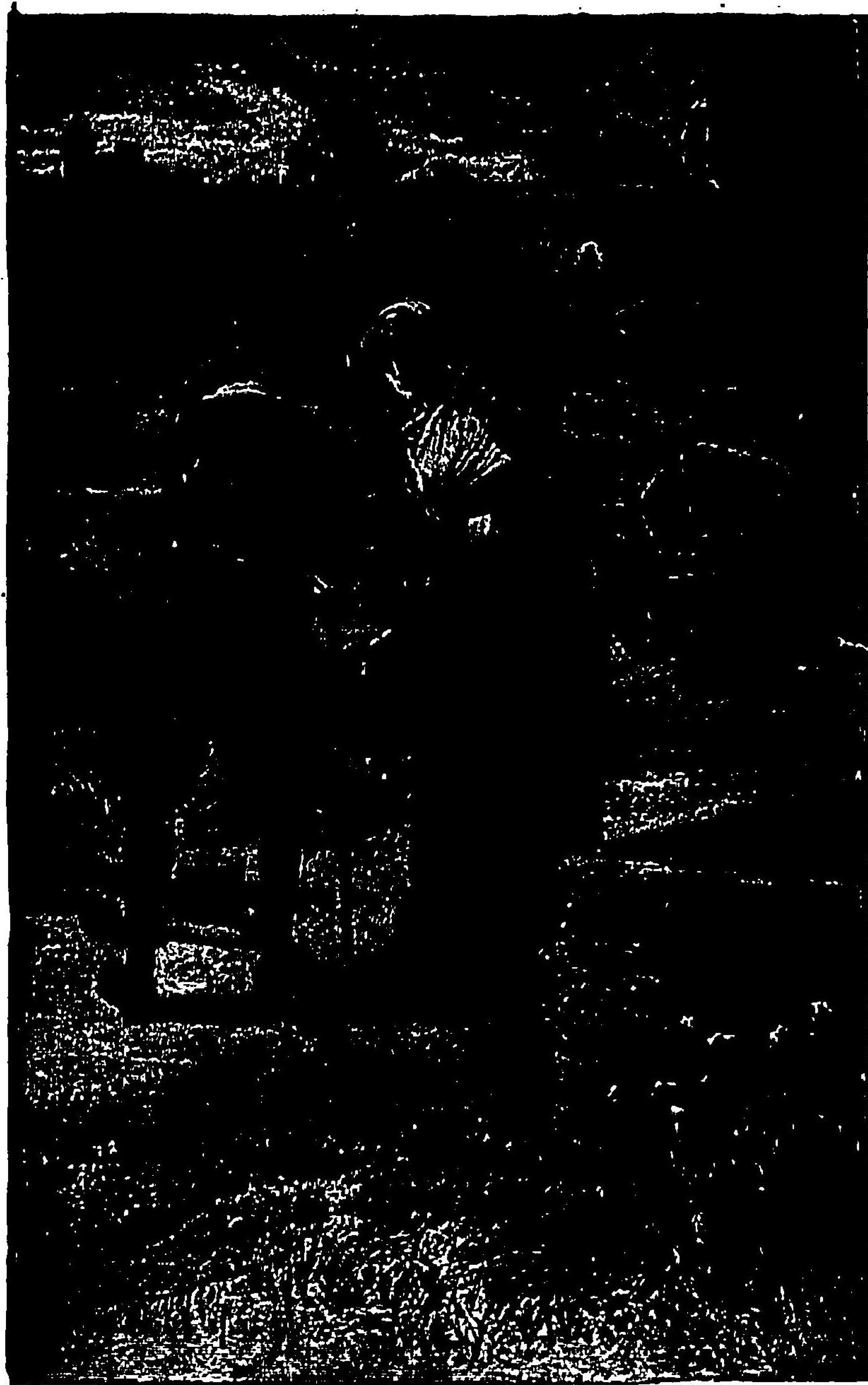

"Curfew must not ring to-night." (See page 209)

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BARNES' NEW NATIONAL READERS.

NEW NATIONAL FIFTH READER

SEKIZENKWAN & COMPANY,
OSAKA JAPAN.
1888

PREFACE

With the publication of this book, our series of readers, designed for the use of graded and ungraded schools, is completed.

Concerning the simplicity and careful gradation of the letter-press, a word of explanation is necessary.

It is evident, even to the casual observer, that pupils terminate their school life at a much earlier age now than ever before.

This is due, in part, to—

1.—Better methods of instruction, which advance pupils more rapidly toward the completion of their course of study.

2.—A feverish desire on the part of the young to commence their life-work.

3.—The humble circumstances of many parents, who, consequently, need the assistance of their children in the every-day affairs of life, and take them from school by the time they have finished the third reader.

The average age at which most pupils complete the course of study in our public schools has been

ascertained to be about thirteen and a half years. From this it is evident that many can not be more than ten years old.

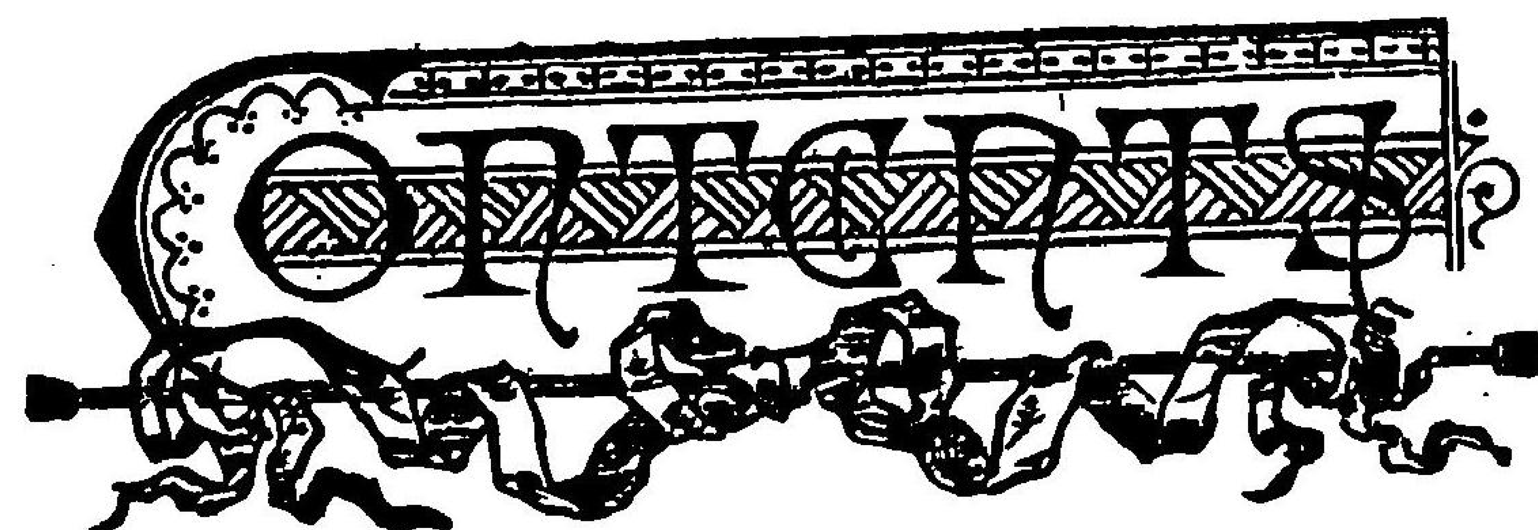
How utterly impossible it is for pupils of such an immature age to understand or comprehend the masterpieces of our literature, can be realized only by those teachers who have exhausted every expedient to accomplish such a result.

It is needless, perhaps, to say that the authors of this series of readers, who have had many years' experience in the school-room, have kept this fact constantly in mind; and they confidently believe that the New National Series will be found more pleasing, interesting, and intelligible to young minds than any others ever issued.

If teachers of High Schools, Seminaries, and Academies do not find that abstruse and difficult kind of literature which they desire for the most advanced pupils, let them await the appearance of "Barnes' Collegiate Reader and Speaker," which is in preparation and will be issued shortly.

That these readers may lighten the labors of the teaching fraternity every-where, and add to the pupil's interest and pleasure during many hours of hard study, is the fervent wish of

THE AUTHORS.



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Elocution is the art of using the voice for the proper expression of thought.

The divisions under which Elocution will be considered are ***Pronunciation*** and ***Expression.***

Before undertaking to put in application any system of rules for delivery, we must thoroughly understand the thoughts to be expressed. To listen to good reading will educate us for the expression of thought; but in no sense is it true that elocution can be learned by exact imitation. Our observation of another's performance may give us the general theory of expression; but our own improvement must depend altogether upon our own labors. "Practice makes perfect" is the motto constantly to be borne in mind: yet it must be ***intelligent practice,*** and not blind imitation, which can result only in making mechanical readers.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation treats of the Elementary Sounds of the Language, Articulation, Syllabication, and Accent.

The Phonic Chart on page 82 contains a list of the elementary sounds with their equivalents; and the continued practice upon syllabication and accent in all the books of this series, makes it unnecessary to repeat in abstract form what has already been mastered by experience.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the act of uttering the elementary sounds, either separately or together in syllables.

One meaning of the word articulate is ***to join*** or unite, and the meaning of ***articulation*** as used in elocution is to utter words so as to exhibit every ***joint,*** i. e., ***elementary sound.***

A vowel by itself is easily sounded, and a syllable containing one vowel and one consonant usually presents no difficulty; but where two, three, or more consonants are joined with a single vowel, considerable effort is sometimes necessary to articulate them correctly.

Examples.—***Well, twelve, twelfth, twelfths; read, breadth, breadths.***

The accented syllable of a long word may be in such a position as to render the articulation of the other syllables very difficult.

Examples.—Dis′so lu ble, ex′e cra ble, for′mi da ble.

The repetition of the same or similar sounds increases the difficulty of articulation.

Examples.—With this speech. This is a last surprise.

In the last two examples we may articulate so poorly as to change the meaning; as, With his peach. This is alas surprise.

A faulty articulation can be much improved by pronouncing words in a whisper.

This exercise does away with the use of loud speaking to counteract a poor articulation. As soon as we understand that words are made up principally of consonants, and that consonants have little or no sound of themselves, we see the importance of forming them correctly.

Suggestion.—Let the class practice occasionally upon the consonants, using such exercises as the following:

EXERCISE.

Pronounce in a whisper—

p,	peep	b,	bob	f,	fife.	v,	five
t,	tight	d,	did	th,	thin	th,	this
k,	kick	g,	gig	ch,	chin	sh,	shop
l,	lull	m,	make	n,	noon	r,	rare
s,	sense	s,	as	zh,	azure	g,	age
h,	he	w,	we	y,	ye	c,	cede

Another excellent exercise is to separate words into their elements, and then put them together again.

EXERCISE.

bob
b — o — b
b — — o — — b
b — o — b
bob

From what has been said, we may derive the following rules in regard to articulation:

I. Every sound in a word, whether vowel or consonant, should be pronounced.

II. Each syllable of a word should be pronounced distinctly.

III. The words in a sentence should be separated from one another.

The careless habit of running words together in reading is very easily corrected by reading the words of a sentence backward. By the latter method each word is separated rather more widely from its successor than is necessary in direct reading.

EXPRESSION.

Expression includes in its treatment the consideration of ***Tone of Voice, Rate*** or ***Movement, Force, Pitch, Emphasis, Pauses, Inflection,*** and ***Modulation.***

TONE OF VOICE.

Tone, or Quality, of Voice is the kind of sound, used in reading or speaking; as, a full tone, a quiet tone, or a loud tone.

The ***Tone*** should be in harmony with the thoughts expressed. In other words, ***Tone*** is regulated by ***sentiment.***

If the feelings to be expressed are quiet in their nature, the tone of voice will be quiet; if the sentiment is joyous, the tone will be full and clear. Horror requires a harsh, unnatural tone; fear, a suppressed tone, scarcely above a whisper.

The ***Conversational Tone*** of Voice is that used in expressing quiet or unemotional thoughts.

In speaking of a lesson as requiring to be read in a conversational tone, we mean that the conversational tone is the prevailing tone to be used. A change of tone for a few lines may occur in any reading lesson; but need not be taken into account in speaking of the general tone of the piece.

EXAMPLES OF CONVERSATIONAL TONE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give to his cousin, Lady Clare.

From "Lady Clare," by TENNYSON.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves,—these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow.

GIBBON.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are, a-breakfasting, you see!"

Nicholas did not see that any body was breakfasting, except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming reverence, and looked as cheerful as he could.

From "Nicholas Nickleby," by DICKENS.

Suggestion.—Each member of the class should be required to furnish one or more short examples under each topic of ***Expression.*** Independent work will insure substantial progress.

A ***Full Tone*** of Voice is used to express such sentiments as great joy, sublimity, lofty courage, reverential fear, exultation, and others of a similar nature.

EXAMPLES OF FULL TONE

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

From "Death of the Old Year," by TENNYSON.

When the world is dark with tempests,
When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
Thou lookest forth in thy beauty from the clouds,
And laughest at the storm.

From "Ossian," by MACPHERSON.

Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

From "Paradise Lost," by MILTON.

Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt,—there is nothing thou canst contrive, propose, attempt, which I shall not promptly be made aware of. Thou shalt soon be convinced that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state, than thou in plotting its destruction.

From "Oration I. against Catiline," by CICERO.

The ***Middle Tone*** of Voice is adapted to the expression of sentiments not conversational, and yet too moderate in their nature to require a ***full tone***

EXAMPLES OF MIDDLE TONE.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From "The Cloud," by SHELLEY.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.
From "The Children's Hour," by LONGFELLOW.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone,
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

Remark.—Almost any quiet sentiment may find utterance in a ***middle tone*** of voice. Meditation, soliloquy, quiet pleasure, and happiness, are expressed incorrectly if given with a ***full tone***—they are exaggerated and appear unnatural; again, if given in a conversational tone, they are lacking in fullness of expression.

The size of a room affects in a measure the tone of voice used. A large room requires more volume of voice than a small room; and for this reason, the conversational tone in a large room should be discarded for the ***middle*** or even the ***full tone.***

The ***Calling Tone*** of Voice is used in loud exclamations, in addressing persons at a distance, and in unbridled passion.

Properly speaking, the ***Calling Tone*** is only a ***Full Tone*** used spasmodically. The name is used in this book simply for the sake of convenience. A pleasing substitute for the ***Calling Tone*** in a small room is a quiet utterance in imitation of an echo,—calling tones as they would sound a long distance away.

EXAMPLE OF CALLING TONE

He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
From "Marmion," by SCOTT.

RATE OR MOVEMENT.

The ***Rate*** of reading may be moderate, fast, or slow.

No two persons in a class will read a lesson with the same rate, although every one in the class may accord to the lesson the same sentiment, and call the rate slow, or fast, or moderate. The difference will be only in practice, and not at all in theory.

Suggestion.—Reading in concert will do more to correct the faults of individuals in regard to time than any amount of admonition. A sluggish or a rapid reader will realize his defect as soon as he reads with others, and is obliged to regulate his time according to theirs.

A ***Moderate Rate*** is suitable for all kinds of quiet discourse, whether conversational, narrative, or descriptive.

Conversational subjects should be treated neither too slowly nor too rapidly. Even if the articulation of a speaker is clear and distinct, he will weary his hearers by speaking too rapidly, and the effect of what is said will be in part lost.

EXAMPLES OF MODERATE RATE.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.
From the "Inchcape Rock," by SOUTHEY.

In Columbus were singularly combined the practical and the poetical. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge, whether procured by study or observation, which bore upon his theories.
Form "History of Columbus," by IRVING.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
From "Bugle Song," by TENNYSON.

In the second of the three examples the time is slightly different from that of the first and third, and yet they would all be examples of moderate rate.

A ***Fast Rate*** may be used in expressing such feelings as delight, anxiety, terror, and violent anger.

EXAMPLES OF FAST RATE.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
From "The Hurricane," by BRYANT.

"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
From "Lochinvar, by SCOTT.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men.

From "Les Miserables," by HUGO.

A ***Slow Rate*** is in keeping with the expression of solemnity, grandeur, reverential fear, and like emotions.

EXAMPLES OF SLOW RATE.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.
From "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by WOLFE.

Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, they took their flight together to the world of spirits,

From "Adams and Jefferson," by WEBSTER

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over three in vain.
From "Apostrophe to the Ocean," by BYRON.

The degree of slowness or rapidity will depend upon the intensity of the feelings. In the case of anger, for instance, if we have perfect control of ourselves, we may speak slowly and deliberately; but if the feeling masters us, our utterance will be as rapid as possible.

PITCH.

Pitch is the elevation or depression of the voice in speaking.

This elevation or depression is reckoned from the ***natural pitch*** of the voice, or, as it is sometimes called, the ***key*** of the voice. As the musical range of all voices is not the same, we have no fixed method of reckoning pitch, and can only describe it with reference to individnal voices.

Natural Pitch is that used in ordinary conversation.

With the delivery of very joyful sentiments, our voices should rise to a higher pitch than is used in conversation; but in expressing calm sorrow or sad emotions of any kind, we should use a low pitch.

Pitch, then, as well as ***tone, force,*** and ***rate,*** depends altogether upon the sentiments to be expressed.

Middle Pitch is that used in ordinary conversation and in the delivery of unemotional thoughts.

EXAMPLES OF MIDDLE PITCH.

Surly, dozing humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
From "To the Humble-Bee," by EMERSON.

To him who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.
From "Thanatopsis," by BRYANT.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.
From "Hamlet," by SHAKSPEARE.

High Pitch is used in expressing thoughts that require considerable force for their proper delivery, or of which the sentiment is light and joyous.

EXAMPLES OF HIGH PITCH.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
From "The Barefoot Boy," by WHITTIER.

And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel!
From "The Launch of the Ship," by LONGFELLOW.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—
Bird thou, never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
From "Ode to the Skylark," by SHELLEY.

Low Pitch indicates great serenity of mind, and is used to express deep joy, calm sorrow, and kindred emotions.

EXAMPLES OF LOW PITCH.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
From "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by WOLFE.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sung low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter-log with many a muffled blow.
From The Closing Scene," by READ.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.—*From "Oration at the Laying of the Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument," by* WEBSTER.

TRANSITION.

A change of sentiment will always be accompanied with a change in the manner of delivery. Such a change is called a **Transition.**

In almost every narrative or descriptive selection, there will be slight changes or variations in feeling, and the reading should be varied to express such changes.

Two faults to be avoided in reading are ***Monotony,*** or sameness of tone, and ***Sing-Song,*** or a regular method of elevating and lowering the voice by a system of false transitions having no reference whatever to the sentiment.

We have considered under ***Expression*** the topics which relate to the sentiment of what we read. We must now consider the topics which relate to the delivery of separate sentences and their parts, phrases, and words.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the use of special force in the utterance of certain words for the purpose of exhibiting their importance to a listener.

Emphasis is of various degrees, from the slight force given to the important words in ordinary discourse, to the strongest force given to words in emotional utterances.

Absolute Emphasis belongs to words naturally important to the meaning; as, "We have not ***long*** to ***live.***" "The ***sun*** begins to ***rise.***" "He ***never*** said that."

In the last example given, the meaning of the sentence will be changed if we emphasize each of the different words—

He never said that. (Some one else said it.)
He ***never*** said that. (At no time in his life.)
He never ***said*** that. (He may have thought it.)
He never said ***that***. (It was something else he said.)

If there is any doubt as to which words in a sentence are ***emphatic,*** we must carefully consider the meaning of the sentence as affected by the sentences which precede and follow it.

Relative Emphasis belongs to words which gain importance through contrast with other words; as, "***Yesterday, hope*** animated every breast; ***now*** we find ourselves in the depths of ***despair.***"

The words "yesterday" and "now," "hope" and "despair," have added to the emphasis naturally belonging to them, the special emphasis due to their contrasted meaning.

Emotional Emphasis is given to words which express a depth of feeling not belonging to them in unimpassioned discourse:—

1. By increasing the force when the same word is repeated; as, "I ***never*** would lay down my arms—*never*, NEVER, NEVER!"

2. By prolonging the sounds of words; as, "He was a ***squ-e-e-z-ing, wr-e-nch-ing, gr-a-sp-ing, scr-a-p-ing, cl-u-tch-ing, c-o-v-et-ous, o-ld sin-ner.***"

The example just given is called an ***elocutionary climax.*** There should be increased force given to each of the words as they follow one another.

3. By loud exclamations; as, "Victory!" "Hurra!" "A ***horse,*** a ***horse!*** my ***kingdom*** for a ***horse!***"

4. By stopping between words; as, "Cæsar paused on the bank of the Rubicon. ***Why|did|he|pause? Why***|does|a man's heart|palpitate|, when he is on the point of committing|an unlawful|deed?"

This last mode of emphasis shows the force that can be added to what we say by making such pauses as will aid in giving thoughts their full importance. The use of too many or too long pauses will, however, overdo the effect of emphasis and ruin the force of expression.

