go through every step of grief so that, at the end, we can understand the brevity and the delicate nature of life. In this trial He makes us occupy the dock, the witness box, and the bench all at once. He always knew that my temple was a house of cards. His only way of making me realize the fact was to knock it down. He is emphatic that he does not rebel against God, but mainly tries very hard to go through a process so complex and sensitive that the only way to embrace, recognize, and understand it is through roughing into it, no matter how painful it is. So emphatic he is about the fact that he does not rebel, that he explains the difference between questioning God and accepting every human advice made in the name of religion at face value; only those who have been in a situation of grief can truly counsel others. Only God knows really what is in our hearts. But it is quite different when someone with no idea of how painful it is comes to tell how you to feel or think based on one or two scriptures or on religious fanaticism. That, he does rebel against. Yet, Lewis does allow himself room for venting, even though he does not want directly to show ire against God for what happened. He allows it because he knows that, in the end, he is still a human being and he is not perfect. Moreover, God would either understand or forgive whatever argument of anger Lewis raises toward Him. Not that I am I think in much danger of ceasing to believe in God. The real danger is of coming to believe such dreadful things about Him. Deceive yourself no longer. This is why his views on God or religion may sound sometimes ambivalent.

**Chapter 4 : Internet History Sourcebooks**

*Personal Recollections, from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville: The Autobiography of One of Scotland's First Female Scientists, Prolific Author and Activist for Women's Right to Vote [Mary Somerville] on [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. The autobiography of Mary Somerville, the author and scientist popularly deemed The Queen of Nineteenth-Century Science.*

Percy Grainger, 1892, words Percy Grainger was a polymath: He was one of the most celebrated pianist-composers of the early twentieth century. His work and writings reflect a worldview marked by both racial consciousness and an opposition to modernity that coexisted alongside radical artistic modernism. Born in Australia, Grainger was a prodigy in his youth. He was raised under the strict discipline of his mother, who educated him at home. After making his debut at the age of 12 to great acclaim, he was sent to the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt. He enjoyed a successful career as a pianist and went on tours throughout Europe. He began composing his Jungle Book song cycle at the age of 16 and composed 22 Kipling settings over the course of his life. Reading Kipling also contributed to his racial awareness: I developed my mature harmonic style—that is to say, harmony in unresolved discords. So through that parcel of books my father sent me, I became what I have remained ever since, a composer whose musical output was based on patriotism and racial consciousness. As a student, he rebelled against his conservatory training. He was a member of the Frankfurt Group, a group of mostly British composition students who rejected the central European tradition. Later in life he composed music onto player-piano rolls long before Conlon Nancarrow, anticipated prepared piano music In a Nutshell and aleatoric music Random Round, invented machines prefiguring modern electronic instruments, and experimented with techniques like multitracking, sequencing, etc. He was an early promoter of electronic music, which he believed could realize this ideal. In his later life, he attempted to create music machines toward this end with the collaboration of the physicist Burnett Cross. He became interested in folk music while living in London, where he lived for around a dozen years from the age of 20 before moving to the United States. Grainger composed hundreds of arrangements of folk songs over the course of his life. He pioneered the use of the phonograph to collect folk songs and gathered more than Edison cylinder recordings while hiking through the English countryside. A number of his original works also include themes reminiscent of folk song that are given an idiosyncratic twist. He distanced himself from the political events of his era, but even his denunciation of National Socialism reflects an awareness of the reality of racial and ethnic identity: As a child, Grainger was captivated by Norse mythology, particularly the Icelandic sagas. Grainger read the work in the original Icelandic. Grieg was influenced by contemporary Norwegian romantic nationalism and some of his works incorporate Norwegian folk music: The two met in London in 1904, Grainger was 24, Grieg 69. They formed a close bond and corresponded frequently. Grainger became fluent in Norwegian. Olav Medal in 1905. He was joined by the Danish folklorist Evald Tang Kristensen. The two recorded and notated more than 100 Jutish folk songs. He also spoke German and Russian and had some knowledge of Romance languages. Indeed Beowulf was one of his main literary inspirations. Thus he criticized modern urban life, which he saw as characterized by ugliness and economic greed, and extolled the simplicity of country life. He also condemned cruelty toward animals, which he associated with Jews, and defended animal rights. He was a vegetarian for much of his life. Grainger identified most strongly with Nordics but was interested in the music of other cultures as well. The influence of non-Western music appears throughout his works. He became fascinated with Indonesian music upon hearing a Balinese gamelan percussion orchestra at the Paris World Exhibition in 1889, much like Debussy, whose Pagodes Grainger transcribed for large percussion ensemble. It is scored for a large symphony orchestra featuring a gamelan-inspired percussion section xylophone, marimba, glockenspiel, steel marimba, steel bells, tubular bells, celesta, two harps, and three pianos. One arrangement features 30 pianists on 19 pianos. Grainger sought to invoke Vikings and ancient Greek heroes alongside Zulus and Polynesians engaged in festive war-like dances. He composed the work amid the First World War, and his colorful portrait of ancient warriors is in part a subtle indictment of the mechanization of modern post-industrial warfare. He writes in a letter: Personally I do not feel like a modern person at all. He worshiped nature and was an avid

mountain climber; he traveled from concert to concert by foot, living the life of a vagrant often wearing home-made outfits sewn from geometric-patterned bathtowels. He strove likewise to imbue his music with a sense of atavistic vigor: Rather he sought to revitalize the past and give it new meaning and new forms. Oxford University Press, , Robert Simon, Percy Grainger: The Pictorial Biography Albany: Whitston Publishing Company, , 5. Percy Grainger to Heinrich Simon, Sept. Elinor Wrobel, The Nordic Inspiration: Percy Grainger and Edvard Grieg , exhibition catalogue, Grainger Museum, , 4.

