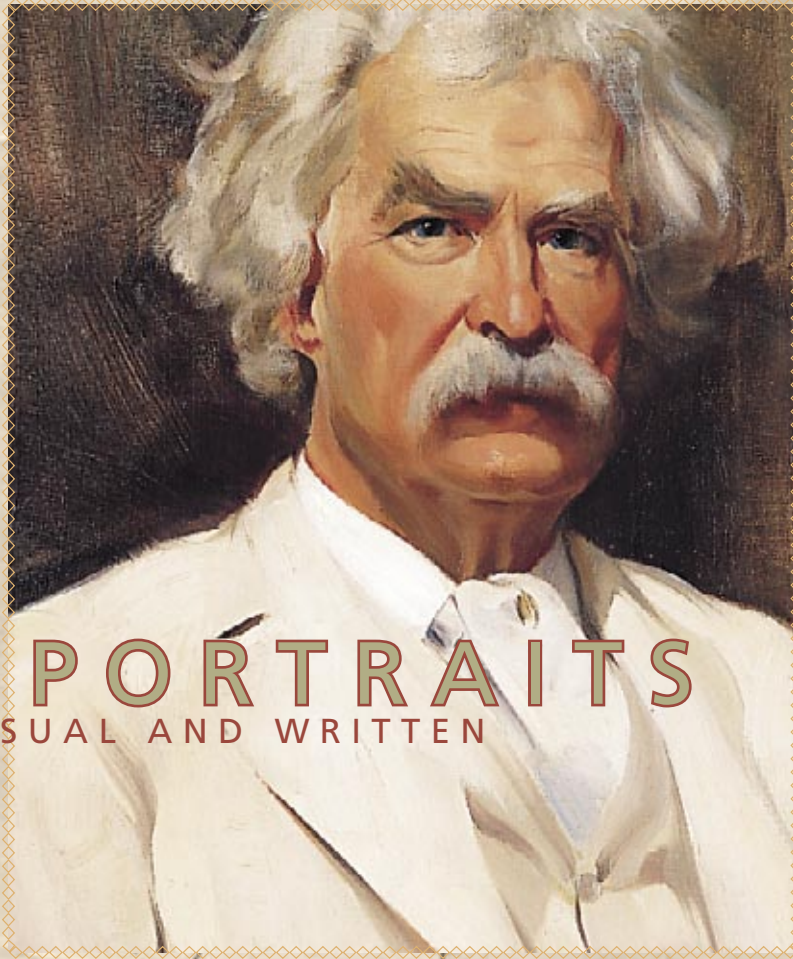


The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

SMITHSONIAN

IN YOUR CLASSROOM

FALL 2005



PORTRAITS
VISUAL AND WRITTEN

Tom:

To answer.
"What's gone with that boy, I
~~where can that boy be~~
wonder? You Tom!"
To answer.



Smithsonian Institution

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PORTRAITS

VISUAL AND WRITTEN

Louisa May Alcott
Samuel Clemens

Smithsonian in Your Classroom is produced by the Smithsonian Center for Education and Museum Studies. Teachers may duplicate the materials for educational purposes.

The lessons address the following standards:

NATIONAL STANDARDS FOR VISUAL ARTS, GRADES 5–8

Standard 3

Choosing and Evaluating a Range of Subject Matter, Symbols, and Ideas

Students use subjects, themes, and symbols that demonstrate knowledge of contexts, values, and aesthetics that communicate intended meaning in artworks.

NATIONAL LANGUAGE ARTS STANDARDS, GRADES K–12

Standard 1

Reading for Perspective

Students read a wide range of print and nonprint texts to build an understanding of texts, of themselves, and of the cultures of the United States and the world. Among these texts are fiction and nonfiction, classic and contemporary works.

Standard 2

Understanding the Human Experience

Students read a wide range of literature from many periods in many genres to build an understanding of the many dimensions of human experience.

Standard 6

Applying Knowledge

Students apply knowledge of language structure, language conventions, and genre to create, critique, and discuss print and nonprint texts.

Standard 7

Evaluating Data

Students gather, evaluate, and synthesize data from a variety of sources (e.g., print and nonprint texts, artifacts, people).

Illustrations

Cover: *Mark Twain* by Frank Edwin Larson, 1935, National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, gift of the artist. Mark Twain, *The Adventures [sic] of Tom Sawyer*, autograph manuscript, Georgetown University Library, Special Collections Division, Washington, D.C. **Inside Cover:** *Day's End, Driftway* by Kerr Eby, c. 1939, Smithsonian American Art Museum, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Katz. *Louisa May Alcott* by George Kendall Warren Studio, c. 1870, National Portrait Gallery. **Page 2:** Louisa May Alcott signature, courtesy of Orchard House, Concord. **Page 3:** Mark Twain signature and *Mark Twain* by William A.F. Bradley Studio, 1907, courtesy of Dave Thomson. **Page 4:** Famous Americans stamps, 1940, National Postal Museum, Smithsonian Institution. **Page 11:** Mark Twain/Samuel Clemens signature, Mark Twain Collection (#6314), Clifton Waller Barrett Library of American Literature, Special Collections, University of Virginia Library. **Page 12:** *St. Louis from the River Below* by George Catlin, 1832–33, Smithsonian American Art Museum, gift of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Jr. **Page 13:** *Ernest Hemingway* by Greg Rudd, from a photograph by Yousuf Karsh, ©1989 USPS, all rights reserved, courtesy of Retna. *George Washington Carver* by Betsy Graves Reyneau, 1942, National Portrait Gallery, gift of the George Washington Carver Memorial Committee. *Theodor Seuss Geisel*, National Postal Museum, © 2003 USPS, all rights reserved, courtesy of Dr. Seuss Enterprises, L.P. *The Marx Brothers* by Al Hirschfeld, 1935, National Portrait Gallery, ©Al Hirschfeld/Margo Feiden Galleries Ltd., New York. **Back Cover:** Literary stamps, National Postal Museum, ©1992 USPS, all rights reserved.

