



The Good AND THE Beautiful
CURRICULUM

∞ *The Big Book of* ∞

HISTORY STORIES

YEAR 1



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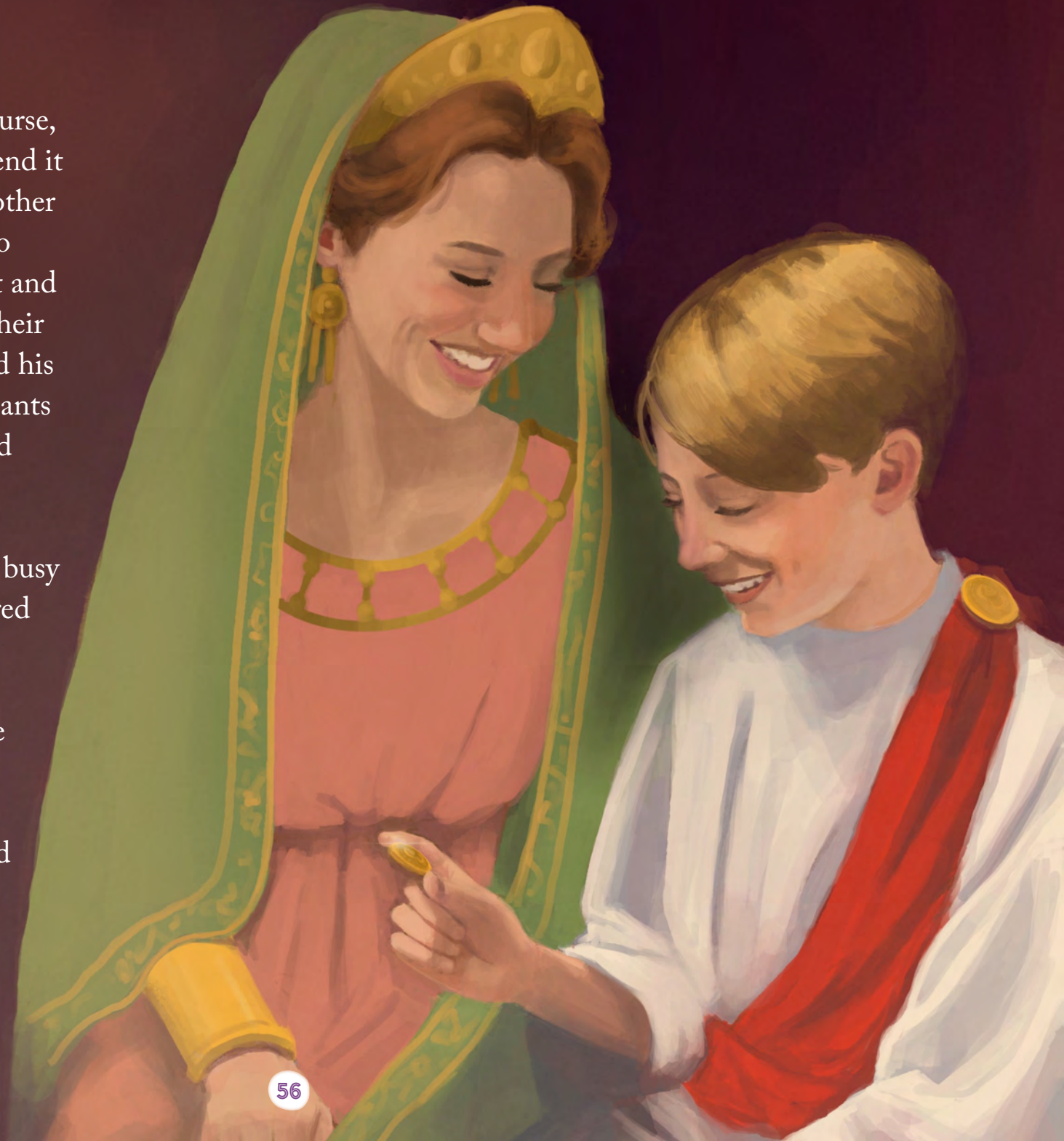
An illustration of a woman and a young boy. The woman, on the left, has brown hair and is wearing a green headscarf with gold trim and a pink dress with a gold necklace. She is smiling and looking down at a small gold coin held in the boy's hand. The boy, on the right, has short brown hair and is wearing a white tunic with a red sash. He is also smiling and looking at the coin. The background is a light, textured surface, possibly a scroll or parchment, with a decorative gold border featuring a repeating leaf-like pattern. Above the title, there are three gold coins and decorative flourishes.

CASSIUS
and the
• LOST COIN •

Written by Abby Fokken
Illustrated by Jessica Clark

Cassius had one coin. He had dropped it safely into his coin purse, hoping to find something to spend it on later that day. He and his mother were traveling outside the city to offer congratulations to his aunt and uncle, who had just welcomed their third child. Cassius knew he and his mother would likely pass merchants along the way, and he might find something interesting to buy.


As the carriage rolled along the busy Roman road, Cassius remembered the stories he had been told of Britannia before the Romans had arrived. Stone roads like the one they were traveling on had not existed, only old dirt paths. Nearly everyone had farmed and taken care of their own clans.



Now there were cities filled with great stone buildings, heated water systems, and roads paved in stone. Cassius's family was wealthy and had a sturdy two-story home with heated floors on the main level. He felt this was a very comfortable way to live.