**Chapter 5 : Breaking Sad: At a loss over a loss, an entrepreneur turned to mourners to put words to grief**

*The feeling of nature I think is what I like so much in Grieg's best things. You have it too & I think we all 3 have something in common. Delius to Grainger, 10 June*

These trauma traces, as physiological imprints or memories of past experiences, often dictate how we think, feel, and cope with life. Artists, including performance artists, often scrutinize memory and trauma as a means to psychologically deal with those experiences in their art and life. Their works are often cathartic, as in the accompanying script for a performative action monologue. With this text I hope to stir personal memories and provide a fertile playground for ideas that lead to creating rich works of art, hopefully with some catharsis for the creator. For more information contact the editorial team at [journalofartforlife gmail](mailto:journalofartforlife@gmail.com). Introduction Death, loss, stress, and grief can create trauma. The fine arts are commonly used as a means of therapy for trauma. This article focuses on excerpting theorists who study trauma, my creating performance art as a way to deal with simple trauma, and supporting art as a means for healing. I discuss representative visual artists whose works have served as healing agents for trauma, whether their own or the trauma of a nation. They identified treatments for various types of major traumatic events, like wars and natural disasters, to simple traumas, such as death and stress in everyday life. Trauma creates habits of the mind that require change in order for healing to take place. Cognitive psychologist Borkovec, whom I paraphrase here, noted that change stems from an awareness of our unawareness; nonetheless, habit precludes choice. Trauma imprints the mind, and healing requires a willingness and vulnerability to challenge and change engrained habits that occupy this terrain of memories. As the adaptations informing habit become habitual, that rigidity can become problematic to continued growth and freedom. Habit moves from conscious awareness to a stuckness in unawareness and is very difficult to change. In therapy, as learned truths are challenged, doubt turns to self-agency; then, through interventions that change experience, one comes to self-awareness and consciousness. The journey can be arduous. This synopsis of the effects of traumatic encounters is as relevant to trauma theories today as in when I first heard Borkovec speak. His words have influenced much of my writing, art, and reflection on life experiences—“including the forthcoming performance monologue. In the following performance, I record personal recollections of death, loss, and grief that began as a means to explore my own stuckness—“my unconscious habits of mind. I do not attempt to interpret the monologue for the reader; I merely offer events and happenings as a means for the reader to form personal conclusions and connections based on the various narratives in the monologue. The initial staged performance used personal images of family projected in the background and simple props such as a straight-backed chair and black leather jacket. My work, based on a type of performance art by Spalding Grey in the film *Swimming to Cambodia*, crosses boundaries of some definitions of performance art, about which I hope to encourage dialogue. Additionally, I hope to challenge the reader to think how the meaning of a work of art becomes a pathway for healing when one can identify with the conceptual content of the work and reflect on personal circumstances—“in this case, through lenses largely found in trauma theories from psychology, such as those by Borkovec and others listed throughout this paper. In psychology, while clinical processes of working toward unstuckness can be varied, artmaking can provide an avenue for exploring stress, memory, and trauma in schooling as well. Digging into works, such as those by Errol Morris, Frida Kahlo, Louise Bourgeois, William Kentridge, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, or Spalding Gray—“among others—“can help us better understand the effects of memory and trauma that reach from personal to global levels. For instance, Nunn discussed the documentary film work of Errol Morris see *A Thin Blue Line*, who uses disruption to record recollections and confessionals of real, traumatic, past events often, traumatic, past events. Concentrating on individual memories, Nunn found that Morris accentuates the highly repetitive and ritualistic aspects of human behavior while disrupting reality by revealing heretofore hidden truths. For instance, in *The Wounded Deer*, c. Bourgeois seemed to seek healing through her artmaking. Finding meaning through making or interpreting artworks may enable connections to personal experience with reflection on important concepts or ideas about art and healing. William Kentridge, , About section, para. Some of his animation may be thought of simplistically as photographing a flip-book of drawings or other

media. His method of working allows the idea to emerge as he is physically engaged with the materials Art William Kentridge, , Meaning short, para. I believe that in having experienced apartheid as a resident of South Africa, his birthplace, he uses art to challenge the power structures and to reveal deep-seated emotions involved in that struggle and its aftermath. Another tool enabling visual artists to communicate ideas is performance art. Performance art can be collaborative or individual; can fuse several art techniques or forms i. Performance art delights in pushing the boundaries of the arts; finds a home in the margins; and leaves room for alterations, adjustments and redefinitions as it frees the artist to feel legitimized in overlays of choices and changes. Gray calls into question the truth of film and personalizes the effects of war in ways that counter entertainment as truth. He explores the archeology of the souls of nations, specifically Vietnam, Cambodia, and the US, in this reconstruction of historical memory that points out the convoluted role of the United States in that tragedy. Gray insists that we listen to the story; in listening we imagine, and as we imagine, what we have known as truth is challenged. The artist paints the intangible image with words; the language, poetry, and drama of the artist become the paintbrush in communicating those ideas through his performance monologue. He is challenging historical memories as political and cultural constructs, whether on a personal or national level. In traversing this liminal space of history, these images lead us to question reality—perhaps even re-construct a different consciousness. Whether in the classroom or in personal life, if we make art that questions reality or truth as we know it, we may find some habitual ways of knowing that can be challenged—or perhaps reconstructed. The intent of the following monologue is to provoke that questioning. How is my culture or my reaction socially constructed? How might our ingrained habits, beliefs, or norms be based on misinformation? How do we come to know what we know? In reflection, one can examine events or happenings and ask why. Those memories, personal or historical, allow one to visualize images in the mind that may lead to disruptions or reconstructions of those memories or reality, and can become powerful ideas or concepts for personal works of art. Working through what I term *trauma traces*—those everyday circumstances that leave traumatic imprints or memories in our minds—I share, in the following italic script, a performative action monologue delivered in Southern dialect. From my personal observations and experiences, I attempt to show how psychological, economic, and social conditions, even the seemingly innocent violence of childhood humiliations, can traumatize in ways that impact future relationships, love, trust, sexual activity, family, home, and joy of living. The situations are everyday life experiences that question identity, culture, family, age, sexuality, relationships, commitment, infidelity, abuse, and devotion, among others. I inserted quotes from therapists and theorists into the script in order to build greater insight for how particular kinds of trauma can impact the human brain. Silence and pauses in the actual performance, indicated here with elipses, are intended to accent those therapeutic analyses and add to the emotional impact. In addition, the reader is challenged to personalize related ideas to create artwork in a preferred media. *Traces in the Mind* There are all kinds of traces in the mind—those seemingly tiny physiological imprints that become embedded in the brain and literally control how we think about the world. When I was visiting my brother in Tennessee a while back, I drove by the farm where we lived until I was 12 years old. Daddy likely turned over in his grave a long time ago from the look of the size of those scraggly old cedar trees all over the place. He hated those things—said they took all the nourishment right out of the ground. The front porch at the house was piled high with all kinds of rubble that looked as if the last two families had simply moved on and left all their belongings there to weather. Daddy always kept the farm trimmed and mown. Even the big maple trees in the front yard were whitewashed about two feet up every spring, the house was painted every so often, and Mama kept it all clean. We had about 10 cows that Mama milked by hand—yup, just like Green Acres. Daddy occasionally let me ride as he led them back to the barn when he finished plowing. My Mama and Daddy worked as tenant farmers after they were married in After about 15 years, they finally saved up enough money to put a down payment on our house and 40 acre farm. Uncle Fred helped add on the kitchen, but there was no inside toilet. I used to take a bath in the kitchen sink right beside that big red hand pump. And Mama washed all our clothes with a scrub board in a big metal tub. I do remember how much they loved each other. They surely did love me. I grew up idolizing my two big brothers, Bill and Kenny. They used to ride Harleys; they called them Hogs, but I was never quite sure why. I remember when I was about five years old, I