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Thanks to Tia Powell Harris, Carol Wyrick, and Briana Zavadiil White of the National Portrait Gallery; Gloria Rasmussen and Esther Washington of the National Postal Museum; Judy Buchanan of the National Writing Project; Maria Powers of Orchard House, Concord; artist Greg Rudd; author Dave Thomson; Anacostia Museum Librarian Shauna Collier; and the Smithsonian Institution Libraries.

An autobiography that leaves out the little things and enumerates only the big ones is no proper picture of the man's life at all; his life consists of his feelings and his interests, with here and there an incident apparently big or little to hang the feelings on.

Mark Twain's *Autobiography*, 1906

The lessons in this SMITHSONIAN IN YOUR CLASSROOM introduce students to the life and work of an American author, Louisa May Alcott or Samuel Clemens, through four sources:

- a portrait from the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery
- a commemorative stamp from the Smithsonian's National Postal Museum
- a piece of autobiographical writing
- an abridged passage from a novel

We've treated the authors separately for the sake of adaptability. The materials may be used in a full unit on *Little Women*, *Tom Sawyer*, or *Huckleberry Finn*. A children's biography (Cornelia Meigs's *Invincible Louisa* or William Anderson's *River Boy*, for example) might complement the autobiographical piece. Or you might adapt the lesson ideas to the study of another author.

For Alcott, we've selected entries in her girlhood journal and part of an early chapter of *Little Women*; for Clemens, his explanation of his white suit in *Mark Twain's Autobiography* and part of the last chapter of *Tom Sawyer*, in which Huckleberry Finn has fled for the first time from the Widow Douglas's civilizing influence. In a

study of Alcott, it should become clear that Jo March is an autobiographical character. Clemens gave Tom Sawyer, rather than Huckleberry Finn, many of the outward circumstances of his own childhood, but students will perhaps see that there is a good deal of the author in Huck's contrary position toward society, a contrariness that is central to the theme of *Huckleberry Finn*.

Reading either author, the students might also see—better yet—that their own lives and their own views can be the basis of creative writing.

For a list of resources, including recommended biographies of Alcott and Clemens, visit www.SmithsonianEducation.org.

Louisa May Alcott

This National Portrait Gallery studio photograph of Louisa May Alcott was taken around 1870, not long after the publication of *Little Women*. She is in her late thirties and at the height of her career. The papers and the studious pose identify her as a woman of letters. Readers of *Little Women* might also see traces of her best-known character, Jo March. The tightly wound hair is as thick as the hair Jo cuts off and sells to a wigmaker when her mother needs money. Here, too, through the layers of age, is a reminder of Jo's long-limbed body.



Little Women, set in a New England town during the Civil War, is closely

based on Alcott's own teen years in the 1840s, spent mostly in Concord, Massachusetts. Like Jo, she took a series of jobs to help ease the family's financial troubles. Like the four March sisters, she and sisters Anna, Elizabeth, and May amused themselves by putting on homemade theatricals. While a teen, she discovered that the imagination that went into the plays could be applied to a writing career. Her first published prose was a romantic tale with a misty Old World setting, "The Rival Painters." This is also the title of Jo's first story.

But while the financial troubles of the Marches could be those of any humble family, the Alcott sisters grew up in a special kind of poverty. The Concord of their girlhood was the center of the Transcendentalist literary circle. Their father was philosopher Amos Bronson Alcott, who, after the failure of an experimental school in Boston, came to Concord under the patronage of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Henry David Thoreau was one of the sisters' teachers. Nathaniel Hawthorne lived nearby. Amos Bronson Alcott was a leading figure in the social reform aspects of Transcendentalism, but his ideas tended toward a utopia and he found it difficult to support his family in the world as it was.

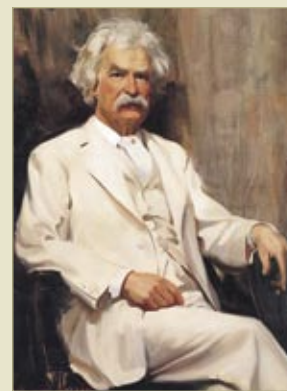
Like Walt Whitman, Louisa May Alcott went to Washington, D.C., during the Civil War and became

a volunteer nurse. Her *Hospital Sketches*, published in 1863, is an account of her experiences tending wounded soldiers in Dorothea Dix's service. Like Jane Austen, Emily Bronte, Emily Dickinson, Flannery O'Connor, and Eudora Welty, she never married and lived most of her years with family.