PAUSES.

The **Pauses** used in reading are either to make the meaning clear, or to emphasize certain words or phrases. The former are called ***Grammatical Pauses;*** the latter, ***Rhetorical Pauses.***

The ***Grammatical Pauses—period, colon, semi-colon,*** and ***comma—*** are written in all cases where the sense would be obscure without them.

Rhetorical Pauses are used to add emphasis to certain words or phrases; as, "This|is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar|less|, but that I loved Rome|more."

Rhetorical Pauses occur:

1. After an emphatic subject; as, "This|is my answer."

2. Before any emphatic word; as, "Now,|now is the time for action! We must conquer, or|die."

The ***rhetorical pause*** before "now" calls special attention to the time; that before "die" to the dreadful alternative. The speaker's evident reluctance to say "die" raises expectation on the part of his hearers, and thus makes the word more emphatic.

The **Cæsural Pause** occurs either at or near the middle of every line of poetry, and is used to rest the voice and to mark the rhythm (flow) of the measure.

EXAMPLE.

There is a land ‖ of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven ‖ o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns ‖ dispense serener light,
And milder moons ‖ emparadise the night.

MONTGOMERY.

In solemn measure, the ***cæsural Pause*** occurs after the middle of each line; and in lively measure, before the middle of each line. When the lines of poetry are very short, the ***cæsural pause*** is sometimes placed after each line.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a bending or turning of the voice at the close of a syllable or word.

The ***rising inflection,*** marked thus (′), is a turning of the voice upward; the ***falling inflection,*** marked thus (‵), is a turning of the voice downward.

EXAMPLES.

"Hear ye yon lion′ roaring in his den′?
'Tis three days since he tasted flesh‵."

"Do you hear the rain′, Mr. Caudle′? I say‵, do | you | hear | the | rain′? Nonsense‵! you don't impose on me‵; you can't‵ be asleep‵!"

"Affected passion′, intense expression′, the pomp of declamation‵, all‵ may aspire′ after it,—they can not reach‵ it."

"Will you go to-day′ or to-morrow‵?
"Where do you expect to go‵?"

From the above examples, we may derive the following rules:

1. Questions which may be answered by ***yes*** or ***no,*** regularly require the ***rising inflection.***

2. Questions which can not be answered by ***yes*** or ***no,*** require the ***falling inflection.***

3. The ***rising inflection*** is used upon one of two contrasted words or phrases, the ***falling*** inflection upon the other.

4. The ***rising inflection*** is generally used upon all the words or phrases of a series except the last, which takes the falling inflection.

Remark.—The ***rising inflection*** regularly indicates hesitation or doubt; the ***falling inflection,*** determination or decision.

The use of the inflections upon series of words, in contrasts, is to avoid unpleasant sameness of sound. Emphasis may require the use of falling inflections only, as in the case of using ***calling tones.***

The ***Rising Circumflex,*** marked thus (ˇ), is a slight downward turn of the voice followed by a rise; and the ***Falling Circumflex,*** marked thus (ˆ), a slight rise followed by a downward turn.

EXAMPLES.

"Shine,ˇ shineˇ forever,ˆ gloriousˆ flame,ˆ
Divinestˇ giftˇ of godsˇ to manˆ!"

"To-morrowˇ, didst thou sayˇ?
Methought I heard Horatioˆ say, To-morrowˆ."

MODULATION.

Modulation is the agreeable variation of sounds in speaking, caused by the proper use of tone, pitch, force, emphasis, and inflection. By employing all the means conducive to intelligent reading, the thoughts we express receive full force and afford both pleasure and interest.

The register, or extent, of the ***speaking voice*** from its lowest to its highest pitch, will vary with individuals, and no fixed scale of vocal tones can be used with benefit in class practice.

Middle Pitch can be determined without difficulty, since it is the part of the voice used in conversation. To make the ***conversational tone*** flexible is the most important matter to be considered in reading. Unemotional reading is difficult.

THE MONOTONE.

The **Monotone** consists in the repetition of the same musical note, and the partial absence of emphasis and inflection. The use of the ***monotone*** indicates great solemnity.

Those who read a passage without any variation whatever, ruin the effect by the monotony of their reading. The correct use of the monotone seems to lie in dwelling upon the same note through a number of words, and, in case of a change to a higher or lower note, in holding the new note through several words.

EXAMPLE.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

BIBLE.

READING POETRY.

In reading poetry, the ***phrasing,*** or grouping of words according to sense, seems to be more difficult than in prose, on account of the rhythm and the rhyme; but the sense is most important and must be preserved.

The ***cæsural pause*** is usually preceded by a slight increase and followed by a slight decrease of force.

The regular recurrence of accented and unaccented syllables in poetry—the ***rhythm***—requires no effort on the part of the reader, to make it evident.

Rhymed verse sounds better when the rhymed syllables are not emphasized.

Any tendency to emphasize regularly certain syllables in each line, or to repeat the same inflections in each line, constitutes what is called ***singsong,*** and must be carefully guarded against.

Suggestion.—Members of the class should be called upon to explain, by examples of their own selection, all points relating to elocution. Practice is better than theory.

PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā	as	in	lāke	ạ	as	in	whạt	ŏ	as	in	bŏx
ă	"	"	ăt	ē	"	"	bē	ū	"	"	ūse
ä	"	"	fär	ĕ	"	"	lĕt	ŭ	"	"	ŭp
ạ	"	"	ạll	ī	"	"	īçe	û	"	"	fûr
â	"	"	câre	ĭ	"	"	ĭn	o͞o	"	"	to͞o
ȧ	"	"	ȧsk	ō	"	"	sō	o͝o	"	"	lo͝ok

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy (unmarked), as in oil, boy
ou, ow " " " out, now

CONSONANTS.

b	as	in	băd	m	as	in	mē	y	as	in	yĕs
d	"	"	dọ	n	"	"	nō	z	"	"	frōze
f	"	"	fŏx	p	"	"	pụt	ng	"	"	sing
g	"	"	gō	r	"	"	răt	ch	"	"	chĭck
h	"	"	hē	s	"	"	sō	sh	"	"	shē
j	"	"	jŭst	t	"	"	to͞o	th	"	"	thĭnk
k	"	"	kīte	v	"	"	vĕrȳ	th	"	"	thē
l	"	"	lĕt	w	"	"	wē	wh (hw),	"		whạt

EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

ạ	like	ŏ	as	in	whạt	ọ, ụ	like	o͞o	as	in	tọ, rụle
ê	"	â	"	"	whêre	ȯ	"	ŭ	"	"	cȯme
ẹ	"	ā	"	"	thẹy	ô	"	ạ	"	"	fôr
ẽ	"	û	"	"	hẽr	ụ, ọ	"	o͝o	"	"	pụt, cọuld
ĩ	"	û	"	"	gĩrl	ȳ	"	ī	"	"	bȳ
ï	"	ē	"	"	polïçe	ỹ	"	ĭ	"	"	kĭt'tỹ

CONSONANTS.

ç	like	s	as	in	rāçe	n̲	like	ng	as	in	thin̲k
c	"	k	"	"	cȧt	ṣ	"	z	"	"	hăṣ
ġ	"	j	"	"	cāġe	x̣	"	ks, or gz	"	"	bŏx, ex̣ist

1.—SOLDIER FRITZ.

PART I.

cor'po ral, *an officer of the lowest grade in a company of soldiers.*
rĕg'i ment, *a body of soldiers, consisting usually of ten companies.*
vĕt'er an, *one who has been long in service.*
ser'geant (sär), *an officer next in rank above a corporal.*
mag nĭf'i çent, *grand, fine.*
bĕck'on ing, *making a sign to another.*
ăd ju tant, *a staff officer who is appointed to assist the colonel in his duties.*
e mō'tions, *movements of the mind or soul; feelings.*
lĭb'er al ly, *freely; with a generous regard for others.*
pro mōt'ed, *raised in rank.*

Soldier Fritz[N] was the little son of a corporal in the Prussian army, and lived in Brandenburg. He loved to play soldier himself, and that is why he was called Soldier Fritz.

His father, during a war with the French, was with his regiment on the Rhine.[N] Once, when writing to his family, he told them how he sometimes suffered for want of vegetables. "If I only had a peck of our fine potatoes," said he, "how good they would taste!"

By day and by night, Soldier Fritz thought and dreamed of his poor father; and, at last, without

the knowledge of his mother, he filled a bag with the finest potatoes in the cellar, and started off to find his father.

At noon, on the first day of his journey, he came to a small village, went into the first inn he saw, and sat down on a bench to rest. There were many guests in the large room, and among them an old crippled soldier with a wooden leg.

"What do you wish, boy?" asked the soldier, rising, striding toward Fritz, and measuring him in astonishment from head to foot.

"I wish to go to the Rhine," was the answer. "My father has been promoted and is a sergeant, but he doesn't care for that, so long as he has no potatoes. So I wish to carry him some, and have picked out the best. Here they are in this sack."

"Why, you strange boy!" said the soldier, "tell that again, if you are in earnest, and so that you can be understood." Fritz did so, and all listened attentively. When he had done, tears stood in the eyes of the veteran, and all the rest were much affected.

"You are a real soldier's child, and my old heart trembles with joy as I look at you." So saying the veteran caught Fritz and kissed him. Then the others did the same, and even the big landlord was moved to his inmost soul. Nor would they let him think of going farther that day. He had to stay at the inn, where he was waited on as if he were a real prince.

In the evening he told his story to the new guests, and was at last led to a chamber and put into a soft bed, where he slept a refreshing sleep.

And while he was sleeping, the old soldier told the guests it would be a shame to let so brave a boy go farther without a penny for his journey.

All gladly opened their purses and gave liberally for the good boy. The landlord kept the money till morning, when he awoke the boy, gave him a good breakfast, sewed the money into the lining of his jacket, and bade him good-by with hearty wishes for his welfare.

From this place he went on foot till evening, when he was again obliged to pass the night in a village. Here he told his story as before and was tenderly cared for.

At length, after journeying many days, he saw in the distance the first sentinel of the Prussian camp, and hastened toward him with flying feet. "Do you know where I can find my father?" he asked, out of breath.

"Stupid boy!" said the sentinel harshly; "do you suppose I know your father's name, and to what regiment he belongs?"

Why he belongs to the Brandenburg regiment of grenadiers, and his name is Martin Bollermann, and he is a sergeant."

Well, if that is true, then hunt him up! You may pass."

Fritz ran on; came to a second sentinel, and a third, and at last fell into the hands of an adjutant, who examined him closely. The more he heard, the more friendly he became, and finally patted the boy's cheek very kindly.

"Come with me," he said; "I think we shall soon be able to find your father."

He went on to a large, magnificent tent, from

the top of which waved a broad banner. Fritz trudged cheerfully along by his side, carrying his potato sack, and, at the officer's beckoning, followed fearlessly into the tent. Here he saw an elderly, magnificently dressed officer, sitting in a large arm-chair at a camp-table, and apparently studying a map. He scarcely looked up, and merely nodded his head a very little as Fritz's attendant respectfully approached him.

"That is surely a general," Fritz thought, as he remained standing near the entrance. He was right. The adjutant spoke in a low tone to the general, who soon turned his eyes from the map, listened attentively to the adjutant's story, now and then casting a hasty look at Fritz. After giving the officer an order and dismissing him, he beckoned to Fritz, who at once obeyed, and with soldierly bearing stood before the general.

"What is your name?" the general asked.

"Fritz Bollermann, and I am called Soldier Fritz."

The general smiled and asked again: "Where do you come from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"Why have you come?"

"To bring potatoes to my father."

"Is this really true?" said the general to himself. "Have you them actually there in your sack?" he added aloud.

"Yes, the best in our whole cellar," said Fritz, taking the sack from his shoulder and opening it. "Only see, sir! all of them round and smooth as pebbles."

"Well, well, my son, they are very fine and give one a first-rate appetite. But now go into the next

room and stay till I call you! Leave your sack here meanwhile!"

Fritz went as ordered, and seated himself in a large arm-chair. Wearied by the hard march of the day, and more perhaps by his emotions, he was soon nodding and at last fast asleep. So the general found him when, about half an hour after, he stepped into the room. He let the boy sleep on, and went out softly.

While Fritz was thus forgetful of every thing, the general was busy in his behalf, and did not rest till he found the old sergeant, Martin Bollermann, of the Brandenburg regiment. He had him forthwith ordered to come to supper and at the same time invited some of his highest officers. Nor did he forget to give his cook certain necessary orders.

Notes and Questions.—Fritz is used as a familiar name for Frederic.

The river Rhine was formerly the boundary between France and Prussia, and the desire for its possession caused many wars between the two countries.

Where is Brandenburg? How do you distinguish between a village, a town, and a city?

Elocution.—This lesson should be read in a conversational tone of voice. The words spoken by each one of the various speakers, should be rendered in such a manner as to represent the feelings of the speakers.

Language.—Explain the meaning of the following expressions—

"My old heart trembles with joy." "Flying feet."
"Was moved to his inmost soul." "Hunt him up."

In the last paragraph, the general ***ordered*** the sergeant to come to supper and ***invited*** his officers. Explain the difference in meaning between the words. What would be the difference in meaning in case the words ***commanded*** and ***requested*** had been used?

9.—SOLDIER FRITZ.

PART II.

nō'tiçe a ble, *likely to be seen.*
sig nĭf'i cant, *expressing a meaning; standing as a sign.*
păm'pered, *fed luxuriously.*
fĭl'ial (fĭl'yal), *becoming a child in relation to his parents.*
en răpt'ūred, *delighted beyond measure.*
per çeive', *notice; observe.*
ăl tēr'nate ly, *by turns.*
stăm'mered, *hesitated in speaking.*
cŏn'de scen'sion, (sĕn'shŭn), *courtesy shown to one lower in rank.*
cam pāign', *the time that an army keeps the field.*
ġĕn'ū ine, *real; natural.*

The guests assembled in good season, and took their seats at the table. Some were astonished to find at the general's table a mere sergeant, in sergeants's uniform. But most of all, was the sergeant himself astonished.

The most noticeable thing, next to the sergeant, was a large, covered dish, in which the guests supposed there was, without doubt, something very costly and delicious; and they cast many longing looks toward it. The general observed their curiosity, but gave not the slightest hint to satisfy it. He smiled when he looked at the dish, and exchanged occasionally a short, significant look with his adjutant. Curiosity became extreme.

At length, the general, with loud voice, ordered the sergeant to take off the cover, and the eyes of all were turned at once to the mysterious dish. What did they see? Potatoes in the skin, which, indeed, appeared wonderfully clean and inviting, but which disappointed not a little the pampered taste of the dainty guests, who had expected something quite different. The only one who heartily

rejoiced was Sergeant Bollermann, and he could scarcely keep back an exclamation of the greatest surprise and delight.

"Till now," said the general, while a bright smile played about his lips—"till now, you have been my guests; but if you wish to enjoy those splendid potatoes, you must turn to Sergeant Bollermann; they belong to him." The officers shrugged their shoulders scornfully. The general seemed to care but little for their displeasure.

"If you knew in what way the potatoes came into our camp, you would deem it an honor to receive only one of them."

"How so? How did it happen?" they asked. "Tell us, if you please."

"I? O no! I have no skill in telling fine stories. But since I see that you, as well as our honest Bollermann, are somewhat tormented by curiosity, I will try to gratify you in another way. Adjutant! bring in my story-teller, please." The adjutant disappeared; all looked eagerly toward the entrance.

The heart of Bollermann beat as if it would burst, for a faint suspicion of the truth seemed to dawn in his mind. He grew white and red by turns and did not perceive how steadily and with what intense interest the eyes of the general were resting upon him. Soon the curtain was drawn, and in came, at the adjutant's side, happy and looking around with bright and fearless eyes, Soldier Fritz.

"Fritz!" cried the sergeant, forgetting all respect for his superiors, and springing forward with outspread arms. "Fritz! how came you here?" The

boy made no reply, but leaped with a loud cry to his father's breast, and the two held each other in a long and close embrace. The officers gazed with deep emotion at this wonderful spectacle, and in the eyes of the general—a dear, good man—glistened tears of joy.

"Tell us, my boy, why and how you came hither," he said; "but first be at ease and sit down at the table. You need not hesitate to do so—not if it were a king's table. Your true filial love has earned the honor."

The officers were all attention, as Fritz, holding his father's hand, related his story. Their stern bearing became more kindly, and their faces brighter. They could but be pleased with the boy who loved his father so heartily as to come a hundred miles and more to bring him a favorite dish. The old sergeant was wholly lost in joyful emotions, and alternately laughed and wept.

When the story was ended, he forgot by whom he was surrounded, and emdraced his brave son again and again, pressed hundreds of kisses upon his lips, and asked him many questions, all of which Fritz answered frankly.

At a hint from the general, all present left the tent, and the enraptured father remained with his dear boy. An hour after, the general came back, and gave the brave old sergeant a great writing in one hand, and a large purse full of gold pieces in the other.

"Here is your discharge,[N] friend, with a promise of your full pay as a life-long pension; and there is a small present for your worthy son, which we officers have collected. Keep it for him until he is

grown and can make good use of it; and now go home to wife and children, who will be greatly rejoiced to see husband and father once more."

"O my general, your Grace[N] is too kind," stammered the delighted sergeant, who did not know at what to rejoice most—the condescension of the officers, or the pension, or the wealth of his son Fritz. "How have I earned such favor?"

"By your brave conduct during the whole campaign; by the wound which you received in the last battle, and which disables you for your whole life-time; and finally, by your boy, Soldier Fritz.

"In him I have seen that you must be a good father. Such a one our king can better use at home than in the field. Go then in peace, old comrade, and with God's help train all your boys like this one, who is a genuine, true, soldier child. Farewell! and do not forget to send Fritz to my regiment when he is large enough to bear arms for his king."

Translated from the German, by J. C. PICKARD.

Notes.—A ***discharge*** from military service is given either on account of old age, or disability for service from wounds or illness. A ***discharge with full pay as a pension*** was the highest honor that could be given for faithful service.

Grace is a term of respect used in some countries in addressing those of very high rank.

Elocution.—Point out the inflections used in the third and fourth paragraphs on page 39.

Mark the emphatic words in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—What is meant by the following—

"A favorite dish." "In good season."

"A faint suspicion of the truth began to dawn in his mind."

Cmposition.—Select six points in the story, that seem to be important, and use them as an outline in reproducing the story in your own language.

3.—LITTLE FEET.

fūt′ūre (fūt′yur), *time to come.*
al lūred′, *tempted; led into danger.*
be trāyed′, *misled; given into the hands of an enemy by fraud.*
māz′eş, *confusing places.*
am bĭ′tion (bĭsh′ŭn), *desire for office or honor.*
cŭll, *pick out.*
de lūd′ed, *led into error.*

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand—
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.
Dimpled, and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

Those white-rose feet, along the doubtful future,
Must bear a woman's load:
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road—
Love for a while will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair;
will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?
How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded—
poor little untaught feet!
Into what dreary mazes will they wander?
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Where sunlight never fades?
Will they go stumbling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk hand in hand with love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways,
Some hearts there be, to which this life is only
A round of happy days.
But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend—
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?
Ah, who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet—
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

Biography.—Florence Percy (Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen) was born in 1832, in the town of Strong, Maine. At an early age, the death of her mother cast a gloom over her young life. The effects of her bereavement may be noticed in an undertone of sadness throughout her writings.

Mrs. Allen's career as a writer began at a very early age, with the publication of some verses. The enviable popularity to which she has attained, is due to a tenderness and grace of style, which loses none of its charm even in the treatment of homely subjects.

Elocution.—What is the feeling or sentiment expressed in this poem? With what tone of voice should it be read? What time and force should be used?

The articulation should be clear and crisp.

Point out three or four cases in the poem where certain words receive emphasis through repetition.

Show the changes in inflection due to contrasts in the fourth stanza.

Language.—Explain the meaning of the following—

"The untried borders of life's mysterious land."

"The mother's eyes are shrouded away from sight of men."

Composition.—Make each stanza the basis of a paragraph, and treat the subject in prose form.

Notice the changes that must be made in turning the poetry into prose:—(1.) In the words used. (2.) The arrangement of words in the sentences.

4.—MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

pŭb′lish er, *one who sends a book or writing into the world.*
crown, *a piece of money, in value a little more than $1.20.*
lŭx′ū ry (lŭk′sh rў), *any thing delightful to the senses.*
rĭv′et ed, *fixed.*
mўr′iad, *a very great number.*
pounds, *English money; each pound equals about $4.84.*
ac cŏm′plished, *educated; carefully trained.*
tăl′ent ed, *possessing great skill in any direction.*
stā′ tion, *condition of life.*
deigned (dānd), *condescended.*

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London little Pierre,[N] a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor, sick mother as a good, sweet orange—and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"If I could only go," thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands. His eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

o o o o o o o o o o o o

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said: "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too

poor to get food and medicine. I thought that if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, perhaps some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat,—very tall and stately she was,—took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you, a child? And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness,—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Pierre could scarcely realize his good fortune. He bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of what had happened.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his eyes riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited. The band—the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, O, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—O, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were walking on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day, he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre—always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted—he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the

little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer[N] of the day.