Beyond the city, most people still lived like their ancestors had—in humble abodes made of sticks and mud, with grassy roofs and few windows. Most were farmers with limited possessions. The few times Cassius had visited his cousins, he'd missed the modern comforts of his home.





Soon the road transitioned to a dirt path. For the next hour, Cassius looked out the window at the bumpy ground as he turned his coin over and over in his hand. Everything here looked so different than it did in the city, and he enjoyed the new sights and sounds. Finally, he and his mother reached their relatives' hut. To the right, pigs snuffled through the mud in their paddock, while grains in the fields to the left rippled slightly in the breeze. The hut was large and round, with visible layers of dried mud, and the peaked roof was covered in a heavy, thick layer of dried grass. One small window provided a sliver of light in the dark hut, and a large wooden door guarded the entry.

From inside the hut came a tiny whimper. Cassius's mother gently knocked and then pushed the door slightly ajar. The light entering the hut revealed a woman sitting on a woven mat and holding a tiny baby. "Edme?" Cassius's mother whispered.

Looking up, Aunt Edme gasped, smiled, and slowly rose to her feet. "Greetings, Agnes," she said quietly, coming toward them. She nodded at Cassius, and he returned the nod.





JOSEF'S MIRACLE

Written by Ileana Board • Illustrated by Rhiannon Archard

We sing many beautiful songs to celebrate Jesus's birth during the Christmas season. One delightful carol tells the story of "Good King Wenceslas."

*Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even.*

You might have heard this tune at church or even sung it yourself while caroling, but do you know the story these words tell? Good King Wenceslas [WEN-ses-loss], known as Václav, the Duke of Bohemia, lived from AD 907 to 935 in what is now the Czech Republic. This song tells the story of how the duke helped a poor man suffering through a harsh winter. Although history has long forgotten the details of this story, it might have gone something like this.



Good King Wenceslas.

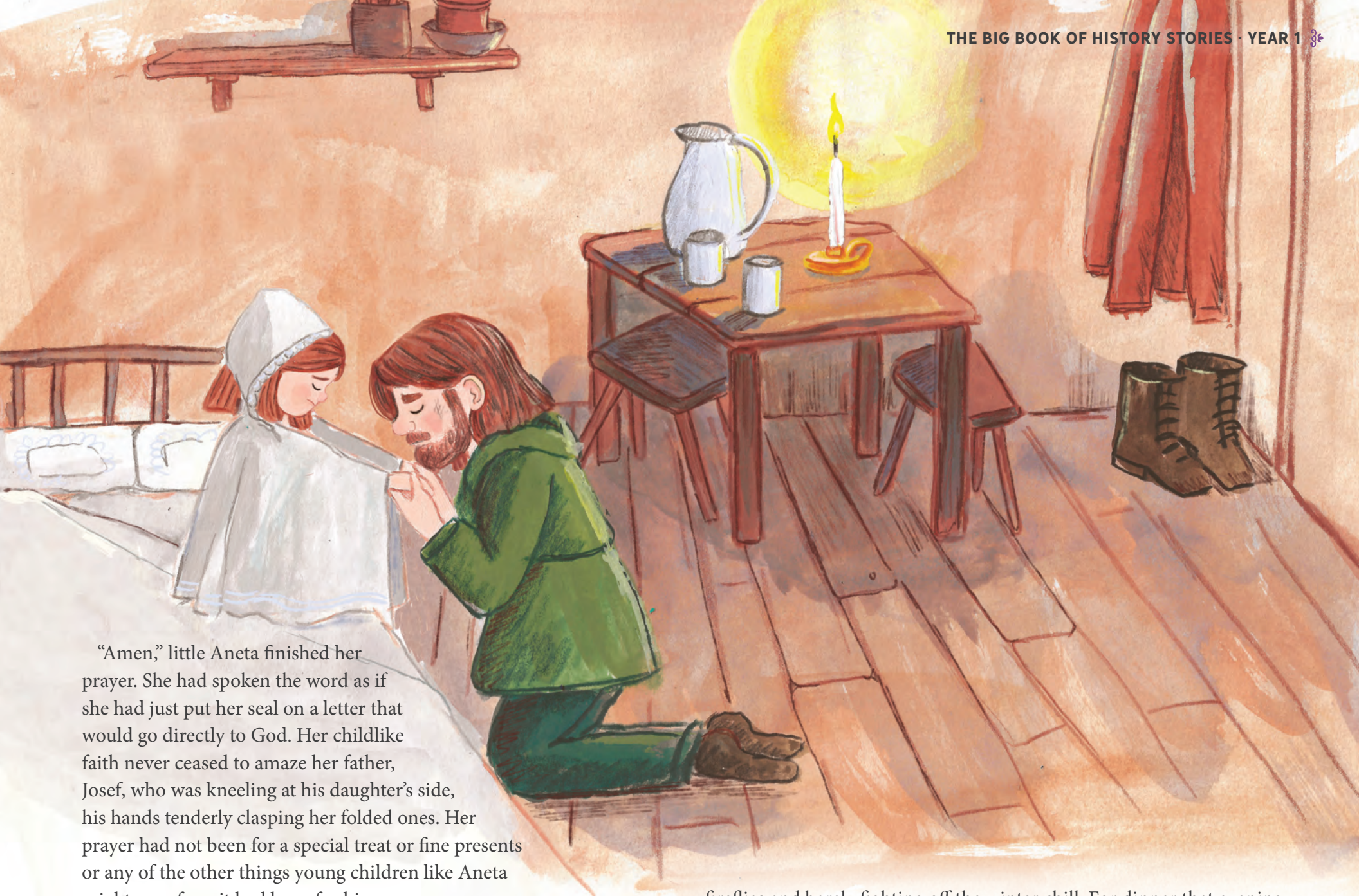
CHRISTMAS.

