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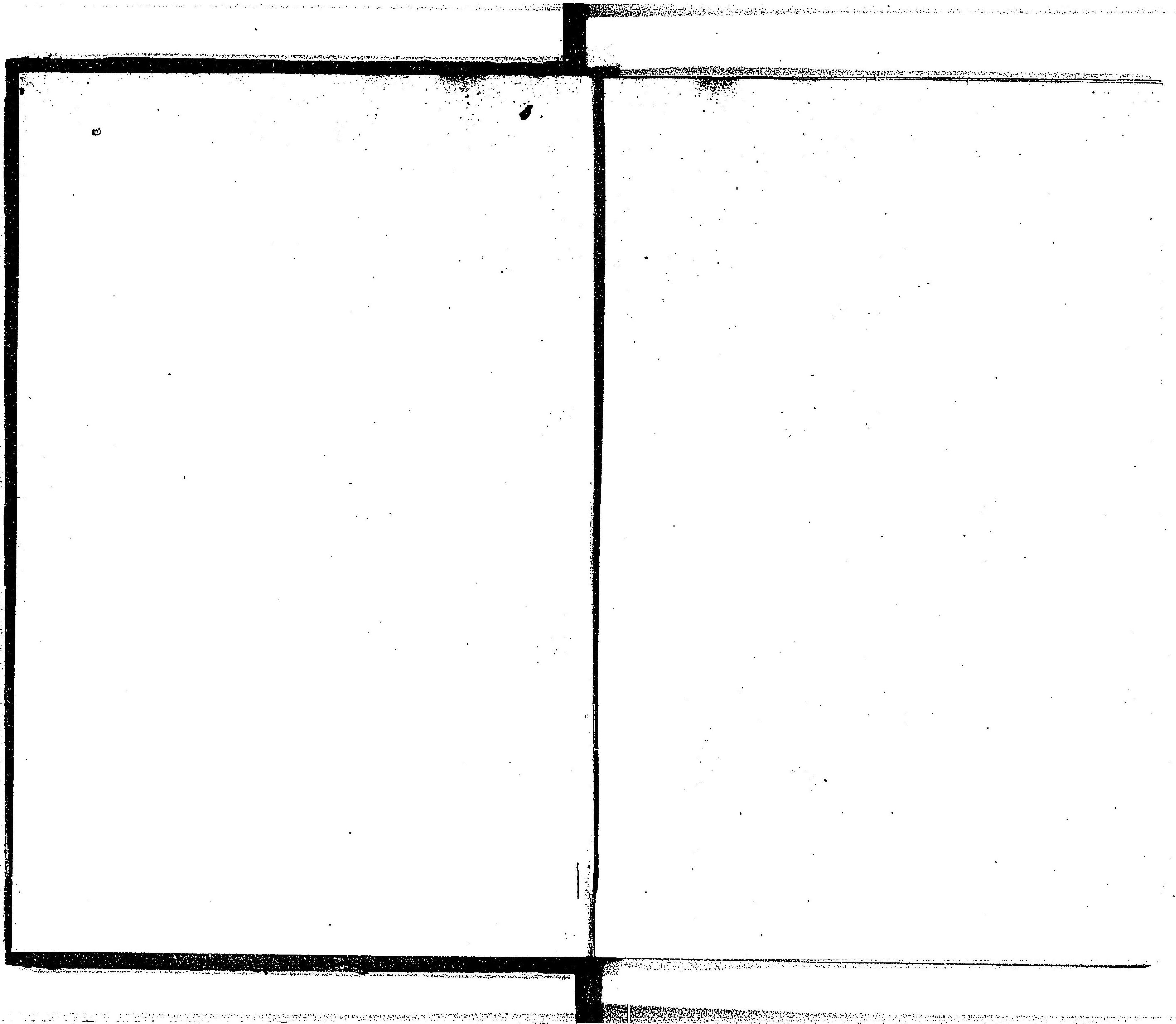
KISHIMOTO'S

DIALOGUE READERS

No. 3.

