The Song of the Stone Wall

by Helen Keller

Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Song of the Stone Wall

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Song of the Stone Wall

Author: Helen Keller

Release date: April 1, 2004 [eBook #12093] Most recently updated: October 28, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/12093

Credits: Produced by Jamie Taylor in memory of Helen Keller

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL ***

THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL

BY HELEN KELLER

1910 Copyright, 1909, 1910. Published October, 1910.

DEDICATION

When I began “The Song of the Stone Wall,” Dr. Edward Everett Hale was still among us, and it was my intention to dedicate the poem to him if it should be deemed worthy of publication. I fancied that he would like it; for he loved the old walls and the traditions that cling about them.

As I tried to image the men who had built the walls long ago, it seemed to me that Dr. Hale was the living embodiment of whatever was heroic in the founders of New England. He was a great American. He was also a great Puritan. Was not the zeal of his ancestors upon his lips, and their courage in his heart? Had they not bequeathed to him their torch-like faith, their patient fervor of toil and their creed of equality?

But his bright spirit had inherited no trace of their harshness and gloom. The windows of his soul opened to the sunlight of a joyous faith. His optimism and genial humor inspired gladness and good sense in others. With an old story he prepared their minds to receive new ideas, and with a parable he opened their hearts to generous feelings. All men loved him because he loved them. They knew that his heart was in their happiness, and that his humanity embraced their sorrows. In him the weak found a friend, the unprotected, a champion. Though a herald and proclaimer of peace, he could fight stubbornly and passionately on the side of justice. His was a lovable, uplifting greatness which drew all men near and ever nearer to God and to each other. Like his ancestors, he dreamed of a land of freedom founded on the love of God and the brotherhood of man, a land where each man shall achieve his share of happiness and learn the work of manhood—to rule himself and “lend a hand.”

Thoughts like these were often in my mind as the poem grew and took form. It is fitting, therefore, that I should dedicate it to him, and in so doing I give expression to the love and reverence which I have felt for him ever since he called me his little cousin, more than twenty years ago.

HELEN KELLER

Wrentham, Massachusetts, January, 1910.

THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL

Come walk with me, and I will tell What I have read in this scroll of stone; I will spell out this writing on hill and meadow. It is a chronicle wrought by praying workmen, The forefathers of our nation— Leagues upon leagues of sealed history awaiting an interpreter. This is New England's tapestry of stone Alive with memories that throb and quiver At the core of the ages As the prophecies of old at the heart of God’s Word.

The walls have many things to tell me, And the days are long. I come and listen: My hand is upon the stones, and the tale I fain would hear Is of the men who built the walls, And of the God who made the stones and the workers.

With searching feet I walk beside the wall; I plunge and stumble over the fallen stones; I follow the windings of the wall Over the heaving hill, down by the meadow-brook, Beyond the scented fields, by the marsh where rushes grow. On I trudge through pine woods fragrant and cool And emerge amid clustered pools and by rolling acres of rye. The wall is builded of field-stones great and small, Tumbled about by frost and storm, Shaped and polished by ice and rain and sun; Some flattened, grooved, and chiseled By the inscrutable sculpture of the weather; Some with clefts and rough edges harsh to the touch. Gracious Time has glorified the wall And covered the historian stones with a mantle of green. Sunbeams flit and waver in the rifts, Vanish and reappear, linger and sleep, Conquer with radiance the obdurate angles, Filter between the naked rents and wind-bleached jags.

I understand the triumph and the truth Wrought into these walls of rugged stone. They are a miracle of patient hands, They are a victory of suffering, a paean of pain; All pangs of death, all cries of birth, Are in the mute, moss-covered stones; They are

eloquent to my hands. O beautiful, blind stones, inarticulate and dumb! In the deep gloom of their hearts there is a gleam Of the primeval sun which looked upon them When they were begotten. So in the heart of man shines forever A beam from the everlasting sun of God. Rude and unresponsive are the stones; Yet in them divine things lie concealed; I hear their imprisoned chant:—

"We are fragments of the universe, Chips of the rock whereon God laid the foundation of the world: Out of immemorial chaos He wrought us. Out of the sun, out of the tempest, out of the travail of the earth we grew. We are wonderfully mingled of life and death; We serve as crypts for innumerable, unnoticed, tiny forms. We are manifestations of the Might That rears the granite hills unto the clouds And sows the tropic seas with coral isles. We are shot through and through with hidden color; A thousand hues are blended in our gray substance. Sapphire, turquoise, ruby, opal, Emerald, diamond, amethyst, are our sisters from the beginning, And our brothers are iron, lead, zinc, Copper and silver and gold. We are the dust of continents past and to come, We are a deathless frieze carved with man's destiny; In us is the record sibylline of far events. We are as old as the world, our birth was before the hills. We are the cup that holds the sea And the framework of the peak that parts the sky. When Chaos shall again return, And endless Night shall spread her wings upon a rained world, We alone shall stand up from the shattered earth, Indestructible, invincible witnesses of God’s eternal purpose.”