If *Little Women* is the story of a wish—the wish of a young woman to gain independence for herself while helping those around her—the book itself was the story's happy ending for Alcott. It was an instant hit. The money she made from it and subsequent children's books, including *Little Men*, allowed her to support her parents and the daughter of her sister May, who died in 1879. Her fame lent respectability to her father, who established the successful Concord School of Philosophy late in life.

Samuel Clemens

This image of Samuel Langhorne Clemens seems as much a trademark as his pen name, Mark Twain. It was painted by Frank Edwin Larson for the Mark Twain Centennial Exhibition in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1935, twenty-five



years after the author's death. It is the image that comes to mind when we think of Mark Twain, the white suit suggesting the pristine white of the steamboats of his youth, the plumes of white hair suggesting, perhaps, the steam.

Actually, Clemens looked like this only in his last few years, not at the height of

his career but at the height of his celebrity. In *Mark Twain's Autobiography*, published in 1906, he announced his intention to wear white suits year round. He was more comfortable in white than in dark colors, but had always conformed to seasonal fashion. He wrote: "It is the way people are made; they are always keeping their real feelings shut up inside, and publicly exploiting their fictitious ones." Now he was old enough to dress as he pleased, to be himself.

Mark Twain

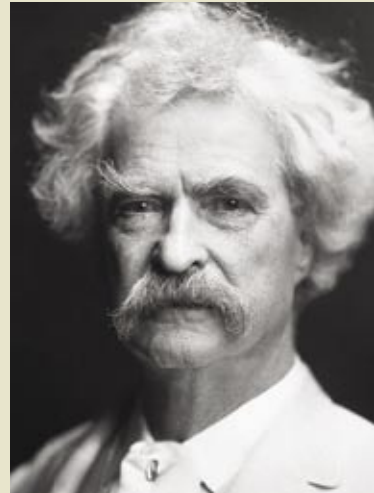
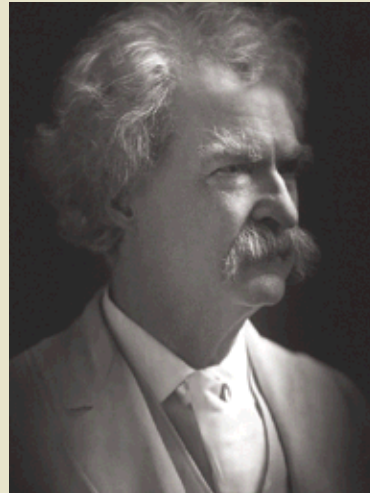
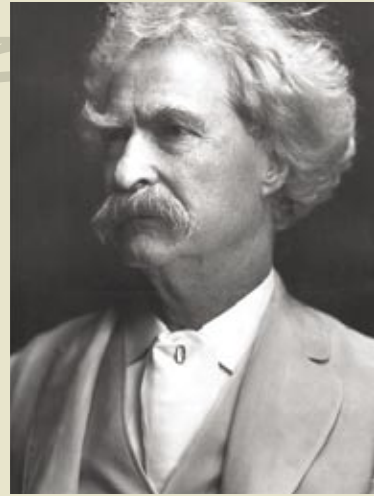
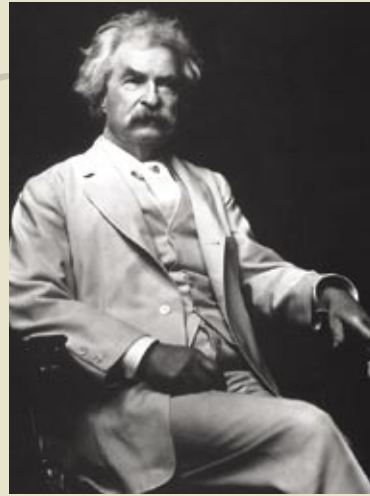
Exposing falsities, even while telling “stretchers” about his own life—this was a mark of his work. In the classic biography *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*, Justin Kaplan conceded that Clemens “was always his own biographer, and the books he wrote about [his early] years are incomparably the best accounts, even if they may not always be the truest.” His “omissions and reshapings,” said Kaplan, were “a kind of truth.”

He wrote of his days as a riverboat pilot in *Life on the Mississippi*, his two-week career as a Confederate irregular in “The Private History of a Campaign That Failed,” and his adventures as a prospector, speculator, and journalist in the West in *Roughing It*. It was from the West that he emerged as a national figure just after the Civil War. “Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog,” his retelling of a Gold Rush tall tale, was accepted by a New York newspaper and reprinted across the country. In 1867, he arranged to write correspondence for New York and San Francisco newspapers on a tourist excursion to Europe and the Middle East. *The Innocents Abroad*, based on the correspondence, became his most popular book in his lifetime.

In his most enduring books, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, he mined the deepest part of his past. His boyhood Hannibal, called St. Petersburg, is a playground for his young characters, if not a theatrical backdrop. Life in the town offers plenty of adventures, but for Tom Sawyer they are never quite *real* until he has wrapped them in a fiction taken from books about pirates and highwaymen. In *Huckleberry Finn*, Huck comes to see that the real world—chiefly the beliefs that support slavery—can be made up of similar fictions.