KOBUNSHA, TOKYO



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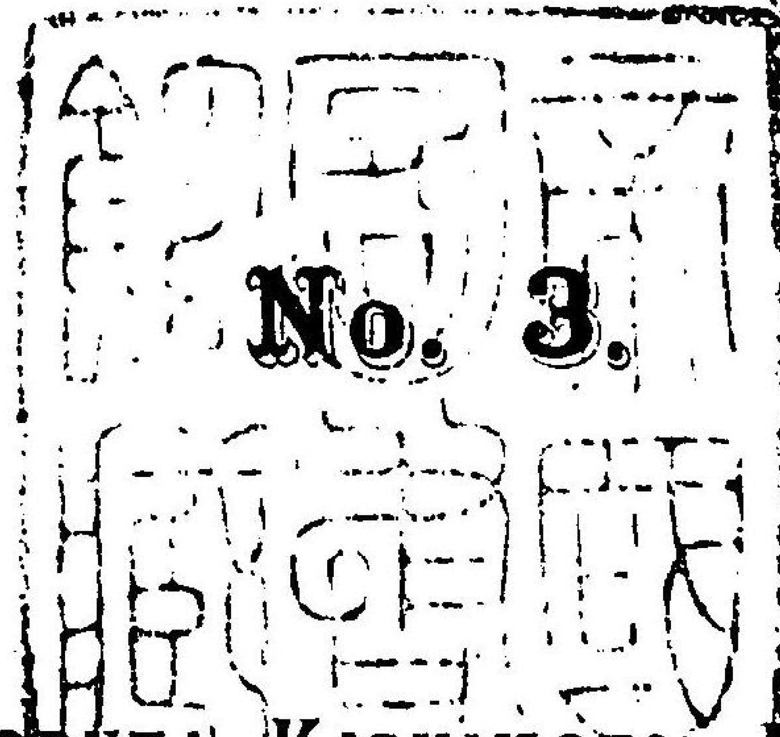
DIALOGUE READERS.



No. 3.

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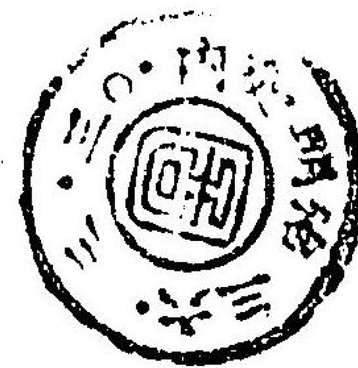

KŌBUNSHA.
TŌKYŌ.

序

英語教科書の汗牛充棟ならんとする今日に於て、此の對話讀本三卷を世に公にす。編者たるもの豈一言の説明なくして可ならんや。抑も編者が本書を編纂するに至れるには、實に種々の理由あるなり。

先づ第一の理由は、本書が英語界に於ける對話讀本の嚆矢なることなり。

編者の知り得る限りに於ては、我國は云ふ迄もなく、海外に於ても、今日迄英語の對話のみを集めて段階的讀本(Graded Readers)となしたるもの一もあることなし。單に對話を集めたるものは時に之あり。又讀本にして多少の對話を收容するものも時に之あり。然れども後者に於ては對話は比較的に少數なるを常とす。又前者に於ては排列の順序に定法なく、從つて教科書として用ゐ難きを例とす。今此の對話讀本三卷は英語界に最も廣く行はるゝ讀本及び演説集等より集め得たる對話數百篇中、男女學生の爲め最も有益にして而かも穩健なるものゝみ百三十五篇を精撰し、字句の長短思想の難易等により之に一定の順序を立てゝ段階的に排列したるものなり。對話のみを集めて自簡入繁的の讀本に組織したるもの、蓋し本書を以て嚆矢となすべき乎。若し夫れ海外に於て然らずとせば、少くとも我國に於ては必ず然らん。

