

Deeds Worth Telling Logs for the Yuletide Fire

“Deeds worth telling twenty-six stories of heroism, discovery and invention in all lands and climes”

Author: Rand, Edward A ( Edward Augustus ), 1837-1903

Illustrator: Herrick, Henry Walker, 1824-1906

Engraver: Orr, John William, 1815-1887

Engraver: Felter, John D

Publisher: Hunt & Eaton

Publisher: Cranston & Stowe

Engraver: Russell & Richardson

New York, Cincinnati

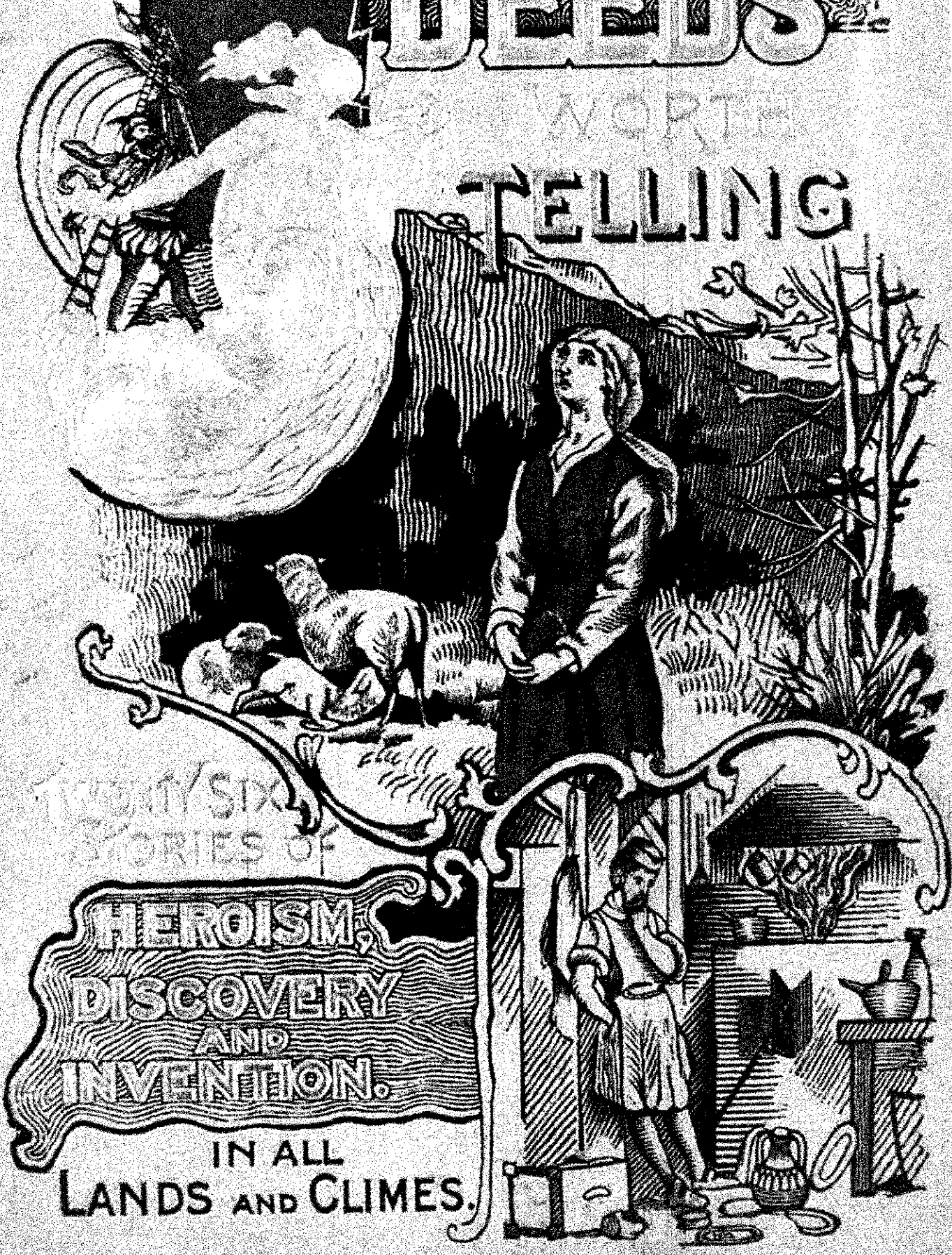
Hunt & Eaton

Cranston & Stowe

1890

# DEEDS

## TELLING



FORTY-SIX  
STORIES OF

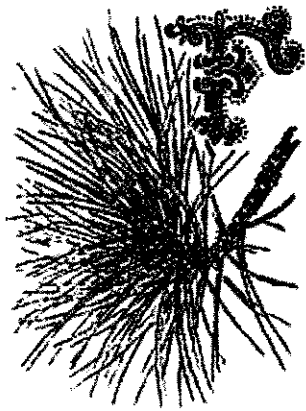
**HEROISM,  
DISCOVERY  
AND  
INVENTION.**

IN ALL  
LANDS AND CLIMES.



## P R E F A C E .

---



AR back in English history, the Yule-tide fire was kindled, and commemorated the kindly feeling which Christmas always brings. The burning of the Yule-log is said to have been "the most joyous of all the ceremonies on Christmas Eve in the feudal times. The venerable log was drawn in triumph from the woods, and brought in and placed on the hearth of the wide chimney in the old baronial hall." It is said the old-time bards welcomed the Yule-log in such words as these :

“ Welcome be thou, heavenly King,  
Welcome, born on this morning,  
Welcome for whom we shall sing,  
    Welcome Yule!  
Welcome be ye that are here,  
Welcome all, and make good cheer,  
Welcome all, another year—  
    Welcome Yule!”

It is also on record that half the burned log was laid away when it had accomplished its mission, and it was "carefully preserved till the next Christmas, when the new log was lighted with the

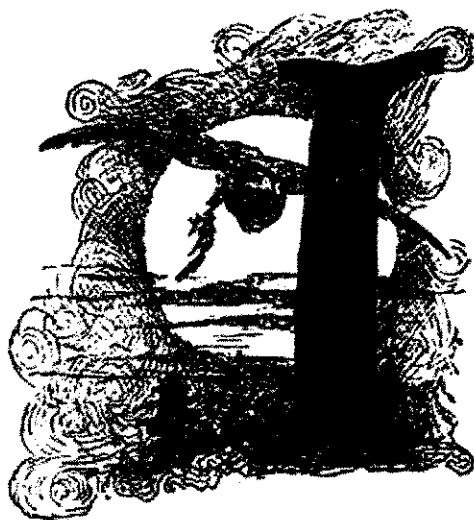
charred remains of its predecessor." How many interesting associations gathered about the Yule-tide fire! He who saw the flash of its flame knew it meant peace and good will. The wayfarer in the night might see its ruddy light in the window, and thereby would be cheered and guided in his dark, lonely journey. May the deeds herein recorded, the facts accumulated, be as fuel for the lighting, guiding, cheering, and comforting of all that read, and who, as pilgrims in the night, need