Carol 415.

Words by J. M. Neale.
Chorus.

Traditional.

1. Good King Wen - ces - las looked out On the Feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay
round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and e - ven: Bright - ly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cru - el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win - ter fu - el.



“Amen,” little Aneta finished her prayer. She had spoken the word as if she had just put her seal on a letter that would go directly to God. Her childlike faith never ceased to amaze her father, Josef, who was kneeling at his daughter’s side, his hands tenderly clasping her folded ones. Her prayer had not been for a special treat or fine presents or any of the other things young children like Aneta might pray for—it had been for him.

Josef gazed at his little girl with misty eyes. Aneta had been sick in bed for many weeks and now had a concerningly high fever. A pitiful fire sputtered in the center of the room, its last few embers sparkling like


fireflies and barely fighting off the winter chill. For dinner that evening, they had eaten the last of their bread, washing it down with cups of melted snow. And yet, Aneta had prayed for Josef; she had thanked God for her father’s care and prayed for blessings upon him.



With all the love of a father's heart, Josef tucked his only child into her little cot, pressing the thin blankets around her. Would this be the last time he kissed her goodnight? He couldn't bear the thought.

Josef rose from his knees with desperate determination, put on his fur coat, and shouldered the bow and quiver that hung on the pegs by

the door. Aneta had already drifted into a fevered sleep. *Tonight, at least, she will have a proper fire to keep her warm, and hopefully I will find fresh meat for her breakfast too,* Josef thought. He whispered a quick prayer: "Please, Lord, help me find some food to strengthen her and make her well."



Josef opened the cottage door to a wintry, white world. He looked sadly at the house, thinking of better days long past. When he and his wife, Katerina, had first been married, she had chosen this spot at the base of the mountain for their home. She had declared Josef's sturdy house "perfect." They had envisioned a long and happy life together in that home, but Katerina had died the same day she had given Josef his precious Aneta. Despite his bitter grief, Josef had devoted every ounce of his energy to care for his little girl. The ten years since Aneta's birth had been filled with love and laughter, but the recent illness had come quickly and mercilessly. Every bit of Josef's meager earnings was now used to ease Aneta's suffering. She was all he had in the world, and perhaps even she was going to be taken away.

Refusing to allow the tears that blurred his vision to fall, Josef leaped over the fence, the snow crunching under his feet, and stepped into the quiet forest. The bright moon cast eerie shadows over the frost-covered landscape.

If You Were a Merchant

in Thirteenth-Century England



Written by Ileana Board
Illustrated by Allira Tee

The first floor of your building would be your store. Here you would sell your products. You would also meet traveling merchants, farmers, and craftsmen from whom you would buy new things to sell. The second floor would be your home, where you and your family would live, eat, sleep, and play. Above your living apartments would be the attic, where your apprentices and helpers would live.





If you were a city merchant, you would step out of your shop into the street very carefully. It was a common practice for people to dump their waste buckets and dirty water right outside their windows and onto the street, so you would always have to be on the alert for a filthy shower from above. Although the cobblestone streets were often muddy and cramped, you would welcome the opportunity to chat with neighboring merchants and usher new customers into your shop.



Life would be more unpredictable if you were a traveling merchant, also known as a peddler. You would travel all over the country, visiting everything from bustling towns to humble farmhouses and even busy seaports, where you could collect all kinds of goods to sell.

The document called the Magna Carta gave merchants the freedom to travel throughout

England and bordering lands without paying a high tax every time they entered or exited its borders. In those days most people used only what they could produce themselves or what they could find close by, so buying specialty goods from a traveling merchant was a delightful treat.

When visiting seaports, you would watch the ships from Asia, Africa, and the Mediterranean unload their cargoes of exotic spices, fine silks, salt, ivory, copper, gold, and olive oil; you might even journey to foreign lands yourself to collect treasures firsthand. You would travel to fairs and festivals, buying

creations from talented artisans and brilliant artists. Once you brought these goods back to the inland towns, you would resell them at a high profit. If you had a reputation for finding quality and rare items, you might even be invited to showcase your goods in the homes or castles of wealthy lords and ladies.