All honor to those great hearts, who, from their high station, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

Biography.—Madame Malibran, the celebrated vocalist, was born in Paris, in 1808. While she was still very young, her reputation as a singer extended over Europe, and she was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. The admiration which she won as a vocalist, was increased by the many kind acts done by her in private life. Her generosity was remarkable, and the large sums of money which she gained were expended in works of benevolence. Her early death, in 1836, was universally deplored.

Notes.—***Pierre*** is a French name, corresponding to our name Peter.

The term ***composer*** is applied only to authors of musical compositions.

Elocution.—In what manner should the descriptive parts of the lesson be read?—the conversational? How many different persons are introduced as speakers? The words of each person should be delivered in such a manner as to express the feelings with which they were uttered.

What different feelings or sentiments receive expression in the lesson?

Language.—In the sentence—"***Thousands had wept at his grief,***" if the word ***thousands*** is thought to convey a meaning greater than the truth, we say that it is an example of hy per′bo le or exaggeration.

"***As if walking on the air***" means that the happy feelings of Pierre made him forgetful of the effort of walking. The expression is both a comparison and hyperbole.

Since the meaning we give to the words used in the above comparison is different from what would usually be given to them, the words are said to be employed in a figurative sense.

Figures of comparison are of two kinds: 1. **Sim′i le**, when an introductory word such as ***like, as,*** or similar words, is employed; 2. **Met′a phor**, when the introductory word is omitted.

Composition.—Select four points in the story, that are of special importance, and treat them in your own language.

What constitutes a paragraph in writing prose?

Does conversation come under the rules for paragraphing?

5.—ANECDOTES ABOUT ANTS.

PART I.

chlō′ro fôrmed, *rendered senseless by chloroform.*
an tĕn′næ, *feelers of insects.*
ăt′ti tūdes, *positions.*
spī′ral, *winding.*
ĭn′dĭ vĭd′ū al, *a single one.*
com mū′ni cāte, *make known.*
con dĕmned′, *sentenced to punishment.*
re sĭst′ançe, *opposition.*
ex pĕlled′, *forced out.*
com mū′ni ty, *a collection of persons having common rights.*
ĭn′va lĭd, *feeble; weak.*

The behavior of ants toward one another differs much, according to circumstances—whether, for instance, they are alone, or supported by friends. An ant which would run away in the first case, will defend itself bravely in the second.

On one occasion, several ants belonging to one of my nests were feeding on some honey spread on a slip of glass.[N] One of them had got thoroughly entangled in it. I took her and put her down just in front of another individual belonging to the same nest, and close by I placed a drop of honey.

The ant devoted herself to the honey and entirely neglected her friend, whom she left to perish. I then chloroformed one, and put her on the board among her friends. Several touched her, but while I watched them for two or three hours, none took any particular notice of her.

On the other hand, I have only on one occasion seen a living ant expelled from her nest. I observed once an ant carrying another belonging to the same community away from the nest. The condemned ant made a very feeble resistance.

The first ant carried her burden hither and thither for some time, evidently trying to get away

from the nest, which was enclosed by a barrier of fur. After watching for some time, I provided the ant with a paper bridge, up which she immediately went, dropped her victim on the far side, and returned home. Could this have been a case in which an aged or invalid ant was being expelled from the nest?

In order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another, I made the following experiments. I took six ants from one of my nests and imprisoned them in a bottle, one end of which was covered with a layer of muslin. I then put the muslin close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently small to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only see one another, but could also communicate freely with their antennæ.

We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not see, however, that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have been fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner.

Accordingly, I put two ants from one of my nests into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin, as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers

in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably.

The whole day, one, two or more ants stood sentry, as it were over, the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected around it—a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were several ants round the bottle containing the strangers; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends.

Seven days after, the ants had eaten through the muslin and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment; but as I found two ants lying dead—one in the bottle and one just outside—I think that there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected.

In one of my nests, was an ant without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest; but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, and apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some specimens of the little yellow ant, that directly attacked her.

I at once set myself to separate them; but owing either to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to my rough though well-meant handling, or to both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from her nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up gently and carried her away into the nest. It

would have been difficult for any one who witnessed this scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings.

Again, on another occasion, I perceived a poor ant lying on her back and quite unable to move. The legs were in cramped attitudes, and the two antennæ rolled up in spirals. She was, of course, altogether unable to feed herself. After this I kept my eyes on her. Several times I tried uncovering the part of the nest where she was. The other ants soon carried her into the shaded part.

One day the ants were all out of the nest, probably for fresh air, and had collected together in a corner of the box; they had not, however, forgotten her, but had carried her with them. I took off the glass lid of the box, and after a while they returned as usual to the nest, taking her in again. The next day she was still alive, but shortly afterward, notwithstanding all their care, she died.

At the present time I have two other ants perfectly crippled in a similar manner, so that they are quite unable to move; but they have been tended and fed by their companions, the one for five, the other for four months.

Notes.—***A slip of glass*** means a long, narrow piece of glass. The word ***slip*** has as many as fifteen different meanings in this country. Mention four of the different uses of the word, explaining the meaning of each.

Elocution.—Point out the ***inflections*** in the last three lines of the first paragraph, and state the purpose for which they are employed.

Language.—Explain the meaning of figures of comparison in the following sentences, and state whether they are ***metaphors*** or ***similes.***

"One, two, or more ants ***stood sentry.***"

Did not this ant possess ***humane feelings?***

6.—ANECDOUES ABOUT ANTS.

PART II.

ĭs′o lāt ed, *placed by itself.*
de vĕl′oped, *formed by natural growth.*
lär′væ, *insects which have just left the egg.*
mōat, *a ditch.*
mōld, *soft earth.*
căp′il la ry, *fine, like a hair.*
im mērsed′, *dipped.*
at trăc′tion, *the act of drawing toward.*
mĭn′i mīze, *reduce to the smallest amount.*
ex pē′di ent, *means.*
ĭn′ter pōse′, *put between.*
ac çĕss′i ble, *easy to get at.*

I have made a number of experiments on the power of smell possessed by ants. I dipped camel's-hair brushes into peppermint-water, essence of cloves, lavender-water, and other strong scents, and suspended them about a quarter of an inch above the strips of paper along which the ants were passing in the experiments before recorded.

Under these circumstances, while some of the ants passed on without taking any notice, others stopped when they came close to the pencil, and evidently perceiving the smell, turned back. Soon, however, they returned and passed the scented pencil. After doing this two or three times, they generally took no further notice of the scent.

This experiment left no doubt on my mind; still, to make the matter even more clear, I experimented with ants placed on an isolated strip of paper. Over the paper, and at such a distance as almost, but not quite, to touch any ant which passed under it, I again suspended a camel's-hair brush dipped in lavender-water, essence of cloves, and other scents.

In these experiments the results were very

marked; and no one who watched the behavior of the ants, under these circumstances, could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell.

I then took a large queen ant and fastened her on a board by a thread. When she had become quiet, I tried her with some tuning-forks,[N] but they did not disturb her in the least. I then advanced a feather very quietly, so as almost to touch first one, and then the other of the antennæ, which, however, did not move.

I then dipped the pencil in essence of musk and tried again; the antenna was slowly drawn back. I then repeated the same with the other antenna. If I touched the antenna, the ant started away apparently smarting. I then experimented with essence of lavender, and with a second ant. The results were the same as before.

Many of my other experiments point to the same conclusion; and, in fact, there can be no doubt whatever that in ants the sense of smell is highly developed.

In order to test the intelligence of ants, it has always seemed to me that there was no better way than to ascertain some object which they would clearly desire, and then to interpose some obstacle which a little ingenuity would enable them to overcome. I therefore placed some larvæ in a cup, which I put on a slip of glass surrounded by water, but accessible to the ants by only one pathway, in which was a bridge consisting of a strip of paper two-thirds of an inch long and one-third of an inch wide.

Having then put a black ant from one of my nests near these larvæ she began carrying them off,

and by degrees a numder of friends came to help her. I then, when about twenty-five ants were so engaged, moved the little paper bridge slightly, so as to leave a chasm just so wide that the ants could not reach across. They came and tried hard to do so; but it did not occur to them to push the paper bridge, though the distance was only adout one-third of an inch, and they might easily have done so. After trying for about a quarter of an hour, they gave up the attempt and returned home. This I repeated several times.

Then thinking that paper was a substance to which they were not accustomed, I tried the same with a bit of straw one inch long and one-eighth of an inch wide. The result was the same. I repeated this more than once.

Again, I suspended some honey over a nest of yellow ants, at a height of about half an inch, and accessible only by a paper bridge more than ten feet long. Under the glass I then placed a small heap of earth. The ants soon swarmed over the earth on to the glass, and began feeding on the honey. I then removed a little of the earth, that there was an interval of about one-third of an inch between the glass and the earth; but though the distance was so small, they would not jump down, but preferred to go down by the long bridge.

They tried in vain to stretch up from the earth to the glass, which, however, was just out of their reach, though they could touch it with their antennæ; but it did not occur to them to heap the earth up a little, though if they had moved only half a dozen particles, they would have secured for

themselves direct access to the food. At length, they gave up all attempts to reach up to the glass, and went around by the paper bridge. I left the arrangement for several weeks, but they continued to go round by the long paper bridge.

Again I varied the experiment as follows. Having left a nest without food for a short time, I placed some honey on a small piece of wood, surrounded by a little moat of glycerine half an inch wide and about one-tenth of an inch in depth. Over this moat I then placed a paper bridge, one end of which rested on some fine mold. I then put an ant to the honey, and soon a little crowd was collected round it.

I then removed the paper bridge; the ants could not cross the glycerine; they came to the edge and walked round and round, but were unable to get across, nor did it occur to them to make a bridge or bank of the mold which I had placed so conveniently for them. I was the more surprised at this, on account of the ingenuity with which they avail themselves of earth for constructing their nests.

For instance, wishing, if possible, to avoid the trouble of frequently moistening the earth in my nests, I supplied one of my communities with a frame containing, instead of earth a piece of linen, one portion of which projected beyond the frame and was immersed in water. The linen then sucked up the water by capillary attraction, and thus the air in the frames was kept moist.

The ants approved of this arrangement and took up their quarters in the frame. To minimize evaporation, I usually closed the frame all round, leaving only one or two small openings for the ants; but, in this case, I left the outer side of the frame open.

The ants, however, did not like being thus exposed; they therefore brought earth from some little distance, and built up a regular wall along the open side, blocking up the space between the upper and lower plates of glass, and leaving only one or two small openings for themselves. This struck me as very ingenious. The same expedient was, moreover, repeated under similar circumstances by the slaves belonging to my nest of Amazon ants.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

Biography.—Sir John Lubbock, the eminent English physicist, was born in London in 1834. He is a graduate of Eton College.

The results he has achieved in his special work, and his charming style as a writer, have combined to render him a very popular author. He has contributed largely to various publications, writing upon the subjects to which he has given special attention. Among the works of which he is the author may be mentioned the following—"Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by the remains of ancient times, and the customs of modern savages," "The Origin of Civilization," and "The Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects."

Questions.—A tuning-fork is a two-pronged steel instrument used to give a certain fixed tone. For what purpose was it used with the ants? Of what is lavender-water composed? What is glycerine?

How many senses have we? What are they called? How many of these senses do the experiments described prove that ants possess?

What is shown in the last lesson as to the intelligence of ants?

Elocution.—To render the delivery of selections like the last two lessons effective, the reading should be somewhat slower than in conversation, and the articulation distinct, even to a greater degree than would ordinarily be thought essential.

Composition.—Select three points in regard to ants, and treat each one of them in a single paragraph.

7.—WHAT I LIVE FOR!

mär'tyrs (tŭrs), *those who suffer loss or even die for a good cause.*
bärds, *poets.*
pā'tri ots, *persons who love their country.*
as signed', *pointed out.*
ĕm'ū lāte, *strive to equal.*
com mūn'ion (kŏm mūn'yun), *intercourse.*
dĭ vīne', *godlike; heavenly.*
con vĭc'tion, *strong belief arising from proof.*
sā'ges, *wise men.*
fĭc'tion, *that which is imagined.*

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the hopes not left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Elocution.—With what tone of voice should this poem be read? What rate and force should be used?

The peculiar double rhyme at the close of the first and third, and of the fifth, sixth and seventh lines, increases a tendency to sing-song, which must be carefully avoided.

The only lines to be closley joined in the reading occur in the third and fourth stanzas.

Mark the inflections that should be used in the first and last stanzas.

Language.—In the expression ***follow in their wake***, the comparison introduces the term ***wake***, which means the track left by a ship; as a track upon the surface of water can last only for a few moments, the expression really means—follow them closely.

As Eden was of old is an example of what figure of comparison?

Composition.—Select six points, without regard to arrangement of stanzas, that would fairly cover the thoughts contained in the poem, and then use them in treating the subject in prose form.

8.—BENJAMIN WEST.

PART I.

zēal, *active interest; eagerness in favor of a person or cause.*
vā′ri e gāt ed, *having different colors.*
ru̇e′fụl, *woful; mournful.*
im pĕr′ti nençe, *rudeness.*
lŭll′a bies, *songs to quiet babies.*
dĕx′ ter oŭs ly, *quickly; skillfully.*
phy̆ṣ i ŏg′no my (fĭz), *face or countenance.*
ăn′çes torṣ, *those from whom a person descends.*
prŏph′e sied (prŏf), *foretold.*

In the year 1738, there was born in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant, who was named Benjamin West, and from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

An aged preacher, a friend of his parents, had prophesied about this child and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing any thing that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little child who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little

personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand, there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first, Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But, when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!"

And then she threw her arms around Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers[N] of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow,[N] Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night.

The purple and gold clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, horses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn-doors or on the floor.

In those old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he had now three colors—red, blue, and yellow—and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue.

Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their

likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint-brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint-brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable, old, black cat that was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint-brush. This was of so much use to him, that he applied to Madame Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! She was forced to creep close into the chimney-corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful physiognomy. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint-brushes than that puss should be warm.

Notes.—Cardinal-flowers are of several varieties, and of brilliant colors. They derive their name, so it is said, from their color resembling that of a cardinal's cassock.

The colors of the rainbow are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

Elocution.—Mark the inflections in the last paragraph.

9.—BENJAMIN WEST.

PART II.

ĕm'i nençe, *a high station among men; a lofty place.*
per plĕx'i ty, *doubt.*
a bĭl'i ties, *qualities; talents.*
com mĭt'ted, *gave in trust.*
so bri'e ty, *calmness; gravity.*
văn'i ty, *idle show; empty pursuit.*
sim plĭç'i ty, *freedom from cunning or duplicity.*
lănd'scāpes, *portions of land and water which may be seen at one view.*
făc'ul ty, *gift; power.*
dis cōurse', *talk; conversation.*

About this time, Friend West received a visit from a Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was also a member of the Society of Friends.

The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds of beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen in the home of a farmer among the Friends.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "What has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre, and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's performances were admired, they no doubt remembered the prophecy of their old friend respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who could have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a Paint-box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint-box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning, he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner-hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door, the first object that presented itself to her eyes, was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, were the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture, of which old artists, who had spent a life-time in the business, need not have been ashamed. Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures, until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him.

According to the ideas of the Friends, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures?

This was a difficult question; and, in order to

set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting-house, and talked the matter over from beginning to end.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had intended Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Friends resolved not to oppose his desire. They even admitted that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse.

They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that He best knew that was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter, by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Friends of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors,—he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterward to Europe.

Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned among the Friends. It is related of him, that, when he was presented at the court of

the Prince of Parma, he kept his hat upon his head, even while kissing the prince's hand.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George the Third, and President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

When the Friends of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It is true, they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the "Death of Wolfe," thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

His picture of "Christ Healing the Sick" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a great number of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, there hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same picture that little Ben had painted in his father's garret, after receiving the paint-box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few more wonderful changes than that of a little unknown boy of the Society of Friends, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities as Benjamin West did; and, with the bless-

ing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it is but little matter whether we acquire it or not.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Biography.—Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of our best known American writers, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825.

There were times in the life of Hawthorne when, on account of poor health, he was compelled to give up literary work. On several of these occasions, he filled various minor positions of public trust.

The readiness of his mind for sudden changes of employment, may be illustrated by the following incident. In 1849, he was a surveyor of customs in Boston, and lost his position through a change in the national administration. It is related that on the very day he gave up his business duties, he began the composition of "The Scarlet Letter," one of his masterpieces.

Besides the work already mentioned, the most popular of Hawthorne's books are "Twice-told Tales," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and of his juvenile works,—"Tanglewood Tales," and "Wonder Book."

Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

Composition.—Select the points from the last two lessons, that could be used in a biographical sketch.

10.—THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

hearth'-stone, *stone before the fire; fireside.*
baize, *a coarse woolen cloth with a long nap.*
flask, *a vessel for carrying gunpowder.*
shorn, *clipped; cut.*
patched, *mended with pieces.*

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone,
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall,

More lovely still, on the window-sill,
"The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long, the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lies a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder-flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams, away,
And, in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft winds play with the snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy-chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

Elocution.—With what tone of voice, rate, and force should this poem be read?

Notice the pleasing effect of the rhyme at the middle and end of the first and third lines of each stanza.

Language.—In the second stanza, ***dew-eyed flowers*** means that the sparkling dew-drops upon the flowers give one the impression of eyes. What is the name of the figure?

Arrange the words of the third stanza in the order of prose,

11.—MOTHER NATURE'S FAIRIES.

cŏn fi dĕn′tial, *trusting; secret.*
ăd o rā′tion, *the act of paying honors to a divine being.*
ŏr′a tor, *a public speaker.*
plŭsh, *a fabric with a soft nap on one side.*
căn′o py, *a covering to protect one.*
knŏll, *a little, round hill.*
ĕx pe dĭ′tions, *marches; excursions.*
pro fū′sion, *great abundance.*
ar rāys′, *dresses; envelopes.*
lăv′ish, *great; plentiful.*
jŏs′tle (jŏs′l), *crowd against.*

"Spring-time is coming! search for the flowers!
Brush off the brown leaves, the darlings are here!
Joy of the spring-time picking the May-flowers!
Kiss the spring-beauties, the babes of the year!"

The winter is over and gone; the warm south-wind blowing over the snow-banks has melted them and they are now running away, joyous and free, down the hill-sides, and through the meadows, singing such a merry song that the birds and flowers are waking up and listening to it.

The day is gaining on the night, and the bright, life-giving rays of the sun shining on the damp ground, have warmed it; the myriad forms of growing root, stem, and leaf feel the warmth, and are already stretching themselves, preparatory to getting up.

The more courageous flowers that are not afraid of a cold morning, have rubbed their sleepy eyes, are up and dressed, and calling in their sweet, winning voices to their brothers and sisters.

Down in the valley, where the sun shines warm, along the low hill-sides, and in the hazel-thickets, the Dog-tooth-violet[N] is ringing his yellow bell, while he gaily nods to passers-by. This flower is really

a lily instead of a violet, but we will not try to change his name now. We all know him very well, and are glad to welcome his return with the first warm days of spring.

He first spreads out his mantle of green, white, and purple, so that his friends may know that before long he will be here himself. He is as good as his word; and as if by magic, we see him standing with his spotted cloak around him, and his yellow cap turned up, giving us a good view of his happy face. He has not rung in vain, for a whole troop of his companions are ready to welcome him.

Standing beside him, and willing to shake hands at any time, is that delicate little creature, the Spring Beauty. She is very frail, and does not seem able to bear much, and we will handle her very carefully as we look with wonder on her delicate beauty.

Her gauzy, rose-colored dress seems ready to melt at the touch, and we smile to see what a low bow her friend, the Dog-tooth-violet, gives her. She is a little queen, and he knows it. They are enjoying each other's society so well, that we can leave them to themselves; for in their quiet way, they are having a confidential chat that we will not listen to.

Farther on, where the thickets are lost in the deeper woods, we see the blue-bird's flower—the dainty Hepatica. Clustering among the dead leaves of the part summer, at the roots of the trees, or covering large patches in the upland forest, they cluster together in a timid, wide-awake manner. Very gentle and loving they seem to be, and though they do jostle one another a good deal, they never complain, put smile and wink, and go on stretching

up their downy necks that they may show their beautiful, new dresses to the blue sky, as it looks down at them through the bare branches of the trees.

Near by, within speaking distance, the Bloodroot is unfolding her pearly spring dress; and shaking out all its creases, she arrays herself in it, and stands up looking like a bride in her gold and pearls.