A growing pessimism entered Clemens’s work late in his life, as he suffered bankruptcy from bad investments and the anguish of losing his daughter Susy and wife Olivia. “The reporters who dogged his steps,” wrote Kaplan, “were attracted not so much by his literature, which they rarely read or understood, as by his personality, his mane of white hair, his drawl, his astonishing opinions and mannerisms.”

As Mark Twain, he had become his own best-known character.



Frank Edwin Larson based his painting on a group of photographs taken at a New York studio in 1907 as part of a charity fund-raising effort. Clemens autographed copies of the pictures, which were sold to benefit victims of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire. Clemens said that some of the pictures were the best ever taken of him. But maybe that wasn’t saying much.

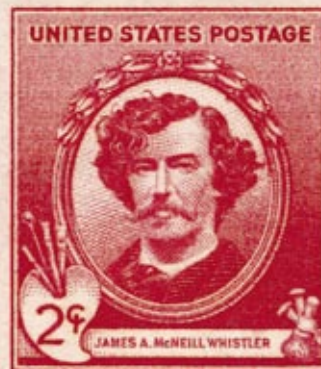
“No photograph ever was good, yet, of anybody,” he once wrote. “It transforms into desperadoes the meekest of men; depicts sinless innocence upon the pictured faces of ruffians; gives the wise man the stupid leer of a fool, and a fool an expression of more than earthly wisdom.”

BACKGROUND

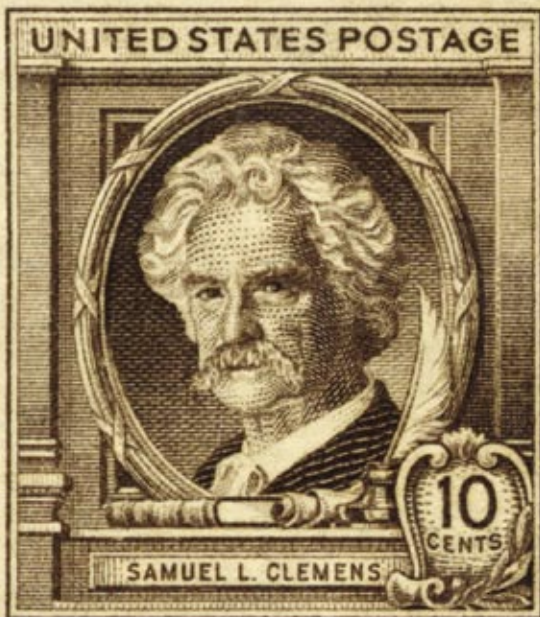
Portraitists often use symbols, or *iconography*, to tell why the subject is important. Educators at the National Portrait Gallery ask students to “read” a portrait by locating objects and considering what they stand for.



The U.S. Postal Department issued Louisa May Alcott and Samuel L. Clemens stamps in the 1940 commemorative series Famous Americans. Each of the thirty-five stamps contains symbols of the famous American's profession. The symbols for Alcott, Clemens, and three other authors—James Fenimore Cooper, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Washington Irving—are a closed book, a scroll, a quill pen, and an inkwell.



Artists, like James Whistler, are similarly represented, with a palette, a stonecutter's maul, and chisels.



Educators, like Booker T. Washington, are more fancifully symbolized, with a “lamp of knowledge.”

LESSON ONE

LOOKING, SKETCHING, DESCRIBING, EDITING

This lesson begins with a “learning to look” exercise and culminates in written descriptions of a portrait.

◉ *Step One*

Give each student a copy of the National Portrait Gallery portrait of one of the authors (page 7 for Alcott, page 10 for Clemens). Do not reveal anything about the portrait subject.

Ask students to fold a blank piece of paper in two ways to give it four equal sections. They will try to sketch the portrait by focusing their attention on one section at a time. Explain that each section of the paper corresponds to that part of the portrait—the upper left square corresponds to the upper left quarter of the portrait and so on. Explain, too, that they are only trying to note as many details as possible. They should not worry about artistic accomplishment.

◉ *Step Two*

Ask students to take out another piece of paper. They will now try to describe the portrait and their impressions of the subject. To encourage a free flow of ideas, have them write whatever comes to mind. They may write of inferences as well as facts—Louisa May Alcott may be *thoughtful* as well as *reading*; Samuel Clemens may be *old* as well as *white-haired*—as long as the inferences are based on what is in the picture.

◉ *Step Three*

On the board, draw a column headed *Portrait*. Students will now edit their descriptions by calling out what they think are their most pertinent and vivid words and phrases. Go around the room a few times, until each student has contributed two or three words or phrases. Record these in the column. Students will refer to this column of descriptions in the next lesson.



Louisa May Alcott disliked most photographs of herself. “When I don’t look like the tragic muse,” she joked, “I look like a smoky relic of the great Boston fire.” She was referring to her prematurely aged appearance, which was probably the result of mercury poisoning. In Washington during the Civil War, she caught typhoid fever and was treated with calomel, which contained mercury. The poisoning seems to have led to her early death, at fifty-five.