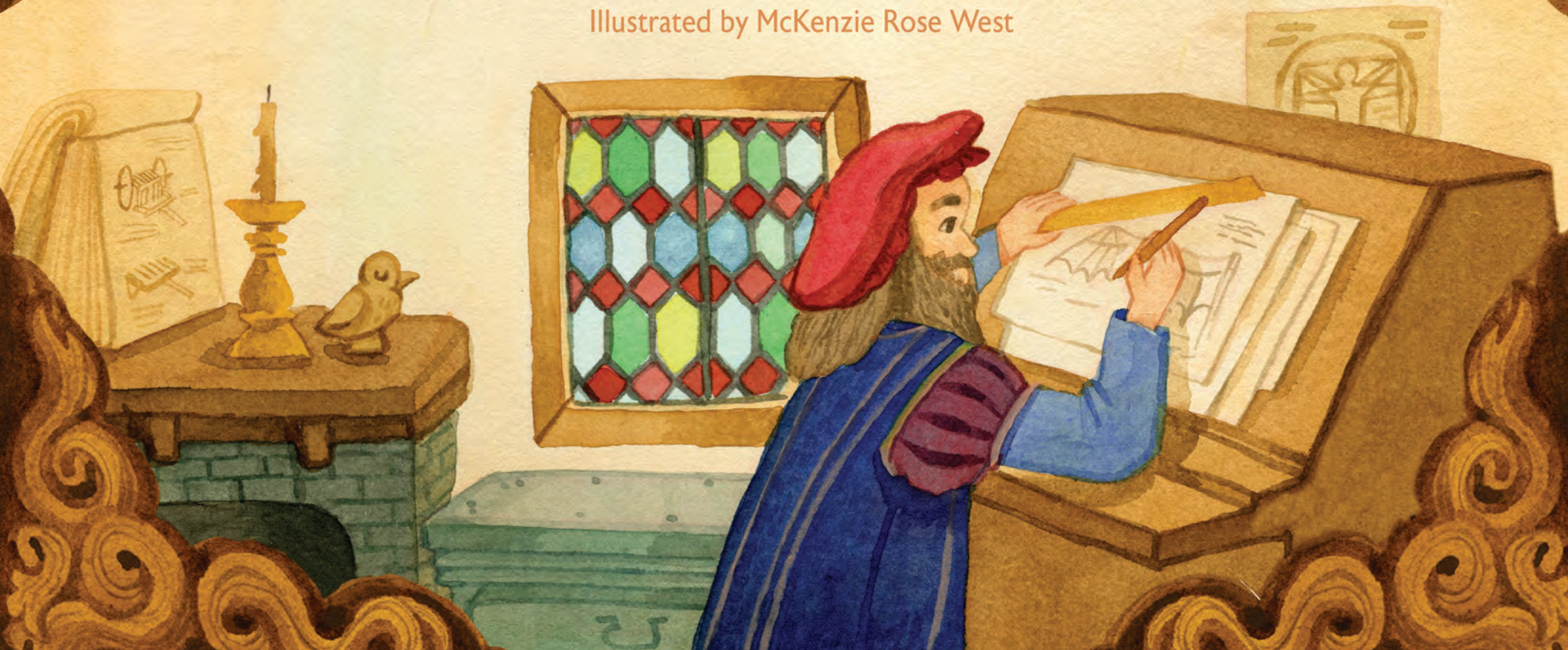


Things Leonardo Loved

Written by The Good and the Beautiful Team

Adapted from *Knights of Art: Stories of the Italian Painters* by Amy Steedman

Illustrated by McKenzie Rose West



He always desired to know the hidden reasons behind things. Much as he loved the flowers, he had to pull their petals off one by one to see how each was joined. Then when the sun began to sink, he would turn sadly homeward, very hungry, with torn clothes and tired feet, but a store of sunshine in his heart.

When Leonardo attended school, he peppered his teachers with questions; sometimes they simply could not keep up with his inquisitive young mind. He amazed his teachers with how rapidly he progressed, and he astounded them with his insatiable desire to solve increasingly difficult problems. His mind seemed to always eagerly be asking for more and was never satisfied.





But Leonardo's thoughts had fixed themselves upon something he had seen that morning that had troubled him. On the way to the studio, he had passed a tiny shop in a narrow street where a seller of birds was busy hanging up his cages.

The thought of those poor little prisoners beating their wings against the cruel bars and breaking their hearts with longing for their wild, free life had haunted him all day, and now he could bear it no longer. He seized his cap

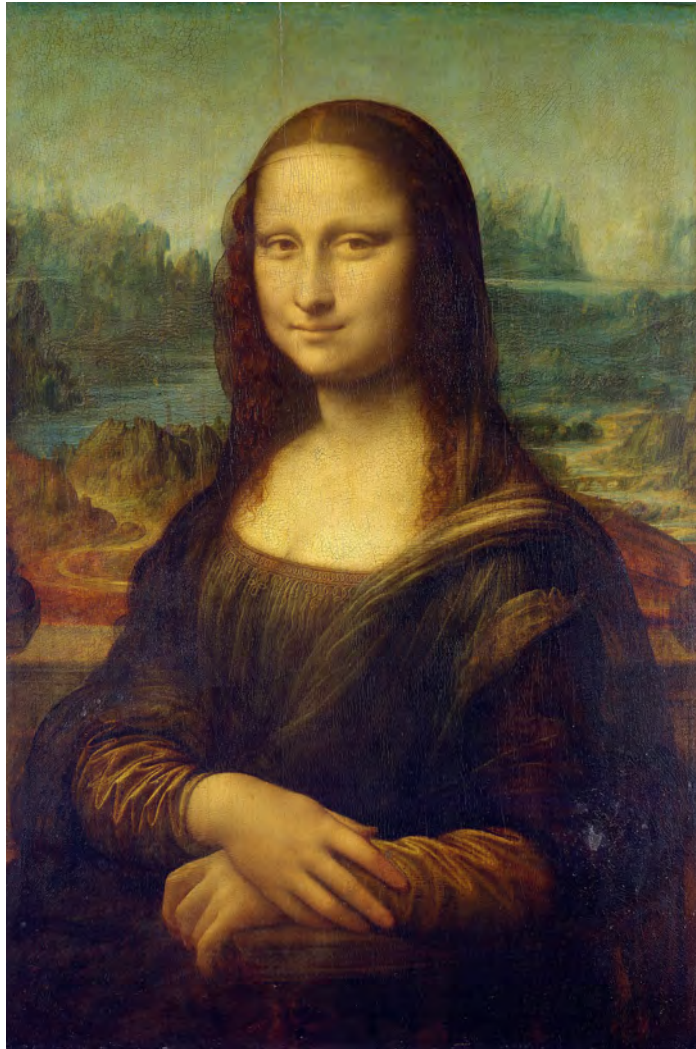
and hurried off.

