

Lesson Plan for Mark Twain Boyhood Home and Museum  
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Honesty is the Best Policy: Mark Twain's Test of His Own Characters	
<b>Concept or Topic:</b> Honesty in the characters of Tom Sawyer and in short story "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"	<b>Grade Level:</b> Grades 7-9
<b>Subject:</b> Reading, English	<b>Time Frame:</b> 3-5 days (45 min. classes)
Objectives/Enduring Understanding: Using excerpts and discussions, students will compare/contrast examples of honesty or lack of it in <i>Tom Sawyer</i> and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" and make judgments of the lessons learned in each story.	
Common Core Standards: R.L.1: Cite strong and thorough textual evidence to support analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text. R.L. 2: Determine a theme or central idea of a text and analyze in detail its development over the course of the text, including how it emerges and is shaped and refined by specific details; provide and objective summary of the text.	
Assessments: Characterizations, Summaries, Final test based on questions students write One word poster (See explanation below)	
Vocabulary: (see sheet at end of lesson plan) These words will be defined in a couple of different ways. Students will match easier words to definitions on board. They will also be given a sheet with definitions to assist them in their reading because there are so many. I have included a vocabulary list in alphabetical order and also in the order in which they occur in the excerpts.	
Subject Area Integration: English, Social Studies, Art	
Background Information: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Biographical information on Samuel Clemens will be given first.</li> <li>• Photo analysis of Hannibal, Missouri.</li> <li>• Both videos will be watched "Tom Sawyer" and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg."</li> <li>• In addition, students will read excerpts besides those assigned for better understanding of the stories.</li> </ul>	
Materials: Videos, books of <i>Tom Sawyer</i> and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," and chrome books	
Lesson Sequence: Hook/Intro. Anticipation Guide: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Define "honest" using only five words</li> <li>• It is impossible to be completely honest. Agree _____ Disagree _____</li> <li>• Honesty gets stronger when it is tested. Agree _____ Disagree _____</li> </ul> Teaching of the Concept: Essential Question 1: How do the characters demonstrate their honesty or lack of it in each story? Students will use excerpts in group discussion to answer this question. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Read and summarize selected excerpts from both stories.</li> <li>• Why do they respond the way they do? (Group discussion)</li> </ul>	

- Context questions (Fan 'N Pick)
- Show video "TMTCH"
- In groups—one character for each group—characterize Tom, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, Reverend Burgess, Aunt Polly, Mr. Stephenson

Essential Question 2: Why do you think Twain spends so much time dealing with the honesty of his characters?

Group discussion, then class discussion using textual references to support their answers.

- Selected quotes of Twain in groups—"Who said it?" Students will create these excerpts for other groups. Each group determines which person is speaking and supports their responses.

Essential Question 3: What does Twain know about people that we might now know?

- In groups, students will find quotes (using chrome books) from Mark Twain and identify what he is saying about people.
- In groups, students will write six questions about either text (or both) for final test.
- "I have. . . Who has? Strategy with their six questions as review for the test.
- After watching "TMTCH" and reading specific excerpts in groups and by teacher, compare/contrast the video. Discuss why you think the video ends the way it does? Why do you think they have different endings? What do you think this tells us about Twain?

Homework/final test: Poster with one word that describes the lesson. Pictures have to spell out the word.

Strategies for Exceptional Students:

Those who choose to can pick one aspect to focus on for either Tom Sawyer or Mark Twain and create a presentation for the class, school, or an even wider audience. These might be in the form of:

- Website
- imovie
- Power point
- Blog post
- instagram post

This would be no longer than a two-minute presentation. They could work with the librarian to post it in the library.

Excerpts:

1. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

"...Say, Huck, what's that?"

"Nothing but a tick."

Where'd you get him?

"Out in the woods."

What'll you take for him?"

"I don't know. I don't want to sell him."

"All right. It's a mighty small tick, anyway."

"O, any body can run a tick down that don't belong to them. I'm satisfied with it. It's a good enough tick for me."

"Sho, there's ticks a plenty. I could have a thousand of 'em if I wanted to."

Well why don't you? Becuz you know mighty well you can't. this is a pretty early tick, I reckon. It's the first one I've seen this year."