第二の理由は、對話が譯讀と讀方とを一致せしむる最良手段なることなり。

我國今日の英語敎育に於ける一大缺點は、譯讀と讀方とが離れ離れの姿にて、學ぶ者は勿論、敎ゆる者の中にも、二者の間に殆んど何等の關係なきが如く誤想するもの少からざること是れなり。此の誤想は早晩匡正せられざるべからず。否、之を匡正するは實に今日の急務なりとす。元來譯讀は英語を學ぶ者に取り單に一時的過渡的のものにして、決して何時迄も必要なるべきものにあらず。終には譯讀によらず單に讀方のみにて直ちに意味を明解し得るに至らざるべからず。而して此の目的を達せんには、文章の性質上、意味と音調との間に殊に親密なる關係ありて、自然に譯讀と讀方とを接近し一致せしむるが如きものを用ゆるに若かず。對話即ち Dialogue が普通の文章と異なるは實に此の點に在り。對話は一種の會話なれば、殊に意味と共に讀むの必要あり。然らずんば相手は所謂「手持ち無沙汰」となり、所謂對話は其實單に獨語となり了るべし。對話が譯讀と讀方とを一致せしむるは決して偶然にあらず。

第三の理由は、英語會に於て用ゆべき材料を供給せんが爲めなり。

苟も一校の英語を隆盛ならしめんと欲せば、日常の英語敎授の外、英語會なるものを設けて、各級の學生をして英語の作文、朗讀、暗誦、演說、對話等を爲さしむるに若くはなし。

啻に各演者が準備上演述上非常なる經驗を得るのみならず、之を聽く學生に於ても批評上競爭上實に意外なる奬勵を得て、一校の英語は爲めに大に振起し且つ進步するを見ん。今此の對話讀本は此の英語會に向つて一種の材料を供給するものなり。對話は二人以上の演者を要するが故に、啻に多くの學生を演者たらしむる便あるのみならず、發音上、姿勢上、意匠上、變化多きが爲めに、聽者に於ても演者に於ても興味の最も津々たるものなり。而して對話の演述をして最も有益ならしめんと欲せば、先づ凡ての同級生若しくは同校生をして、演述せられんとする對話の何事なるかを知らしむるを要す。然らずんば聽者は演述の巧拙を判し得ざるは云ふ迄もなく、多數の者は何事の對話なるやを解せずして止むに了らん。是れ對話讀本を編纂して敎科書となす今一の理由なり。

第四の理由は、中學校及び高等女學校に向つて有益にして而かも興味ある英語の傍用讀本を供給せん爲めなり。

常に一種の讀本を用ゆれば、如何に編纂の巧みなるものにても、學生をして倦怠せしむるの恐れあるは、實に數の免れざる所。玆に於て乎英米諸國に於ては近來普通の讀本を用ゆる上に、傍用讀本即ち Supplementary Readers を併せ用ゆるもの益々多し。是れ英語敎育上大に注意すべき現象なるべし。今本書第一卷五十篇は普通の英語讀本第一第二の程度なれば、中學校或は高等女學校の第一年級及び第二年級の傍用に供すべく、第二卷四十五篇は普通讀本第三及び第四上半の程

度なれば、第三年級及び第四年級の傍用に供すべく、第三卷四十篇は普通讀本第四下半第五及び第六の程度なれば、第四年級若しくは第五年級の傍用に供すべし。

本書編纂の重要なる理由實に斯くの如し。此等の中單に一理由の存するあらんか、尙能く本書の存在を正當ならしめ得べし。況んや此等の理由の積み重なるに於ては、編者が此の編纂の決して徒勞にあらざるべきを信ずるは、蓋し不當の事にはあらざるべき乎。

教師への注意

1. 既に序にも云へる如く、本書は內容を男女學生に有益にして趣味ある對話とし、之を段階級に排列して讀本の體裁となしたるもの。第一卷は略ぼ普通英語讀本第一第二の程度、第二卷は第三第四上半の程度、第三卷は第四下卷と第五及び第六の程度なれば、中學校に於ても高等女學校に於ても、初級より最上級迄全體を通して、第一卷第二卷第三卷と順次に敎ゆることを得。尤も何れの卷にても一冊のみ離して用ゐて毫も不都合あることなし。