A demand for photographs and other mementos was part of the life of a literary lion. Alcott once wrote to a schoolteacher: “If you can teach your five hundred pupils to love books but to let authors alone, you will give them a useful lesson and earn the gratitude of the long suffering craft, whose lives are made a burden to them by the lion hunter and autograph fiend.”

Portraits

PORTRAITS, VISUAL AND WRITTEN

Students now receive more information about the author: a commemorative stamp bearing a portrait, a piece of autobiographical writing, and an excerpt from the author's fiction. They continue to gather impressions of the author as they compare these forms of portrayal.

The stamp portraits of Louisa May Alcott and Samuel Clemens are on page 4. To make copies, you might clip out the appropriate stamp.

◉ *Step One*

Hand out copies of the stamp. Alongside the *Portrait* column on the board, draw a column headed *Stamp*. Ask the students to look for any additional information about the subject, particularly about the subject's profession. Record their responses in the column.

If no one makes a connection between profession and the stamp's book, scroll, pen, and inkwell (or, in the case of Alcott, between these objects and the papers she is holding in the previous portrait), share some of the background information on portrait iconography. Also call attention to the very fact that this person is on a postage stamp: *What kinds of people are on stamps? Do you think this person is important in history?*

The most obvious new information on the stamp is the author's name. If students know anything about Alcott or Clemens, ask them to confine the discussion to what is on the stamp.

◉ *Step Two*

Tell the class that you will now hand out a written self-portrayal by the subject (page 8 for Alcott, page 11 for Clemens). Draw a third column on the board, headed *Autobiography*. When students have finished reading, begin a discussion in which they generate another list of descriptive words about the author, this time based on the evidence in the text. Go around the room and record the responses in the column.

◉ *Step Three*

Ask students to compare the three columns on the board. Prompt a discussion by asking questions along these lines:

- ◉ What do the portraits tell us that the written description doesn't?
- ◉ What does the writing tell us that the portraits don't?
- ◉ Does the writing change the way you see the portraits? Why or why not?
- ◉ What connections do you see between the person in the portrait and the person in the writing?

Encourage students to think about their work in the first lesson: *What were you able to do in the drawing of the portrait that you couldn't do in the description, and vice versa? How were the two activities similar?*

◉ *Step Four*

Tell the class that you will now hand out a sample of the author's fiction (page 9 for Alcott, page 12 for Clemens). Draw a fourth column on the board, headed *Fiction*. Repeat the activities of Step Two, but this time focus on the central character of the piece: Jo March, in the case of Alcott, or Huckleberry Finn, in the case of Clemens.

Finally, bring all four columns into comparison:

- ◉ What similarities do you see between the author and the character?
- ◉ What are some of the differences between author and character?
- ◉ Does the description of an imaginary character give you a better picture of the author?

Use the students' responses as the basis for a discussion of fiction and the ways that it, too, can be a kind of self-portrayal.



EXCERPTS FROM LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S JOURNALS,
AGES TEN THROUGH TWENTY-TWO

Louisa May Alcott



SEPTEMBER 1843

I had a music lesson with Miss P. I hate her, she is so fussy. I ran in the wind and played be a horse, and had a lovely time in the woods with Anna and Lizzie. We were fairies, and made gowns and paper wings. I “fled” the highest of all.

DECEMBER 1843

A long letter from Anna. She sends me a picture of Jenny Lind, the great singer. She must be a happy girl. I should like to be as famous as she is.

I wrote in my Imagination Book, and enjoyed it very much. Read Miss Bremer’s “Home” in the eve. Had good dreams, and woke now and then to think, and watch the moon. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy.

MARCH 1846

I have made a plan for my life, as I am in my teens, and no more a child. I am old for my age, and don’t care much for girl’s things. People think I’m wild and queer; but Mother understands and helps me. I have not told any one about my plan; but I’m going to *be* good, for I feel a true desire to improve, and be a help and comfort, not a care and sorrow, to my dear mother.

MAY 1850

In looking over our journals, Father says, “Anna’s is about other people, Louisa’s about herself.” That is true, for I don’t *talk* about myself, yet must always think of the willful, moody girl I try to manage, and in my journal I write of her to see how she gets on. Anna is so good she need not take care of herself, and can enjoy other people. If I look in my glass, I try to keep down vanity about my long hair, my well-shaped head, and my good nose. In the street

I try not to covet fine things. My quick tongue is always getting me into trouble, and my moodiness makes it hard to be cheerful when I think how poor we are, how much worry it is to live, and how many things I long to do.

AUGUST 1850

Reading Mrs. Bremer and Hawthorne. The “Scarlet Letter” is my favorite. Mother likes Miss B. better, as more wholesome. I fancy “lurid” things, if strong and true also.

Anna wants to be an actress, and so do I. We could make plenty of money perhaps, and it is a very gay life. I like tragic plays. We get up fine ones, and make harps, castles, armor, dresses, water-falls, and thunder, and have great fun.

1852

My first story was printed, and \$5 paid for it. It was written in Concord when I was sixteen. Great rubbish! Read it aloud to sisters, and when they praised it, not knowing the author, I proudly announced her name.