In reflective mood by the wall I wander; The hoary stones have set my heart astir; My thoughts take shape and move beside me in the guise Of the stern men who built the wall in early olden days. One by one the melancholy phantoms go stepping from me, And I follow them in and out among the stones. I think of the days long gone, Flown like birds beyond the ramparts of the world. The patient, sturdy men who piled the stones Have vanished, like the days, beyond the bounds Of earth and mortal things. From their humble, steadfast lives has sprung the greatness of my nation. I am bone of their bone, breath of their breath, Their courage is in my soul.

The wall is an Iliad of granite: it chants to me Of pilgrims of the perilous deep, Of fearless journeyings and old forgotten things. The blood of grim ancestors warms the fingers That trace the letters of their story; My pulses beat in unison with pulses that are stilled; The fire of their zeal inspires me In my struggle with darkness and pain. These embossed books, unobliterated by the tears and laughter of Time, Are signed with the vital hands of undaunted men. I love these monoliths, so crudely imprinted With their stalwart, cleanly, frugal lives.

From my seat among the stones I stretch my hand and touch My friend the elm, urnlike, lithesome, tall. Far above the reach of my exploring fingers Birds are singing and winging joyously Through leafy billows of green. The elm-tree's song is wondrous sweet; The words are the ancientest language of trees— They tell of how earth and air and light Are wrought anew to beauty and to fruitfulness. I feel the glad stirrings under her rough bark; Her living sap mounts up to bring forth leaves; Her great limbs thrill beneath the wand of spring.

This wall was builded in our fathers' days— Valorous days when life was lusty and the land was new. Resemble the walls the builders, buffeted, stern, and worn. To us they left the law, Order, simplicity, obedience, And the wall is the bond they gave the nation At its birth of courage and unflinching faith. Before the epic here inscribed began, They wrote their course upon a trackless sea. O, tiny craft, bearing a nation's seed! Frail shallop, quick with unborn states! Autumn was mellow in the fatherland when they set sail, And winter deepened as they neared the West. Out of the desert sea they came at last, And their hearts warmed to see that frozen land. O, first gray dawn that filtered through the dark! Bleak, glorious birth-hour of our northern states! They stood upon the shore like new created men; On barren solitudes of sand they stood, The conquered sea behind, the unconquered wilderness before. Some died that year beneath the cruel cold, And some for heartsick longing and the pang Of homes remembered and souls torn asunder. That spring the new-plowed field for bread of life Bordered the new-dug acre marked for death;

Beside the springing corn they laid in the sweet, dark earth The young man, strong and free, the maiden fair and trustful, The little child, and the uncomplaining mother.

Across the meadow, by the ancient pines, Where I, the child of life that lived that spring, Drink in the fragrances of the young year, The field-wall meets one grimly squared and straight. Beyond it rise the old tombs, gray and restful, And the upright slates record the generations. Stiffly aslant before the northern blasts, Like the steadfast, angular beliefs Of those whom they commemorate, the headstones stand, Cemented deep with moss and invisible roots. The rude inscriptions charged with faith and love, Graceless as Death himself, yet sweet as Death, Are half erased by the impartial storms. As children lisping words which move to laughter Are themselves poems of unconscious melody, So the old gravestones with their crabbed muse Are beautiful for their halting words of faith, Their groping love that had no gift of song. But all the broken tragedy of life And all the yearning mystery of death Are celebrated in sweet epitaphs of vines and violets. Close by the wall a peristyle of pines Sings requiem to all the dead that sleep.