always wanted a ride the Hogs, but was too shy to ask most of the time. My big brother Bill his full name was William Albert Hayes, and he was 22 when I was born would sometimes ask me if I wanted to go for a ride. I must have smiled from there into next week. We would go so fast, or so I thought! At first, I remember he put me in front of him on the big black leather seat of that Harley; then, when I was a bit older, he let me sit behind and told me to hold him real tight around his waist. Lots of times, he wore a beautiful black leather jacket and a leather cap with silver buttons. He looked so handsome, and was so strong to hold up that big motorcycle. I knew he loved me. You know, to this day I have a secret desire to own a Harley! My recently former second husband wore a black leather jacket when I first met him. He stood in my doorway with that luscious smile on his face and his sleek black hair. He stood the way my big brother Bill used to stand with his legs crossed, leaning nonchalantly to one side as if he and whatever he was leaning against were one. But first seductions can be deceiving. Use-dependent changes in these areas create altered neural systems that influence future functioning. In order to heal i. My brother Kenny, who was 17 when I was born, had a Harley too. I remember how gloriously beautiful both my brothers were in their leathers. Oh, how I wanted to just grow big enough to ride with themâ€”to go on road trips. Sometimes they went overnight; and, sometimes they rode all the way to Daytona Beach, Florida, just to see the motorcycle races. He quit school in the eighth grade, and he told me not too long ago how he used to have to wear hand-me-downs to school that were way too big and how other kids used to make fun of him. He always seemed so remote and aloof. We worked together for about a year, and well, I guess he won me over because one day, he just showed up at my door. There he was, I told you, leaning on the doorsill in that black leather jacket with that big smile on his face.

*Words and Music Etude Music Lover's Bookshelf Griegâ€™Nationalist and Cosmopolitan: Personal Recollections of Edvard Grieg, Part 2 Music Gave Me a Career (interview with Deanna Durbin) New Era for American Composers (interview with Deems Taylor) Artistic Possibilities of Good Jazz (interview with Raymond Scott) Key Lines for Hand Position.*

When she died tragically young, Lincoln, himself only in his mid-twenties, reportedly never fully recovered; hence, his famous melancholy. Randall, the preeminent Lincolnist of his time, in delivered the final blows. With a brilliant and celebrated essay, "Sifting the Ann Rutledge Evidence," he genteelly hacked the legend to death. Nevertheless, over the last decade of the twentieth century, Ann Rutledge made a scholarly comeback. Did the skeptics misinterpret the evidence? The opinion here is, no, they did not. While assisting the late Dr. Legend revivalists accord great importance to their testimony. As prominent revivalist Douglas L. Simon have argued that until Ann died, almost no one outside of the Rutledge family had any inkling of an Ann-Lincoln romance. These came, however, from an individual who was born just two years before Ann died. Herndon, a key figure in Lincoln historiography. He accumulated a huge mass of documents, now mostly housed at the Library of Congress in the Herndon-Weik Collection. But Herndon has another, rather more controversial, claim to fame, for it was he who launched the Rutledge legend. The "personal," the "subjective" became suspect; respectable history required verifiability, which meant public, impersonal, documented facts. It meant academic history. The best of it was very good. But the treasure trove that was Herndon was consigned to a vault. A barely penetrable vault, at that, for only the most dogged scholars could decipher the fading documents. A microfilm record was made, but it, too, is hard to read. Wilson, the aforementioned Rutledge-legend revivalist, and Rodney O. A work of inestimable value, it has transformed scholarly studies of the pre-presidential Lincoln. Moreover, it is the most prominent monument to a sea change in how Lincoln history is done: Much later in life Louisa impressed a Lincoln researcher, Thomas P. Reep, with her seemingly near-photographic memory of the layout of the village, which by then had nearly vanished due to economic failure, abandonment, and the ravages of nature. Reep asked Louisa, "How in the world is it you can remember these things and locate these places so closely? But it should be emphasized that Randall was referring specifically to Rutledge testimony, a fact that Wilson noted elsewhere. Wilson also argued that this picture suggests very strongly that Lincoln and Ann not only were in love, but were actually engaged to be married. And in fact, one of the real gems of Lincoln testimony came from Robert B. There can be little doubt that a main reason Robert could summon up this testimony is that he had frequently heard and told stories about Lincoln. Rutledge served as the Rutledge family spokesman to Herndon on matters Lincoln. He consulted his mother, Mary, and his older brother, John M. They all affirmed that a courtship took place, and with the exception of Mrs. William Rutledge, they all directly or indirectly affirmed that Lincoln and Ann were, in fact, engaged to be married. Thus from the outset one must wonder how the Rutledge family "kept the picture fresh. The screen is blank! Moreover, only three Rutledges claimed, or were said to have claimed, that they had personal knowledge of a romance. Jasper was born after Ann died, so in his case personal knowledge was not possible. But the claims that were made, such as they are, came only from David Rutledge long since dead when Herndon was collecting testimonies , J. McGrady Rutledge, and Mrs. Wilson has asserted that Robert Rutledge learned about the romance and the engagement from Ann herself. Robertâ€™the family spokesmanâ€™not only offered zero personal memories of lovebird action between Lincoln and Ann, he also did not report having had any conversation with Ann about it. After Robert consulted his mother and brother John, he wrote Herndon a long letter on or about November 1, Robert, who was twelve to sixteen years of age at the time, indicates that he personally witnessed at least some of these familiar Lincoln pastimes. He closed his letter with this: This feat he could accomplish with the greatest ease. I never saw him taste or drink a drop of any kind of spiritous liquors[. Fairly deep into the letter, Robert turned to the subject of Ann. For a time he wrote Ann letters, then stopped. To all appearances he had left her in the lurch. Enter the opportunistic Lincoln. In the mean time Mr Lincoln paid his addresses to Ann, continued his visits and attentions regularly