APRIL 1855

I am in my garret with my papers round me, and a pile of apples to eat while I write my journal, plan stories, and enjoy the patter of rain on the roof, in peace and quiet.

My book came out; and people began to think that topsy-turvey Louisa would amount to something after all, since she could do so well as housemaid, teacher, seamstress, and story-teller. Perhaps she may.

Sixteen-year-old Jo March has submitted two stories to a newspaper. Her friend Theodore Laurence, called Laurie, knows this secret. Her sisters, Meg, Beth, and Amy, do not. Jo has gone out to get the mail.

Meg, as she sat sewing at her window, was scandalized by the sight of Laurie chasing Jo all over the garden and finally capturing her in Amy's bower. What went on there, Meg could not see, but shrieks of laughter were heard, followed by the murmur of voices and a great flapping of newspapers.

"What shall we do with that girl? She never will behave like a young lady," sighed Meg, as she watched the race with a disapproving face.

"I hope she won't. She is so funny and dear as she is," said Beth.

In a few minutes Jo bounced in, laid herself on the sofa, and affected to read.

"Have you anything interesting there?" asked Meg, with condescension.

"Nothing but a story, won't amount to much, I guess," returned Jo, carefully keeping the name of the paper out of sight.

"You'd better read it aloud. That will amuse us and keep you out of mischief," said Amy in her most grown-up tone.

"What's the name?" asked Beth, wondering why Jo kept her face behind the sheet.

"The Rival Painters."

"That sounds well. Read it," said Meg.

With a loud "Hem!" and a long breath, Jo began to read very fast. The girls listened with interest, for the tale was romantic, and somewhat pathetic, as most of the characters died in the end. "I like that about the splendid picture," was Amy's approving remark, as Jo paused.

"I prefer the loving part. Viola and Angelo are two of our favorite names, isn't that queer?" said Meg, wiping her eyes, for the loving part was tragical.

"Who wrote it?" asked Beth, who had caught a glimpse of Jo's face.

The reader suddenly sat up, cast away the paper, displaying a flushed countenance, and with a funny mixture of solemnity and excitement replied in a loud voice, "Your sister."

"You?" cried Meg, dropping her work.

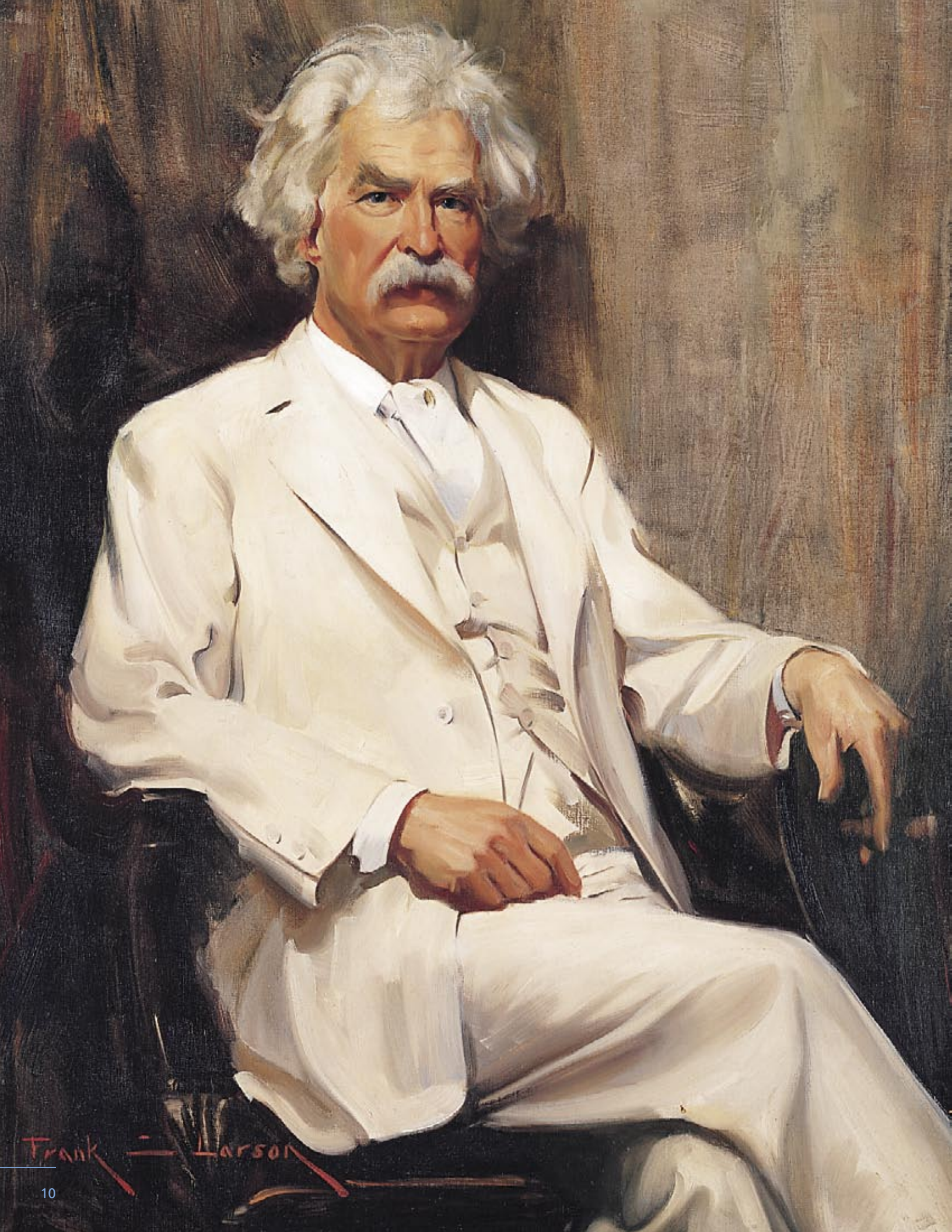
"It's very good," said Amy critically.