2. 本書は普通の英語讀本を用ゆる上に、傍用讀本即ち Supplementary Readers として用ゆるを宜しとす。たとへば普

通の英語讀本を重もに譯讀の爲めに用ゆることとすれば、本書は可成實用的方面に用ゐて、英語會用は勿論、讀方、暗誦、會話等を敎ゆる材料と爲すべし。但し本書を用ゆる割合は一週一回若しくは二回を適度とす。

3. 苟も本書を用ゆるものは、先づ單語の發音の正確を期すべし。學生をして各章の冒頭に擧げたる單語につき、第一に連音の數と其切れ目に注意せしむべく、第二に響く字母と響かぬ字母を區別せしむべく、第三に響く字母は如何に響くやを正確に知らしむべく、且つ第四にアクセントの所在に注意し正當に發音せしむべし。

4. 既に單語の發音正確なる上は、文章を意味と共に讀む習慣即ち譯讀と讀方とを一致せしむる習慣を養成すべし。之が爲めには文章中に在る詞のエンファシスに注意せざるべからず。本書に於ては最も大切なる詞に限り、行書體或は稀れには隸書體に植字してエンファシスを示し置けり。其他は敎師が隨時摘出して敎ゆべきものとす。

5. 本書を英語會の材料に用ゐて成功せんと欲せば、啻に演者のみならず聽者たるべき凡ての學生をして、必ず先づ演述せられんとする對話の意味を解せしめ置くべく、又エンファシスに注意して讀方を敎へ置くべし。解せざることの演述は演聽兩者に取り共に利益多からず。又敎師は隨時音聲の屈曲、語句の緩急、容貌、姿勢等、凡て演述の方法を敎へざるべからず。

6. 每卷載する所の詩も亦、編者苦心の結果、登高自卑的に排列しあれば、此等は決して畧せずして必ず順次に讀ましむべく、且つ可成記憶せしめて掛け合ひに暗誦せしむべし。詩は英文學中最も大切にして興味ある部分なればなり。

7. 每卷幾個の鮮明にして而かも美麗なる畫を挿入して、意解に便にし、且つ英語會に於ける演者の爲め演述の參考に供す。

8. 每篇の冒頭に擧げたる單語は可成易先難後の順序に從ひたるは云ふ迄もなく、一卷中に於ては重出せざらしめんことを期したり。尤も卷を異にすれば重出のもの少からず。而して每篇の單語の排列は左右に讀まず上下に讀むを規則とし、連音の數とアクセントの所在を標準として先づ一連音の語を擧げ、此等は長短を順序とす。次ぎに二連音及び二連音以上の語に移り、先づ第一連音にアクセントあるものを擧げ、而して後に第二連音にアクセントあるものとし、以て發音敎授に便にせり。此の排列法は泰西の讀本中にも殆んど其の類を見ざるものとす。今一例を擧げんに、第二卷第三篇の單語の排列は次ぎの如し。

plăn　　stĭng　　quī′ĕt　　ȧ-gāin
wasp　　sĭnçe　　sōōn′ẽr　　ăd′vīçe′
lēave　　ē′vil　　rēa′son　　bė-cause′
dĕath　　ē′ven　　chīl′dĭsh　　cŏm-păn′ions

9. 單語に附したる發音符號 (Diacritical Marks) は重もに

ウェブスターのインターナショナル大字典に從へり。然れども間々フオンク、ワグナルスのスタンダード大字典に從へるあり。又時には編者の意見に出づるもあり。假例ば ădvice の ă, cŏmpanion の ŏ の如き、又アクセントの有無に係らず ẽr, ĩr, õr, ỹr となせるが如きは、ウェブスターに據れるもの。every の e を消して二連音となし、第一連音にアクセントある ap′ple, lit′tle 等に於ては第二の子音を消しながら、アクセントの第二連音に在る ap-ply′, cor-rect′ 等に於ては二つ共に活かすが如きは、スタンダードに據れるなり。又 ȧ-way′, ȧ-bout′ 等の a を ȧ となし、bė-cause′, rė-ceive′, el′ė phant 等の e を ė として ĭ と同一と見倣し、ûr の代はりに、ũr を用ゐて ẽr と同一音と見倣す如きは、寧ろ編者の責任とす。