"Say Huck—I'll give you my tooth for him."

"Less see it."

Tom got out a bit of paper and carefully unrolled it. Huckelberry viewed it wistfully. The temptation was very strong. At last he said:

"Is it genuwyne?"

Tom lifted his lip and showed the vacancy.

"Well, all right," said Huckleberry, "it's a trade."

Tom enclosed the tick in the percussions-cap box that had lately been the pinch-bug's prison, and the boys separated, each feeling wealthier than before.

When Tom reached the little isolated frame school house, he strode in briskly, with the manner of one who had come out with all honest speed. He hung his hat on peg, and flung himself into his seat with business-like alacrity. The master, throned on high in his great splinter-bottom arm-chair, was dozing, lulled by the drowsy hum of study. The interruption roused him.

"Thomas Sawyer!"

Tom knew that when his name was pronounced in full, it measured trouble.

"Sir!"

"Come up here. Now sir, why are you late again as usual?"

Tom was about to take refuge in a lie, when he saw two long tails of yellow hair hanging down a back that he recognized by the electric sympathy of love; and by that form was the only vacant place on the entire girls' side. He instantly said: "I STOPPED TO TALK WITH HUCKELBERRY FINN!"

The master's pulse stood still, and he stared helplessly. The buzz of study ceased. The pupils wondered if the fool-hardy boy had lost his mind. The master said:

"You—you did what?"

"Stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn."

There was no mistaking the words:

"Thomas Sawyer, this is the most astounding confession I have ever listened to. No mere ferule will answer for this offense. 'Take off your jacket.'"

The master's arm performed until it was tired and the stock of switches notably diminished. Then the ordered followed.

"Now go and sit with the girls! And let this be a warning to you."

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2. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

Tom arrived at home in a dreary mood, and the first thing his aunt said to him showed him that he had brought his sorrows to an unpromising market:

"Tom, I've a notion to skin you alive!"

"Auntie, what have I done?"

"Well, you've done enough. Here I go over to Sereny Harper, like an old softy, expecting I'm going to make her believe all that rubbage about that dream, when lo and behold you she'd found out from Joe that you was over here and heard all the talk we had that night. Tom I don't know what is to become of a boy that will act like that. It makes me feel so bad to think you could let me go to Sereny Harper and make such a fool of myself and never say a word."

This was a new aspect of the thing. His smartness of the morning had seemed to Tom a good joke before, and very ingenious. It merely looked mean and shabby now. He hung his head and could not think of anything to say for a moment. Then he said:

"Auntie, I wish I hadn't done it—but I didn't think."

"O, child you never think. You never think of anything but your own selfishness. You could think to come all the way over here from Jackson's island in the night to laugh at our troubles, and you could think no fool to me with a lie about a dream, but you couldn't ever think to pity us and save us from sorrow."

"Auntie, I know now it was mean, but I didn't mean to be mean. I didn't, honest. And besides I didn't come over here to laugh at you that night."

"What did you come for, then?"

"It was to tell you not to be uneasy about us, because we hadn't got drowned."

"Tom, Tom, I would be the thankfullest soul in this world if I could believe you ever had a s good a thought as that, but you know you never did—and I know it, Tom."

"Indeed and 'deed I didn, auntie—I wish I may never stir if I didn't"

"O, Tom, don't lie—don't do it. It only makes things a hundred times worse."

"It ain't a lie, auntie, it's the truth. I wanted to keep you from grieving—that was all that made me come."

"I'd give the whole world to believe that—it would cover up a power of sins Tom.. I'd 'most be glad you'd run off and acted so bad. But it ain't reasonable, because , why didn't you tell me, child?"

"Why, you see, auntie, when you got to talking about the funeral, I just got all full of the idea of our coming and hiding in the church, and I couldn't somehow bear to spoil it. So I just put the bark back in my pocket and kept mum."

"What bark?"

"The bark I had wrote on to tell you we'd gone pirating. I wish, now, you'd waked up when I kissed you—I do, honest."

The hard lines in his aunt's face relaxed and a sudden tenderness dawned in her eyes.

"Did you kiss me, Tom?"

"Why yes I did."

"Are you sure you did, Tom?"

"Why yes I did, auntie—certain sure."

"What did you kiss me for, Tom?"