He reached the little shop and called to the man within. In a moment Leonardo had paid the money to buy the birds and had turned toward the row of little cages. One by one he opened the doors and set the prisoners free. Those that were too frightened or timid to fly away he gently drew out with his hand and sent them gaily whirling up above his head into the blue sky.



Leonardo da Vinci's Art

Above is one of Leonardo da Vinci's famous paintings. It is called the *Annunciation* and depicts the angel Gabriel appearing to Mary to announce that she will bear the Christ child. The story of Mary being visited by the archangel Gabriel was popular during Leonardo's time. The angel holds a lily in his left hand, symbolizing Mary's purity.



Perhaps Leonardo da Vinci's most famous painting is the *Mona Lisa*. No one knows who the woman in the painting is—her identity is a mystery. In 1956, a man threw a stone at the painting. The stone left a small patch of damaged paint next to the left elbow. The painting resides in the Louvre museum in Paris, France, on a wall all to itself and is encased in bulletproof glass and protected in a climate-controlled environment so that it can be preserved well. The special room cost the museum millions of dollars to renovate!



Paul Revere's Midnight Ride

Written by The Good and the Beautiful Team
Adapted from "Paul Revere's Ride" by Lawton B. Evans
Illustrated by Ollie Cuthbertson

Paul Revere possessed many titles: silversmith, dentist, Son of Liberty, and patriot. But his most important titles were husband and father.

Revere had eight children with his first wife, Sarah, who died just a few months after their eighth child was born. He soon married again and had eight more children. He was a loving and devoted father who referred to his children as his “little lambs.”

As we read his story, let us remember what Paul Revere was risking on his midnight ride. Revere was a hardworking man with a beloved family. His actions on the night of April 18, 1775, would put his very life at risk. They would mark him as a traitor and an enemy to the king of England. This one night’s work could change his life forever, for he could lose his business and property, and his family could be harmed. But Revere believed in liberty so much, he was willing to do what was dangerous and hard. His story is an inspiring reminder to have courage and stand up for what is right, even when it is most difficult.



The midnight ride of Paul Revere happened a long time ago when the American colonies were ruled by the king of England. Thousands of English soldiers were stationed in Boston, Massachusetts. The king had sent them there to make the people obey his unjust laws. These soldiers guarded the streets of the town; they did not let anyone go out or come in without their permission.

As a result the colonists' minds had begun to turn to war. Bands of minutemen—men who would be ready to fight at a minute's notice—were organized.

One night as the moon was rising, a little boat was secretly rowed across the Charles River. In the little boat was Paul Revere. He was on an important secret mission for the Sons of Liberty. You see, the American leaders had learned that the British were about to make a move. When they did, Paul Revere would be ready to warn the colonists.

Revere landed on the shore and went into town to get a horse. As Revere hid in the shadows, he fixed his eyes upon a distant church steeple. He was ready to mount and ride out of town in an instant.



Robert Newman and John Pulling Jr. were to set lanterns in the steeple of the Old North Church to alert Paul Revere. The men were not sure which way the British soldiers would go. Newman and Pulling, who could see the soldiers from up in the steeple, would hang one lantern if the British started going by land over the Boston Neck. They would hang two lanterns if the British were going to cross the Charles River.

Paul Revere did not have to wait long. Into the night there suddenly flashed the light from two lanterns. As soon as he saw them, Revere grasped the reins of the bridle, leaped into the saddle, and rode swiftly away.

Suddenly two British officers appeared in his path.