and those resulted in an engagement to marry, conditional to an honorable release from the contract with McNamar. There is no kind of doubt as to the existence of this engagement[. His extraordinary emotions were regarded as strong evidence of the existence of the tenderest relations between himself and the deceased. Note that the only cited witness is the dead David. Indeed, no specific memories from any living Rutledge. But instead of citing the living, Robert cited a brother who had died twenty-four years before Robert wrote to Herndon. His "extraordinary emotions were regarded as strong evidence of the existence of the tenderest relations between himself and the deceased. The record shows that Rutledge family recollections of Lincoln and Ann did not include personal knowledge of notable Lincoln grief. I do not remember as to that I have read that they did not dare to allow him to have a razor or knife at that time, but I never heard any of our family say so, and they were intimate friends with him as long as he was there. There are so many things in the papers that are not true. I cannot answer this question from personal knowledge, but from what I have learned from others at the time, you are substantially correct. If there had been romance, would not Lincoln have shared his grief with the family of the dead beloved? A larger question arises. If, in a lengthy, thoughtful, detail-packed letter the contents of which were assembled and vetted by Rutledge family members, the family spokesman did not cite a specific memory of even one living family member about a love affair, but did cite events that no one in the family seems to have witnessed, and moreover characterized those events as "strong evidence of the tenderest relations" between Lincoln and Ann, what does this say about the Rutledges as witnesses of a romance? To put it finer: One begins to suspect that the Rutledges did not, in fact, witness a romance. McGrady Rutledge, the second of the three Rutledges who claimed to have personal knowledge of a romance. In a letter dated November 21, , written shortly after the letter just discussed, Robert informed Herndon that he had received a letter from J. William Rutledge, soon to be discussed, this is the first personal recollection that Herndon obtained from a living Rutledge about Lincoln and Ann. Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge were engaged to be married. He came down and was with her during her last sickness and burial. Lincoln was Studying Law at Springfield Ill. But the most striking thing about this testimony is, once again, the lack of concrete detail. On to the third and final Rutledge who claimed personal knowledge of a romance. In March G. William Rutledge, and Mrs. Green told Miles that Lincoln was a "regular suitor" of Ann for two or three years before she died, and that Lincoln took her death "verry hard," so much so that some observers thought he would "become impared. No mention of an engagement, either. Green also qualified her comments on courtship: Who, Exactly, Was Mrs. William Rutledge, however, does not appear in the register. But primary-source evidence shows that, in fact, she actually was named Susannah Cameron Rutledge, not "Elizabeth. Susannah Cameron Rutledge was also the mother of J. It will be recalled that Susannah and J. Yet this mother-son duo had very different things to say about that relationship. McGrady affirmed, albeit with remarkable terseness, that Ann and Lincoln were engaged to be married. Susannah thought that Ann, had she lived, would have married McNamar. This in a nutshell is the grand total of what Herndon got from the two living Rutledges who actually claimed "to know. McGrady and his mother discuss or perhaps even argue about which one of them had the correct version of Lincoln and Ann? This will almost certainly never be known. But one thing is very clear indeed: McGrady and Susannah Rutledge did not keep "the picture fresh by frequently having it recalled to" them. Neither did their kinfolk. The foregoing addresses only a portion of the case made by legend revivalists for Lincoln-Ann romance and engagement. Wilson, John Evangelist Walsh, and others also cite the testimony of many non-Rutledge New Salem residents who either knew both parties or had heard about them. To fully review that testimony would require an article perhaps twice the length of this one. Suffice it to say that, under close scrutiny, the non-Rutledge testimony stands up little better than does the Rutledge testimony.

**Chapter 7 : HOT FREE BOOKS € Personal recollections of Joan of Arc € Mark Twain**

2, words. Percy Grainger was a polymath: a pianist, composer, conductor, ethnomusicologist, inventor, artist, polyglot, and man of letters. He was one of the most celebrated pianist-composers of the early twentieth century.

She was particularly close to her oldest brother Sam. Her mother taught her to read the Bible and Calvinist catechisms, and when not occupied with household chores Mary roamed among the birds and flowers in the garden. When the tide was out I spent hours on the sands, looking at the star-fish and sea-urchins, or watching the children digging for sand-eels, cockles, and the spouting razor-fish. I made collections of shells, such as were cast ashore, some so small that they appeared like white specks in patches of black sand. There was a small pier on the sands for shipping limestone brought from the coal mines inland. I was astonished to see the surface of these blocks of stone covered with beautiful impressions of what seemed to be leaves; how they got there I could not imagine, but I picked up the broken bits, and even large pieces, and brought them to my repository. In later life she recollected "These occupied a great part of my time; besides, I had to shew my sampler, working the alphabet from A to Z, as well as the ten numbers, on canvas". As a consequence Mary was sent to the village school to learn plain needlework. The youngster "was annoyed that my turn for reading was so much disapproved of, and thought it unjust that women should have been given a desire for knowledge if it were wrong to acquire it. He taught her how to use the two small globes in the house. In her Personal Recollections Mary notes that in the village school the boys learned Latin, "but it was thought sufficient for the girls to be able to read the Bible; very few even learnt writing. Dr Somerville assured her that in ancient times many women had been very elegant scholars, and proceeded to teach her Latin by reading Virgil with her. From my earliest years my mind revolved against oppression and tyranny, and I resented the injustice of the world in denying all those privileges of education to my sex which were so lavishly bestowed on men. She spent the summer learning to play the piano and learning Greek so that she could read Xenophon and Herodotus. Somerville spotted the opportunity, as she thought the book would help her understand Navigations by John Robertson. Mr Craw was a Greek and Latin scholar, and Somerville asked him to purchase elementary books on algebra and geometry for her. Somerville was impressed with their daughter Elizabeth Oswald, a bold horsewoman who became a Greek and Latin scholar. The family had hoped that he would make a sufficient fortune in a few years to enable him to come home again. He was commissioner of the Russian navy and Russian consul for Britain. Indeed, Greig "possessed in full the prejudice against learned women which was common at that time. Somerville considered the simple pendulum and the workings of the solar system more generally. Back in Scotland she resumed her mathematical studies. John Playfair, professor of natural philosophy at University of Edinburgh, encouraged her studies, and through him she began a correspondence with William Wallace, with whom she discussed mathematical problems. In her opinion this deadlock was only broken when in Charles Babbage, John Herschel and George Peacock published a translation from French of the lectures of Lacroix, which was then the state-of-the-art calculus textbook. As well as scientists, she was well-known to leading writers and artists, for example J. She wrote "I shall never forget the charm of this little society, especially the supper-parties at Abbotsford, when Scott was in the highest glee, telling amusing tales, ancient legends, ghost and witch stories. In her husband was appointed physician to Chelsea Hospital and the family moved to Hanover Square into a government house in Chelsea. With Somerville, Ada attended the scientific gatherings where she met Charles Babbage. Among their travel companions was the jurist and politician Sir James Mackintosh. Before leaving London the Somervilles made contact with people they wanted to meet, and on their European tours they paid visits to numerous celebrated intellectuals. Cover page of On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences Somerville conducted experiments to explore the relationship between light and magnetism and she published her first paper, "The magnetic properties of the violet rays of the solar spectrum", in the Proceedings of the Royal Society in Somerville produced not a translation, but an expanded version of the first two volumes. It was published in, under the title of The Mechanism of the Heavens. It made her at once famous. Mechanism was set as textbook for undergraduates at University of Cambridge until the s. Reviews were favourable and Somerville received