"Because I loved you so, and laid there moaning and I was so sorry."

The words sounded like truth. The old lady could not hide a tremor in her voice when she said:

"Kiss me again, Tom!—and be off with you to school, now, and don't bother me any more."

The moment he was gone, she ran to a closet and got out the ruin of a jacket which Tom had gone pirating in. Then she stepped, with it in her hand and said to herself.

“No, I don’t dare. Poor boy, I reckon he’s lied about it—but it’s a blessed, blessed lie, there’s such comfort come from it. I hope the Lord—I know the Lord will forgive him, because it was such good heartedness in him to tell it. But I don’t want to find out it’s a lie. I won’t look.”

She put the jacket away, and stood by musing a minute. Twice she put out her hand to take the garment again, and twice she refrained. Once more she ventured and this time she fortified herself with the thought, “It’s a good lie—it’s a good lie—I won’t let it grieve me.” So she sought the jacket pocket. A moment later she was reading Tom’s piece of that bark though flowing tears and saying “I could forgive the boy now, if he’d committed a million sins!”

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### 3. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

“. . .The school master, Mr. Dobbins, had reached middle age with an unsatisfied ambition. The darling of his desires was, to be a doctor, but poverty had decreed that he should be nothing higher than a village school master. Every day he took a mysterious book out of his desk and absorbed himself in it at times when no classes were reciting. He kept that book under lock and key. There was not an urchin in school but was perishing to have a glimpse of it, but the chance never came. Every boy and girl had a theory about the nature of that book, but no two theories were alike, and there was no way of getting at the facts in the case. Now, as Becky was passing by the desk, which stood near the door, she noticed that the key was in the lock! It was a precious moment. She glanced around, found herself alone, and the next instant she had the book in her hands. The title-page—Professor somebody’s “Anatomy”—carried no information to her mind, so she began to turn the leaf. She came at once upon a handsomely engraved and colored frontispiece—a human figure, stark naked. At that moment, a shadow fell on the page and Tom Sawyer stepped in at the door, and caught a glimpse of the picture. Becky snatched at the book to close it and had the hard luck to tear the picture page half down the middle. She thrust the volume into the desk, turned the key, and burst out crying with shame and vexation...”

. . .By and by, Mr. Dobbins straightened himself up, yawned, then unlocked his desk, and reached for his book, but seemed undecided whether to take it out or leave it. Most of the pupils glanced up languidly, but there were two among that watched his movements with intent eyes. Mr. Dobbins fingered his book absently for a while, then took it out and settled himself in his chair to read! Tom shot a glance at Becky. He had seen a hunted and helpless rabbit look as she did, with a gun leveled at its head. Instantly he forgot his quarrel with her. Quick—something must be done!—done in a flash, too! But the very imminence of the emergency paralyzed his invention. Good!—he had an inspiration! He would run and snatch the book, spring through the door and fly! But his resolution shook for one little instant, and the chance was lost—the master opened the volume. If Tom only had the wasted opportunity back again! Too late; there was no help for Becky now, he said. The next moment the master faced the school. Every eye sunk under his gaze. There was that in it which smote even the innocent with fear. There was silence while one might count ten; the master was gathering his wrath. Then he spoke:

“Who tore this book?”

There was not a sound. One could have heard a pin drop. The stillness continued; the master searched face after face for signs of guilt.

“Benjamin Rogers, did you tear this book?”

A denial. Another pause.

“Joseph Harper, did you?”

Another denial. Tom’s uneasiness grew more and more intense under the slow torture of these proceedings. The master scanned the ranks of boys—considered a while, then turned to the girls:

“Amy Lawrence?”

A shake of the head.

“Gracie Miller?”

The same sign.

“Susan Harper, did you do this?”

Another negative. The next girl was Becky Thatcher. Tom was trembling from head to foot, with excitement and a sense of hopelessness of the situation.

“Rebecca Thatcher,” [Tom glanced at her face—it was white with terror,]—“did you tear—no, look me in the face”—[her hands rose in appeal]—“did you tear this book?”

“A thought shot like lightning through Tom’s brain. He sprang to his feet and shouted—

“I done it!”