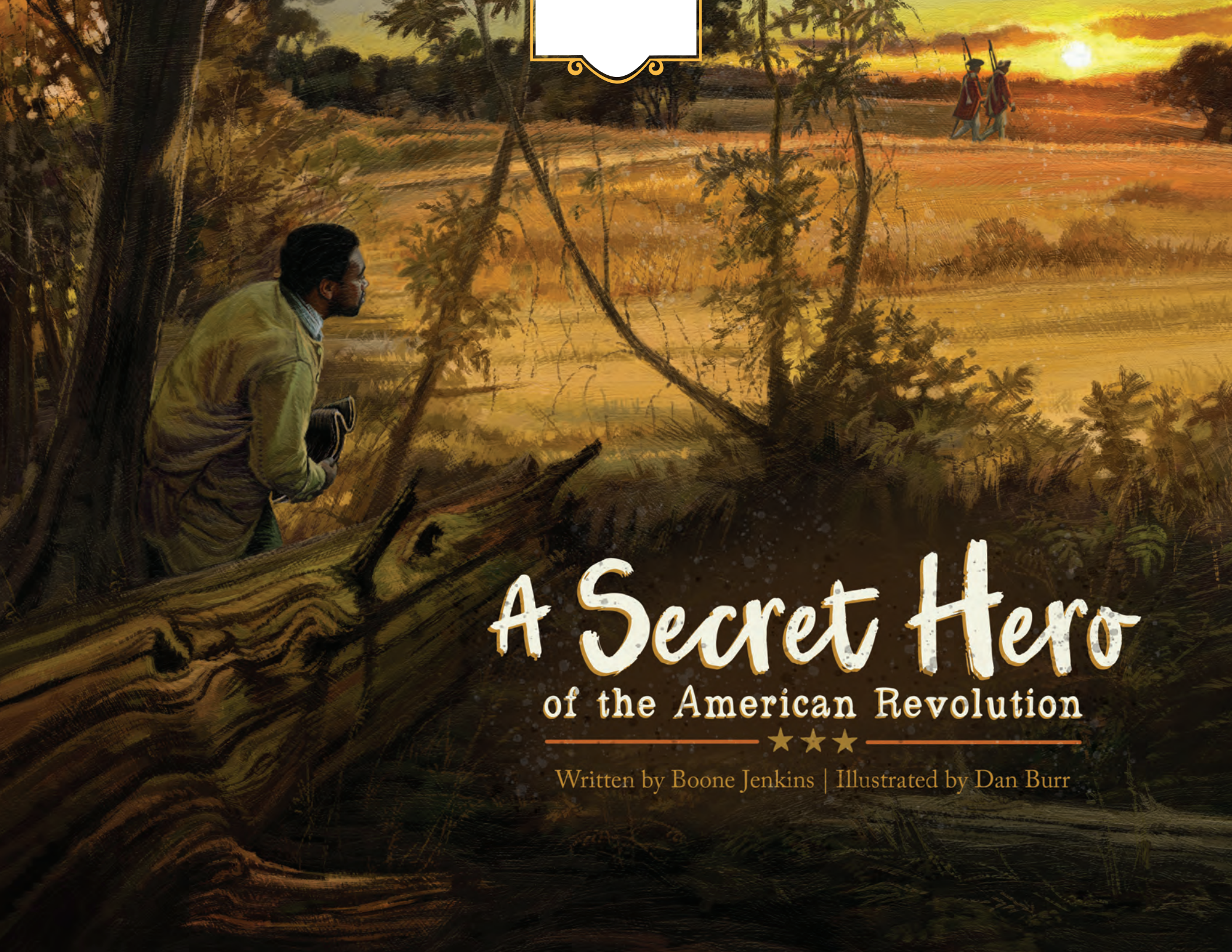
“Halt! Who goes there?” was the stern command.

Revere made no answer but turned his horse’s head and went flying back to seek another road. The officers started in swift pursuit, calling out, “Halt, or we fire!”

Swiftly they darted at him. One tried to seize his bridle, the other to block his path. But Revere was a fearless rider, and he knew the countryside by heart. He swerved suddenly and was soon clear of his pursuers.

On he went, mile after mile. Paul Revere was well prepared: he knew where the captains of the colonial militia lived, and he sped to their homes and roused them from sleep, telling them that the Regulars were coming! “Regulars” is what they called the British soldiers.