These lovely spring blossoms, the fairies that attend Mother Nature in all her rambles through woodland and meadow, have been tenderly cared for by her through the long winter. She has had them tucked up most carefully in their snug, little beds, with snow-white blankets wrapped around them, and, by a gentle rocking, peculiarly her own, has kept them sleeping through the long, cold night. And now, when they hear her gentle voice calling them, they are only too glad to obey, and, like obedient children, come and go at her bidding.

The Buttercups, with their yellow dresses, fresh and new, are gilding meadows and uplands everywhere. They are not very particular, but are contented if they only have standing room. They open their eyes wide to the sunshine, and greet their friends, the daisies and violets, with a pleasant nod, while the children are delighted to reflect their little fat chins in their yellow cups.

These flowers are sturdy little fellows, some of them, and lift up their heads pretty high as they pass the gentle Wind-flowers, with the remark that they are too tender to live, and the Wind-flowers, as though hurt by the remark, gently close their mild eyes, bow their heads, and, before long, fade

away out of sight; while the Buttercup, in his strength and vain-glory, keeps on his march through the long summer days.

The voice of that little orator, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, is heard just as soon as it is considered safe for him to speak without danger of getting cold and having a sore throat. He erects his pulpit, spreads his canopy over it, and then commences his speech, which well pays all that hear it. He is very attractive in his fanciful robe of green-spotted velvet, and is considered the king of his time; but as his labors and strength are spent almost entirely in the grand old woods, hundreds of his subjects are off at play, on the lawns, in the meadows, and by the brook side.

Those comical little beauties, the Dutchman's Breeches, may be seen any time climbing the low hill-side, or waving their feathery leaves in the margin of the woods; and, although they spend their time mainly in lolling about on the young grass, or even on the bare ground, their waxy-white garments are never soiled, and they are the envy of their neighbors.

The Columbine in her scarlet and gold, that lives in the rocky castle just above him, on the summit of the knoll, is shaking her head in displeasure at his laziness, telling him that he can never be any body as long as he is content to live such a quiet, humdrum life, never getting up on the highlands, or making any expeditions among chasms or dangerous depths; for her part, she delights in gazing down steep places, and clinging to the rock side, enjoying many a chat with the Harebells, whom he never meets. But the flowers all know the Columbine, and feel that if she does hold her head so high up in the world, she is kind at heart and means well.

Far out on the distant prairies and bluffs of the West, are seen some rare gems of flowers. Queen among them all is the lovely Pasque-flower,[N] or, as it is called, the Easter-bell, because she presents her "lilies" at Easter. Before the ground has been warmed even by the early spring sun, we see her pushing up into view her flower-bud, covered with plush of the softest brown. She stands alone on the bare, cold ground, with the chill winds blowing over her; often making her first offering before there is even one blade of green grass to welcome her, and her sister flowers are yet sleeping soundly in their beds.

The beautiful brown plush of her cloak is lined with bluish-purple, shading to white; and when she unveils her face in all its beauty, a fairer one was never seen. Her Eastern cousins would gaze in delight if they could only see her, but they probably never will; for she is queen among the spring flowers of the West, and never leaves home.

The Dodecatheon,[N] or Shooting-star, as it is familiarly called, is a tall, graceful flower, hanging its crown of lilac and pinkish blossoms in wing-like clusters on the summit of the stem. It is a remarkable flower, noted for its grace and beauty, and grows in lavish profusion in the hazel-thickets.

But one long, bright, summer day would not give us time enough to tell the names, even of the darlings east and west, that people our groves, meadows, and brook sides; beginning with that fragrant, waxy

gem, the Trailing Arbutus, and closing our list with the last blossoms of the season, the waving Golden-rod and the classic Blue Gentian.

They smile on us from every nook the sun shines on, and lift their bright eyes to the sky in mute adoration, always receiving storm and sunshine alike, in quiet content.

MARY W. ALLEN.

Notes.—The Dog-tooth-violet is so called on account of two projections somewhat resembling blunt teeth near the base of its petals.

The Pasque-flower (păsk) derives its name from ***pasque,*** an old French word meaning Easter. The flower blooms about the time of the Easter festival.

Do de căth′e on (***dodeka,*** twelve; ***theoi,*** gods) is a name given by the poetic naturalist, Linnæus, inasmuch as the twelve flowers seemed to him to deserve the name of divinities.

Elocution.—State what inflections should be employed in reading the first paragraph on page 74.

Point out the position of ***rhetorical*** pauses in the first paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—The lesson, although prose in form, resembles poetry both in thought and language. It may therefore be called a ***prose-poem.***

In the statement—"The day is gaining on the night," is the thought of a race between day and night suggested?—If so, name the figure of comparison employed.

When we speak of flowers as ***rubbing their sleepy eyes, rising and dressing,*** we attribute to them the actions of persons. A ***metaphor*** in which human characteristics are attributed to objects not properly possessing them, is called ***personification.***

What figure of comparison is used in the expression—Dame Nature?

Composition.—Use as a subject for analysis and treatment—Buttercups and Daisies.

Remark.—The description of flowers will afford matter for an occasional composition, to those interested in the subject of botany. The habits of observation and classification acquired through the study of plants and other natural objects, will lead to the systematic arrangement of thoughts upon any subject, and prove invaluable aids to original composition.

12.—BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

so nä′tȧ, *a kind of musical composition.*

fi nä′le (fe nä′lā), *the end of a piece of music.*

in vŏl′un ta-ri ly, *without choice; without intending.*

rĕv′er ent ly, *with fear, mingled with respect and love.*

ȧg i tä′to, *hurried; trembling.*

im pŭl′sĭve, *sudden; unexpected.*

ĭm′pro vīṣe′ *play something without preparation.*

ĭn′fi nĭte ly, *without bounds or limits.*

gro tĕsque′ (grō tĕsk′), *wildly formed; ludicrous.*

com păs′sion ate ly, *with kindness, pity, or sympathy.*

ĕlf′in, *intricate; relating to elves.*

ĭn′ter lūde, *a short piece of music.*

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven;[N] for I wished him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F.[N] Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed; "what can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; how, then, does the young lady——" He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there, I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings, her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to awake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the

young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the skeys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Biography.—Ludwig văn Beethoven (bā'tō ven), one of the greatest composers, was born at Bonn in 1770, and died in Vienna in 1827.

The works of Beethoven created a new epoch in the development of music, and the popularity of his compositions has not diminished with the lapse of years.

The picture of Beethoven that is given us by his biographers, is indeed a sad one. He was alone, deaf, and the object of unkind treatment on the part of those who should have been his friends. How nobly he rose above all petty annoyances, we can readily understand when we listen to the grand and solemn strains of his immortal music.

Notes and Questions.—Where is Bonn? Where is Cologne?

Sonata in F is the name of a musical composition written in the key of F.

Elocution.—The repetition of ***I*** in the seventh paragraph denotes hesitation of stammering. The dashes in the same paragraph are used to mark abrupt changes of thought due to mental confusion.

Find another example in the lesson, of repetition of words in stammering.

Language.—The first word of the lesson, ***It,*** has the following meaning:—***The events which I am about to describe*** or ***speak of.*** The use of the word ***It*** may shorten the expression of a thought; but it is too indefinite in meaning to be employed frequently. The use of the word in the case already referred to, causes the instant inquiry—"What happened at Bonn?"

Give two other examples in which ***It*** is employed, and substitute its meaning in each case.

13.—THE FROST SPIRIT.

stăt′ūe (stăt′yu), *something solid formed into the likeness of a living being; an image.*
băf′fled, *defeated; foiled.*
tôr′pid, *having lost motion.*
Nor wē′gi an, *relating to Norway.*
glāz′ing, *rendering smooth like glass.*
ē′vil, *not good; bad.*

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields
And the broad hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees
Where their pleasant green came forth;
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas,
Which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night
Into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
On the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines[N] have bowed
As his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,
Where the fires of Hecla[N] glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above
And the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
And the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter's chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
When that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend
As his sounding wing goes by!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Biography.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the author and poet, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. His parents were members of the Society of Friends.

Whittier worked on a farm and at the trade of shoemaking until eighteen years of age. After that he studied for two years in the Haverhill Academy.

In 1829, he became the editor of a paper in Boston; and since that time has been engaged in various kinds of literary work.

His poems are of a vigorous and picturesque order; and the adaptation of form to thought, as well as the lofty purity and simplicity of his style, has procured for his writings a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Among his best known works may be mentioned the following: "Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "Snow-Bound," and "Among the Hills."

Notes.—The pine trees of Norway are tall, straight, and strong; and these qualities make them desirable for masts of ships.

Mt. Hecla is an active volcano on the Island of Iceland.

Language.—What is meant by ***The Frost Spirit?*** Mention another epithet applied to intense cold in the lesson.

What figures of comparison occur throughout the lesson?

14.—ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

PART I.

ac cŏm′pa nied, *went with.*
ăg ga geers′, *mounted native hunters.*
spĕc′u lāt ing, *considering.*
im pĕn′e tra ble, *not to be entered.*
im plĭç′it, *perfect; very great.*
con frŏnt′ed, *stood facing.*
as sāil′ants, *persons who attack.*
skirt, *run along the edge of.*
in vā′ri a bly, *without change.*
pŏş′i tive ly, *expressly; in strong terms.*
ĭn ter vēn′ing, *coming between.*

Tracking was very difficult, as there was a total absence of rain; it was next to impossible to distinguish the tracks of two days' date, from those most recent, upon the hard and parched soil.

The greater part of the day passed in useless toil, and, after fording the river backward and forward several times, we at length arrived at a large area of sand in a bend of the stream, that was evidently overflowed when the river was full; this surface of many acres was backed by a large forest.

Upon arrival at this spot, the aggageers, who appeared to know every inch of the country, declared that, unless the elephants had gone far away, they must be close at hand, within the forest.

We were speculating upon the direction of the wind, when we were surprised by the sudden trumpeting of an elephant, that proceeded from the forest, already declared to be the hiding-place of the herd. In a few minutes, a fine, large elephant marched majestically from the jungle upon the large area of sand, and proudly stalked directly toward the river.

At that time we were stationed under cover of a high bank of sand that had been left by the re-

tiring river in sweeping round an angle. We immediately dismounted and remained well concealed.

The question of attack was quickly settled; the elephant was quietly approaching the water, which was about a hundred paces distant from the jungle; this intervening space was covered with heavy, dry sand, that had been thrown up by the stream in the sudden bend of the river.

I proposed that we should endeavor to stalk the elephant, by creeping along the edge of the river, under cover of a sand-bank about three feet high; and that, should the rifles fail, the aggageers should come on at full gallop, and cut off his retreat to the jungle.

Accordingly I led the way, followed by my head man with a rifle, while I carried my large elephant gun, which I called "Baby." Florian accompanied us. Having the wind fair, we advanced quickly for about half the distance, at which time we were within a hundred and fifty yards of the elephant, which had just arrived at the water and commenced drinking.

We now crept cautiously toward him, as the sand-bank had decreased to a height of about two feet, and afforded very little shelter. Not a tree nor bush grew upon the surface of the barren sand, which was so deep that we sank nearly to the ankles at every footstep.

Still we crept forward, as the elephant alternately drank and then spouted the water in a shower over his colossal form; but just as we had arrived within about fifty yards, he happened to turn his head in our direction, and immediately perceived us.

He lifted his enormous ears, gave a short trumpet, and for an instant wavered in his determination whether to attack or fly; but as I rushed toward him with a shout, he turned toward the jungle, and I immediately fired a steady shot at his shoulder with the "Baby."

The only effect of the shot was to send him off at a great speed to the jungle; but at the same time the three aggageers came galloping across the sand like grey-hounds in a course, and, wisely keeping on a line with the jungle, they cut off his retreat. Then turning toward the elephant, they confronted him, sword in hand.

At once the furious beast charged straight at the enemy; but now came the very gallant but foolish part of the hunt. Instead of leading the elephant by the flight of one man and horse, according to their usual method, all the aggageers at the same moment sprung from their saddles, and upon foot, in the heavy sand, they attacked the elephant with their swords.

In the way of sport, I never saw any thing so magnificent, or so absurdly dangerous. The elephant was in a great rage, and, nevertheless, he seemed to know that the object of the hunters was to get behind him.

This he avoided with great dexterity, turning with extreme quickness, and charging headlong, first at one, and then at another of his assailants, while he blew clouds of sand in the air with his trunk and trumpeted with fury. Nimble as monkeys, nevertheless, the aggageers could not get behind him. In the folly of excitement they had forsaken their horses, which had escaped from the spot,

"The elephant charged through the aggageers."
(See page 87.)

The depth of the loose sand was in favor of the elephant, and was so much against the men that they avoided his charges with extreme difficulty. It was only by the determined pluck of all three that they alternately saved one another, as two invariably dashed in at the flanks when the elephat charged the third, upon which the cautious animal immediately gave up the chase, and turned upon his pursuers.

During this time I had been laboring through the heavy sand, and shortly after I arrived at the fight, the elephant charged directly through the aggageers, receiving a shoulder shot from one of my large rifles, and at the same time a slash from the sword of one of the men who, with great dexterity and speed, had closed in behind him just in time to reach his leg.

Unfortunately, he could not deliver the cut in the right place, as the elephant, with increased speed, completely distanced the aggageers, and charging across the deep sand, reached the jungle.

We were shortly upon his track, and, after running about a quarter of a mile, found him dead in a dry water-course. His tusks,[N] like those of the generality of Abyssinian elephants, were exceedingly short, but of good thickness.

Some of our men, who had followed the runaway horses, shortly returned and reported that during the fight they had heard other elephants trumpeting in the dense jungle near the river.

A portion of thick forest of about two hundred acres, upon this side of the river, was a tempting covert for elephants, and the aggageers, who were perfectly familiar with the habits of the animals,

positively declared that the herd must be within this jungle.

Accordingly we proposed to skirt the margin of the river, which, as it made a bend at right angles, commanded two sides of a square. Upon reaching the jungle by the river side, we again heard the trumpeting of an elephant, and about a quarter of a mile distant we observed a herd of twelve of these animals, shoulder-deep in the river.

They were in the act of crossing to the opposite side, to secrete themselves in an almost impenetrable jungle of thorny hedge.

The aggageers advised that we should return to the ford that we had already crossed, assuring us that by repassing the river, we should most probably meet the elephants, as they would not leave the thick jungle until night.

Having implicit confidence in their knowledge of the country, I followed their directions, and shortly afterward we recrossed the ford, and arrived upon a dry portion of the river's bed, banked by a dense thicket.

Notes.—The hunting of elephants to obtain their tusks, has been almost entirely given up. In this country hard rubber and celluloid are manufactured into a great variety of useful articles, many of which were formerly made of ivory.

Describe the location of Abyssinia.

Language.—"Having the wind fair" in hunting, means that the wind is blowing toward the hunters, and not from them toward the animals hunted.

What figure of comparison is employed in the expression "Nimble as monkeys?"

Forsaken their horses means that the aggageers left their horses and went toward the elephants. ***To abandon*** any thing is to leave it with no intention of returning. ***To desert*** is to leave in direct violation of duty.

15. ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

PART II.

lōōm′ing, *appearing.*
quĭck′ sĭl ver, *a certain metal, white like silver.*
de lĭb′er ate, *careful ; slow.*
cŏv′ert, *a place which covers and protects.*
sus pĕnse′, *the state of being in uncertainty.*
de çī′ sive, *prompt ; determined.*
sĕv′ered, *cut ; separated.*
sĭn′ew (sĭn′yu), *that which unites a muscle to a bone.*
glāde, *a clear space in a forest.*
quĭv′ered, *shook with slight motion.*
çir cŭm′fer ençe, *the distance around a body.*
ăc′cu rate ly, *exactly ; carefully.*

Jali now took the management of affairs. We all dismounted and sent the horses to a considerable distance, lest they should, by some noise, disturb the elephants. We soon heard a crackling in the jungle on our right, and Jali assured us that, as he had expected, the elephants were slowly advancing through the jungle on the bank of the river, and would pass exactly before us.

We waited patiently in the bed of the river, and l crackling in the jungle sounded closer as the herd evidently approached. The strip of thick, thorny covert that fringed the margin, was in no place wider than half a mile; beyond that, the country was open and park-like, but at this season it was covered with parched grass, from eight to ten feet high: the elephants would, therefore, most probably remain in the jungle until driven out.

In about a quarter of an hour we judged by the noise in the jungle about a hundred yards from the river, that the elephants were directly opposite

us. I accordingly instructed Jali to creep quietly, by himself, into the bush, and to bring me information of their position.

In three or four minutes he returned. He declared that it would be impossible to use the sword, as the jungle was so dense that it would check the blow; but that I could use the rifles, as the elephants were close to us. He had seen three standing together, between us and the main body of the herd.

I told Jali to lead me directly to the spot, and, followed by Florian and the aggageers, with my gun-bearers, I kept within a foot of the little guide, upon whom I depended, as he crept gently into the jungle.

We advanced stealthily, until Jali stepped quietly to one side and pointed with his finger. I immediately observed two elephants looming up through the thick bushes about eight paces from me.

Determined to try fairly the forehead-shot, I kept my ground and fired a quicksilver and lead bullet from one of the large rifles. It struck her exactly in the center of the forehead. The only effect was to make the huge beast stagger backward, when, in another moment, with her immense ears thrown forward, she charged. I then fired my remaining barrel a little lower than the first shot.

Checked in her rush, she backed toward the dense jungle, throwing her trunk about and trumpeting with rage. Snatching a large rifle from one of my trusty men, I ran straight at her, took deliberate aim at the forehead, and fired once more. The only effect was a decisive charge; but before I fired my last barrel, Jali rushed in, and with one

blow of his sharp sword, severed the sinew of the hind leg. In an instant she was utterly helpless.

I had fired three accurate shots and all had failed to kill. There could no longer be any doubt that the forehead-shot, so fatal to the Indian[N] elephant, could not be relied upon with the African species.

I now reloaded my rifles, and the aggageers quitted the jungle to remount their horses, as they expected the herd had broken cover on the other side of the jungle; in which case, they intended to give chase, and if possible to turn them back into the covert and drive them toward the guns.

We accordingly took our stand in the small, open glade, and I lent Florian one of my double rifles, as he was only provided with one single-barreled elephant-gun.

About a quarter of an hour passed in suspense, when we suddenly heard a chorus of wild cries on the other side of the jungle, raised by the aggageers who had headed the herd and were driving them back toward us.

In a few minutes a tremendous crashing in the jungle, accompanied by the occasional shrill scream of a savage elephant, and the continued shouts of the aggageers, assured us that they were bearing down exactly in our direction; they were apparently followed, even through the dense jungle, by the wild and reckless Arabs.

I called my men together, and told them to stand fast, and to hand me the guns quickly; and we eagerly awaited the onset that rushed toward us like a storm. For a moment the jungle quivered and crashed; a second later and the herd,

headed by an immense elephant, thundered down upon us.

The great leader came directly toward me, and received in the forehead the contents of both barrels of my large rifle as fast as I could pull the triggers. The shock made it reel backward for an instant and fortunately turned it aside, and the rest of the herd followed their leader. My second rifle was rapidly handled, and I made a quick shot with both barrels at the temples of two fine elephants, dropping them both stone dead.

At this moment the "Baby," was pushed into my hand by another of my men, just in time to take the shoulder of the last of the herd, which had already charged headlong after its companions, and was disappearing in the jungle.

Bang! went the "Baby," and around I spun like a weathercock, with the blood pouring from my nose, as the recoil had driven the sharp top of the hammer deep into the bridge.

My "Baby" not only screamed, but kicked viciously. However, I knew that the elephant must be dead, as the half-pound shell had been aimed directly behind the shoulder.

We had done pretty well. I had been fortunate in bagging [N] four from this herd, in addition to the single one in the morning—total, five. Florian killed one, and the aggageers one—total, seven elephants. One had escaped that I had wounded in the shoulder, and two that had been wounded by Florian.

Having my measuring-tape in a game-bag, that was always carried by one of the men, I measured accurately one of the elephants that had fallen, with the legs stretched out, so that the height to the shoulder could be exactly taken. From foot to shoulder, in a direct line, nine feet, one inch; circumference of foot, four feet, eight inches.

We now left the jungle and found our horses waiting for us in the bed of the river by the water-side, and we rode toward our camp, well satisfied with the day's sport.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER.

Biography.—Sir Samuel White Baker, the African traveler and explorer, was born in 1821, at Thorngrove, England.

Baker studied civil engineering, and early in life, went to Ceylon. There, led by love of field-sports into the recesses of the island, he gave evidence of that love of adventure which was to make him famous as an explorer.

In 1862, Baker, accompanied by his wife, visited Khartoum, and then ascended the White Nile. After a perilous journey, they succeeded in reaching a vast lake, which he named the Albert 'Nyan'za. For this exploit, Baker was knighted by the Queen of England.