Beyond the village churchyard, still and calm, Steeped in the sweetness of eternal morn, The wall runs down in crumbling cadence Beside the brook which plays Through the land like a silver harp. A wind of ancient romance blows across the field, A sweet disturbance thrills the air; The silken skirts of Spring go rustling by, And the earth is astir with joy. Up the hill, romping and shaking their golden heads, Come the little children of the wood. From ecstasy to ecstasy the year mounts upward. Up from the south come the odor-laden winds, Angels and ministers of life, Dropping seeds of fruitfulness Into the bosoms of flowers. Elusive, alluring secrets hide in wood and hedge Like the first thoughts of love In the breast of a maiden; The witchery of love is in rock and tree. Across the pasture, star-sown with daisies, I see a young girl—the spirit of spring she seems, Sister of the winds that run through the rippling daisies. Sweet and clear her voice calls father and brother, And one whose

name her shy lips will not utter. But a chorus of leaves and grasses speaks her heart And tells his name: the birches flutter by the wall; The wild cherry-tree shakes its plumy head And whispers his name; the maple Opens its rosy lips and murmurs his name; The marsh-marigold sends the rumor Down the winding stream, and the blue flag Spread the gossip to the lilies in the lake: All Nature's eyes and tongues conspire In the unfolding of the tale That Adam and Eve beneath the blossoming rose-tree Told each other in the Garden of Eden. Once more the wind blows from the walls, And I behold a fair young mother; She stands at the lilac-shaded door With her baby at her breast; She looks across the twilit fields and smiles And whispers to her child: "Thy father comes!"

Life triumphed over many-weaponed Death. Sorrow and toil and the wilderness thwarted their stout invasion; But with the ship that sailed again went no retreating soul! Stubborn, unvanquished, clinging to the skirts of Hope, They kept their narrow foothold on the land, And the ship sailed home for more. With yearlong striving they fought their way into the forest; Their axes echoed where I sit, a score of miles from the sea. Slowly, slowly the wilderness yielded To smiling grass-plots and clearings of yellow corn; And while the logs of their cabins were still moist With odorous sap, they set upon the hill The shrine of liberty for man's mind, And by it the shrine of liberty for man's soul, The school-house and the church.

The apple-tree by the wall sheds its blossom about me— A shower of petals of light upon darkness. From Nature's brimming cup I drink a thousand scents; At noon the wizard sun stirs the hot soil under the pines. I take the top stone of the wall in my hands And the sun in my heart; I feel the rippling land extend to right and left, Bearing up a receptive surface to my uncertain feet; I clamber up the hill and beyond the grassy sweep; I encounter a chaos of tumbled rocks. Piles of shadow they seem, huddling close to the land. Here they are scattered like sheep, Or like great birds at rest, There a huge block juts from the giant wave of the hill. At the foot of the aged pines the maiden's moccasins Track the sod like the noiseless sandals of Spring. Out

of chinks in the wall delicate grasses wave, As beauty grew out of the crannies of these hard souls.

Joyously, gratefully, after their long wrestling With the bitter cold and the harsh white winter, They heard the step of Spring on the edge of melting snow-drifts; Gladly, with courage that flashed from their life-beaten souls, As the fire-sparks fly from the hammered stone, They hailed the fragrant arbutus; Its sweetness trailed beside the path that they cut through the forest, And they gave it the name of their ship Mayflower. Beauty was at their feet, and their eyes beheld it; The earth cried out for labor, and they gave it. But ever as they saw the budding spring, Ever as they cleared the stubborn field, Ever as they piled the heavy stones, In mystic vision they saw, the eternal spring; They raised their hardened hands above the earth, And beheld the walls that are not built of stone, The portals opened by angels whose garments are of light; And beyond the radiant walls of living stones They dreamed vast meadows and hills of fadeless green.

In the old house across the road With weather-beaten front, like the furrowed face of an old man, The lights are out forever, the windows are broken, And the oaken posts are warped; The storms beat into the rooms as the passion of the world Racked and buffeted those who once dwelt in them. The psalm and the morning prayer are silent. But the walls remain visible witnesses of faith That knew no wavering or shadow of turning. They have withstood sun and northern blast, They have outlasted the unceasing strife Of forces leagued to tear them down. Under the stars and the clouds, under the summer sun, Beaten by rain and wind, covered with tender vines, The walls stand symbols of a granite race, The measure and translation of olden times.

In the rough epic of their life, their toil, their creeds, Their psalms, their prayers, what stirring tales Of days that were their past had they to tell Their children to keep the new faith burning? Tales of grandsires in the fatherland Whose faith was seven times tried in fiery furnaces,— Of Rowland Taylor who kissed the stake, And stood

with hands folded and eyes steadfastly turned To the sky, and smiled upon the flames; Of Latimer, and of Cranmer who for cowardice heroically atoned— Who thrust his right hand into the fire Because it had broken plight with his heart And written against the voice of his conviction. With such memories they exalted and cherished The heroism of their tried souls, And ours are wrung with doubt and self-distrust!