A Secret Hero

of the American Revolution

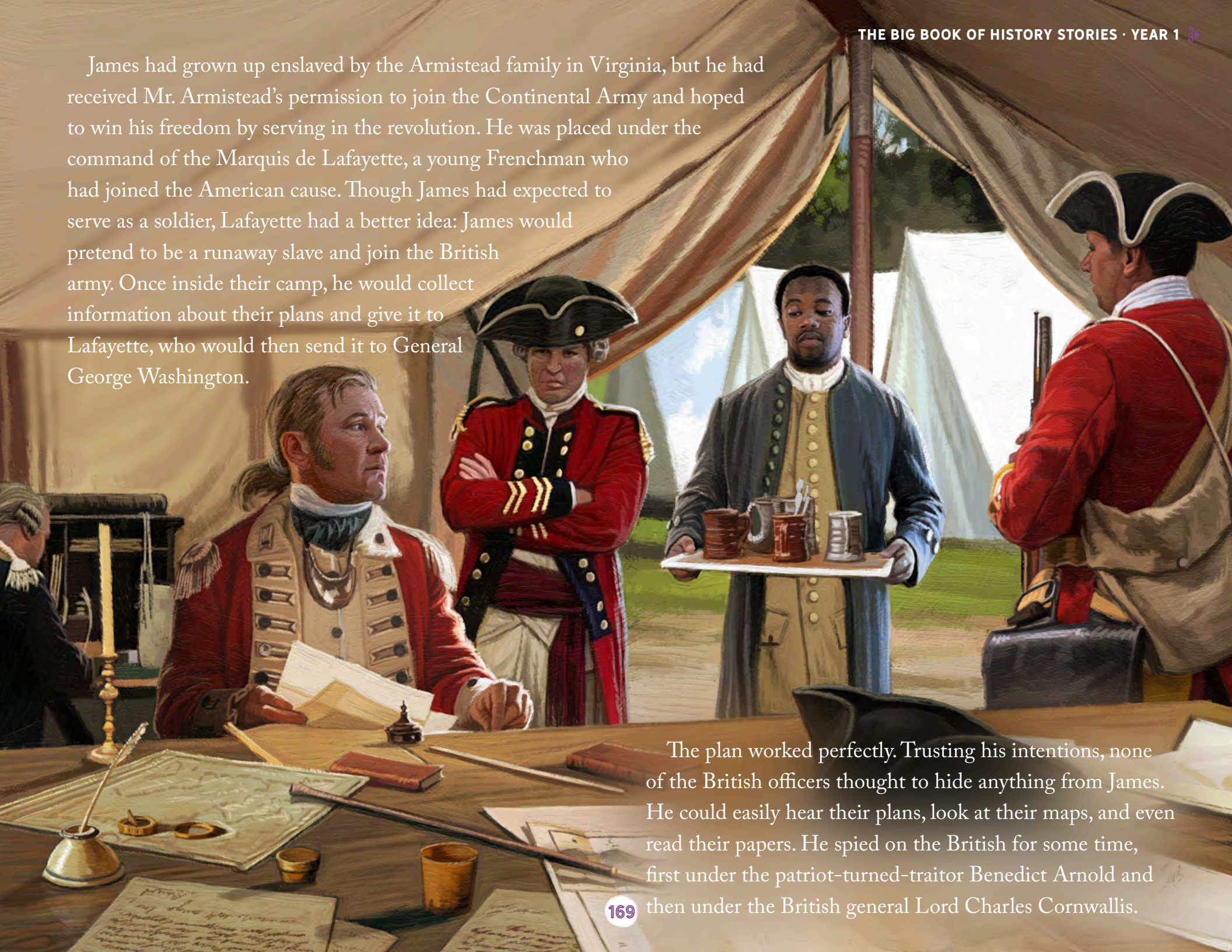


Written by Boone Jenkins | Illustrated by Dan Burr

James tucked a letter into his pocket and started down the dirt path through the thick Virginia woods. It was evening in late August, and warm golden sunlight streamed through the towering oaks, which shifted as a breeze rustled the leaves overhead. The brave young man stepped through the underbrush, watching for the telltale flash of red that marked a British patrol. He felt the letter inside his jacket. If a British soldier caught him with it, James knew he would be killed.



James had grown up enslaved by the Armistead family in Virginia, but he had received Mr. Armistead's permission to join the Continental Army and hoped to win his freedom by serving in the revolution. He was placed under the command of the Marquis de Lafayette, a young Frenchman who had joined the American cause. Though James had expected to serve as a soldier, Lafayette had a better idea: James would pretend to be a runaway slave and join the British army. Once inside their camp, he would collect information about their plans and give it to Lafayette, who would then send it to General George Washington.



The plan worked perfectly. Trusting his intentions, none of the British officers thought to hide anything from James. He could easily hear their plans, look at their maps, and even read their papers. He spied on the British for some time, first under the patriot-turned-traitor Benedict Arnold and then under the British general Lord Charles Cornwallis.

Not realizing that James was spying on him for the Americans, General Cornwallis formulated a plan of his own. Cornwallis recognized that James knew the land of Virginia better than anyone in the British army, so he asked James to sneak into the enemy camp and spy for the British! James agreed, for this would give him a perfect excuse to move back and forth between the British and American camps without arousing any suspicion. It also allowed him to give Cornwallis false information to foil the British plans.

Many things could go wrong in this dangerous job, and a single mistake could cost James his life. But he was determined and clever, and so far he had not been caught.

The sun was beginning to set as James reached a road. He peered out. It was risky to travel in the open where he might meet British soldiers. However, the road was the quickest way to the Marquis de Lafayette's camp at Williamsburg, and he didn't want to be out in the woods after dark for fear of being attacked by wolves or bears. Besides, he didn't think he would meet anyone on the road this late. Taking a deep breath, he stepped out from under the trees.

He hadn't gone far when he saw two men coming toward him, their shapes black against the blazing sunset. He couldn't see their uniforms, but he could tell they were soldiers from the muskets they carried.

"Who goes there?" one of them shouted. James kept his head down and said nothing.

"Halt and state your business, or be shot!" the other soldier said, lowering his musket.

James hesitated for an instant, then leapt off the road and dashed toward the woods on the far side. The soldiers' surprised cries rang out behind him as he crashed through the trees and ducked behind a thick oak. A moment later he heard the soldiers arrive at the edge of the woods.

"Where did he go?" came one soldier's voice, not twenty feet away. "Is this where he went in?"

"How should I know?" came the other soldier's voice. "These woods all look the same to me."

James heard footsteps, and the dark shape of a soldier came into view no more than ten feet away. He held his breath. If the man turned even a little, he would see James hiding behind the tree.





The Story of the
UNITED STATES
FLAG

Written by The Good and the Beautiful Team
Adapted from *American History Stories, Volume 2* by Mara L. Pratt and
Betsy Ross and the Flag by Harry Pringle Ford and Frances Jenkins Olcott
Illustrated by Dan Burr





DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE OLD BRITISH FLAG, WHICH HAD ONCE BEEN SO DEAR TO THE COLONISTS, BECAME DISLIKED BY MANY. THE NEW AMERICAN FLAG WAS FLOWN FOR PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1777.








So who made the first flag of the United States? We are not positive, but popular legend points to a woman named Betsy Ross.

Betsy Ross was a young widow of twenty-four, heroically supporting herself by continuing the upholstery business of her late husband, young John Ross, a patriot who had died in the war. Betsy was noted for her exquisite needlework and was engaged in the flag-making business.

Although we do not know whether it is true, legend says that in 1776, a committee was appointed to create a flag, and together with General George Washington, they called at Betsy's house in Philadelphia.