10. 每卷末に其卷中每篇の冒頭に掲げたる單語を悉くＡＢＣ順の表にして附し置けり。每語の右に在る數字は其の所在の章を示すものとす。此表は每卷異れる字母にて始まる語が如何なる割合にて現出するか、又卷により此の割合が如何に變化するかを示す外、敎師は須らく此表を綴字、發音、書取、復習、其他の用に供すべし。

明治三十五年八月中旬　　編者

發音符號表

母音	ĩr .... bĩrd.	y̆ ... lady̆.
ā *as in* fāce.	ō .... hōme.	ỹ .... martỹr.
ă .... hăt.	ŏ .... dŏg.	二重母音
ä .... fär.	ô .... fôr.	oi *as in* oil.
ȧ .... fȧst.	ȯ .... ȯome.	oy .... boy.
a̤ .... ba̤ll	o̤ .... do̤.	ou .... out.
ạ .... wạtch.	ọ .... tọ-day.	ow .... owl.
â .... câre.	o͞o .... so͞on.	子音
ē .... hē.	o͝o .... lo͝ok.	ϵ *as in* ϵat.
ĕ .... pĕn.	õr .... wõrd.	ç .... façe.
ė .... prėtty.	ū .... tūne.	ḡ .... ḡo.
e̱ .... we̱igh.	ŭ .... cŭp.	ġ .... ġentle.
ê .... thêre.	ṳ .... rṳle.	n̲ .... in̲k.
ẽr .... wẽre.	ụ .... pụt.	ş .... hiş.
ī .... kīte.	ũr .... hũrt.	th̶ .... th̶is.
ĭ .... fĭsh.	ȳ .... flȳ.	x̣ .... ex̣act

同音符號表

a̤=ô	ȯ=ŭ	ϵ=k
ạ=ŏ	o̤=oo=ṳ	ç=s
ê=â	ọ=o͝o=ụ	ġ=j
e̱=ā	ȳ=ī	n̲=ng
ė=ĭ	y̆=ĭ	ş=z
		th̶=dh
ẽr=ĩr=õr=ũr=ỹr		x̣=ḡz

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DIALOGUE READERS.

No. 3.

DIALOGUE I.

jus′tice	af-fair′	con-sid′er
blun′der	oc-cur′	un-plĕas′ant
dam′age	re-turn′	in-ves′ti-gate
sen′si-ble	re-gard′	un-for′tu-nate
con′so-la′tion	de-mand′	ac-cord′ing-ly

THE UNJUST LAWYER.

Farmer. Worthy Sir, it is a very unpleasant and unfortunate affair that has brought me to see you; and my only consolation in the matter is that what has occurred has been no fault of mine.

Lawyer. And pray what has happened?

Farmer. Why, it is a very unpleasant affair. I would have given a great deal rather than it should occur. But as I said before, you will find that it has not been through any fault of mine.

Lawyer. But, my friend, you do not tell me *what* has happened.

Farmer. Well, it is an unpleasant thing. Last night my bull gored one of your oxen, and this morning the ox died. I am come to ask you what I am to do. How am I to make good the damage done to you?

Lawyer. I have always considered you to be a very *sensible* man, and accordingly had a great regard for you. Now I see that you are also a *just* man, and I value you so much the more I shall take one of your oxen in return for the one that has been killed, and I fancy you will consider that just.

Farmer. It is no more than what is right.

But what was I saying? I have a blunder. It was not *my* bull that gored your ox, but *your* bull that gored mine, so that it died.

Lawyer. Ah! that's another thing. I will investigate the affair, and if I find that it—

Farmer. If! You would make no use of an *if*, if you were as ready to do justice to others as you are to demand it of them.

DIALOGUE II.

sē′cret	min′ute	al-low′
rath′er	whis′per	dis-turb′
eas′i-ly	com′fort	en-ā′ble
stud′y-ing	him-self′	at-ten′tion
rea′son-a-ble	com-plains′	im-por′tant

A GREAT SECRET.