The principal literary works of Baker are: "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," "The Albert 'Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile," and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia."

Notes.—The Indian species of elephant mentioned in the lesson, is found in Hin do stan', Cey lon', and other parts of the East Indies.

Bagging is a word used by sportsmen, and referred originally to small game, which could be carried in a bag. In a broad sense, the word is applied to the capture of game of any size.

Language.—A sentence is a thought expressed in words, and consists of the combination of a ***subject*** and a ***predicate.***

The ***Predicate*** of a sentence is an ***action-word*** (verb) with or without modifying words; the ***subject*** is a single word or a collection of words, which taken with the ***predicate*** forms a complete thought.

Sentence.—"The great leader came directly toward us."

The subject of this sentence consists of the ***name-word*** (noun) "leader," modified by the words "great" and "the"; and the ***action-word*** "came," modified by "directly" and "toward us."

The modifiers of a ***name-word*** are called ***adjectives;*** of an ***action-word, adverbs.***

16.—GRADATIM.[N]

de pōsed', *conquered; laid aside.*
săp'phīre (săf'ir), *a precious stone of a blue color.*
vault'ed, *arched.*
slāin, *put to death.*
sĕn'sū al (sĕn'shu al), *relating to the body.*
as pīre', *long after.*

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
 That a noble deed is a step toward God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the morning calls us to life and light;
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the solemn dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings,
 Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
 We may borrow the wings to find the way—
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Biography.—Josiah Gilbert Holland was born in Belchertown, Massachussets, in 1819, and died in New York City, in 1882.

Holland was engaged in the practice of medicine for a number of years; but gave up his profession to engage in educational and literary work.

In 1870, he became the editor of "Scribner's Monthly," and kept up his association with that periodical untill the time of his death.

Holland's reputation was chiefly due to his prose writings, although his poems "Katrina" and "Bitter-Sweet" are widely and favorably known. His principal prose works are: "The Bay Path," "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "Miss' Gilbert's Career," and "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Notes.—The title of this poem—"Grā dā'tĭm," means ***step by step.***

Elocution.—With what tone of voice, rate, and force should this poem be read?

In the fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, there should be a slight increase of force given to each member of the ***series of words,*** in order to give them the proper emphasis. An increase of force of the kind suggested is called an ***elocutionary climax.***

Mark inflections used in the last stanza.

Language.—***Is not reached*** in the first stanza means can not be reached.

count in the second stanza means consider.

What figure of comparison is used frequently throughout the poem? Select one or two examples of the figure and explain their meaning in ordinary language.

Point out the lines which rhyme, in the first two stanzas.

17.—BAMBOO.

PART I.

ap prē′ci āte, *estimate truly.*
căl′a băsh es, *the fruit of a tree of that name.*
gōurds, *fleshy fruit with one cell and many seeds.*
fa çĭl′i ty, *ease.*
rat tăn′, *the stem of a plant growing in India.*
ē las tĭç′i ty, *springiness.*
çĩr′euit (sĩr′kit), *distance round.*
sŭb′sti tūtes, *persons or things put in the place of others.*
ĭn se eū′ri ty, *want of safety; danger.*
çe lĕr′i ty, *speed; swiftness.*
ē eo nŏm′ie al, *not marked with waste or extravagance.*
dī ăg′o nal, *crossing at an angle.*

During my many journeys in Borneo, and especially during my various residences among the natives, I first came to appreciate the admirable qualities of the bamboo. In those parts of South America which I had previously visited, these gigantic grasses were comparatively scarce, and but little used where found; their place being taken, as to one class of uses, by the great variety of palms, and as to another, by the hard rind of calabashes and gourds. Almost all tropical countries produce bamboos; and, wherever they are found in abundance, the natives apply them to a variety of uses.

Their strength, lightness, smoothness, straightness roundness, and hollowness, the facility and regularity with which they can be split, their many different sizes, the varying length of their joints, the ease with which they can be cut, and with which holes can be made through them, their hardness outside, their freedom from any pronounced taste or smell, their great abundance, and the rapidity of their growth and increase, are all qualities which render them useful for a hundred different

purposes, to serve which, other materials would require much more labor and preparation. The bamboo is one of the most wonderful as well as beautiful productions of the tropics, and one of nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man.

The Dyak[N] houses are all raised on posts, and are often two or three hundred feet long and forty or fifty feet wide. The floor is always formed of strips, about three inches wide, split from large bamboos, so that each may be laid nearly flat, and these are firmly tied down with rattan to the joists beneath. When well made, this is a delightful floor to walk upon barefooted, the rounded surfaces of the bamboo being very smooth and agreeable to the feet, while at the same time affording a firm hold.

But what is more important, they form, with a mat over them, an excellent bed, the elasticity of the bamboo and its rounded surface being far superior to a more rigid and flatter floor. Here we at once find a use for bamboo which can not be supplied so well by any other material without a vast amount of labor. Palms and other substitutes require much cutting and smoothing, and are not so good when finished.

When, however, a flat, close floor is required, excellent boards are made by splitting open large bamboos on one side only, and flattening them out so as to form thin boards eighteen inches wide and six feet long, with which some Dyaks floor their houses. These, with constant rubbing of the feet and the smoke of years, become dark and polished, like walnut or old oak, so that their real material can hardly be recognized.

What labor is here saved a savage, whose only tools are an ax and a knife, and who, if he wants boards, must hew them out of the solid trunk of a tree, and give days and weeks of labor to obtain a surface as smooth and beautiful as the bamboo thus treated affords him!

Again, if a temporary house is wanted, either by the native on his plantation, or by the traveler in the forest, nothing is so convenient as the bamboo, with which a house can be constructed with a quarter of the labor and time required when other materials are used.

The natives of the interior make paths for long distances, from village to village, and to their cultivated grounds, in the course of which they have to cross many gullies and ravines, and even rivers; or sometimes, to avoid a long circuit, to carry the path along the face of the precipice. In all these cases, the bridges they construct are of bamboo, and so admirably adapted is the material for the purpose, that it seems doubtful whether they would ever have attempted such works if they had not possessed it.

The native bridge is simple but well designed. It consists merely of stout bamboos crossing each other at the roadway like the letter X, and rising a few feet above it. At the crossing they are firmly bound together, and to a large bamboo which lies upon them, and forms the only pathway, with a slender and often very shaky one to serve as a hand-rail.

When a river is to be crossed, an overhanging tree is chosen, from which the bridge is partly suspended and partly supported by diagonal braces from the banks, so as to avoid placing posts in the stream itself, which would be liable to be carried away by floods.

In carrying a path along the face of the precipice, trees and roots are made use of for suspension; braces arise from suitable notches or crevices in the rocks; and, if these are not sufficient, immense bamboos, fifty or sixty feet long, are fixed on the banks or on the branch of a tree below.

These bridges are traversed daily by men and women carrying heavy loads, so that any insecurity is soon discovered, and, as the materials are close at hand, immediately repaired.

When a path goes over very steep ground, and becomes slippery in wet or dry weather, the bamboo is used in another way. Pieces are cut about a yard long, and opposite notches being made at each end, holes are formed through which pegs are driven, and firm and convenient steps are thus constructed with the greatest ease and celerity. It is true that much of this will decay in one or two seasons; but it can be so quickly replaced, as to make its use more economical than that of a harder and more durable wood.

Notes and Questions.—Dyak is a name given to the natives of the island of Borneo.

Where is the island of Borneo?

Elocution.—In reading long sentences, exercise particular care in regard to ***pauses*** and ***inflections***. Unless the pauses are made in the proper places, the meaning of the sentences will be obscured. If the ***falling inflection*** is used before the close of long descriptive sentences, listeners will think that the sentences are completed before they are.

Avoid reading long sentences rapidly, for if the reader shows that he is in a hurry, the sentences will appear to be even longer than they are.

18.—BAMBOO.
PART II.

prŏp′er ties, *qualities belonging to something.*
dĕc′o rāte, *adorn; make beautiful.*
ăq′ue ducts, *artificial channels for conveying water.*
per fĕc′tion, *the highest degree of excellence.*
u tĕn′sils, *vessels used in a kitchen.*
in sĕrt′ing, *setting within something.*
ob lique′ly (ob leek′), *inclined at an angle.*
çyl′in der, *a body of roller-like form.*
sĕrv′içe a ble, *useful; adapted to any good end or use.*
cŏv′et ed, *wished for eagerly.*

One of the most striking uses to which bamboo is applied by the natives, is to assist them in climbing lofty trees. One day I shot a small animal, which caught in a fork of a tree and remained fixed. As I was very anxious to get it, I tried to persuade two young men who were with me to cut down the tree, which was tall, perfectly straight, and smooth-barked, and without a branch for fifty or sixty feet.

To my surprise they said they would prefer climbing it, although it would be a good deal of trouble; but after a little talking together, they said they would try. They first went to a clump of bamboos that stood near, and cut down one of the largest stems. From this they chopped off a short piece, and splitting it, made a couple of stout pegs, about a foot long, and sharp at one end.

Then cutting a thick piece of wood for a mallet, they drove one of the pegs into the tree and hung their weight upon it. It held, and this seemed to satisfy them, for they immediately began making a quantity of pegs of the same kind, while I looked

on with great interest, wondering how they could possibly ascend such a lofty tree by merely driving pegs in it, the failure of any one of which at a good height would certainly cause their death.

When about two dozen pegs had been made, one of them began cutting some very long and slender bamboo from another clump, and also prepared some cord from the bark of a small tree. They now drove in a peg very firmly at about three feet from the ground, and, bringing one of the long bamboos, stood it upright, close to the tre, and bound it firmly to the first two pegs, by means of the bark cord, and small notches near the head of each peg.

One of the men now stood on the first peg, and drove in a third, about level with his face, to which he tied the bamboo in the same way, and then mounted another step, standing on one foot, and holding by the bamboo at the peg immediately above him, while he drove in the next one. In this manner he ascended about twenty feet, when the upright bamboo becoming thin, another was handed up by his companion, and this was joined on by tying both bamboos to three or four of the pegs.

When this was also nearly ended, a third was added, and shortly after, the lowest branches of the tree were reached, along which the young native scrambled, and soon sent the little animal tumbling headlong down.

I was exceedingly struck by the ingenuity of this mode of climbing, and the admirable manner in which the peculiar properties of the bamboo were made available. The ladder itself was perfectly safe,

since if any one peg were loose or faulty, and gave way, the strain would be thrown on several others above and below it. I now understood the use of the line of bamboo pegs sticking in trees, which I had often seen, and wondered for what purpose they could have been put there.

This method of climbing is constantly used in order to obtain wax, which is one of the most valuable products of the country. The honey-bee of Borneo very generally hangs its combs under the branches of the tappan, a tree which towers above all others in the forest, and whose smooth, cylindrical trunk often rises a hundred feet without a branch. The natives climb these lofty trees at night, building up their bamboo ladder as they go, and bringing down gigantic honey-combs.

These furnish them with a delicious feast of honey and young bees, besides the wax, which they sell to traders, and with the proceeds buy the much coveted brass wire, ear-rings, and gold-edged handkerchiefs with which they love to decorate themselves. In ascending durio and other fruit trees, which branch at from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, I have seen them use the bamboo pegs only, without the upright bamboo which renders them so much more secure.

The outer rind of the bamboo, split and shaved thin, is the strongest material for baskets; hen-coops, bird-cages, and conical fish-traps are very quickly made from a single joint, by splitting off the skin in narrow strips left attached to one end, while rings of the same material, or rattan, are twisted in at regular distances.

Water is brought to the house by little aque-

ducts formed of large bamboos split in half and supported on crossed sticks of various heights to give it a regular fall. Thin long-jointed bamboos form their only water vessels, and a dozen of them stand in the corner of every house. They are clean, light, and easily carried, and are in many ways superior to earthen vessels for the same purpose.

They also make excellent cooking utensils; vegetables and rice can be boiled in them to perfection, and they are often used by travelers. Salted fruit or fish, sugar, vinegar, and honey are preserved in them instead of in jars or bottles. In a small bamboo case, prettily carved and ornamented, the native carries his materials for betel chewing, and his little long-bladed knife has a bamboo sheath.

His favorite pipe is a large hubble-bubble, which he will construct in a few minutes, by inserting a small piece of bamboo for a bowl obliquely into a large cylinder about six inches from the bottom, containing water, through which the smoke passes to a long, slender bamboo tube.

There are many other small matters for which bamboo is daily used, but enough has now been mentioned to show its value. In other parts of the archipelago I have myself seen it applied to many new uses, and it is probable that my limited means of observation did not make me acquainted with one-half the ways in which it is serviceable to the natives.

A. R. WALLACE.

Biography.—Alfred Russell Wallace is an eminent traveler and scientist. He is known as the author of several works on natural history, and as a contributor to a number of prominent periodicals. Our knowledge of the Eastern Archipelago and of South America has been greatly enlarged through his travels.

19.—SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.[N]

ae'rie (ē'ry̆), *the nest of a bird of prey.*
poise, *balance.*
vo lŭpt'ū oŭs, *given up to pleasure.*
ăz'ūre (ăzh'ūr), *a fine blue color.*
hĕr'it age, *property passing from one to another.*
pĕn'non, *flag or streamer.*
crā'ven, *cowardly.*
pil'grims, *wanderers.*
exult', *be glad; rejoice.*

I build my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest,
Where the lightnings flash and the thunders crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash;
For my spirit free henceforth shall be
A type of the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly from my aerie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky;
On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light;
For I love to play in the noontide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

Away I spring with a tireless wing,
On a feathery cloud I poise and swing;
I dart down the steep where the lightnings leap,
And the clear, blue canopy swiftly sweep;
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless Liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand
Like the watch-towers high of a patriot band;
For I may not bide in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,

Where Luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give to me in my flights to see
The land of the pilgrims ever free!
And I never will rove from the haunts I love,
But watch, from my sentinel track above,
Your banner free, o'er land and sea,
And exult in your glorious Liberty.

O, guard ye well the land where I dwell,
Lest to future times the tale I tell,
When slow expires in smouldering fires
The goodly heritage of your sires,—
How Freedom's light rose clear and bright
O'er fair Columbia's[N] beacon height,
Till ye quenched the flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear, from your pennon fair,
The stars ye have set in triumph there;
My olive branch on the blast I'll launch,
The fluttering stripes from the flag-staff wrench,
And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see,
A craven race in the land of the free!

Notes and Questions.—The American Eagle is used as an emblem of freedom. Mention some of our coins upon which it is placed.

Columbia is a name applied to the United States in honor of Columbus, the discoverer of America.

Describe the flag of our country. What does each star stand for? How many stripes are used? What do the colors signify?

Elocution.—Read the lesson in a full and clear tone of voice, expressive of courage and a sense of freedom.

Language.—What is the force of the suffix ***et*** in the word ***eaglet?*** In some words the letter ***l*** is prefixed to the suffix, making it ***let***, as in ***stream-let, wave-let.***

Such words as ***roar*** and ***crash*** are called ***mi met'ic,*** because their sound gives an idea of their meaning.

20.—AN ICEBERG.

ir rĕg′ū lar, *not well formed.*	isles (īls), *islands.*
căv′i ties, *hollow places.*	hēav′ing, *swelling ; rising.*
pĭn′na cles, *high points.*	a stĕrn′, *behind a ship.*
ĕl′e ment, *portion.*	un couth′, *awkward ; strange.*
com bined′, *joined ; united.*	sub lĭm′i ty, *nobleness ; awe.*

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the companion-way[N], and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight we had ever seen.

"Where away, cook?" asked the first man who came up.

"On the port[N] bow."

And there, floating in the ocean, several miles off, lay an immense irregular mass, its tops and points covered with snow, and its center of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring its beauty and grandeur.

No description can give any idea of the strangeness and beauty of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been two or three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion as its base rose and sunk in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the crackling mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, as well as its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon, and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay to, quite near it, for the greater part of the night.

Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular, heaving mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning a strong breeze sprung up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

No pencil has ever yet given any thing like the true effect of an iceberg. In a picture they are huge, uncouth masses stuck in the sea; while their chief beauty and grandeur—their slow, stately motion, the whirling of the snow about their summits, and

the fearful groaning and crackling of their parts—the picture can not give. This is the large iceberg; while the small and distant islands, floating on the smooth sea, in the light of a clear day, look like little floating fairy isles of sapphire N.

R. H. DANA, JR.

Biography.—Richard Henry Dana, jr., was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1815, and died in 1881.

When about twenty years of age, he made a voyage to San Francisco, an account of which was published in 1840 under the title of "Two Years Before the Mast." Probably no other book has been written which gives such an accurate picture of sailor-life; and its popularity, both in this country and in England, has been remarkable.

Mr. Dana was for many years a distinguished member of the Boston Bar, but his national reputation is due to his books. "Th Seaman's Friend," containing a treatise on practical seamanship, was published in 1841, and republished in London in 1856.

Notes.—***Port*** signifies the side of a boat which is at the left hand of a person looking toward the bow.

The ***companion-way*** is the name of a staircase leading from the deck to the cabin of a ship.

Sapphire is a gem of a bluish color.

Elocution.—The long sentences used in description, should be read somewhat more slowly than conversation. The pauses, both grammatical and rhetorical, should be carefully regarded.

Point out the location of the rhetorical pauses in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Language.—Let us select a ***subject*** and a ***predicate*** from the lesson and join them to form a sentence.

Example.—"A breeze" (***subject***) "sprung up" (***predicate***) Adding an ***adjective*** to the ***subject*** and an ***adverbial phrase*** to the ***predicate,*** we have

"A strong breeze sprung up toward morning."

This is called a ***simple sentence*** because it contains only a single ***subject*** and a single ***predicate.***

If we join to this sentence another sentence—"We sailed away," and use a ***connecting-word*** "and" between them, we shall have a ***compound sentence.***

Compose two compound sentences, after the model just given.

21.—THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

ex çĕs'ĭve ly, *in an extreme degree.*
com plied', *agreed.*
im pŏl'i tĭc, *unwise.*
gôr'geoŭs (gôr'jŭs), *beautiful; showy.*
in vĭs'i ble, *unable to be seen.*
ex pā'ti āt ed (eks pā'shĭ āt ed), *talked at length.*
coun'seled, *advised.*
rĕt'i nue, *a train of attendants.*
en chánt'ed, *delighted in a high degree.*
de rī'sive, *mocking; scornful.*

In ages long past there lived an emperor who was excessively fond of new clothes. He spent at least half of his time in his wardrobe, looking at his costly robes, and trying on one after another, to see which best pleased his fancy.

One day there came to his capital two clever rogues who declared that they were weavers, and able to produce a fabric surpassing every other in color and design, but that the clothes made from it had the wonderful property of becoming invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or unworthy of the esteem of his fellow-men.

"What capital clothes those would be!" thought the emperor. "If I wore such clothes, I should be able to see what men in my empire are unfit for their posts and unworthy of my confidence. Yes, I will have a suit of those clothes made directly." So orders were given to the two rogues to begin at once.

As for them, they put up a loom and pretended to be working; but in reality it was all a pretense. They demanded the finest silk and the purest gold; these they put in their pockets, and worked at their empty loom from morning till night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are get-

ting on with my wonderful clothes," thought the emperor; "but I must send some one whom I know to be both able and faithful, or he will be unable to see any thing." So the emperor called his prime minister[N], and sent him to examine the marvelous cloth, and to bring him a faithful report.

Now the minister knew the peculiar property of the cloth, but readily complied with his royal master's wishes, for he felt confident of his own fitness for the high office he had held so long.

So the old minister entered the room where the two rogues sat working at the empty loom. On approaching, he opened his eyes wide, but the loom seemed to him quite empty. "Mercy on me! I can not see any thing at all!" he whispered to himself.

Both the rogues drew his attention to the beautiful fabric they had woven, and asked him if he did not admire the brilliant colors and chaste design. While speaking they seemed to be handling something in the loom, and to be pointing out its beauties; but the good minister was grieved that he could see nothing. Thinking it impolitic to let it be known that the wonderful cloth was invisible to him, he peered through his spectacles, as if he saw it, and occasionally exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!"

The minister on returning spoke of its gorgeous colors and the rare beauty of its design in the same terms that he had heard from the weavers.

The emperor, wishing to put his officers to the test, sent them one after another to witness the weaving, and to bring back a report to the progress made by the weavers. All of them were re-

ceived courteously by the two rogues, who expatiated to their visitors on the beauty of the material they had woven, and all of them pretended to be enchanted with what they had witnessed.

By this time all the people in the town were talking of the wonderful fabric, which was now supposed to be nearly completed. Before it was taken from the loom the emperor wished to see it himself. With a crowd of courtiers, including all the statesmen who had previously visited the loom, the monarch entered the hall, where the two cunning rogues were weaving with might and main without warp or woof[x].