such help: a light to beckon on, a kindly heat to warm and encourage them in the good way they have chosen and do follow. We who read would not be limited to one Yule-log, to one noteworthy fact, but would heap our fire with many such proofs of the magnificent progress our humanity is making. Neither are these logs here laid down upon the household hearth for one brief Christmas festivity, but all the year round may we get the needed help and guidance from the great, shining facts of the past, and so move on cheerfully, bravely, hopefully to meet the duties of one better, grander day.

EDWARD A. RAND.



## Log Seventeen.

THE STORY OF GUY FAWKES'S DAY.



IN England, early in the seventeenth century, Guy Fawkes was one of a desperate band of Roman Catholic conspirators. Their plan was to give Parliament a free ride into the air on top of some barrels of gunpowder. Adjoining the Parliament House was a building that the conspirators hired, and their intention was to work a mine from the cellar of this building. They worked about half-way through the nine feet of stone composing the cellar-wall; and painfully, too, had they toiled, liable all the while to interruptions from suspicious parties and to every kind of a scare from their own guilty consciences. They then found that they had had their pains for naught. Directly under the Parliament House they found out that there was a vault which was to let! It was the very kind of a diabolical den they wanted, and Fawkes leased it. Here, in the depths of the night, were accumulated barrels of gunpowder. Large stones were piled upon these, bars of iron also. This heap in turn was covered with sticks of wood. It had a very innocent look. In case the den was suddenly entered by an unfriendly visitor he would only see this innocent-seeming pile and go away telling no tale of danger. Fawkes was selected for the firing of this demon-heap when the

time came. And would he be blown up with Parliament? Never! He was too considerate of his feelings for that. The match applied, he proposed to skip away and speed to Flanders in a vessel waiting to receive him.