letters of congratulation from "many men of science". In [astronomy] we perceive the operation of a force which is mixed up with everything that exists in the heavens or on earth; which pervades every atom, rules the motions of animate and inanimate beings, and is as sensible in the descent of a rain-drop as in the falls of Niagara; in the weight of the air, as in the periods of the moon. Her subsequent books reflect the time she could free in her domestic life as her children became more independent. But also the need to earn money, as the Somervilles had a number of financial crisis that peaked in As a middle-class woman she publicly and plausibly maintained that she wrote only for pleasure. Privately she paid considerable attention to the profitability of her books. In *On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences* Somerville brought together the latest scientific advances in astronomy , physics , chemistry , botany , and geology. In the preface to *Connexion* Somerville lamented that "The progress of modern science, especially within the last five years, has been remarkable for a tendency to simplify the laws of nature, and to unite detached branches by general principles". As such the connections did not have to be established by science, they had only to be discovered and traced. Her book *Physical Geography* was published in and was the first English textbook on the subject. It remained in use as textbook until the early 20th century. Subsequently, the book focuses on terrestrial topics, such as the most basic features of land and water, and formations such as mountains, volcanoes, oceans, rivers and lakes. Somerville goes on to discuss the elements that govern temperature, such as light, electricity, storms, the aurora and magnetism. Eventually the book turns to vegetation, birds and mammals, and their geographical distribution on the planet in the Arctic, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the Antarctic. Somerville ends the book with a discussion of "the distribution, condition, and future prospects of the human race". In line with Victorian thinking, Somerville asserts the superiority of human beings, but maintains the interdependencies and interconnectedness of creation. After receiving a copy of the book he wrote to Somerville: This is an illustration of an *Haliomma Echinaster*, a marine phosphorescence. Her fourth book *Molecular and Microscopic Science* was published in and had taken her 10 years to write. But she started to have doubts about her choice to devote herself to popularising science, instead of concentrating on mathematics alone. If I had devoted myself exclusively to that study, I might probably have written something useful, as a new era had begun in that science. It gave an up-to-date description of the latest discoveries revealed through the microscope and was published in two volumes and three parts. In the first part Somerville explained the latest thinking on atoms and molecules , the second part covered plant life and the third part explored animal life. The book included illustrations, which caused her publisher great expense. Somerville maintained correspondence with a large number of leading scientists and remained engaged in current debates on facts and theories. She detailed the obstacles she had faced in obtaining an education as a young girl, though she did not speculate on the nature of the problem. In the astronomer Maria Mitchell was told by a college president that he "would hire a woman scientist if she was as good as Mary Somerville". Statue of Mary Somerville is in the background. Somerville died at Naples on 29 November , and was buried there in the English Cemetery. Also included is substantial correspondence with the Byron and Lovelace families. Somerville Square in Burntisland is named after her family and marks the site of their home. The Somerville Club was founded in in London, by it was re-established as the New Somerville Club and had disappeared by Bowell at Lowell Observatory Flagstaff, Arizona, and named for her. Somerville Crater Somerville crater is a small lunar crater in the eastern part of the Moon. It lies to the east of the prominent crater Langrenus, and was designated Langrenus J before being given her name by the International Astronomical Union. It is one of a handful of lunar craters named after a woman. The banknotes, bearing her image, were issued in the second half of Woronzow married Agnes Graham but all their children died in childbirth or infancy. From her second marriage: Margaret Farquhar Somerville died in her childhood; Thomas Somerville died in infancy; Martha Charters Somerville ; and Mary Charlotte Somerville Her two surviving daughters spent most of their lives caring for Mary.

*Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc Important Note: Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc is a work of fiction by Samuel Langhorne Clemens (i.e. Mark Twain). The pseudonymous author's name - Sieur Louis de Conte [initials SLC] derives from Samuel Langhorne Clemens [initials SLC].*