Charles. Richard gets his lesson quicker than I do: what can the reason be, mamma? He is not three weeks older than I am, and does not appear to know more than I do about other things.

Mother. Did you ever happen to sit near him, when he was studying?

Charles. Yes, I have; and I would rather sit next to *any other* boy in school.

Mother. Why?

Charles. Because there is no comfort in it: he will not let any body speak to him.

Mother. What! Not to ask a reasonable question?

Charles: O, as to that, he helps me sometimes when I do not understand my lesson; he is always good-natured enough about that; but what I mean is, if I ask him to look at anything funny, or want to talk to him about any of our plays a minute, he says I disturb him and take off his attention; and if I go on, just to whisper a little, he takes up his book and marches off somewhere else.

Mother. He complains that you take off his attention, does he?

Charles. Yes, mother: is not that cross in him?

Mother. Richard has learned a very important *secret*, I see.

Charles. A secret? What? One that helps him get his lessons?

Mother. Yes.

Charles. I wish I could find it out.

Mother. I can tell it to you in one word, which you used just now.

Charles. What can it be?

Mother. *Attention*, Charles: *attention!* That will enable you to learn your lesson as easily as Richard does. The reason why he learns quicker than you do is, that he never allows himself to think of anything else while he is getting his lesson.

DIALOGUE III.

list'en	noth'ing	o-bey'
pâr'ents	out'ward	a-miss'
slip'pers	drum'head	ap-pâr'ent
ōpe'ning	mem'brane	at-ten'tive-ly
pres'ence	pur'pose-ly	un-will'ing-ness

HAVE YOU GOT GOOD EARS?

Father. My son, have you got good ears?

Son. Why, father, what do you mean?

Father. Come here and let me see. Yes, they seem to be well-formed ears; I see nothing amiss in the *outward shape*; but there is something wrong somewhere.

Son. Why do you say that, father?

Father. You know, my son that this part of the ear which you see, is not the most important part; it might be cut off, and still we should hear very well.

Son. Of what use is it then father?

Father. It is for the purpose of catching the sound and carrying it into the opening in the head. But in this opening, there is a thin membrane, stretched across like a drum-head. I do not know but that the drum-head in your ear is sometimes too *loose*.

Son. Why do you think so, father?

Father. Why, my son, how is it that you hear so well at sometimes and so badly at others? This morning I heard your mother asking, if you had learned your lesson, and you made no reply until she had repeated the question twice. A little while ago I said, "Frank, bring me my slippers from the bed-room," and you did not move. But then just now, when I said, "Frank, will you take a ride with me this afternoon?" though I purposely spoke much lower than before, yet you heard at once, and sprang upon your feet with an answer. Is there not some trouble with your ears?

Son. Oh, I did not think you meant that, father: I am sure nothing is the matter with my ears.

Father. Well, what is the reason you do not always hear well?

Son. I do not know, sir.

Father. I will tell you, my son. It is the *want of attention* to what your parents say. When you are in their presence, you should ever remember that they are very likely to have something to say; and at the first sound from their lips, you should listen attentively. Then, there would not be this apparent unwillingness to obey their commands.

Son. I will try to think of this, father.

DIALOGUE IV.

bray	bat′tle	to-day′
blood	bra′zen	hur-rah′
neigh	dâr′ing	dis-may′
tramp	sin′ews	un-known′
throats	tĕr′ri-ble	a-lar′um

THE ONSET.

FIRST VOICE.

Sound an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry and the blow of his daring drum.

ALL.

Hurrah!

SECOND VOICE.

Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah!

THIRD VOICE.

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er give way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?

ALL.

Hurrah!

FOURTH VOICE.

Stand by each other and front your foes!
Fight whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
Fight as ye fought for the old red rose!

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah!

FIFTH VOICE.