#### 4. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*

“Tom went home miserable, and his dreams that night were full of horrors. The next day and the day after that, he hung about the court room, drawn by an almost irresistible impulse to go in, but forcing himself to stay out. Huck was having the same experience. They studiously avoided each other. Each wandered away, from time to time, but the same dismal fascination always brought them back presently. Tom kept his ears open when idlers sauntered out of the court room, but invariably heard distressing news—the toils were closing more and more relentlessly around poor Potter. At the end of the second day the village talk was to the effect that Injun Joe’s evidence stood firm and unshaken, and that there was not the slightest question as to what the jury’s verdict would be.

Tom was out late, that night, and came to bed through the window. He was in a tremendous state of excitement. It was hours before he got to sleep. All the village flocked to the Court house the next morning, for this was to be the great day. Both sexes were about equally represented in the packed audience. After a long wait the jury filed in and took their places, shortly afterward, Potter, pale and haggard, timid and hopeless, was brought in, with chains upon him, and seated where all the curious eyes could stare at him; no less conspicuous was Injun Joe, stolid as ever. There was another pause, and then the judge arrived and the sheriff proclaimed the opening of the court. The usual whisperings among the lawyers and gathering together of papers followed. These details and accompanying delays worked up an atmosphere of preparation that was as impressive as it was fascinating.

Now a witness was called who testified that he found Muff Potter washing in the brook, at an early hour of the morning that the murder was discovered, and that he immediately sneaked away. After some further questioning, counsel for the prosecution said—

“Take the witness.”

The prisoner raised his eyes for a moment, but dropped them again when his own counsel said—

“I have no questions to ask him.”

The next witness proved the finding of the knife near the corpse. Counsel for the prosecution said:

“Take the witness.”

“I have no questions to ask him,” Potter’s lawyer replied.

A third witness swore he had often seen the knife in Potter’s possession.

“Take the witness.”

Counsel for Potter declined to question him. The faces of the audience began to betray annoyance. Did this attorney mean to throw away his client’s life without any effort?

Several witnesses deposed concerning Potter’s guilty behavior when brought to the scene of the murder. They were allowed to leave the stand without being questioned.

Every detail of the damaging circumstances that occurred in the graveyard upon that morning which all present remembered so well, was brought out by credible witnesses, but none of them were cross-examined by Potter’s lawyer. The perplexity and dissatisfaction of the house expressed itself in murmurs and provoked a reproof from the bench. Counsel for the prosecution now said:

“By the oaths of citizens whose simple word is above suspicion, we have fastened this awful crime beyond all possibility of question, upon the unhappy prisoner at the bar. We rest our case here.”

A groan escaped from poor Potter, and he put his face in his hands and rocked his body softly to and fro, while a painful silence reigned in the court room. Many men were moved, and many women’s compassion testified itself in tears. Counsel for the defence rose and said:

“Your honor, in our remarks at the opening of this trial, we foreshadowed our purpose to prove that our client did this fearful deed while under the influence of a blind and irresponsible delirium produced

by drink. We have changed our mind. We shall not offer that plea." [Then to the clerk]: "Call Thomas Sawyer!"

A puzzled amazement awoke in every face in the house, not even excepting Potter's. Every eye fastened itself with wondering interest upon Tom as he rose and took his place upon the stand. The boy looked wild enough, for he was badly scared. The oath was administered.

"Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the seventeenth of June, about the hour of midnight?"

Tom glanced at Injun Joe's iron face and his tongue failed him. The audience listening breathless, but the words refused to come. After a few moments, however, the boy got a little of his strength back, and managed to put enough of it into his voice to make of the house hear:

"In the graveyard!"

"A little bit louder, please. Don't be afraid. You were—"

"In the graveyard."

A contemptuous smile flitted across Injun Joe's face.

"Were you anywhere near Horse Williams's grave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak up—just a trifle louder. How near were you?"

"Near as I am to you."

"Were you hidden, or not?"

"I was hid."

"Where?"

"Behind the elms that's on the edge of the grave."

Injun Joe gave a barely perceptible start.

"Any one with you?"

"Yes, sir. I went there with—"

"Wait—wait a moment. Never mind mentioning your companion's name. We will produce him at the proper time. Did you carry anything there with you?"

Tom hesitated and looked confused.

