



**EDWARD
MacDOWELL**

AND HIS CABIN IN THE PINES



BY OPAL WHEELER AND SYBIL DEUCHER

Illustrated by Mary Greenwalt

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CHAPTER ONE

THE SUN HAD not yet touched the tops of the wide-spreading elms that shaded the red brick house on Clinton Street. There, in front of the MacDowell home, Old Whitey stood patiently waiting, harnessed to the high carriage. Now and then she whinnied softly and pawed the ground with her forefoot, anxious to be on her way.

At last the front door opened and Father MacDowell came out on the white stoop, carrying a large basket and an armful of warm clothing. By his side ran the four-year-old Edward with glowing cheeks and bright blue eyes.

“Here we come, Whitey!” he called in a high voice to the faithful old horse who pricked up his ears at the sound.

“Not so loud, my son — it is very early and thee must not waken our good neighbors,” said Father MacDowell quietly.

Soon Mother MacDowell came down the walk with her mischievous son, Walter, and his good playmate, cousin Charles. Father MacDowell lifted the small Edward to the high front seat and wrapped a blanket snugly about him. After he helped Mother MacDowell and the two older boys to the seat at the back, he took his place beside his young son and off they started for Grandfather's farm in the country.

Old Whitey's hoofs made a hollow sound as they clopped along the quiet New York City streets. The air was crisp and clear and the frost had spread a white carpet over the narrow roadway. As they drove along, the sun climbed higher and higher and the white patches on the ground slowly disappeared.

Walter and Charles talked and laughed in the back seat with Mother MacDowell, who leaned forward now and then to tuck the blanket more closely about her small son. Edward was very happy as he sat beside his father in the driver's seat and swung the long whip over Whitey's back.

Suddenly he began to sing a song, making up the words and the tune as he went along:

“We’re going away to Grandfather’s house, to Grandfather’s house, to Grandfather’s house.”

Mother MacDowell listened eagerly to the lovely melody and smiled to herself as she thought of the secret that she had kept from her son these many months.

Often she had been surprised and delighted to hear him singing lustily his own gay little tunes as he went stamping up and down the long front stairway of the MacDowell home.

And so each afternoon, when the household duties were



finished for the day, she had hurried away to give piano lessons to the neighbors' children and carefully kept the silver pieces that she received from her pupils in an old jar on the highest shelf of the kitchen cupboard. Each day she had counted the money and was joyous when she found that at last there was enough to make her longed-for wish come true. This time when they returned from the farm, there would be a great surprise waiting for her young Edward.

And now as the carriage jogged along the road, Mother MacDowell leaned forward and listened more closely as the song went on:

“Faster and faster Whitey goes, Whitey goes, Whitey goes!”

Many times she had heard him sing, but never like this. Even Walter and Charles stopped their chattering to watch the small boy above them as he kicked his heels against the seat and waved the long whip in the air in perfect time to his singing.

Surely her son would do something with music some day, thought Mother MacDowell.

“The music was beautiful, Edward,” she exclaimed when the song was ended.

“Yes, my son,” said Father MacDowell. “But thee must be careful while we are at Grandfather’s house, for he does not think much of music.”

Edward smiled at his tall serious father who was always so kind to his family. He worked hard at his business in an office in the city and was glad when there was time to be out of doors, for he loved the woods and the open fields.

The boys took turns in the driver’s seat to hold the reins over the broad back of faithful Whitey, who plodded along with his precious burden.

In a short time they came to the horsecar and left Old Whitey, who looked longingly after them as they disappeared down the road. But he knew that before many days he would see them again and take them back to the city.

And now, best of all came the ride on the ferry and then on the train. All too soon they came to Washingtonville and climbed into the carriage that Grandfather had sent for them.

After jogging along, little Edward grew weary and leaned against Mother MacDowell in the back seat. Soon he was fast asleep with a blanket tucked under his chin, for there was a sharp chill in the autumn air.



At last they came to a fork in the road, and turning slowly, they went down a narrow grassy lane.

“We are almost there,” said Father MacDowell.

“Wake up, my little Edward. We shall soon be at Grandfather’s house,” said Mother MacDowell, and at once the blue eyes opened wide.

Edward sat up and eagerly looked about. As the carriage stopped at the farmhouse gate, the children all began to talk at once.

“Grandmother! Grandfather! We are here! We want to see the pigs and the ducks and the chickens!”

There were Grandmother and Grandfather MacDowell coming slowly down the path to meet them. They were kind and gentle folk and belonged to the Quakers, who thought that life should be very serious. It would never do to talk or laugh loudly or be too merry.