I thought it must be wrong. They were banned creatures, of fearful origin; they could be dangerous company for the children. Now give me a rational reason, dear, if you can think of any, why you call it wrong to drive them into banishment, and why you would have saved them from it. In a word, what loss have you suffered by it? I could have boxed his ears for vexation if he had been a boy. He was going along all right until he ruined everything by winding up in that foolish and fatal way. What had she lost by it! Was he never going to find out what kind of a child Joan of Arc was? Was he never going to learn that things which merely concerned her own gain or loss she cared nothing about? Could he never get the simple fact into his head that the sure way and the only way to rouse her up and set her on fire was to show her where some other person was going to suffer wrong or hurt or loss? Why, he had gone and set a trap for himself - that was all he had accomplished. This is the footstool of the Most High - Satan owns no handful of its soil. Who protected them in it all those centuries? Who allowed them to dance and play there all those centuries and found no fault with it? Who caught them again in harmless sports that God allowed and a man forbade, and carried out that threat, and drove the poor things away from the home the good God gave them in His mercy and His pity, and sent down His rain and dew and sunshine upon it five hundred years in token of His peace? It was their home - theirs, by the grace of God and His good heart, and no man had a right to rob them of it. And they were the gentlest, truest friends that children ever had, and did them sweet and loving service all these five long centuries, and never any hurt or harm, and the children loved them, and now they mourn for them, and there is no healing for their grief. And what had the children done that they should suffer this cruel stroke? The poor fairies could have been dangerous company for the children? Yes, but never had been; and could is no argument. Kinsman of the Fiend? Kinsmen of the Fiend have rights, and these had; and if I had been here I would have spoken - I would have begged for the children and the fiends, and stayed your hand and saved them all. But now - oh, now, all is lost; everything is lost, and there is no help more! She said that for that very reason people ought to pity them, and do every humane and loving thing they could to make them forget the hard fate that had been put upon them by accident of birth and no fault of their own. God forgive me, I am to blame. It was so, and he had walked into it, you see. I seemed to feel encouraged, and wondered if mayhap I might get him into one; but upon reflection my heart went down, for this was not my gift. Chapter 4 Speaking of this matter reminds me of many incidents, many things that I could tell, but I think I will not try to do it now. It will be more to my present humour to call back a little glimpse of the simple and colourless good times we used to have in our village homes in those peaceful days - especially in the winter. In the summer we children were out on the breezy uplands with the flocks from dawn till night, and then there was noisy frolicking and all that; but winter was the cosy time, winter was the snug time. It blew a gale outside, and the screaming of the wind was a stirring sound, and I think I may say it was beautiful, for I think it is great and fine and beautiful to hear the wind rage and storm and blow its clarions like that, when you are inside and comfortable. Little Joan sat on a box apart, and had her bowl and bread on another one, and her pets around her, helping. She had more than was usual of them or economical, because all the outcast cats came and took up with her, and homeless or unlovable animals of other kinds heard about it and came, and these spread the matter to the other creatures, and they came also; and as the birds and the other timid wild things of the woods were not afraid of her, but always had an idea she was a friend when they came across her, and generally struck up an acquaintance with her to get invited to the house, she always had samples of those breeds in stock. So the pets were left in peace, and here they were, as I have said, rabbits, birds, squirrels, cats, and other reptiles, all around the child, and full of interest in her supper, and helping what they could. There was a very small squirrel on her shoulder, sitting up, as those creatures do, and turning a rocky fragment of prehistoric chestnut-cake over and over in its knotty hands, and hunting for the less indurated places, and giving its elevated bushy tail a flirt and its pointed

ears a toss when it found one - signifying thankfulness and surprise - and then it filed that place off with those two slender front teeth which a squirrel carries for that purpose and not for ornament, for ornamental they never could be, as any will admit that have noticed them. Everything was going fine and breezy and hilarious, but then there came an interruption, for somebody hammered on the door. It was one of those ragged road-stragglers - the eternal wars kept the country full of them. He came in, all over snow, and stamped his feet and shook and brushed himself, and shut the door, and took off his limp ruin of a hat and slapped it once or twice against his leg to knock off his fleece of snow, and then glanced around on the company with a pleased look upon his thin face, and a most yearning and famished one in his eye when it fell upon the victuals, and then he gave us a humble and conciliatory salutation, and said it was a blessed thing to have a fire like that on such a night, and a roof overhead like this, and that rich food to eat, and loving friends to talk with - ah, yes, this was true, and God help the homeless, and such as must trudge the roads in this weather. The poor embarrassed creature stood there and appealed to one face after the other with his eyes, and found no welcome in any, the smile on his own face flickering and fading and perishing, meanwhile; then he dropped his gaze, the muscles of his face began to twitch, and he put up his hand to cover this womanish sign of weakness. The stranger was startled, and took his hand away, and there was Joan standing before him offering him her bowl of porridge. Sit down, I say! Her father had not the art; neither could he learn it. We are being eaten out of house and home by his like, and I have said I would endure it no more, and will keep my word. He has the face of a rascal anyhow, and a villain. Sit down, I tell you. It is the most idiotic speech I ever heard. Rising in his place and leaning his knuckles upon the table and looking about him with easy dignity, after the manner of such as be orators, he began, smooth and persuasive: Will any deny it? Will you claim that the tongs are punishable for that? The question is answered: I see by your faces that you would call such a claim absurd. Now, why is it absurd? It is absurd because, there being no reasoning faculty - that is to say, no faculty of personal command - in a pair of tongs, personal responsibility for the acts of the tongs is wholly absent from the tongs; and therefore, responsibility being absent, punishment cannot ensue. Consider how exactly, how marvellously, indeed, its situation corresponds to that of a pair of tongs. Listen - and take careful note, I beg you. Can it plan a theft? Can it plan an incendiary fire? Now answer me - Can a pair of tongs? The matter is narrowed down by that much; we will narrow it further. Can a stomach, of its own motion, assist at a crime? The answer is no, because command is absent, the reasoning faculty is absent, volition is absent - as in the case of the tongs. We perceive, now, do we not, that the stomach is totally irresponsible for crimes committed either in whole or in part, by it? It was splendid to see; and everybody said he had never come up to that speech in his life before, and never could do it again. Eloquence is a power, there is no question of that. It was because she had given the man the porridge long ago, and he had already eaten it all up. Now that was a good and thoughtful idea for a child. The man was not a rascal at all. He was a very good fellow, only he was out of luck, and surely that was no crime at that time in France. Now that his stomach was proved to be innocent, it was allowed to make itself at home; and as soon as it was well filled and needed nothing more, the man unwound his tongue and turned it loose, and it was really a noble one to go. And now, in this solemn hush, the stranger gave Joan a pat or two on the head and said: Think of that, with a French audience all stirred up and ready. Oh, where was your spoken eloquence now? How fine he looked, how stately, how inspired, as he stood there with that mighty chant welling from his lips and his heart, his whole body transfigured, and his rags along with it! Everybody rose and stood while he sang, and their faces glowed and their eyes burned; and the tears came and flowed down their cheeks, and their forms began to sway unconsciously to the swing of the song, and their bosoms to heave and pant; and moanings broke out, and deep ejaculations; and when the last verse was reached and Roland lay dying, all alone, with his face to the field and to his slain, lying there in heaps and windrows, and took off and held up his gauntlet to God with his failing hand, and breathed his beautiful prayer with his paling lips, all burst out in sobs and wailings. But when the final note died out and the song was done, they all flung themselves in a body at the singer, stark mad with love of him and love of France and pride in her great deeds and old renown, and smothered him with their embracings; but Joan was there first, hugged close to his breast, and covering his face with idolatrous kisses. Chapter 5 All children have nicknames, and we had ours. We got one apiece early, and they stuck to us; but Joan was richer in this matter,