"Speak out my boy—don't be diffident. The truth is always respectable. What did you take there?"

"Only a—a—dead cat."

There was a ripple of mirth, which the court checked.

"We will produce the skeleton of that cat. Now my boy, tell us everything that occurred—tell it in your own way—don't skip anything, and don't be afraid."

Tom began—hesitatingly at first, but as he warmed to his subject his words flowed more and more easily; in a little while every sound ceased but for his own voice; every eye fixed itself upon him; with parted lips and bated breath the audience hung upon his words, taking no note of time, rapt in the ghastly fascinations of the tale. The strain upon pent emotions reached its climax when the boy said—

"—and as the doctor fetched the board around and Muff Potter fell, Injun Joe humped with the knife and—"

Crash! Quick as lightning the half-breed sprang for a window, tore his way through all opposers, and was gone!

5. "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"

". . .Mary, Burgess is not a bad man."

His wife was certainly surprised.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"He is not a bad man. I know. The whole of his unpopularity had its foundation in that one thing—the thing that made so much noise."

"That 'one thing', indeed! As if that 'one thing' wasn't enough, all by itself."

"Plenty. Plenty. Only he wasn't guilty of it."

"How you talk! Not guilty of it! Everybody knows he *was* guilty."

"Mary, I give you my word—he was innocent."

"I can't believe it, and I don't. How do you know?"

"It is a confession. I am ashamed, but I will make it. I was the only man who knew he was innocent. I could have saved him, and. . .and. . .well, you know how the town was wrought up—I hadn't the pluck to do it. It would have turned everybody against me. I felt mean, ever so mean; but I didn't dare: I hadn't the manliness to face that."

Mary looked troubled, and for a while was silent. Then she said, stammeringly:

"I. . .I don't think it would have done for you to. . .to. . . One mustn't. . .er. . .public opinion. . . one has to be so careful—so. . ." It was a difficult road, and got mired; but after a little she got started again. "It was a great pity, but. . . Why, we couldn't afford it, Edward—we couldn't indeed. Oh, I wouldn't have had you do it for anything!"

"It would have lost us the goodwill of so many people, Mary; and then. . . and then. . . "

"What troubles me now is what *he* thinks of us, Edward."

"He? He doesn't suspect that I could have saved him."

"Oh," exclaimed the wife, in a tone of relief, "I am glad of that. As long as he doesn't know that could have saved him, he. . .he. . . well, that makes it a great deal better. Why, I might have known he didn't know, because he is always trying to be friendly with us, as little encouragement as we give him. More than once people have twitted me with it. There's the Wilsons, and the Wilcoxes, and the Harknesses, they take a mean pleasure in saying '*Your friend Burgess,*' because they know it pesters me. I wish he wouldn't persist in liking us so; I can't think why he keeps it up."

"I can explain it. It's another confession. When the thing was new and hot, and the town made a plan to ride him on a rail, my conscience hurt me so that I couldn't stand it, and I went privately and gave him notice, and he got out of the town and staid out till it was safe to come back."

"Edward! If the town had found it out—"

"Don't! It scares me yet to think of it. I repented of it the minute it was done; and I was even afraid to tell you, lest your face might betray it to somebody. I didn't sleep any that night for worrying, But after a few days I saw that no one was going to suspect me, and after that I got to feeling glad I did it. And I feel glad yet, Mary—glad through and through."

## 6. "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"

"...Mary, you know how we have been trained all our lives long, like the whole village, till it is absolutely second nature to us to stop not a single moment to think when there's an honest thing to be done—"

"Oh, I know it, I know it—it's been one everlasting training and training and training in honesty shielded, from the very cradle, against every possible temptation, and so it's artificial honesty, and weak as water when temptation comes, as we have seen this night. God knows I never had shade nor shadow of a doubt of my petrified and indestructible honesty until now—and now, under the very first big and real temptation, I—Edward, it is my belief that this town's honesty is as rotten as mine is; as rotten as yours is. It is a mean town, a hard, stingy town, and hasn't a virtue in the world but this honest it is so celebrated for and so conceited about; and so help me, I do believe that if ever the day comes that its honesty falls under great temptation, its grand reputation will go to ruin like a house of cards. There, now, I've made confession, and I feel better; I am a humbug, and I've been one all my life, without knowing it. Let no man call me honest again—I will not have it."