"What's this?" thought the emrperor. "Why, I can see nothing at all! This is indeed terrible! Am I, then, unfit to be emperor?" But as the monarch thought it would be very unwise to confess his inability to see the wonderful cloth, he nodded his head in a contented way, and said aloud, "It is indeed magnificent! It has our highest approval."

The whole retinue stood round the loom with admiring looks, and re-echoed their sovereign's words. The ministers present counseled him to weae his new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was soon to take place.

"It is splendid—charming!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed general satisfaction, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers on the spot.

In the presence of the court the rogues proceeded to take the cloth from the looms. They went through all the motions proper for the purpose, and begged to be left for two days to prepare

the royal clothes, after accurately measuring his majesty's person. Before the royal party withdrew, the rogues were busy making cuts in the air with great scissors, and sewing with needles without thread.

On the appointed day the Imperial Court Weavers sought the emperor's dressing-room with the wonderful clothes. The emperor entered with his chief attendants, and proceeded to put on his new robes, after removing all his upper garments. The two rogues, lifting up one arm as if they were holding something, said, "See! here is the waistcoat! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on.

The two rogues then proceeded to put on the new clothes with the greatest care; the emperor, on receiving each garment, turned round and round before the mirror, and seemed to be highly pleased with the effect. All the courtiers present expressed their satisfaction, and seemed to gaze on his majesty with admiration.

The emperor, arrayed in his new robes, descended the grand staircase to mount his horse and join the procession. The two chamberlains*, whose office it was to carry the train, stooped down and pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare let it be thought that they saw nothing to hold.

So the emperor mounted his horse, and the procession moved forward. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the beautiful robes of which so much had been heard, and every one was on the tiptoe of delighted expectation. Nor did they seem disappointed, for no one wished it to be known

that he failed to see the wonderful clothes. So on the procession moved, amid the delighted applause of the crowd.

At last a little child cried out in a shrill voice, "How funny! he has nothing on but his hat, shirt, and trousers!"

That word of simple truth broke the spell, and in a moment more the emperor in his new clothes was greeted with the derisive cheers of the mob.

HANS ANDERSEN.

Biography.—Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet and author, was born in 1805, and died in 1875.

Owing to poverty, the education of the poet was begun somewhat later in life than is usual, and he did not enter upon his academic studies until he was twenty-three years old. Before that time, however, he had given evidence of his wonderful powers in the composition of a number of poems. One of these, "The Dying Child," attracted general attention.

The greater part of Andersen's life was devoted to travel; and in this way, he became master of a great number of the legends current in different parts of Europe.

Probably there are few writers of the century, whose works will stand the test of time better than those of Andersen. His writings are in a style peculiarly pleasing to young readers. Among his works, which are generally read in this country, are "Picture Book without Pictures," "Tales from Jutland," and "Tales for Children."

Notes.—A ***prime minister*** is the chief adviser of a king or queen.

A ***chamberlain*** is a high officer of a court.

Warp means the threads extended lengthwise in a loom.
Woof means the threads which cross the warp in weaving.

Language.—Select from the lesson three ***simple sentences;*** two ***compound sentences.***

If a sentence has either its ***subject*** or ***predicate*** modified by another sentence, used either as an ***adverb*** or ***adjective***, it is called a ***complex sentence***, as "The child ***who cried out,*** was honest."

Here we have the sentence (***clause***) "who cried out" used as a modifier of ***child***, a ***name-word***, and hence an ***adjective***.

Select two ***complex sentences*** from the lesson.

22.—THE SUNBEAM.

lĭn′ger er, *one who lags or loiters.*	cāse′ment, *window opening on hinges.*
glăd′dened, *pleased; made glad.*	spĕll, *change.*
är cādes′, *spaces covered by arches.*	môr′tal, *human being.*

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall:
A joy thou art and a wealth to all;
A bearer of hope unto land and sea:
Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains: a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array;
Thou breakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot:
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell,

Sunbeam of summer, O, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee, to mortals given—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

Biography.—Felicia Dorothea Hemans, an English poetess, was born at Liverpool in 1794, and died at Dublin in 1835.

The first volume of her poems was published when she was fourteen years of age; and the second, when she was eighteen.

Mrs. Hemans' style is both natural and pleasing. Her poem "Casabianca" is one of the most popular in the English language.

Among her works, may be mentioned: "The Siege of Valencia," "The Last Constantine" and "Hymns for Childhood."

Language.—This poem, in which the Sunbeam is repeatedly addressed as a person, is an example of the figure ***Apŏs′tro phe.***

Apostrophe signifies a turning away from the ordinary form of address; an inanimate object is regarded as a person, or what is distant as near at hand.

Point out two ***metaphors*** in the second stanza.

23.—PAPER.

con vẽr′sion, *making; changing.*	sub jĕct′ed, *brought under the action of.*
com pēte′, *strive.*	dĭ vẽr′si ty, *variety.*
ad hēre′, *stick fast.*	cui răss′, (kwe răs′), *a piece of armor covering the body.*
trans vẽrse′ly, *crosswise.*	mĭ nūte′, *very small.*
rĕm′nants, *small portions.*	flĕx′i ble, *capable of being bent.*
co hē′sion (zhŭn), *uniting.*	

Egypt, China, and Japan, are the countries in which the earliest manufacture of paper is known to have been carried on. The Egyptian paper was made of the plant called papyrus,[N] a kind of grass. According to the information handed down to us, the delicate inner fibers were separated from the blade of the grass, and spread upon a table in such a manner that they overlapped one another,

The table was sprinkled with water from the Nile, which had, no doubt, the effect of moistening the natural gum of the plant so as to make the fibers adhere. When this first layer of papyrus fiber was complete, succeeding layers were laid upon it transversely, until the paper was sufficiently thick. These layers were then pressed together, and the sheet of paper was dried in the sun.

The best quality was preserved for religious uses, and not allowed to be exported. The Romans, however, discovered a process of cleansing this kind of paper from the marks of writing, and after this discovery they imported from Egypt sacred books written on this material, which they used for their own purposes, after the original writing had been removed.

Besides the papyrus, there are remnants of ancient paper made of the inner bark of trees. Egyptian paper was in general use in Europe until the eighth or ninth century. It then slowly began to give place to paper manufactured from cotton and other materials, the art of making which was apparently learned by the Arabs in Asia, and introduced by them into Europe.

This manufacture had probably spread to Western Asia from China, where it is known to have existed at a very early period. Papor was made by the Chinese from some materials at least as early as the beginning of the first century, and, according to their own account, the fabrication of paper from cotton appears to have been invented about 200 A. D.

The materials that have been used for the manufacture of paper are very numerous. In China,

where much of the paper made is of very excellent quality, different materials are used in different provinces. Hemp[N] and linen[N] rags are used in one part of the country; the inner bark of the mulberry-tree in another; and in other parts, the bark of the elm, straw, bamboo, etc.

The Japanese make use principally of a kind of mulberry-tree, and the paper manufactured by them is unequaled for strength and softness, qualities which enable it to be used for many purposes for which leather is commonly employed elsewhere, such as the making of ladies' reticules.

The natives of Mexico, before the Spanish Conquest, made their paper from the leaves of the agave[N] plant, or American aloe, in a manner resembling the ancient mode of preparing papyrus.

After the introduction into Europe of cotton and linen rags as materials for paper-making, the use of other vegetable fibers was for many centuries entirely, or almost entirely, given up; not so much, however, on account of their unfitness, as because rags, besides being admirably adapted for the purpose, were cheaper than any other material.

It was not until about the close of the eighteenth century that paper-manufacturers began again to turn their attention to the possibility of using vegetable fibers as substitutes for rags. In 1772, a German published a work containing sixty specimens of paper made from different vegetable substances. From this time, serious attempts were made to find a process, by which some of those vegetable materials could be used with success to replace rags.

The difficulty did not consist in the mere con-

version into paper of the materials on which experiments were made—for any vegetable fiber with a rough edge can be made into paper—but in making paper out of them of such quality and at such a price, as would enable the manufactured product to compete with that made from rags.

Straw, wood, and esparto[N] grass are the chief vegetable fibers which, with rags, have hitherto been found to answer these conditions, and all of these are now used more or less in paper-making. The combination of flexible fibers by which the paper is produced, depends on the minute subdivision of the fibers, and their subsequent cohesion.

The rags used are chiefly cotton and linen. Woolen rags are no longer employed for the purpose. Cotton is used in the manufacture of paper not only in the form of rags, but also in that of waste or sweepings from spinning mills.

Before the rags or other materials can be made into paper, they must be torn or cut into minute particles so small that they form a pulp when mixed with water. A sheet of paper is a thin layer of this pulpy matter, mixed with some kind of glue or size to give it firmness, and then dried.

The invention of the machine for paper making is due to a Frenchman, and a patent was obtained for it by the inventor from the French Government in 1799. A method of treating straw so as to make it capable of being manufactured into paper, was invented at the beginning of the present century. Various improvements have since been effected, and there are now mills which produce no other kind of paper than that made mostly from straw and wood-pulp; but the best and most important use of wood

and straw in paper-making, is to impart stiffness to the paper.

Two processes have been patented for the manufacture of paper entirely from wood. By the first process the wood is reduced to a pulp by means of chemicals. By the other process the pulp is obtained by merely grinding down the wood and mixing it with water during the operation.

Esparto, or Spanish grass, and the kindred plant called alfa, which is brought from Algeria, have been applied to paper-making only in comparatively recent years. The use of rushes for paper-making belongs to this country, and dates from the year 1866. The paper made from this material is white, firm, and of good quality, and considerably cheaper than that made from wood.

Blotting paper is made in the same way as ordinary paper, except that the sizing is omitted. Pasteboard is made from coarse paper by pasting several sheets together, or by laying the sheets above one another when fresh from the mold and uniting them by pressure. This second method is much the better of the two, as the sheets cohere more firmly. Pasteboard made in the other way is very apt to split into separate sheets when subjected to unusual heat.

Nothing is more remarkable than the great number and diversity of new uses that have been found for paper in recent years. Besides being largely employed for making collars, cuffs, and other articles of dress, it is sometimes used for making small houses in the backwoods of our Western States and territories, which are found to be warmer than those made of wood or sheet iron. It is used also

for making boats, pipes, tanks, and pails for water; cuirasses firm enough to resist musket-balls, wheels for railway carriages, and even bells and cannon have been made of it.

Notes and Questions.—The word ***paper*** is derived from the word pa py′rus.

The a gā′ve or Amer i can al′ōe is a plant requiring from ten to seventy years to reach maturity. It then produce a gigantic flower-stem forty feet in height, and perishes.

The es pär′to is a kind of rush grown in Spain, and used in the making of ropes, baskets, shoes, etc.

Hemp is the fibrous covering of a plant, and is used in making cloth and cordage.

Linen is thread or cloth made from flax or hemp.

What is the location of the following countries—Egypt, China, Japan, Algeria?

Language.—A rĕt′i cūle is a small bag to be carried in the hand.

Give two words ending in ***cule*** and show the force of the ***suffix;*** also, two words ending in ***cle*** and show the force of the ***suffix.***

24.—THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

pal′sy, *destroy action of.*
e tĕr′ni ty, *the state which begins at death.*
ĭn ter rŭpt′ed, *broke in.*
re priēve′, *suspension of punishment.*
blānched, *pale; color taken out.*
rĕg′is tered, *recorded.*
fĕr′vent ly, *in a devotional manner.*
fal′tered, *stammered; hesitated.*
jŭs′ti fȳ, *free from guilt or blame.*
cŭl′pa ble, *worthy of blame.*

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post:[N] I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and trustworthy he was!

The Soldier's Reprieve. (See page 120)

"I know he fell asleep only one little second;—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope; God is very merciful.

"'I should be ashamed, father,' Bennie said, 'when I was a man, to think I never used this great right arm,'—and he held it out so proudly before me,—'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow.'

"'Go, then, my boy!' I said, 'and God keep you!' God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen;" and the farmer repeated those last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them, listening with blanched cheeks. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it and read as follows—

"*Dear Father:*—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say that they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, that it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades; I can not now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and, when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double-quick [N], and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Every body was tired; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way.

"I was all tired out when we came into camp; and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, untill it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short re-

prieve—given to me by circumstances—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father!

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop,[N] waiting for me,—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out and down the foot-path to the road that led by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer.

Two hours later the same young girl stood at Mill Depot,[N] watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child than he did for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had taken Bennie's letter with her. No good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself at his morning's task of looking over and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you what so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"O yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself—that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at something to justify the offense.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too. A dim thought of this kind passed through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon the shoulder.[N] Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act without complaining, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain[x] home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "The Lord be praised."

MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

Notes.—A soldier who is found asleep at his post when doing duty as a sentinel, is usually sentenced to be shot.

Double-quick means the fastest time or step in marching, next to the run.

A ***stoop,*** as used in the lesson, means either a number of steps leading to the door of a house; or, a porch with a railing around it.

The ***Green Mountains*** are in the State of Vermont.

Depot (de pō' or dē'po) is a word often used in some parts of this country to signify a railway ***station.*** The popular meaning of ***depot*** in the United States seems to be a place where cars and freight are kept, and from which trains start; and ***station,*** any other stopping-place on a railway.

A strap upon the shoulder is the badge of a commissioned officer either in the army or navy. As employed in the lesson, the expression means that Bennie was made a lieutenant.

25.—OUR COUNTRY.

nûrt'ūred, *fed; brought up.*
ăm'ple, *large; great in size.*
en ăm'eled, *covered; painted.*
tȳ'rant, *cruel ruler.*
hīre'ling, *one serving for wages.*
boun'te ŏus, *plentiful.*

Our country! 'tis a glorious land!
  With broad arms stretched from shore to shore;
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
  She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
  How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
  Enameled with her loveliest dyes!

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
  Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
  Reflecting clear each trembling star:
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
  Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
  Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
  Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
  And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
  In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous stores,
  There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home—
  This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
  And breathe the air of liberty.
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
  Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
  Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise!

W. J. PABODIE.

Elocution.—With what ***tone of voice*** should this lesson be read?

Language.—What ***simile*** occurs in the second stanza?

"Calm content and peace abide", is an expression containing either the figure ***personification,*** in case we think of "content" and "peace" as persons; or, ***me ton'y my,*** if we regard "content" and "peace" simply as qualities used instead of the possessors of those qualities.

Metonymy signifies a change of name, one word being used for another on account of a close relationship between them.

26.—BEE-HUNTERS.

sĕm ĭ çir′eu lar, *having the form of half a circle.*
creep′er, *a plant which clings to something for support.*
hŏr i zŏn′tal, *level.*
păs′ive, *not opposing; inactive.*
stū′pe fied, *made senseless.*
suc çĕs′sive ly, *one after another.*
lŭs′cious (lŭsh′ŭs), *sweet.*
im mū′ni ty, *freedom.*
pĕr′se eūt ing, *annoying.*

One of the most important and valuable products of the Island of Timor, in the Malay Archipelago, is bees-wax. This is formed by the wild bees, which build huge honey-combs, suspended in the open air from the under side of the lofty branches of the highest trees. These combs are of semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter.

I once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the valley where I used to collect insects, I one day noticed three or four men and boys under a high tree, and looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch, three large bees' combs.

The tree was straight and smooth-barked and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home.

As the men were evidently looking for honey, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which was very tough and stringy, and began splitting it through in several directions. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper round them.

He then fastened his cloth tightly around his waist, and producing another cloth wrapped it around his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle* he carried a long coil of thin cord; and while he had been making these preparations, one of his companions had cut a strong creeper, or bush-rope, eight or ten yards long, to one end of which a wood torch was fastened. It was then lighted at the bottom, and emitted a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened with a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope just above the torch, and passed the other end around the trunk of the tree, holding one end in each hand. Jerking it above the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and leaning back began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or inclination of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare feet.

It almost made me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground; and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he had got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees.

Then he stopped a moment and took care to swing the torch, which hung just at his feet, a little toward these dangerous insects, so as to send up the

stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner that I could not understand, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms and legs. Then stretching himself along the limb, he crept toward the nearest comb and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around.

The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then drawing his knife, cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below.

He was all this time enveloped in a swarm of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were evidently not stupefied by the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work.

There were three other combs on the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, as well as a valuable lot of wax.

After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying about wildly and stinging viciously. Several got about me, and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net, and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me in a most determined manner, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives.

I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt to escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, and does not attempt to sting. Still these men must often suffer and learn to bear the pain impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

A. R. WALLACE.

Notes and Questions.—A ***girdle*** is a band of cloth or leather which encircles the body at the waist.

Where is the Malay Archipelago?

Language.—A ***pronoun*** is a word used instead of a ***name-word*** (***noun***).

What word is used instead of "bee-hunter" in the second and third sentences of the fifth paragraph?

Does the use of the word "he" save the repetition of the ***name-word?***

What, then, is ***one*** of the uses of a ***pronoun?***

Who is the author of the lesson? What word does he use instead of his name? Why?

I, thou, he, she, and ***it*** are called ***personal pronouns*** and take the place of ***name-words; who, which,*** and ***what, interrogative pronouns,*** when used in questions; ***who, which,*** and ***that*** (also ***what=that which***), ***relative pronouns*** when joining the words they introduce to a preceding word called an ***antecedent.***

Composition.—Give a short description of the way in which bees are kept in this country.

27.—THE COAST OF NORWAY.

in ŭn′dāte, *flood; overflow.*	ĭm′aġed, *reflected.*
plăn′ets, *bodies which revolve about the sun.*	hŏs′pi ta ble, *kind to strangers and guests.*
cŏn stel lā′tions, *groups of fixed stars.*	per pĕt′ū al, *unending; never ceasing.*
vī′brāte, *move to and fro.*	spīn′y, *full of thorns.*
un mōōrs′, *looses from anchor.*	de fī′ançe, *in opposition to.*

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast. On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself out into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very fine.

The long, straggling promontories are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high, rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called fiords[N], from almost every wind, so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake.

For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to hunt the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, cod, or herring, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are more beautiful in the summer or the winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the forest and mountain lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noons of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half over, out come the stars,—the glorious stars—which shine like nothing we have ever seen.

There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse; and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its aerie; and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds that inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong

echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day.

Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes this music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps; and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is a sound in the midst of the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is also, now and then, a loud crack of the ice in the nearest glacier;[N] and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the Northern Lights are shooting and blazing across the sky.

Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook among the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house, and clear a field or two; wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road,—there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter and the

tread of dancers, and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Biography.—Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich (nŏr′rĭj), England, in 1802, and died in 1876.

Miss Martineau received an excellent education and entered upon a literary life. The acuteness of her powers of observation was due to her careful training in early youth. The loss of hearing more than any other reason, caused her to shun society and devote her time to travel. Few persons have viewed understandingly so much, or have given us the results of their observation in so pleasing and useful a form.

Notes.—***Fiord*** is pronounced as a single syllable—fyôrd; ***glacier*** is pronounced either as glā′seer or glăs′i er.

Language.—Add the ***suffix ive*** to the following words and then define the words so formed:—Sport, act, invent, attract.

Employ each of the words just formed in a sentence, showing its proper meaning.

28.—KENTUCKY BELLE.

for lôrn′, *solitary; miserable.*
wĭst′ful, *eager to know; anxiously attentive.*
jād′ed, *tired; wearied.*
swāy′ed, *bent; inclined to one side*
trōōp′ers, *mounted soldiers; cavalry.*
săp′ling, *a young tree.*
băt′tered, *worn by use.*
tûrn′pike, *public road or way.*

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen, there, was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-grass[N] country; my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out, to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas[N] it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad:
Bareback he rode: he had no hat: he hardly stopped to say.
"Morgan's[N]; men are coming, Frau[N]; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—all the horses that he can find,—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knife and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
Nearer, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar:
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the Raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away.
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And ford the upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance:
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain.
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see—
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South!

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers round his mouth:
"Do you know the Blue-grass country?" he wistfully began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I got him into the log-house, and worked, and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders, they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by riding hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the Raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still:
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass:
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how:
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of clothing gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—it was all for Tennessee:
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe, back in the old Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur:
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Biography.—Constance Fenimore Woolson is a well-known contributor to periodical literature. Among her works, may be mentioned: "Castle Nowhere," "Rodman, the Keeper," "Southern Sketches," "Two Women" (a poem), and "Lake County Sketches."

Notes.—The Confederate general, John H. Morgan, received the name of "The Raider" on account of his bold and usually successful expeditions.

The ***Tŭs cà ră'was*** is a shallow stream of water in Ohio.

Frau (frow) is a German word meaning wife.

Blue-grass is a kind of grass found in some parts of Kentucky, and considered excellent for horses and cattle.