for as time went on she earned a second, and then a third, and so on, and we gave them to her. First and last she had as many as half a dozen. Several of these she never lost. Peasant girls are bashful naturally; but she surpassed the rule so far, and coloured so easily, and was so easily embarrassed in the presence of strangers, that we nicknamed her the Bashful. We were all patriots, but she was called the Patriot, because our warmest feeling for our country was cold beside hers. Also she was called the Beautiful; and this was not merely because of the extraordinary beauty of her face and form, but because of the loveliness of her character. These names she kept, and one other - the Brave. We grew along up, in that plodding and peaceful region, and got to be good-sized boys and girls - big enough, in fact, to begin to know as much about the wars raging perpetually to the west and north of us as our elders, and also to feel as stirred up over the occasional news from those red fields as they did. I remember certain of these days very clearly. One Tuesday a crowd of us were romping and singing around the Fairy Tree, and hanging garlands on it in memory of our lost little fairy friends, when little Mengette cried out: All the panting breasts and flushed faces flocked together, and all the eager eyes were turned in one direction - down the slope, toward the village. No - is it? Now, has any ever seen the like of that before? It means something dreadful - what else? His ancestors had been Germans some centuries ago. He came straining up the slope, now and then projecting his flag-stick aloft and giving his black symbol of woe a wave in the air, whilst all eyes watched him, all tongues discussed him, and every heart beat faster and faster with impatience to know his news. At last he sprang among us, and struck his flag-stick into the ground, saying: Stand there and represent France while I get my breath. She needs no other flag, now. It was as if one had announced a death. In that chilly hush there was no sound audible but the panting of the breath-blown boy. When he was presently able to speak, he said: A treaty has been made at Troyes between France and the English and Burgundians.

**Chapter 9 : Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, Vol 1 by Mark Twain**

*Grieg* "Nationalist and cosmopolitan: Personal recollections of Edvard Grieg in celebration of the centennial of the great Norwegian master (). In Gillies, M., Ross, B.C. (Eds.), *Grainger on Music* (pp. - 37).

I thought it must be wrong. They were banned creatures, of fearful origin; they could be dangerous company for the children. Now give me a rational reason, dear, if you can think of any, why you call it a wrong to drive them into banishment, and why you would have saved them from it. In a word, what loss have you suffered by it? I could have boxed his ears for vexation if he had been a boy. He was going along all right until he ruined everything by winding up in that foolish and fatal way. What had she lost by it! Was he never going to find out what kind of a child Joan of Arc was? Was he never going to learn that things which merely concerned her own gain or loss she cared nothing about? Could he never get the simple fact into his head that the sure way and the only way to rouse her up and set her on fire was to show her where some other person was going to suffer wrong or hurt or loss? Why, he had gone and set a trap for himself " that was all he had accomplished. This is the footstool of the Most High " Satan owns no handful of its soil. Who protected them in it all those centuries? Who allowed them to dance and play there all those centuries and found no fault with it? Who caught them again in harmless sports that God allowed and a man forbade, and carried out that threat, and drove the poor things away from the home the good God gave them in His mercy and His pity, and sent down His rain and dew and sunshine upon it five hundred years in token of His peace? It was their home " theirs, by the grace of God and His good heart, and no man had a right to rob them of it. And they were the gentlest, truest friends that children ever had, and did them sweet and loving service all these five long centuries, and never any hurt or harm; and the children loved them, and now they mourn for them, and there is no healing for their grief. And what had the children done that they should suffer this cruel stroke? The poor fairies could have been dangerous company for the children? Yes, but never had been; and could is no argument. Kinsmen of the Fiend? Kinsmen of the Fiend have rights, and these had; and children have rights, and these had; and if I had been there I would have spoken " I would have begged for the children and the fiends, and stayed your hand and saved them all. But now " oh, now, all is lost; everything is lost, and there is no help more! She said that for that very reason people ought to pity them, and do every humane and loving thing they could to make them forget the hard fate that had been put upon them by accident of birth and no fault of their own. The Pere had got upon his feet, toward the last, and now he stood there passing his hand back and forth across his forehead like a person who is dazed and troubled; then he turned and wandered toward the door of his little workroom, and as he passed through it I heard him murmur sorrowfully: God forgive me, I am to blame. It was so, and he had walked into it, you see. I seemed to feel encouraged, and wondered if mayhap I might get him into one; but upon reflection my heart went down, for this was not my gift. It will be more to my present humor to call back a little glimpse of the simple and colorless good times we used to have in our village homes in those peaceful days " especially in the winter. In the summer we children were out on the breezy uplands with the flocks from dawn till night, and then there was noisy frolicking and all that; but winter was the cozy time, winter was the snug time. It blew a gale outside, and the screaming of the wind was a stirring sound, and I think I may say it was beautiful, for I think it is great and fine and beautiful to hear the wind rage and storm and blow its clarions like that, when you are inside and comfortable. Little Joan sat on a box apart, and had her bowl and bread on another one, and her pets around her helping. She had more than was usual of them or economical, because all the outcast cats came and took up with her, and homeless or unlovable animals of other kinds heard about it and came, and these spread the matter to the other creatures, and they came also; and as the birds and the other timid wild things of the woods were not afraid of her, but always had an idea she was a friend when they came across her, and generally struck up an acquaintance with her to get invited to the house, she always had samples of those breeds in stock. So the pets were left in peace, and here they were, as I have said, rabbits, birds, squirrels, cats, and other reptiles, all around the child, and full of interest in her supper, and helping what they could. There was a very small squirrel on her shoulder, sitting up, as those creatures do, and turning a rocky fragment of prehistoric