"I...well, Mary, I feel a good deal as you do; I certainly do. It seems strange too, so strange. I never could have believed it-- never."

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## 7. "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"

The postman left a letter. Richards glanced listlessly at the superscription and the postmark—unfamiliar, both—and tossed the letter on the table and resumed his might-have-beens and his hopeless dull miseries where he had left them off. Two or three hours later his wife got wearily up and was going away to bed without a good night—custom now—but she stopped near the letter and eyed it awhile with dead interest, then broke it open, and began to skim it over. Richards, sitting there with his chair tilted back against the wall and his chin between his knees, heard something fall. It was his wife. He sprang to her side, but she cried out:

"Leave me alone, I am too happy. Read the letter—read it!"

He did. He devoured it, his brain reeling. The letter was from a distant state, and it said:

*I am a stranger to you, but no matter: I have something to tell. I have just arrived home from Mexico, and learnt about that episode. Of course you do not know who made that remark, but I know, and I am the only person living who does know. It was GOODSON. I knew him well, many years ago. I passed through your village that very night, and was his guest till the midnight train came along. I overheard him make that remark to the stranger in the dark—it was in Hale Alley. He and I talked of it the rest of the way home, and while smoking in his house. He mentioned many of your villagers in the course of his talk—most of them in a very uncomplimentary way, but two or three favourably; among these latter yourself. I say "favourably"—nothing stronger. I remember his saying he did not actually LIKE any person in the town—not one; but that you—I think he said you—am almost sure—had done him a very good service once, possibly without knowing the full value of it, and he wished he had a fortune, he would leave it to you when he died, and a curse apiece for the rest of the citizens. Now, then, if it was you that did him that service, you are his legitimate heir, and entitled to the sack of gold. I know that I can trust to your honour and honesty, for in a citizen of Hadleyburg these virtues are an unfailling inheritance, and so I am going to reveal to you the remark, well satisfied that if you are not the right man you will seek and find the right one and see that peer Goodson's debt of gratitude for the service referred to is paid. This is the remark: "YOU ARE FAR FROM BEING A BAD MAN; GO AND REFORM."*

Howard L. Stephenson

"Oh, Edward, the money is ours, and I am so grateful, oh so grateful—kiss me, dear, it's for ever since we kissed—and we needed it so—the money—and now you are free of Pinkerton and his bank, and nobody's slave any more; it seems to me I could fly for joy."

It was a happy half-hour that the couple spent there on the settee caressing each other; it was the old days come again—days that had begun with their courtship and lasted without a break till the stranger brought the deadly money. By and by the wife said:

"Oh, Edward, how lucky it was you did him that grand service, poor Goodson! I never liked him but I love him now. And it was fine and beautiful of you never to mention it or brag about it." Then with a touch of reproach, "But you ought to have told *me*, Edward, you ought to have told your wife, you know."

"Well, I . . .er. . .well, Mary you see—"

"Now stop hemming and hawing, and tell me about it. Edward, I always loved you, and now I'm proud of you. Everybody believes there was only one good generous soul in this village, and now it turns out that you. . . Edward, why don't you tell me?"

"Well. . .er. . .er. . .Why, Mary, I can't!"

"You can't? Why can't you?"

“You see, he. . . well, he. . . he made me promise I wouldn’t.”

The wife looked him over, and said, very slowly:

“Made—you—promise? Edward, what do you tell me that for?”

“Mary, do you think I would lie?”

She was troubled and silent for a moment then she laid her hand within his and said:

“No. . . no. We have wandered far enough from our bearings—God spare us that! In all your life you have never uttered a lie. But now—now that the foundations of things seem to be crumbling from under us, we. . . we. . .” She lost her voice for a moment then said, brokenly, “Lead us not into temptation. . . I think you made the promise, Edward. Let it rest so. Let us keep away from that ground. Now—that is all gone by; let us be happy again; it is no time for clouds.”

Edward found it something of an effort to comply, for his mind kept wandering—trying to remember what the service was that he had done Goodson,

. . . At first his conscience was sore on account of the lie he had told Mary—if it was a lie. After much reflection—suppose it was a lie? What then? Was it such a great matter? Aren’t we always acting lies? Then why not tell them?