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow till the brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

DIALOGUE V.

ut'ter	The'o-dore	es-cape'
ser'vice	dis'o-bey'	pur-sue'
ab'sence	dis'ap-prove'	de-sī'rous
free'dom	un'der-stand'	mis-con'duct
pun'ish-ment	ob'ser-va'tion	com-mand'ment

EYE-SERVICE.

Hugh. Why did you and George stop so short when the teacher came by?

Theodore. Because we did not wish him to hear what we were saying. George was using some words which he would not have liked Mr. Sandford to know.

Hugh. It is a much better plan to utter no words which we are ashamed of.

Theodore. Oh, that is *your* way, Hugh; but you are not like other boys. For our part, we like a little more freedom.

Hugh. *Freedom,* indeed! Do not call it freedom; it is surely much more like the conduct of a *slave,* who trembles for fear of the lash.

Theodore. Why, you do not think we were afraid of punishment!

Hugh. I think you were both afraid and ashamed. Now I feel better here, within my breast, when I so talk and so act that I do not care if all the world should know it. I am afraid, Theodore, you also pursue the same course with regard to your parents.

Theodore. Why do you say so? I hardly understand you.

Hugh. You remember the letter which your little brother Frank wrote to your mother?

Theodore. O Yes! I made him leave out what he had said about our having been at the ninepin-alley. It was because my father thinks it wrong.

Hugh. Ah! then, you are willing to do what your parents disapprove?

Theodore. If they never hear of it, our conduct will give them no pain.

Hugh. That is what I meant. That is mean *eye-service* — to obey in their presence, and disobey in their absence. Do you call that honoring father and mother? A good son will obey from conscience and love, and will never allow himself to do anything which his parents disapprove, even if they were on the other side of the glove.

Theodore. Pshaw! There is not a boy in the world that lives so!

Hugh. Then there is not a boy in the world that keeps the *fifth* commandment; and, moreover, let me tell you, there is an Eye that observed all your misconduct when you thought little about it.

Theodore. When? where? Who observed me?

Hugh. I mean the all-seeing eye of God, our Father in heaven. You cannot escape his observation; and we should be more desirous to please Him than to please either teachers or parents. This is the thought which I try to carry with me every where, by day and night: "*Thou God, Seest Me!*"

DIALOGUE VI.

clev′er	fā′vor-ite	ex-act′
emp′ty	quan′ti-ty	re-lieved′
troub′le	el′e-phant	ma-chine′
sub′ject	grat′i-tude	e-nor′mous
east′ern	dif′fi-cul-ty	de-liv′er-ance

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.

Mother. An eastern king, had been saved from some great danger. To show his gratitude for his deliverance, he vowed he would give to the poor the weight of his favourite elephant in silver.

Lily. Oh, what a great quantity that would be!

Teddy. But how could you *weigh* an elephant?

Mother. There was the difficulty. The wise and learned men of the court stroked their long beards, and talked the matter over, but no one found out how to weigh the elephant.

At last a poor sailor found a safe and simple means, by which to weigh the enormous beast. The thousands and thousands of pieces of silver were counted out to the people, and crowds of the poor were relieved by the clever thought of the sailor.

Lily. Oh, mamma, do tell us how he did it.

Teddy. Stop, stop! I want to think for myself—think hard—and find out how an elephant's weight could be told with but little trouble and expense.

Mother. I am very much pleased, that my little boy should set his mind to work on the subject. If he can find out the sailor's secret, he shall have that orange for his pains.

Lily (laughing at her brother's grave looks, as he sits leaning his head on his hands.) Can you weigh an elephant, Teddy?

Teddy (suddenly). I have it now!

Mother. Do you think so?

Lily. How would you do it?

Teddy. First I would have a big boat brought very close to the shore, and would have planks laid across, so that the elephant could walk right into it.

Lily. Oh, such a great heavy beast would make it sink low in the water.

Teddy. Of course it would. Then I would mark on the outside of the boat the exact height to which the water had risen all around it while the elephant was inside. Then he should march on shore, leaving the boat quite empty.

Lily. But I do not see the use of all this.

Teddy. Don't you? Why, I should then bring the heaps of silver, and throw them into the boat, till their weight would sink it to the mark made by the elephant. That would show that the weight of each was the same.