"I knew it! I knew it! Oh, my Jo, I am so proud!" and Beth ran to hug her sister and exult over this splendid success.

Dear me, how delighted they all were, to be sure! How Meg wouldn't believe it till she saw the words. "Miss Josephine March," actually printed in the paper.

Having told how she disposed of her tales, Jo added, "And when I went to get my answer, the man said he liked them both, but didn't pay beginners, only let them print in his paper. It was good practice, he said, and when the beginners improved, anyone would pay. So I let him have the two stories, and today this was sent to me. I am so happy, for in time I may be able to support myself and help the girls."

Jo's breath gave out here, and wrapping her head in the paper, she bedewed her little story with a few natural tears, for to be independent and earn the praise of those she loved were the dearest wishes of her heart, and this seemed to be the first step toward that happy end.



Frank - Larson

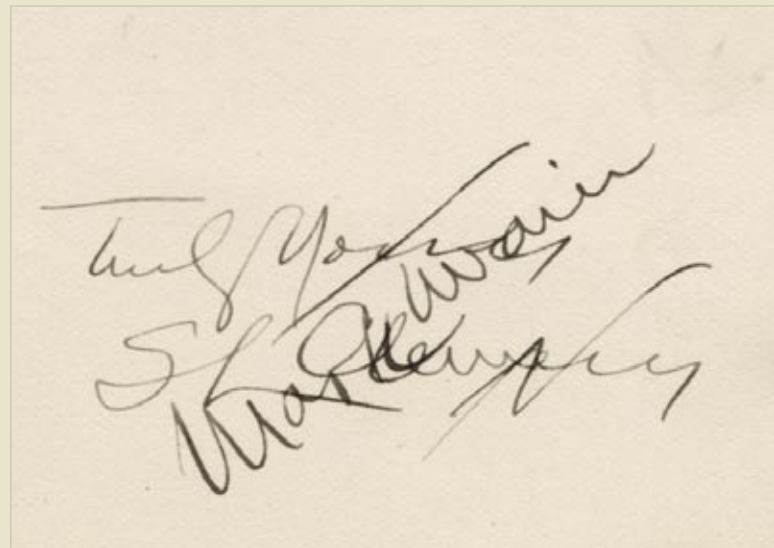
I would like to dress in a loose and flowing costume made all of silks and velvets, resplendent with all the stunning dyes of the rainbow, and so would every sane man I have ever known; but none of us dares to venture it. There is such a thing as carrying conspicuousness to the point of discomfort; and if I should appear on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning, at church-time, clothed as I would like to be clothed, the churches would be vacant, and I should have all the congregations tagging after me, to look, and secretly envy, and publicly scoff. It is the way human beings are made; they are always keeping their real feelings shut up inside, and publicly exploiting their fictitious ones.

Next after fine colors, I like plain white. One of my sorrows, when the summer ends, is that I must put off my cheery and comfortable white clothes and enter for the winter into the depressing captivity of the shapeless and degrading black ones. It is mid-October now, and the weather is growing cold up here in the New Hampshire hills, but it will not succeed in freezing me out of these white garments, for here the neighbors are few, and it is only of crowds that I am afraid. I made a brave experiment, the other night, to see how it would feel to shock a crowd with these unseasonable clothes, and also to see how long it might take the crowd to reconcile itself to them and stop looking astonished and outraged. On a stormy evening I made a talk before a full house, in the village, clothed like a ghost, and looking as conspicuously, all solitary and alone on that platform, as any ghost could have looked; and I found, to my gratification, that it took the house less than ten minutes to forget about the ghost and give its attention to the tidings I had brought.

I am nearly seventy-one, and I recognize that my age has given me a good many privileges; valuable

privileges; privileges which are not granted to younger persons. Little by little I hope to get together courage enough to wear white clothes all through the winter, in New York. It will be a great satisfaction to me to show off in this way.

When I passed the seventieth milestone, ten months ago, I instantly realized that I had entered a new country and a new atmosphere. To all the public I was become recognizably old, undeniably old; and from that moment everybody assumed a new attitude toward me—the reverent attitude granted by custom to age—and straightway the stream of generous new privileges began to flow in upon me and refresh my life. Since then, I have lived an ideal existence; and I now believe that the best of life begins at seventy; for then your work is done; you know that you have done your best, let the quality of the work be what it may; that you have earned your holiday—a holiday of peace and contentment—and that thenceforth, to the setting of your sun, nothing will break it, nothing interrupt it.