. . . The lie dropped into the background and left comfort behind it.

. . . That same Saturday evening the postman had delivered a letter to each of the other principal citizens—nineteen letters in all. No two of the envelopes were alike, and no two of the superscriptions were in the same hand, but the letters inside were just like each other in every detail but one. They were exact copies of the letter received by Richards—handwriting and all—and were all signed by Stephenson, but in place of Richards’s name each receiver’s own name appeared.

All night long eighteen principal citizens did what their caste brother Richards was doing at the same time—they put in their energies trying to remember what notable service it was that they had unconsciously done Barclay Goodson. In no case was it a holiday job; still they succeeded.

8. "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"

"... Mr. Chairman, how many of those envelopes have you got?"

The Chair counted.

"Together with those that have been already examined, there are nineteen."

A storm of derisive applause broke out.

"Perhaps they all contain the secret. I move that you open them all and read every signature that is attached to a note of that sort—and read also the first eight words of the note."

"Second the motion!"

It was put and carried—uproariously. Then poor old Richards got up, and his wife rose and stood at his side. Her head was bent down, so that none might see that she was crying. Her husband gave her his arm and, so supporting her, he began to speak in a quavering voice:

"My friends, you have known us two—Mary and me—all our lives, and I think you have liked us and respected us—"

The Chair interrupted him:

"Allow me. It is quite true—that which you are saying, Mr. Richards: this town *does* know you two; it *does* like you; it *does* respect; more—it honours you and *loves* you—"

Halliday's voice rang out:

"That's the hallmarked truth too! If the Chair is right, let the house speak up and say it. Rise! Now, then—hip! Hip! Hip!—all together!"

The house rose in mass, faced towards the old couple eagerly, filled the air with a snowstorm of waving handkerchiefs and delivered the cheers with all its affectionate heart.

The Chair then continued:

"What I was going to say is this: we know your good heart, Mr. Richards, but this is not a time for the exercise of charity towards offenders, [*Shouts of 'Right! Right!'*] I see your generous purpose in your face, but I cannot allow you to plead for these men--"

"But I was going to--"

"Please take your seat, Mr. Richards. We must examine the rest of these notes—simple fairness to the men who have already been exposed requires this. As soon as that has been done—I give you my word for this—you shall be heard."

*Many Voices:* "Right! The Chair is right—no interruption can be permitted at this stage! Go on! The names! The names! According to the terms of the motion!"

The old couple sat reluctantly down, and the husband whispered to the wife, "It is pitifully hard to have to wait; the shame will be greater than ever when they find we were only going to plead for ourselves."

Straightway the jollity broke loose again with the reading of the names.

"You are far from being a bad man. . . ." Signature, "Robert J. Titmarsh".

"You are far from being a bad man. . . ." Signature, 'Eliphalet Weeks'.

"You are far from being a bad man. . . ." Signature 'Oscar B. Wilder'."

...And so on and so on, name after name, and everybody had an increasingly and gloriously good time except the wretched Nineteen. . . The list dwindled, dwindled, dwindled, poor old Richards keeping tally of the count, wincing when a name resembling his own was pronounced, and waiting in miserable suspense for the time to come when it would be his humiliating privilege to rise with Mary and finish his plea, which he was intending to word thus: ". . . for until now we have never done any wrong things, but have gone our humble way unreprieved. We are very poor, we are old, and have no chick nor child to help us; we were sorely tempted, and we fell. It was my purpose when I got up before to make

confession and beg that my name might not be read out in this public place, for it seemed to us that we could not bear it; but I was prevented. It was just; it was our place to suffer with the rest. It has been hard for us. It is the first time we have ever had our name fall from anyone's lips—sullied. Be merciful—for the sake of the better days; make our shame as light to bear as in your charity you can." At this point in his reverie Mary nudged him, perceiving that his mind was absent. The house was chanting, "You are f-a-r, etc."

"Be ready," Mary whispered. "Your name comes now; he has read eighteen."

The chant ended.

"Next! Next! Next! Came volleying from all over the house.

Burgess put his hand into his pocket. The old couple, trembling, began to rise. Burgess fumbled a moment, then said, "I find I have read them all."