29.—LAND AND SEA-BREEZES.

dĭs′si pāt ed, *driven away; scattered.*
rĕq′ui sĭte (rĕk′wĭ-zit), *necessary.*
măg′ni tūde, *size; importance.*
re vĕr′ber āt ing, *echoing.*
sug gĕst′ĭve, *full of thought.*
sûr′plus, *that which remains after use is satisfied.*
rā di ā′tion, *the casting off of waves of heat.*
re mōte′, *distant.*
mĭt′i gāt ed, *lessened.*
in vĭg′or āt ing, *refreshing.*

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience for the coming of the sea-breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air, which seems to give new life to all for their daily labors.

About sunset, there is again another calm. The sea-breeze is now over, and in a short time the land-breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea-breezes—a wind from the sea by day, and from the land by night—is so regular in tropical countries, that it is looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical countries,[N] especially those on the polar side of the trade-winds, these breezes blow only in summer and autumn; for then only is the heat of the sun sufficiently intense to produce the requisite amount of lightness in the air over the land. This depends in a measure also, upon the character of the land upon which the sea-breeze blows; for when the surface is arid and the soil barren the heating power of the sun is exerted with

most effect. In such cases the sea-breeze amounts to a gale of wind.

In the summer of the southern hemisphere, the sea-breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place to which my services afloat have led me. Here regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea-breeze blows furiously; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets; people seek shelter; business is interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off.

Suddenly, the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm. The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud, and the atmosphere is wonderfully transparent; the Andes seem to draw near; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites one abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl.

In the southern summer, this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity; and yet the calm always seems to surprise one, and to come before one has had time to realize that the furious sea-wind could so soon be hushed. Presently the stars begin to peep out; timidly at first, as if to see if the elements here below have ceased their strife, and whether the scene on earth be such as they, from their bright spheres aloft, may shed their sweet influence upon.

Alone in the night-watch, after the sea-breeze has sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck under those beautiful skies, gazing, admiring, wondering.

I have seen there, above the horizon at the same time, and shining with a splendor unknown to northern latitudes, every star of the first magnitude —save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers.

There lies the city on the sea-shore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds. The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above; and one almost fears to speak lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted "chambers of the south," should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul.

Within the tropics, the land and sea-breezes are more gentle; and though the night scenes there are not so suggestive as those just described, yet they are exceedingly lovely and delightful. The oppressive heat of the sun is mitigated, and the climate of the sea-shore is made both refreshing and healthful, by the alternation of those winds, which invariably come from the cooler place—from the sea, which is the cooler by day, and from the land, which is the cooler by night.

About ten in the morning, the heat of the sun has played upon the land with sufficient intensity to raise its temperature above that of the water. A portion of this heat being imparted to the air above it, causes it to rise; when the air, first from the beach then from the sea, to the distance of several miles, begins to flow in with a most delightful and invigorating freshness.

When a fire is kindled on the hearth, we may see, if we observe the motes[N] floating in the air of

the room, that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught, and to obey it—they are drawn into the flame. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now, the land is the hearth; the rays of the sun, the fire; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room: and thus we have at our firesides the sea-breeze in miniature.

When the sun goes down, the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than that on the sea, and, consequently, there is a wind seaward, which we call the land-breeze.

LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

Biography.—Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Virginia in 1806, and died in 1878.

Maury entered the U. S. navy in 1825, as a midshipman. In 1835, he published his "Treatise on Navigation." In 1839 he was rendered incapable of active service, and devoted his time to literary work.

When the National Observatory at Washington was erected, Maury was placed in charge of it, and succeeded in obtaining for the institution the favorable attention of the leading astronomers of Europe.

Maury's "Wind and Current Charts" and book of "Sailing Directions" led to the adoption of a uniform plan of observations at sea by all the great maritime powers of the world.

Notes.—***Extra-tropical countries*** means those lying outside of, or beyond, the tropics.

Motes are very small particles of matter; they can be seen if we look through the rays of sunlight entering a room.

Language.—Explain the force of the ***suffix ward*** in the following words:—Seaward, homeward, upward, forward.

Give a sentence showing the meaning of ***homeward.***

Composition.—Select six points for an ***analysis*** of the subject—"A Visit to the Sea-side."

30.—THE FIRST NIGHT AT SCHOOL.

re spŏn'si ble, *answerable; accountable.*
ex ăg'ger āt ed, *increased; made greater.*
dĭs'çi plĭne, *order.*
jūn'ior (yŭr), *younger.*
fāgs, *school boys who perform low services for boys in a higher class.*
dôr'mi to ry, *a sleeping room.*
prŏv'oeā'tion, *that which excites anger.*
eor rŭpt', *changed from a good to a worse state.*
vẽr'ger, *an attendant.*
sŭb'tle, *sly; cunning.*
ab lū'tions, *washing, especially of the body.*
tĕs'ti mo ny, *witness; proof.*

Directly after school-house prayers, Tom led Arthur up to the dormitory and showed him his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close[N]. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fire-place was occupied by the sixth-form[N] boy who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags; for the fifth-form boys slept in rooms by themselves. Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than sixteen years old, and they were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys went to bed from ten to a quarter past, at which time the old verger came round to put out the candles, except when the boys sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, among whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in a room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor, little, lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward

Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered; and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and threw it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm, and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their disrobing there; and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in that room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came

across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the school-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed, was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor, little, weak boy, whom he had pitied and

almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him, as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning.

The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "saint" and "square-toes," and a dozen other hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the greatest number.

And then came the more subtle temptation. "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten

minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in the face of the whole room, he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another great lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without His witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room; at any rate, every boy knew that

he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers.

Some of the small boys of No. 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums,[N] and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried to follow the example set by Tom and Arthur—in one instance or so, where one of the teachers heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer.

Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the school-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out forever.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Biography.—Thomas Hughes (hūz) was born in Berkshire, England, in 1823, and was educated at Rugby School and at Oxford University.

Hughes has gained popularity on both sides of the Atlantic as author of the two books, "School-days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford."

Notes.—A ***close*** is a small piece of ground inclosed by a hedge or fence.

Form is the word used in England for class. There are in the public Grammar Schools six forms or classes, and ***Sixth-Form*** boys, being the oldest, are in part selected as monitors and assist in keeping up the discipline of the school.

Chums usually means persons who occupy the same room; but in this lesson, the word means intimate friends.

Elocution.—Point out the ***emphatic words*** in the last paragraph. Should the last sentence be read more slowly than the rest of the lesson? What effect is produced by the slow reading?

Select two other sentences which may be rendered more ***emphatic*** by slow reading.

31.—THE BRAVE AT HOME.

dis sĕm′bleş, *conceals.*
re côrdş′, *takes notice of.*
be dewed′ (dūd), *moistened.*
ġirdş, *makes fast.*
rĕnt, *torn.*
a sŭn′der, *into parts; apart.*

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,[N]
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder!
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death[N] around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Biography.—Thomas Buchanan Read was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died in New York City in 1872.

In 1839, Read decided upon art as a profession, and soon gained distinction as a portrait painter. He resided at various times in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Cincinnati; and the last years of his life were passed in Rome, Italy. He was the author of several volumes of poems, which have been much admired.

Among his other poems are the following: "The New Pastoral," "The Home by the Sea," and "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

Notes.—A ***sash,*** as used in the lesson, means a band worn about the waist or over the shoulder: it is a badge of distinction among certain military officers. What other well-known meaning has the word?

Bolts of death means any missiles of destruction used in battle, as bullets, cannon-ball, arrows, or javelins.

Language.—Use the following pairs of words in sentences, and show the difference in their meaning:—Girds, binds; shed, pour.

32.—THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

sa găç′i ty, *state of being wise.*
in trudes′, *thrusts one's self in.*
năt′ū ral ĭsts, *those who study the history of animals and plants.*
im pēde′, *place any difficulty in the way of.*
sŏl′i tūde, *a state of being alone.*
fôr′çeps, *pair of pincers.*
sŭs′te nançe, *food.*
glū′ti noŭs, *resembling glue.*
păr′al lel, *running in the same direction.*
an tăg′o nĭst, *one who fights against another; an enemy.*
sub sĭst′ed, *fed; lived.*
săe′ri fĭçed (fīzd), *destroyed by.*

Animals in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. Elephants and beavers show the greatest signs of this sagacity when they are together in large numbers; but when man intrudes himself into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and indicate but a very small share of that trait for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of naturalists, but all their sagacity seems to be lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever noticed, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for war, not only upon other insects, but also upon its own species. Nature seems to have formed it for this condition of life.

Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect, and its body is enveloped in a soft, pliable skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for attack or defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of

this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which it spins into thread, coarse or fine as it chooses.

In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then, as it recedes from the first point, the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tight and fixed to the wall in the same manner as before.

In this way it spins and fixes several threads parallel to one another, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to one another wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most likely to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the servant frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction.

In three days the web was completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It repeatedly traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The

first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor.

Soon, then, a terrible encounter followed, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all his arts vain, began to destroy the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed its antagonist.

Now then, in peaceful possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaks of its web, and taking no food that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb.

I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net around its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly entangled in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a perilous state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the

spider came out to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so powerful an antagonist.

When the wasp war at liberty, I expected that the spider would have set about repairing the breaks in the net; but this, it seems, could not be accomplished, therefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; therefore I destroyed this and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It made an attack upon a neighboring web with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very

patiently waits till it is sure of them; for should it immediately approach, the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; its habit then is to wait patiently, till, by useless struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for defense or an attack.

To complete this description it may be observed that the male spiders are much smaller than the female. When the latter come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole.

If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying their young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they begin to eat with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their fomer size.

As they grow old, however, they do not continue to increase in size, their legs only, grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Biography.—Oliver Goldsmith was born at the village of Pallas, Ireland, in 1728, and died in London in 1774.

He received the degree of B. A. from Trinity College, Dublin, and was induced by his uncle to prepare for the Church. The Bishop of Elphin promptly rejected the young man when he appeared at the examination of candidates, wearing a pair of scarlet breeches.

When we read the life of Goldsmith, and take into account all his troubles—troubles brought upon himself through folly and improvidence—we can only the more admire the great genius that could conquer in spite of such obstacles.

His style, as a writer of both prose and poetry, was unsurpassed by any of his cotemporaries, and is still regarded as a model of purity and beauty.

Among his principal works are the following: "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveler," "The Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

33.—A GOOD INVESTMENT.

in vĕst′ment, *laying out of money.*
pär, *apparent value.*
ăd′e quāte, *sufficient.*
pĕn′ū ry, *poverty, want.*
pro prī′e tor, *owner.*
in tĕr′ro gā′tions, *questions.*
dī′a lŏgue, *talk between two or more persons.*
in tĕg′ri ty, *honesty.*
cān′celed, *paid.*
al lūd′ed, *written about.*
de jĕet′ed, *cast down.*
im pôrt′ū nate, *pressing.*

"Will you lend me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over his ledger in

the counting-room of one of the largest establishments in Boston.

The person addressed turned toward the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired. "What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man, promptly.

"Which I fear would be below par in the market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," said the young man; "but, Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton, mildly; "but you know business men seldom lend money without adequate security; otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became very pale; and, having kept silent for several moments, he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment, "Then you can not accommodate me?"

"Call on me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton, and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk; but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and, after making several sad blunders, he closed the ledger, took his hat, and went out into the street. Arriving at the store of a wealthy merchant in Milk Street, he entered the door.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was

seated at his desk counting over the profits of the week.

"Good-morning," replied the merchant. "Happy to see you. Have a seat. Any news? How's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said, "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington Street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this; "but you do not think of lending that sum—do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single penny would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton was silent for several minutes and then arose to depart. "If you do not feel disposed to share with me in the enterprise, I shall advance

the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° ° °

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk at which he stood when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger is examined, his despair becomes deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaims, "I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the room in time to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleg, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing me for payment of their demands. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember

that it was from you that I received money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was canceled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe has never been canceled; and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy. Every claim against him was paid as soon as presented, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure: his credit improved, and his business increased, while several others sunk under the blow, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this lesson.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter in the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily indeed," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. Barton with a look of surprise, "but how did you procure the funds? As for me, I could not obtain a

dollar's credit: the banks refused to take my paper, and even my friends deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"

"O, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lighted up his countenance; "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the largest dry-goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity occurred, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

During this announcement Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and drawing a deep sigh he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

FREEMAN HUNT.

Biography.—Freeman Hunt was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1804, and died in New York City in 1858.

He was at one time the editor and proprietor of "The Merchants' Magazine." He also established "The Ladies' Magazine," "The Weekly Traveler," and "The Juvenile Miscellany."

Language.—Explain what is meant by the expressions—"The scale is turned" and a "Turn in the tide of fortune."

Composition.—Give a reason for the use of each mark of punctuation and each capital letter employed in the first two paragraphs of the lesson.

84.—DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

sō'bẽr, *slow; calm.*
grĭm, *stern.*
crŏp'ping, *biting; cutting.*
bŭt'ter cŭps, *a kind of plant having bright yellow flowers.*
trĕm'ū lŏus, *shaking.*

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let the youngest go!
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,—

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats' flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew,—

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes;
"For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,"
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,
In golden glory at last may wane.

KATE P. OSGOOD.

Biography.—Kate Putnam Osgood, born in Maine in 1841, is a contributor to the leading periodicals of this country. She is regarded as one of the most pleasing of our American poets.
"Driving Home the Cows" is considered the most popular of her poems.

35.—MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

lĕct′ūre, *a discourse on any subject.*
in sŭlt′, *treat with abuse.*
ăg′gra vāt ing, *provoking.*
hĭn′der, *stop.*
clŏgs, *heavy shoes.*
sŏp′ping, *soaking.*
dow′dy, *an ill-dressed woman.*

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's Day!

Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose on me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? O you do hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring out of the house all the time. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks,—and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I'm determined. No! they shall stay at home and never learn any thing—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. O yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more.

No! and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence?—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for them? I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I shall get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't I wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows, it isn't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Candle, I choose to go as a lady.

O! that rain, if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I'm to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now it might have gone without one for all of me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

O it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep! You've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then how my poor children will be used! But then, sir, then you'll be happy. O don't tell me, I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella.

You have to go on Thursday about that summons, and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? O don't tell me that I said I wouldn't go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all, because we've no umbrella.

The children too, dear things, they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heared.) O what a brute a man is! O dear, dear, d-e-a-r!

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Biography.—Douglas Jerrold was born in London in 1803, and died in 1857.

He passed his eleventh and twelfth years as a midshipman in the British navy, out of which experience he composed "Black-eyed Susan," one of his most successful plays.

In London, Jerrold rose from the position of a printer's apprentice to that of editor of a magazine. He became widely known as a contributor to London "Punch," a humorous publication of extensive circulation.

Language.—Mrs. Caudle's Lectures appear to be more humorous from the suppression of Mr. Caudle and the consequent loss of the form of dialogue.

Supply what Mr. Caudle is supposed to have said in the first three paragraphs.

86.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

sym'bols, *signs.*
ăs'pect, *apperrance.*
lĕg'a çies, *gifts.*
em blă'zon ry, *signs or figures on shields or standards.*
ef fŭl'gent, *bright; shining.*
răm'pant, *standing upright on its hind legs.*
im môr'tal, *everlasting.*
lū'mi noŭs, *shining; emitting light.*
be nĕf'i çent, *kind; generous.*

When a man of thoughtful mind sees a nation's flag, he sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the principles, the truth, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor[N] rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see Italy restored. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew[N] and St. George[N] on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the seas, carrying every-where, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored lights shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold indicative of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing nation; and when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington

while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.

They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans; in the halls of the Montezumas[N] and amid the solitude of every sea; and every-where, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Biography.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1818.

After graduating at Amherst College, Mr. Beecher devoted himself to the study of theology, and soon became successful in his profession. Since 1847, he has been pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. Beecher's style as a writer is clear and forcible; and in preaching or lecturing, he exhibits, in addition to those qualities, wonderful grace of manner and fluency of expression.

His principal works are his sermons; but he has also written one volume of "A Life of Christ," and "Norwood," a novel. He was, for many years, editor of the "Christian Union."

Notes.—***St. Andrew*** was the patron saint of Scotland; ***St. George,*** the patron saint of England. The oblique cross of St. Andrew and the vertical cross of St. George are united on the British flag.

Tricolor means three-colored. The national banner of France is three-colored—blue, white, and red.

The halls of the Montezumas means in Mexico, since the Montezumas were formerly the sovereigns of that country.

87.—THE BISON TRACK.

prime, *charge with powder.*
tĕth′ered, *tied.*
lēagues, *distances equal to three miles.*
re sist′less, *not to be opposed.*
cär′cass, *dead body of an animal.*
stam pēde′, *sudden flight from fright.*
brĭn′dled, *having many colors.*

Strike the tent![N] The sun has risen;
Not a vapor streaks the dawn,
And the frosted prairie brightens
To the westward, far and wan.
Prime afresh the trusty rifle,
Sharpen well the hunting spear;
For the frozen sod is trembling,
And a noise of hoofs I hear.

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses,
As they snuff the morning's fire;
Their impatient heads are tossing
As they neigh with keen desire.
Strike the tent! The saddles wait us;—
Let the bridle reins be slack,
For the prairie's distant thunder
Has betrayed the bison's track.

See! a dusky line approaches;
Hark the onward surging roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers
On a sounding wall of shore!
Dust and sand behind them whirling,
Snort the foremost of the van,
And their stubborn horns are clashing
Through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us;
Let the maddened horses go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind,
Though a hundred leagues it blow!
Though the cloudy manes should thicken,
And the red eyes' angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop
Through the sand and rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scar the prairie,
In our wild resistless race,
And a sound, like mighty waters,
Thunder down the desert space;
Yet the rein may not be tightened,
Nor the rider's eye look back,—
Death to him whose speed should slacken
On the maddened bison's track.

Now the trampling herds are threaded,
And the chase is close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops
In the edges of the storm;
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso,
Swing your rifles as we run;
See the dust is red behind him,—
Shout, my comrades, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers,—
'Tis the last shot he will need!
More shall fall among his fellows,
Ere we run the mad stampede,—
Ere we stem the brinded breakers,
While the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass
On the bloody bison track.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Biography.—Bayard Taylor was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, and died in Berlin in 1878.

At the age of seventeen, while at work as an apprentice in a printing office, he began to write poetry for periodicals. In 1844, he published a volume of poems under the title "Ximena;" and in 1846 he began a tour of Europe on foot.

Taylor soon became well known both as a writer and a traveler. During twenty years of his life, he may be said to have composed his poems and written his newspaper articles as he was journeying from place to place. At the time of his death, he was United States Minister to Berlin.

Among the best known of Taylor's works are: "Views Afoot, or Europe Seen with a Knapsack and Staff," "Eldorado," "Northern Travel," "Rhymes of Travel," "Story of Kennett," "Hannah Thurston," and "A Translation of Goethe's Faust."

Notes.—***Strike the tent*** means to take the tent down and make it ready for transportation.

In the latter part of the fifth stanza, reference is made to the necessity of keeping along with a herd of buffaloes when the hunters have ridden into it, for should they stop, they would be trampled to death.

38.—THE HURRICANE.

im prĕs′sions (prĕsh ŭns), *imprints; influences on the feelings.*
çir cu lā′tion, *flow.*
pro pĕn′si ty, *desire.*
prox ĭm′i ty, *nearness.*
e lăpsed′, *passed away.*
răv′en oŭs, *hungry even to rage.*
sŭl′phŭr (fŭr), *a mineral substance of a yellow color.*
ob sc̈ured′, *hid.*
dif fūsed′, *poured out.*
dĕp re dā′tions, *attacks for plunder.*
sus tāined′, *suffered.*

Various portions of our country have, at different times, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten.

Having witnessed one of these awful scenes in

all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the airy element, even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected with a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shewanee, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations.

I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when suddenly I noticed a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no inclination to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose to my feet, looked toward the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me.

Little time was left to me for consideration, as

the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country.

Turning toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling in pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massive trunks, and in many cases, whole trees of gigantic size were falling, entire, to the ground.

So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing beneath the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward

like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. The space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of snags and sunken logs strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, it produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onward by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable odor of sulphur was diffused in the atmosphere. Having sustained no material injury, I waited in amazement, until nature at length resumed her usual aspect.

For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it.

I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them the best way I could,

at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane, were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire-sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree.

But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by the awful visitation.

The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes thickly entangled among the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district.

I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last

mentioned. In all those different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter or a mile in breadth.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

Biography.—John James Audubon was born in 1780 in Louisiana—then a French colony—and died in 1851.

He became much interested in the study of birds, even at an early age. When fourteen years old, he was sent to Paris to acquire the art of drawing. After his return to America, he devoted his time to active research, and then published that wonderful work—"The Birds of America."

As a scientist, an artist, and a writer, Audubon stands in the front rank of the world's great men.