I am kneeling on the odorous earth; The sweet, shy feet of Spring come tripping o'er the land, Winter is fled to the hills, leaving snowy wreaths On apple-tree, meadow, and marsh. The walls are astir; little waves of blue Run through my fingers murmuring: "We follow the winds and the snow!" Their heart is a cup of gold. Soft whispers of showers and flowers Are mingled in the spring song of the walls. Hark to the songs that go singing like the wind Through the chinks of the wall and thrill the heart And quicken it with passionate response! The walls sing the song of wild bird, the hoof-beat of deer, The murmur of pine and cedar, the ripple of many streams; Crows are calling from the Druidical wood; The morning mist still haunts the meadows Like the ghosts of the wall builders.

As I listen, methinks I hear the bitter plaint Of the passing of a haughty race, The wronged, friendly, childlike, peaceable tribes, The swarthy archers of the wilderness, The red men to whom Nature opened all her secrets, Who knew the haunts of bird and fish, The hidden virtue of herb and root; All the travail of man and beast they knew— Birth and death, heat and cold, Hunger and thirst, love and hate; For these are the unchanging things writ in the imperishable book of life That man suckled at the breast of woman must know.

In the dim sanctuary of the pines The winds murmur their mysteries through dusky aisles— Secrets of earth's renewal and the endless cycle of life. Living things are afoot among the grasses; The closed fingers of the ferns unfold, New bees explore new flowers, and the brook Pours virgin waters from the rushing founts of May. In

the old walls there are sinister voices— The groans of women charged with witchcraft. I see a lone, gray, haggard woman standing at bay, Helpless against her grim, sin-darkened judges. Terror blanches her lips and makes her confess Bonds with demons that her heart knows not. Satan sits by the judgment-seat and laughs. The gray walls, broken, weatherworn oracles, Sing that she was once a girl of love and laughter, Then a fair mother with lullabies on her lips, Caresses in her eyes, who spent her days In weaving warmth to keep her brood against the winter cold. And in her tongue was the law of kindness; For her God was the Lord Jehovah. Enemies uprose and swore her accused, Laid at her door the writhing forms of little children, And she could but answer: “The Evil One Torments them in my shape.” She stood amazed before the tribunal of her church And heard the gate of God’s house closed against her. Oh, shuddering silence of the throng, And fearful the words spoken from the judgment-seat! She raised her white head and clasped her wrinkled hands: “Pity me, Lord, pity my anguish! Nor, since Thou art a just and terrible God, Forget to visit thy wrath upon these people; For they have sworn away the life of Thy servant Who hath lived long in the land keeping Thy commandments. I am old, Lord, and betrayed; By neighbor and kin am I betrayed; A Judas kiss hath marked me for a witch. Possessed of a devil? Here be a legion of devils! Smite them, O God, yea, utterly destroy them that persecute the innocent.” Before this mother in Israel the judges cowered; But still they suffered her to die. Through the tragic, guilty walls I hear the sighs Of desolate women and penitent, remorseful men.

Sing of happier themes, O many-voiced epic, Sing how the ages, like thrifty husbandmen, winnow the creeds of men, And leave only faith and love and truth. Sing of the Puritan’s nobler nature, Fathomless as the forests he felled, Irresistible as the winds that blow. His trenchant conviction was but the somber bulwark Which guarded his pure ideal. Resolute by the communion board he stood, And after solemn prayer solemnly cancelled And abolished the divine right of kings And declared the holy rights of man. Prophet and toiler, yearning for other worlds, yet

wise in this; Scornful of earthly empire and brooding on death, Yet wrestling life out of the wilderness And laying stone on stone the foundation of a temporal state! I see him standing at his cabin-door at eventide With dreaming, fearless eyes gazing at sunset hills; In his prophetic sight Liberty, like a bride, Hasteth to meet her lord, the westward-going man! Even as he saw the citadel of Heaven, He beheld an earthly state divinely fair and just. Mystic and statesman, maker of homes, Strengthened by the primal law of toil, And schooled by monarch-made injustices, He carried the covenant of liberty with fire and sword, And laid a rich state on frugality! Many republics have sprung into being, Full-grown, equipped with theories forged in reason; All, all have fallen in a single night; But to the wise, fire-hardened Puritan Democracy was not a blaze of glory To crackle for an hour and be quenched out By the first gust that blows across the world. I see him standing at his cabin-door, And all his dreams are true as when he dreamed them; But only shall they be fulfilled if we Are mindful of the toil that gave him power, Are brave to dare a wilderness of wrong; So long shall Nature nourish us and Spring Throw riches in the lap of man As we beget no wasteful, weak-handed generations, But bend us to the fruitful earth in toil. Beyond the wall a new-plowed field lies steaming in the sun, And down the road a merry group of children Run toward the village school.