Faint with joy and surprise, the couple sank into their seats and Mary whispered, "Oh, bless God, we are saved! He has lost ours—I wouldn't give this for a hundred of those sacks!"

. . . Then Wingate, the saddler, got up and proposed cheers "for the cleanest man in town, the one solitary important citizen in it who didn't try to steal that money—Edward Richards".

Pgs. 50-54

## 9. "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"

" . . . PS—Citizens of Hadleyburg: There is no test remark—nobody made one. There wasn't any pauper, stranger, nor any twenty-dollar contribution, nor any accompanying benediction and compliment—these are all inventions. Allow me to tell my story—it will take but a word or two. I passed through your town at a certain time, and received a deep offence which I had not earned. Any other man would have been content to kill one or two of you and call it square, but to me that would have been a trivial revenge, and inadequate—for the dead do not suffer. Besides, I could not kill you all—and, anyway, made as I am, even that would not have satisfied me. I wanted to damage every man in the place, and every woman—and not in bodies or in their estate, but in their vanity—the place where feeble and foolish people are most vulnerable. So I disguised myself and came back and studied you. You were easy game. You had an old and lofty reputation for honesty, and naturally you were proud of it—it was your treasure of treasures, the very apple of your eye. As soon as I found out that you carefully and vigilantly kept yourselves and your children out of temptation, I knew how to proceed. Why, you simple creatures, the weakest of all weak things is a virtue which has not been tested in the fire. I laid a plan, and gathered a list of names. My project was to corrupt Hadleyburg the Incorruptible. My idea was to make liars and thieves of nearly half a hundred smirchless men and women who had never in their lives uttered a lie or stolen a penny. . . I set my trap and baited it. It may be that I shall not catch all the men to whom I mailed the pretended test secret, but I shall catch the most of them, I I know Hadleyburg nature. . . I am hoping to eternally and everlastingly squelch your vanity and give Hadleyburg a new renown—one that will stick—and spread far.

Pgs. 55-57

## Vocabulary Words identified in their reading:

Briskly—active, quick or energetic

Alacrity—brisk and cheerful readiness

Lulled—calm or send to sleep

Ferule—a ring or cap, typically metal, that strengthens the end to keep from splitting

Notably—especially, in particular

Ingenious—clever, original or inventive

Tremor—involuntary quivering movement

Musing—a period of reflection or thought

Refrained—stop oneself from doing something

Ventured—dare to do something that may be unpleasant

Fortified--strengthen

Reciting--repeat aloud for memory

Urchin—a mischievous young child

Frontispiece—an illustration face the title page of a book

Languidly—slowly, without haste

Imminence—about to happen

Resolution—a firm decision to do or not to do something

Smote--hit

Studiously—in a very deliberate manner

Dismal—depressing, dreary

Idlers—habitually lazy person

Sauntered—walk in slow, relaxed manner

Invariably--always

Toils—a situation regarding a trap

Stolid--unmovable

Deposed—testify, swear

Reproof—expression of disapproval

Delirium—restlessness, not understanding thought and speech

Contemptuous--mocking

Trifle—a little

Perceptible—able to be seen or noticed

Diffident—modest or shy because of lack of self-confidence

Mirth—amusement, laughter

Rapt—completely fascinated by what one is seeing or hearing

Ghastly—causing fear or horror

Pent—hold in

Wrought—worked up

Pluck—determined courage in the face of difficulty

Mired—stuck in a difficult situation

Listlessly—lack of energy or interest

Superscription—something written above or outside something else

Reeling—feel disoriented (confused) or bewildered

Apiece—for each one of a group

Legitimate—conforming to law or rules

Setee—sofa, couch

Reproach—address someone with disapproval or disappointment

Comply—to go along with a wish or command

Caste—those who are socially distinct or given exclusive privilege

Derisive—mocking, ridicule

Hallmarked—designated as distinctive

Jollity—lively, cheerful activity

Reverie—daydreaming, being lost in one's own thoughts

Pauper—a very poor person

Benediction—utterance of a blessing

Vanity—excessive pride

Vigilantly—alert, being on the lookout

Smirchless—without tarnish or poor reputation

Squelch—to suppress or silence

Renown—known or talked about by many people

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