Language.—If we add to the ***simple sentence*** "I can never forget the scene," another sentence modifying some part of it, as, "which presented itself," limiting ***scene,*** we have what is called a ***complex sentence.***

Select two ***complex sentences*** from the lesson, and show the parts of each.

89.—IS A TURTLE A FISH?

[Debate in the Virginia House of Delegates.]

sŏph'ist rieş (sŏf), *false reasons that seem to be true.*
pro found', *deep.*
in cŏn tro vērt'i blȩ, *not to be denied.*
tôr'toisȩ, *a small land animal, commonly called a turtle.*
re fĕrrȩd', *given in charge of.*
ĭn'ti māt ing, *hinting; giving slight notice of.*
lēi'surȩ ly (zhŭr), *slowly.*
chăl'lengȩ, *an invitation to a contest.*
dis cŭs'sion (kŭsh'ŭn), *consideration.*
il lĕg'i blȩ, *not easily read.*

Mr. Speaker,[N]— A bill, having for its object the marking and determining of the close season for catching and killing turtles and terrapins,[N] has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge,

who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are fish, and not game, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured, many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are; and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

I have profound respect for the gentleman's opinion; as a lawyer he has acquired not only a state but a national reputation; but even I, opposing a pin's point against the shield of Pelides,[N] take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer, I don't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few, plain, incontrovertible facts, and, as the old saw[N] says, "facts are stubborn things."

Is a turtle a fish? I imagine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I come from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on the dry land to deposit their eggs, and when they find them they bark as if they were treeing a squirrel. Now, I ask the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs; that those legs have feet; and that those feet are armed with claws, like a cat's, a panther's, or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I think not.

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food or water. Can a fish live without water? why, sir, it has grown into a proverb that it can not. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish!

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head, and that it won't die till the sun goes down? Suppose now a modern Joshua should point his sword at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Æsop[N] tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land—the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch[N] and coming out winner of the silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion, which, he offered to wager, could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted. A snapping turtle was then produced, which conquered the lordly king of beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River that will do the same?

Again, a turtle has a tail; now, what nature intended him to do with that particular member, I can not divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our

household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish who didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House by further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman,—to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day strolling leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land tortoise or turtle, and picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious characters engraved in the shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but after considerable effort, I made out the inscription, and raed—

ADAM. PARADISE. YEAR ONE.

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this House to tell me what it is!

ALEXANDER HUNTER.

Notes.—***Mr. Speaker*** is the customary form used in addressing the presiding officer of an assembly. Other forms used for the same purpose are—Mr. Chairman and Mr. President.

Ter′ra pins are large sea-turtles. They are found in great numbers in Chesapeake Bay. Their flesh is excellent for food.

Pē li′dēs means the son of Pe′le us; A chil′lēs, a famous Grecian warrior.

A ***saw*** is an old and true saying often repeated.

Æ′sop was a Greek and a writer of fables.

A quarter stretch means a quarter of a mile, and is an expression taken from the race-course.

40.—LEGEND OF THE CAÑON.

făth'oms, *measures of length, containing six feet each.*
mys'tic, *wonderful.*
cas cāde', *small falls of water.*
hōard, *a stock of any thing laid up.*
em bos'omed, *half hid.*
ăl'ley, *a narrow pathway.*

Where the sunset's golden gleamings
On the rocky highlands[N] rest,
'Neath the moonlight's silver beamings
Of the distant, dreamy West,
Once there roamed an Indian lover,
With his fawn-eyed Indian fair,—
Lover blithe as mountain rover,
Maiden rich in flowing hair.

But the sleep that knows no waking
Chilled the gentle maiden's breast,
And the Brave,[N] all hope forsaking,
Laid her in the hill to rest,—
Laid her where the eye may wander
Far o'er slopes and ledges steep,
And the mind on billows ponder—
Billows grand, but locked in sleep.

Then the Brave's bold eye was darkened,
And his hand forgot the bow;
Naught to human speech he hearkened;
Naught but sorrow would he know.
Frozen was his heart of gladness
As the summits capped with snow;
Dark his soul with sullen sadness
As their cavern depths below.

But the Great, Good Spirit[N] sought him—
Sought him in his speechless grief,
And, in kindly promise, brought him
Matchless comfort and relief.
"Come," He said, "and see thy dearest—
See her in her spirit home;
Towards the Southland—'tis the nearest—
We shall journey, hither come!"

And they went—the Spirit leading—
Speeding with unmeasured force;
Neither hill nor valley heeding,
On, straight onward, was their course;
With the whirlwind's footstep striding,
By the smooth and rock-cut ledge,
Hills with earthquake's plow dividing—
Plowshare sharp as lightning's edge.

Such their way through hill and valley,
Cold and narrow, dark and steep,
Oped the rock-embosomed alley,
Out a thousand fathoms deep.
Carving, piercing, cutting thorough,
Toward the drowsy southern shore,
The Spirit formed the mystic furrow,
And told its sides to meet no more.

But the Spirit, good, all-knowing,
Feared lest man's unresting race;
By the mystic pathway going,
Should mar the spirit-hunter's chase.
'Twas then He gave the torrents headway;
A thousand, thousand streams were poured;—
'Twas then adown its narrow bedway
That first the Colorado[N] roared.

And still the diamond drops are speeding
Down a million, rippling rills,
The headlong, rushing cascades feeding
From liquid hoard of snow-clad hills.
And still the voices of the river
Within the cañon's depths are heard,
In echoing sounds to speak forever
At the bidding of His word.

JEREMIAH MAHONEY.

Biography.—Jeremiah Mahoney was a frequent contributor to periodical literature. Only a few of his poems appeared in print under his name. The "Legend of the Cañon" fairly exhibits his poetical genius.

Notes and Questions.—***Brave*** is a name given to an Indian warrior.

The Great Spirit is the Indian expression meaning God.

The ***rocky highlands*** referred to in the first stanza are the Rocky Mountains.

Is it true that the summits of the Rocky Mountains are "capped with snow"?

Where is the Colorado River? The word ***Colorado*** is Spanish and signifies ***red.*** This name was given to this river because of the reddish color of its waters.

What is the depth of its cañons? Is "a thousand fathoms" an exaggeration?

Elocution.—What should be the ***rate*** in reading this poem? Mark the ***rhetorical pauses*** in the first and last stanzas. Point out the ***emphatic words*** in the second stanza.

Language.—In the last stanza, ***word*** is used instead of a number of words—as in a command. The expression is an example of the figure sy̆n ec′do che. Another example of the same figure occurs in the use of the words ***thousand*** and ***million,*** definite numbers for what is indefinite.

Synecdoche is the use of a ***part*** for the ***whole;*** or a ***whole*** for a ***part;*** or a ***definite number*** for an ***indefinite number.***

Remark.—The figures used thus far in this book are ***Figures of Rhetoric,*** and will be so called in the future. They are Simile, Metaphor, Personification, Apostrophe, Hyperbole, Metonymy, and Synecdoche.

Composition.—Select the important events narrated in the poem, and write them out in the form of an ***analysis.***

41.—STANLEY'S SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

ex pănse′, *wide space.*
lū′ çid, *clear.*
văl′ an çes, *curtains.*
em bow′ ered, *nearly covered.*
bûr′ nished, *smooth and bright.*
con grăt′ ū lāte, *wish him joy.*
so nō′ rous, *loud sounding.*
ma jŏr′ i ty, *greater number.*
hu măn′ i ty, *mankind.*
jour′ nals, *accounts of daily events.*
for măl′ i ties, *customary forms.*

On the second day after Stanley's[N] arrival at the capital of Unyanyembe,[N] the Arab magnates of Tabora came to congratulate him. Tabora[N] is the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa, with a population of about five thousand. The Arabs were fine, handsome men, mostly from Oman,[N] and each had a large retinue of servants with him.

After having exchanged the usual stock of congratulations, Stanley accepted an invitation to return the visit at Tabora, and three days afterward, accompanied by eighteen bravely dressed soldiers, he was presented to a group of stately Arabs in long white dresses and jaunty caps of snowy white, and introduced to the hospitalities of Tabora.

On the 20th of September, the American flag was again hoisted, and the caravan, consisting of fifty-four persons, started along the southern route toward Ujiji[N] and Livingstone.[N] It moved forward through forests of immense extent, that stretched in grand waves beyond the range of vision;—among ridges, forest-clad, rising gently one above another, until they receded through a leafy ocean into the purple blue distance, where was only a dim outline of a hill far away.

Stanley next passed through a grand and noble expanse of grass-land,—which was one of the finest scenes he had witnessed since leaving the coast. Great herds of buffalo, zebra, giraffe, and antelope course through the plain, and the expedition indulged in a day or two of hunting. While crossing a river at this point, Stanley narrowly escaped being devoured by a crocodile, but cared little for the danger, led on, as he was, by the excitement of stalking wild boars and shooting buffalo cows.

Now from time to time, Stanley heard, from passing savages, occasional rumors of the presence of white men at various points. This encouraged him to believe that Livingstone was not far off, and gave him the necessary boldness to traverse the great wilderness beyond Marara,[N] the crossing of which he was warned would occupy nine days. The negroes became exceedingly pleased at the prospect of their journey's end. They therefore boldly turned their faces north and marched for the Malagarazi,[N] a large river flowing from the east to Lake Tanganyika.[N]

On the 1st of November, they arrived at the long-looked-for river, and, after crossing the ferry, they met a caravan coming from the interior, and were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji.

"A white man?" cried Stanley.

"Yes, an old white man, with white hair on his face, and he was sick."

"Where did he come from?"

"From a very far country indeed."

"Where was he—staying at Ujiji?"

"Yes."

"And was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

"Hurra!" said Stanley; "this must be Livingstone."

He determined to hasten forward at all hazards. The caravan arrived on the 8th of November at the Rugufu[N] River, at which point they could distinctly hear the thunders from the mysterious torrents which rolled into the hollow recesses of Kabogo[N] Mountain on the farther side of Lake Tanganyika. This noise gave Stanley the heartiest joy, because he knew that he was only forty-six miles from Ujiji, and possibly Livingstone.

About midday on the 9th of November, they reached a beautiful series of valleys, where wild fruit-trees grew, and rare flowers blossomed. On this day they caught sight of the hills from which Lake Tanganyika could be seen. Stanley ordered his boy, Selim, to brush up his tattered traveling suits, that he might make as good an appearance as possible.

On the two hundred and thirty-sixth day from Bagamoyo,[N] and the fifty-first day from Unyanyembe, they saw Lake Tanganyika spread out before them, and around it the great, blue-black mountains of Ugoma[N] and Ukaramba.[N] It was an immense, broad sheet—a burnished bed of silver—a lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains for its valances, and palm forests for its fringes. Descending the western slope of the mountain, the port of Ujiji lay below, embowered in palms.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!" cried Stanley.

"Yes, yes!" eagerly responded the men.

"One, two, three!" and a volley from fifty muskets work up the peaceful village below. The Amer-

ican flag was raised aloft once more; the men stepped out bravely as the crowds of villagers came flocking around them.

Suddenly, Stanley heard a voice on his right say in English, "Good-morning, sir." A black man dressed in a long, white shirt, announced himself as "Susi," the servant of Dr. Livingstone.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the village?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I left him just now."

Then another servant introduced himself; the crowds flocked around anew; and finally, at the head of his caravan, Stanley found himself before a semicircle of Arab magnates, in front of whom stood an old white man, with a gray beard.

As Stanley advanced toward him, he noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had on his head a bluish cap, with a faded gold band around it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. He walked to him, took off his hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his cap slightly.

Then they clasped hands, and after the necessary formalities with the Arab magnates, Stanley explained himself and his mission.

It was a great day for the old explorer. There were letters from his children. "Ah!" he said patiently, "I have waited years for letters." And you may picture for yourselves that strangely met pair, seated in the explorer's house, Livingstone hearing for the first time of the great changes in Europe.

They sat long together, with their faces turned eastward, noting the dark shadows creeping up above the groves of palms beyond the village, and the rampart of mountains; listening to the sonorous thunder of the surf of Tanganyika, and to the dreamy chorus which the night insects sang.

Mr. Stanley remained four months in the company of Dr. Livingstone, during which time an intimate and rich friendship grew up between the two men. From November 10, 1871, until March 14, 1872, they were together daily. Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa since March, 1866. He left Zanzibar in April of that year for the interior, with thirty men, and worked studiously at his high mission of correcting the errors of former travelers until early in 1869, when he arrived at Ujiji and took a brief rest.

He had been deserted in the most cowardly manner by the majority of his followers, and was much of the time in want. At the end of June, 1869, he went on to a lake into which the Lualaba ran, and then was compelled to return the weary distance of seven hundred miles to Ujiji. The magnificent result of his labors, both in the interest of science and humanity, are now known to all the world.

Livingstone returned with Stanley to Unyanyembe, and on the 14th of March the two men parted, not without tears. It was not until sunset on the 6th of May, that the worn and fatigued Stanley re-entered Bagamoyo. The next morning he crossed to Zanzibar, and thence as soon as pos-

sible departed for Europe with his precious freight—the Livingstone journals and letters, and his own rich experience.

EDWARD KING.

Biography.—David Livingstone, the famous African traveler and missionary, was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1813, and died in the wilds of Africa in 1873.

Dr. Livingstone's travels extended over nearly one-third of the African continent, and his written accounts of them form highly instructive and interesting works. The importance of the discoveries made during the thirty years of his life in Africa can not be overestimated. One result of his labors was the agitation of the subject of the African slave-trade and its eventual suppression.

In 1871, Henry M. Stanley was selected by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of "The New York Herald," to undertake the arduous task of finding Dr. Livingstone, of whom no tidings had been received for five years.

Stanley was entirely successful in his search, and succeeded both in finding and relieving Dr. Livingstone at a time when he was most in need.

Stanley gained at once an enviable reputation as a traveler and explorer, and in 1876, some years after Livingstone's death, succeeded in penetrating and crossing the African continent. The particulars in regard to this wonderful exploit were published by Stanley in that remarkable book—"Through the Dark Continent." His record of discovery has created such intense interest in what was before an unpopular field for travelers, that many other bold adventurers have since chosen "The Dark Continent" as the scene of their labors.

Notes.—O'man is a strip of territory lying at the most eastern extremity of Arabia.

Ṳ jï'jï is a town situated on Lake Tän gän yï'kä.

Ṳn yän yem'be̱ is a province near the eastern shore of tropical Africa.

Bä gä mō'yō is a sea-port on the Indian Ocean.

Other geographical names in the lesson are pronounced as follows: Tä bō'rä, Mä rä'rä, Mä lä gä rä'zï, Rṳ gṳ'fṳ, Kä bō'gō, Ṳ gō'mä, Ṳ kä ulm'bä, Lṳ ä lä'bä.

Language.—What is the meaning of "Bravely dressed" and of "A leafy ocean"?

Composition.—Select six prominent events described in the lesson and unite them in the form of a complete ***analysis*** of the lesson.

42.—TYPHOONS AND WATER-SPOUTS.

sub sid'ing, *falling; becoming quiet.*
năv'i gāte̥, *sail.*
ab'so lūte̥, *total.*
çy lĭn'dric al, *having the form of a cylinder.*
a bāte̥s', *grows less; subsides.*
pēr pen dĭc'ū lar, *exactly upright; at right angles with.*
re vŏlv'ing, *rolling.*
es tēe̥me̥d', *valued.*
phe nŏm'e na, *strange or unusual things.*
măr'i ner, *a sailor or seaman.*

The ships that navigate the Indian Ocean have occasionally to encounter terrific tempests, called typhoons, which are peculiar to those seas, and which, with the hurricanes of the opposite hemisphere, are the most furious storms that blow.

They rise with fearful rapidity, often coming on suddenly with a calm; and before the canvas can be secured, the gale is howling shrilly through the spars and rigging, and the crests of the waves are torn off, and driven in sheets of spray across the decks.

The lightning is terrible; at very short intervals the whole space between heaven and earth is filled with vivid flame, showing every rope and spar in the darkest night as distinctly as in the broadest sunshine, and then leaving the sight obscured in pitchy darkness for several seconds after each flash—darkness the most intense and absolute; not that of the night, but the effect of the blinding glare upon the eye.

The thunder, too, peals, now in loud, sharp, startling explosions, now in long muttered growls, all around the horizon. In the height of the gale, curious electrical lights, called St. Elmo's fires, are

seen on the projecting points of the masts and upper spars, appearing from the deck like dim stars. Soon after their appearance the gale abates, and presently clears away with a rapidity equal to that which marks its approach.

These storms are found, by carefully comparing the direction of the wind at the same time in different places, or successively at the same place, to blow in a vast circle around a center; a fact of the utmost importance, as an acquaintance with this law will frequently enable the mariner so to determine the course of his ship as to steer out of the circle, and consequently out of danger, when, in ignorance, he might sustain the whole fury of the tempest. The course of a circle is the opposite of that taken by the hands of a watch, and is the same as that of the still more striking phenomena called water-spouts.

Water-spouts are, perhaps, the most majestic of all those "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," which they behold who "go down to the sea in ships." They frequently appear as perpendicular columns, apparently of many hundred feet in height, and three feet or more in diameter, reaching from the surface of the sea to the clouds. The edge of the pillar is perfectly clean and well defined, and the effect has been compared to a column of frosted glass.

A series of spiral lines runs around it, and the whole has a rapid spiral motion, which is very apparent, though it is not always easy to determine whether it is an ascending or descending line. Generally, the body of clouds above descend below the common level, joining the pillar in the form

of a funnel, but sometimes the summit is invisible, from its becoming gradually more rare. Much more constant is the presence of a visible foot; the sea being raised in a great heap, with a whirling and bubbling motion, the upper part of which is lost in the mass of spray and foam which is driven rapidly round.

The columns, or columns—for there are frequently more than one—move slowly forward with a stately and majestic step, sometimes inclining to the perpendicular, now becoming curved, and now taking a twisted form. Sometimes the mass becomes more and more transparent, and gradually vanishes; at others, it separates, the base subsiding, and the upper portion shortening with a whirling motion till lost in the clouds.

The pillar is not always cylindrical; a very frequent form is that of a slender funnel depending from the sky, which sometimes retains that appearance without alteration, or, at others, lengthens its tube toward the sea, which at the same time begins to boill and rise in a hill to meet it, and soon the two unite and form a slender column, as first described.

When these sublime appearances are viewed from a short distance, they are attended with a rushing noise somewhat like the roar of a cataract. The phenomenon is doubtless the effect of a whirlwind or current of air revolving with great rapidity and violence, and the lines which are seen are probably drops of water ascending in the cloudy column.

They are esteemed highly dangerous; instances have been known in which vessels that have been crossed by them have been instantly dismasted and

left a total wreck. It is supposed that any sudden shock will cause a rupture in the mass and destroy it; and hence it it customary for ships to fire a cannon at such as, from their proximity, there is any reason to dread.

Typhoons are seen in all parts of the world, but are most frequent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.

Biography.—Philip Henry Gosse was born in Worcester, England, in 1810.

Early in life he evinced an aptitude for natural history, and after reaching manhood, set out on his travels over different parts of the world. His first important work, "The Canadian Naturalist," was published in 1840. Some years later, he returned to England, where he continued his researches and published a number of works on geology and natural history.

The style of Gosse is clear and pleasing, and the enthusiasm of the scientist pervades every page of his writings.

His principal works, aside from a number of excellent text-books for schools, are: "Birds of Jamaica, "Ocean Described," "British Ornithology," "Rivers of the Bible," "The Aquarium," and "Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday,"

Language.—In the first paragraph, ***canvas*** is employed for ***sails,***—an example of the use of a material instead of the articles made from it. The expression is an illustration of the figure ***metonymy.***

In the second paragraph, on page 195,—"The columns move forward with a stately and majestic ***step.***" What figure of rhetoric is used? Explain the comparison and state whether or not you think it is a good one.

What kind of sentence is the first one in the third paragraph? what is its ***subject?*** What is its ***predicate?*** The expression "In loud, sharp, startling explosions" is a modifier of the ***action-word*** (***verb***) "peals," and is therefore an ***adverb*** or ***adverbial phrase.***

A ***phrase*** is a combination of two or more words, not containing an ***action-word*** and its ***subject.***

The ***phrase*** given above is made up of the ***relation-word*** (***preposition***) "in" and the ***name-word*** "explosions" with its modifiers "loud," "sharp," and "startling."

Point out three ***phrases*** in the last sentence of the lesson. The ***relation-words*** (***prepositions***) introducing them are "in," "of," and "in."

43.—AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

sēre, *dry; withered.*
săs′sa frăs, *a tree of the laurel family.*
ûr′chins, *children.*
su′mach, *a plant or shrub.*
ad vĕnt′ūr ous, *daring; courageous.*
beau′te ous, *pleasing to the sight.*
re proach′ful, *expressing blame.*

O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over bright—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down,
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!—
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all a-blush:
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,