Hear, O hear! In the historian walls Rises the beat and the tumult of the struggle for freedom. Sacred, blood-stained walls, your peaceful front Sheltered the fateful fires of Lexington; Builded to fence green fields and keep the herds at pasture, Ye became the frowning breastworks of stern battle; Lowly boundaries of the freeman’s farm, Ye grew the rampart of a land at war; And still ye cross the centuries Between the ages of monarchs and the age When farmers in their fields are kings. From the Revolution the young Republic emerged, She mounted up as on the wings of the eagle, She ran and was not weary, and all the children of the world Joined her and followed her shining path. But ever as she ran, above her lifted head Darkened the monster cloud of slavery. Hark! In the walls, amid voices of prayer and of triumph, I

hear the clank of manacles and the ominous mutterings of bondsmen! At Gettysburg, our Golgotha, the sons of the fathers Poured their blood to wash out a nation's shame. Cleansed by tribulation and atonement, The broken nation rose from her knees, And with hope reborn in her heart set forth again Upon the open road to ideal democracy.

Sing, walls, in lightning words that shall cause the world to vibrate, Of the democracy to come, Of the swift, teeming, confident thing! We are part of it—the wonder and the terror and the glory! Fearless we rush forward to meet the years, The years that come flying towards us With wings outspread, agleam on the horizon of time!

O eloquent, sane walls, instinct with a new faith, Ye are barbarous, in congruous, but great with the greatness of reality. Walls wrought in unfaltering effort, Sing of our prosperity, the joyous harvest Of the labor of lusty toilers. Down through the years comes the ring of their victorious axes: "Ye are titans of the forest, but we are stronger; Ye are strong with the strength of mighty winds, But we are strong with the unconquerable strength of souls!" Still the young race, unassailable, inviolate, Shakes the solitudes with the strokes of creation; Doubly strong we renew the valorous days, And like a measureless sea we overflow The fresh green, benevolent West, The buoyant, fruitful West that dares and sings! Pure, dew-dripping walls that guard The quiet, lovable, fertile fields, Sing praises to Him who from the mossy rocks Can bid the fountains leap in thirsty lands. I walk beside the stones through the young grain, Through waves of wheat that billow about my knees. The walls contest the onward march of the wheat; But the wheat is charged with the life of the world; Its force is irresistible; onward it sweeps, An engulfing tide, over all the land, Till hill and valley, field and plain Are flooded with its green felicity! Out of the moist earth it has sprung; In the gracious amplitudes of her bosom it was nurtured, And in it is wrought the miracle of life.

Sing, prophetic, mystic walls, of the dreams of the builders; Sing in thundering tones that shall thrill us To try our dull discontent, our barren wisdom Against their propagating, unquenchable, questionless visions. Sing in renerving refrain of the resolute men, Each a Lincoln in his smoldering patience, Each a Luther in his fearless faith, Who made a breach in the wall of darkness And let the hosts of liberty march through.

Calm, eternal walls, tranquil, mature, Which old voices, old songs, old kisses cover, As mosses and lichens cover your ancient stones, Teach me the secret of your serene repose; Tell of the greater things to be, When love and wisdom are the only creed, And law and right are one. Sing that the Lord cometh, the Lord cometh, The fountain-head and spring of life! Sing, steady, exultant walls, in strains hallowed and touched with fire, Sing that the Lord shall build us all together. As living stones build us, cemented together. May He who knoweth every pleasant thing That our sires forewent to teach the peoples law and truth, Who counted every stone blessed by their consecrated hands, Grant that we remain liberty-loving, substantial, elemental, And that faith, the rock not fashioned of human hands, Be the stability of our triumphant, toiling days.

End of Project Gutenberg's The Song of the Stone Wall, by Helen Keller

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project

Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a

refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying,

performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright

holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate

your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate

or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph

1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure

and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations

where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help

produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.