But the plot was discovered. The vault was searched. Fawkes was met just before midnight when stepping out of the door. He was seized, tied up with his own garters, and then he was searched, as well as the vault. Tinder-box and touchwood were found upon him. In the vault thirty-six barrels of powder were uncovered! Thirty-six! Members of Parliament on top of them, and those thirty-six barrels of ignited powder bursting upward! Imagine the result! Fawkes confessed his purpose, and was dragged before the king that night. Subsequently Fawkes and others suffered the bloody penalty of the law against treason.



CONSPIRATORS FRIGHTENED.

England did not forget this great day of deliverance. The 5th of November was ordained to be kept as a day of thanksgiving forever, and the order was not annulled for over two centuries. Guy Fawkes's Day had a fervid commemoration.

When some of our forefathers crossed the seas to America there were those of its emigrant children who brought with them the observance of Guy Fawkes's Day. That was no wonder, for the plot was burnt deep into the nation's memory. In the old New England sea-port where I passed my boyhood we noisily



GUY FAWKES IN THE KING'S BED-CHAMBER.

celebrated Guy Fawkes on the night of the 5th of November. Horns were blown. Lanterns that had been cut out of pumpkins were displayed, the pumpkins having been slashed so as to reveal some hob-goblin face. Noise enough was made to equal the explosion of Fawkes's powder barrels all in a bunch.

I have seen an account of one kind of celebration in England that was more elaborate. A number of boys would club together and choose

a so-called Guy. He was costumed in due or undue fashion. He was arrayed in a big frock, which was then stuffed out with straw. Capped with as bad a head-piece as possible, his face masked, a lath thrust into one hand and a dark lantern into the other, what a grotesque being he must have been! As "Guy" was supposed to be fond of tobacco—grant that people used it in those days, as they doubtless did at the date I have now in mind

—a pipe was stuck in his mouth. If the original Guy could have possibly met his copy there might have been some running, and not by the copy. The latter was placed on the back of a donkey guided by two boys. Two other boys would go ahead, and then came a procession of admirers in pairs. When a house was reached the columns would halt and verses were recited. These are specimens:

“Remember, remember the 5th of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot;  
I know no reason why gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.

“Old Guy and his companions  
Did the plot contrive,  
To blow the king's Parliament House  
All up alive.

“Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder  
Laid down below,  
To blow all England's overthrow.  
Happy was the man, and happy was the day,  
Catcht old Guy Fawkes going to his prey;  
Dark lantern and matches in his hand,  
All ready to set prime.  
Stand off! stand off! you dirty dog,  
Your hands and face as black as soot,  
Like unto a cloven-foot.  
Holler, boys! holler, boys!  
Make your voices ring!  
Holler, boys! holler, boys!  
'God save the king!'

This invitation to “holler” would be vociferously accepted, and a loud cheering then went up from the band. After the recitation of more lines, and the threat to hang the culprit on a long pole and burn him, the boys went away with any money they might have obtained in response to an invitation to give “a little chink.” Fireworks were let off and a bonfire was kindled.



In my old New England home (Portsmouth, N. H.) the occasion was celebrated in the less elaborate fashion already



PLAYING GUY FAWKES.

described. It was known as "Pope Night," and I think of it as a kind of grinning pumpkin-lantern festival, all the hobgoblin faces fiercely lighted and abruptly coming at me.

These old customs have their significance. The outward dress may be rough, but within is something we cannot, must not forget. No Protestant will lose sight of it. Some of our forefathers knew all about a fiery furnace for conscience' sake. In that furnace there was a

scorching, and for some there was a burning. Let the principles for which they stood in the furnace be radiant to our eyes, the furnace-flames only lighting them up into greater glory.