A photograph of a handwritten signature in dark ink on a light-colored, textured surface. The signature is written in a cursive, slanted style. The first line reads "Mark Twain" and the second line reads "St. Louis, Mo.".

FROM CHAPTER 35 OF *Tom Sawyer* (1876)

Tom and his homeless friend Huckleberry Finn have discovered a thief's treasure—twelve thousand dollars in gold coins—and have become the most famous citizens of St. Petersburg, Missouri. The Widow Douglas has adopted Huckleberry.



Huck Finn's wealth and the fact that he was now under the Widow Douglas' protection introduced him into society—no, dragged him into it, hurled him into it—and his sufferings were almost more than he could bear. The widow's servants kept him clean and neat, combed and brushed, and they bedded him nightly in unsympathetic sheets that had not one little spot or stain which he could press to his heart and know for a friend. He had to eat with a knife and fork; he had to use napkin, cup, and plate; he had to learn his book, he had to go to church.

He bravely bore his miseries three weeks, and then one day turned up missing. For forty-eight hours the widow hunted for him everywhere in great distress. The public were profoundly concerned; they searched high and low, they dragged the river for his body. Early the third morning Tom Sawyer wisely went poking among some old empty hogsheads down behind the abandoned slaughter-house, and in one of them he found the refugee. Huck had slept there; he had just breakfasted upon some stolen odds and ends of food, and was lying off, now, in comfort, with his pipe. He was

unkempt, uncombed, and clad in the same old ruin of rags that had made him picturesque in the days when he was free and happy. Tom routed him out, told him the trouble he had been causing, and urged him to go home. Huck's face lost its tranquil content, and took a melancholy cast. He said:

"Don't talk about it, Tom. I've tried it, and it don't work. The widder's good to me, and friendly; but I can't stand them ways. She makes me get up just at the same time every morning; she makes me wash, they comb me all to thunder; she won't let me sleep in the woodshed; I got to wear them blamed clothes that just smothers me, Tom; they don't seem to any air git through 'em, somehow; and they're so rotten nice that I can't set down, nor lay down, nor roll around anywhers; I hain't slid on a cellar-door for—well, it 'pears to be years."

"Well, everybody does that way, Huck."

"Tom, it don't make no difference. I ain't everybody, and I can't *stand* it. I got to ask to go a-fishing; I got to ask to go in a-swimming—dernd if I hain't got to ask to do everything. Well, I'd got to talk so nice it wasn't no comfort—I'd got to go up in the attic and rip out awhile, every day, to git a taste in my mouth. I *had* to shove, Tom—I just had to. And besides, that school's going to open, and I'd a had to go to it—well, I wouldn't stand *that*, Tom. Looky-here, Tom, being rich ain't what it's cracked up to be. It's just worry and worry, and sweat and sweat, and a-wishing you was dead all the time. Now these clothes suits me, and this bar'l suits me, and I ain't ever going to shake 'em any more."

EXTENSION IDEAS

◉ Allow each student to choose between two activities, creating a visual portrait of the author or writing a brief biographical sketch. In either case, the work should incorporate both the visual and written information in the lessons. A student writing a biographical sketch should cite some of the impressions gathered from the portraits. A student creating a portrait should try to represent some of the depth of information in the writings.

◉ The National Writing Project suggests an even more integrated activity: Each student writes and illustrates a children's book about the author. The book should include some of the visual material in this issue, as well as the

student's drawings. The author's writings in the issue could be used as quotes in the text and captions for the pictures.

◉ Or you might ask students to take on the challenge of creating a stamp portrait. Stamp design, in the words of the U.S. Postal Service, is "an unusual art form requiring exacting skill in portraying a subject within very small dimensions." Stamp artists are required to work on a canvas no larger than four times the size of the final stamp. Students should think about the economical use of symbols on the Alcott or Clemens stamp, as well as their own work in the lessons, in which they presented their most pertinent ideas on the subject.

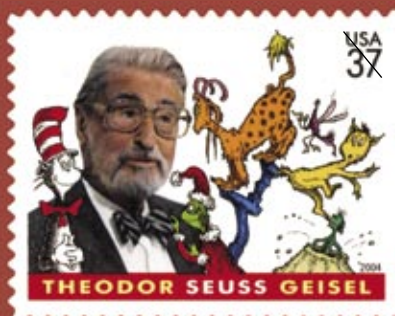
Educators at the National Portrait Gallery introduce young visitors to many different techniques used by portraitists. Share these with your students:

This portrait of Ernest Hemingway shows the subject in a significant place.



This portrait of George Washington Carver shows the subject engaged in a significant activity.

This portrait of Dr. Seuss represents the subject with a combination of photograph and illustration.



This portrait of the Marx Brothers is a collage of various materials. Chico's hair is steel wool, Harpo's is cotton. The background is real sheet music, representing the movie *A Night at the Opera*.

PORTRAITS

VISUAL AND WRITTEN

Louisa May Alcott
Samuel Clemens



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