“Thee is welcome,” said Grandfather slowly, shaking hands with his tall son. “Thee must be weary after the long ride.”

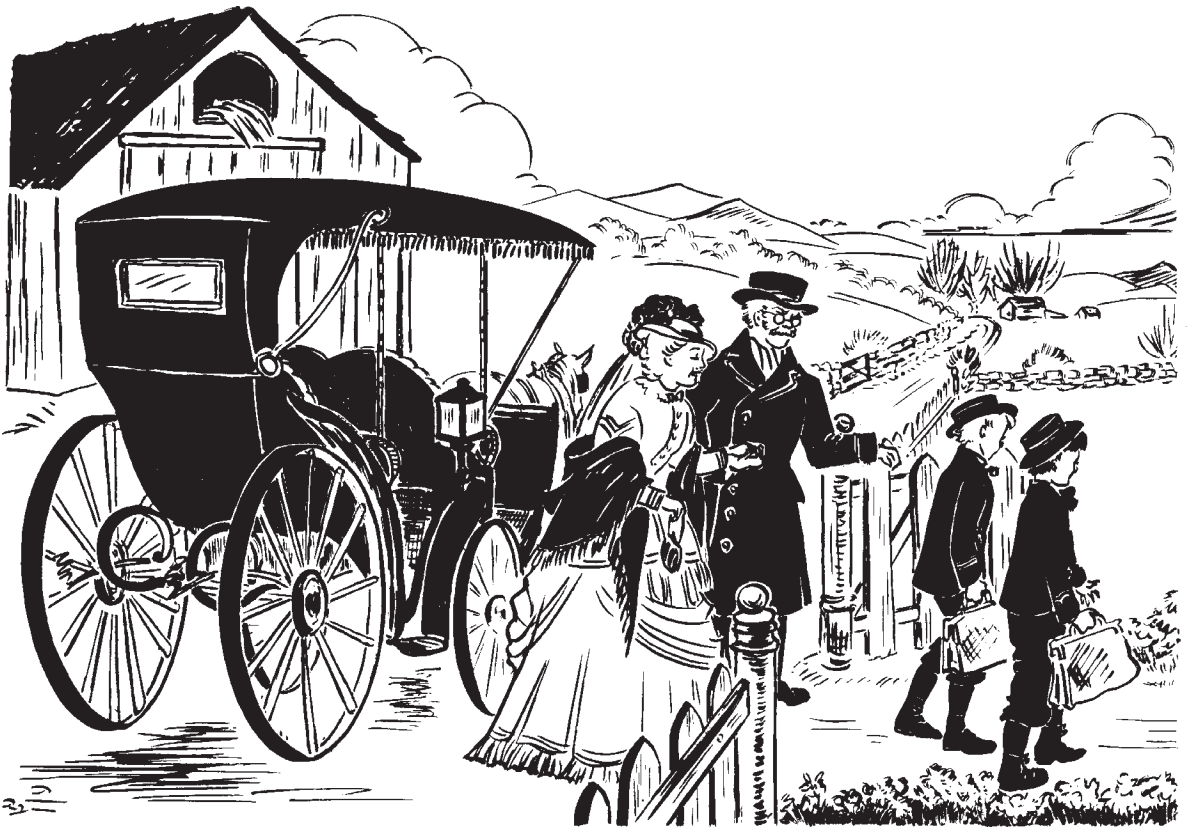
Grandmother smoothed her silvery hair under her small white cap and looked down at the boys with her kind brown eyes.

“How thee has grown — the little Edward here,” she said in her quiet voice.

Mother MacDowell smiled brightly. “And to see him now, one would hardly believe that for two long years he was so weak and ill, we feared that his life would not be spared.”

“But I am big now,” said Edward proudly, raising his shoulders so that he would look very tall.

“Ah yes, little one, and we can be thankful, very thankful indeed, that all is well with thee. But now come inside and thou shalt have food.”



They went into the farmhouse with its plain furniture and bare walls, for the Quakers believed that it was not good to be too comfortable.

After a hot supper of plain, simple food, everyone went to bed by candlelight. Edward was glad to crawl into the high four-poster and slide under the thick feather coverlet with Walter and cousin Charles, for the autumn night was cold. Soon he was sound asleep, weary from the long day.





The boys were awakened early the next morning by the cackling of hens and the crowing of roosters outside their windows. In a short time they were eagerly running about the farmyard and then hurried to the barn to watch Jimmy Hobbs, the hired man, milk the cows.