The committee asked her to make a flag from their chosen design, a rough drawing that General Washington showed her. She suggested some small changes and made the first American flag.

Betsy's family handed this story down orally over the years, but historians have not been able to find any documents that support it. What we do know for sure is that Betsy Ross did exist, she did make flags, and she did support her family after her husband gave his life for the cause of freedom.



SPRING HILL

A STORY OF MARY SEACOLE IN CRIMEA

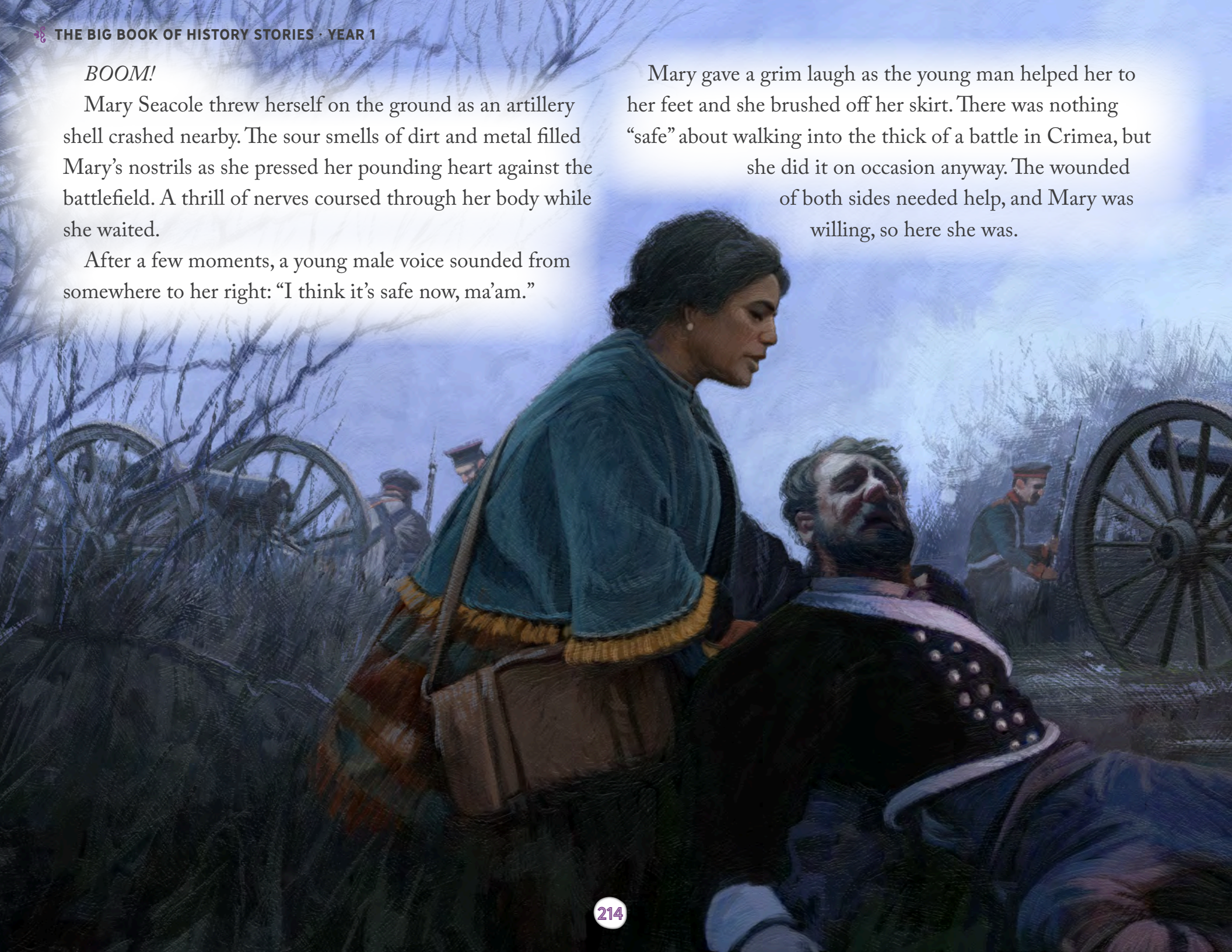
Written by Heidi Jenkins | Illustrated by Dan Burr

BOOM!

Mary Seacole threw herself on the ground as an artillery shell crashed nearby. The sour smells of dirt and metal filled Mary's nostrils as she pressed her pounding heart against the battlefield. A thrill of nerves coursed through her body while she waited.

After a few moments, a young male voice sounded from somewhere to her right: "I think it's safe now, ma'am."

Mary gave a grim laugh as the young man helped her to her feet and she brushed off her skirt. There was nothing "safe" about walking into the thick of a battle in Crimea, but she did it on occasion anyway. The wounded of both sides needed help, and Mary was willing, so here she was.



A groan brought Mary's attention to the ground again. Not far in front of her was an injured man—an enemy, some would call him, for he was a Russian. But that meant nothing to Mary. This man needed help, fast, and she was there to give it.

Mary did her work quickly and well, as much as she could do for the man, anyway. He had been badly wounded in one

side, but he bravely bore his pain. Once Mary had attended to the wound, she brought water to the man's parched lips, then helped lift him into a waiting ambulance. The man couldn't speak a word of English, but he showed his gratitude plainly by giving Mary a ring from his finger and kissing her hand in thanks.