chestnut-cake over and over in its knotty hands, and hunting for the less indurated places, and giving its elevated bushy tail a flirt and its pointed ears a toss when it found one â€” signifying thankfulness and surprise â€” and then it filed that place off with those two slender front teeth which a squirrel carries for that purpose and not for ornament, for ornamental they never could be, as any will admit that have noticed them. Everything was going fine and breezy and hilarious, but then there came an interruption, for somebody hammered on the door. It was one of those ragged road-stragglers â€” the eternal wars kept the country full of them. He came in, all over snow, and stamped his feet, and shook, and brushed himself, and shut the door, and took off his limp ruin of a hat, and slapped it once or twice against his leg to knock off its fleece of snow, and then glanced around on the company with a pleased look upon his thin face, and a most yearning and famished one in his eye when it fell upon the victuals, and then he gave us a humble and conciliatory salutation, and said it was a blessed thing to have a fire like that on such a night, and a roof overhead like this, and that rich food to eat, and loving friends to talk with â€” ah, yes, this was true, and God help the homeless, and such as must trudge the roads in this weather. The embarrassed poor creature stood there and appealed to one face after the other with his eyes, and found no welcome in any, the smile on his own face flickering and fading and perishing, meanwhile; then he dropped his gaze, the muscles of his face began to twitch, and he put up his hand to cover this womanish sign of weakness. The stranger was startled, and took his hand away, and there was Joan standing before him offering him her bowl of porridge. Sit down, I say! Her father had not the art; neither could he learn it. We are being eaten out of house and home by his like, and I have said I would endure it no more, and will keep my word. He has the face of a rascal anyhow, and a villain. Sit down, I tell you! It is the most idiotic speech I ever heard. Rising in his place and leaning his knuckles upon the table and looking about him with easy dignity, after the manner of such as be orators, he began, smooth and persuasive: Will any deny it? Will you claim that the tongs are punishable for that? The question is answered; I see by your faces that you would call such a claim absurd. Now, why is it absurd? It is absurd because, there being no reasoning faculty â€” that is to say, no faculty of personal command â€” in a pair of tongs, personal responsibility for the acts of the tongs is wholly absent from the tongs; and, therefore, responsibility being absent, punishment cannot ensue. Consider how exactly, how marvelously, indeed, its situation corresponds to that of a pair of tongs. Listen â€” and take careful note, I beg you. Can it plan a theft? Can it plan an incendiary fire? Now answer me â€” can a pair of tongs? The matter is narrowed down by that much; we will narrow it further. Can a stomach, of its own motion, assist at a crime? The answer is no, because command is absent, the reasoning faculty is absent, volition is absent â€” as in the case of the tongs. We perceive now, do we not, that the stomach is totally irresponsible for crimes committed, either in whole or in part, by it? It was splendid to see; and everybody said he had never come up to that speech in his life before, and never could do it again. Eloquence is a power, there is no question of that. It was because she had given the man the porridge long ago and he had already eaten it all up. Now that was a good and thoughtful idea for a child. The man was not a rascal at all. He was a very good fellow, only he was out of luck, and surely that was no crime at that time in France. Now that his stomach was proved to be innocent, it was allowed to make itself at home; and as soon as it was well filled and needed nothing more, the man unwound his tongue and turned it loose, and it was really a noble one to go. And now, in this solemn hush, the stranger gave Joan a pat or two on the head and said: Think of that, with a French audience all stirred up and ready. Oh, where was your spoken eloquence now! How fine he looked, how stately, how inspired, as he stood there with that mighty chant welling from his lips and his heart, his whole body transfigured, and his rags along with it. Everybody rose and stood while he sang, and their faces glowed and their eyes burned; and the tears came and flowed down their cheeks and their forms began to sway unconsciously to the swing of the song, and their bosoms to heave and pant; and moanings broke out, and deep ejaculations; and when the last verse was reached, and Roland lay dying, all alone, with his face to the field and to his slain, lying there in heaps and winrows, and took off and held up his gauntlet to God with his failing hand, and breathed his beautiful prayer with his paling pips, all burst out in sobs and wailings. But when the final great note died out and the song was done, they all flung themselves in a body at the singer, stark mad with love of him and love of France and pride in her great deeds and old renown, and smothered him with their embracings; but Joan was there first, hugged close to his breast, and covering his

face with idolatrous kisses. We got one apiece early, and they stuck to us; but Joan was richer in this matter, for, as time went on, she earned a second, and then a third, and so on, and we gave them to her. First and last she had as many as half a dozen. Several of these she never lost. Peasant-girls are bashful naturally; but she surpassed the rule so far, and colored so easily, and was so easily embarrassed in the presence of strangers, that we nicknamed her the Bashful. We were all patriots, but she was called the Patriot, because our warmest feeling for our country was cold beside hers. Also she was called the Beautiful; and this was not merely because of the extraordinary beauty of her face and form, but because of the loveliness of her character. These names she kept, and one other – the Brave. We grew along up, in that plodding and peaceful region, and got to be good-sized boys and girls – big enough, in fact, to begin to know as much about the wars raging perpetually to the west and north of us as our elders, and also to feel as stirred up over the occasional news from these red fields as they did. I remember certain of these days very clearly. One Tuesday a crowd of us were romping and singing around the Fairy Tree, and hanging garlands on it in memory of our lost little fairy friends, when Little Mengette cried out: All the panting breasts and flushed faces flocked together, and all the eager eyes were turned in one direction – down the slope, toward the village. No – is it? Now, has any ever seen the like of that before? It means something dreadful – what else? His ancestors had been Germans some centuries ago. He came straining up the slope, now and then projecting his flag-stick aloft and giving his black symbol of woe a wave in the air, whilst all eyes watched him, all tongues discussed him, and every heart beat faster and faster with impatience to know his news. At last he sprang among us, and struck his flag-stick into the ground, saying: Stand there and represent France while I get my breath. She needs no other flag now. It was as if one had announced a death. In that chilly hush there was no sound audible but the panting of the breath-blown boy. When he was presently able to speak, he said: A treaty has been made at Troyes between France and the English and Burgundians. By it France is betrayed and delivered over, tied hand and foot, to the enemy. It is the work of the Duke of Burgundy and that she-devil, the Queen of France.