Lily. How funny! You would make weighing machine of the boat?

Teddy. That is *my* plan.

Mother. That was the *sailor's* plan. You have earned the orange, my boy.

DIALOGUE VII.

or′der	pass′ing	a-long′
nō′tice	build′ing	ob-serve′
rea′sons	scē′ner-y	trans-pâr′ent
per′sons	pe-cu′liar	il-lu′mi-nate
win′dows	what-ev′er	dis-tin′guish-es

OUR WINDOWS.

Father. Let me see. What shall we study? I will tell you: we will study the windows. There is a great deal to be learned about windows: look at one of them, and tell me what you observe.

Lucy. No, father: I do not observe any thing about the windows at all.

Father. I observe many things that are peculiar.

Lucy. What do you mean by *peculiar*, father?

Father. Why, whatever one thing has, which other things have not, is peculiar to it. Thus, roots are peculiar to plants, for other things do not have roots. Now look at the window, and see if you find any thing peculiar in it.

Lucy. No, sir. I think it is just like all other windows.

Father. But I did not wish you to find any thing peculiar to *this* window alone, which distinguishes it from other windows, but something peculiar to *all* of our windows, which distinguish them from other parts of a building. I notice one thing which is very peculiar.

Lucy. What is it?

Father. Why, they are transparent.

Lucy. What is *transparent?*

Father. Any thing that you can see through is transparent. Water is transparent: glass is transparent: some ice is transparent. Our windows are made of glass, which is transparent.

Lucy. Why are windows made of glass, father?

Father. Well, Lucy, can't you think of some reasons? There are at least *two* reasons for it.

Lucy. I think windows are made of glass, in order that the light may shine in, and illuminate the room, so that we can see to walk about in the room, and to read and sew.

Father. Yes, Lucy. That is one reason. Can't you think of the other?

Lucy. That we can look out through the window, and see the scenery, and also persons passing along the streets.

Father. Good! These are the very reasons why our windows are made of something transparent.

DIALOGUE VIII.

er'ror	re-peat'	re-buk'ing
peo'ple	re-joice'	con-sol'ing
hu'man	de-spair'	de-serv'ing
lib'er-ty	with-out'	per-vad'ing
suf'fer-ing	im-mor'tal	per-sua'sive

IF I WERE A VOICE.

"If I were a Voice" is one of the stirring lyrics of Charles Mackay (1814-1889), a native of Scotland. In his songs he has one great purpose at heart, from which he never deviates,—the promotion of human virtue and human happiness.

FIRST VOICE.

If I were a voice,— a *persuasive* voice,—
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

SECOND VOICE.

If I were a voice,—a *consoling* voice,—
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

THIRD VOICE.

If I were a voice,— a *pervading* voice,—
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard —
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

FOURTH VOICE.

If I were a voice,— an *immortal* voice,—
I'd speak in the people's ear;

And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
  I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice —
If I were a voice,—an immortal voice.

CHARLES MACKAY.

DIALOGUE IX.

Jōnes′es	re′al-ly	pre-vent′
ser′vant	hol′i-day	ex-claims′
stir′ring	com′pa-ny	con-vince′
chām′ber	gos′sip-ing	con-tin′u-al
con′science	nec′es-sa-ry	pro-pen′si-ty

THE SORE TONGUE.

Fanny. Mamma, you cannot think how it hurts me when I speak!

Mother. Does it? Then I will tell you what I would advise you to do: resolve all this day to say nothing but what is *necessary* or *useful.* This

will give your tongue a fine holiday, and may answer more purposes than one.

Fanny. Well, I will try for once; so, mum: I am going to begin now, mamma.

Mother. Do so; and whenever you are beginning to speak, be sure you ask yourself what you are going to say will be likely to be of any use, or whether it is necessary.

Fanny. Yes, yes, I will, but do not talk to me, mamma, for fear. (*Screws up her lips very tight, and sits still as a mouse for a short time.*) Mamma, do you not think the fire wants stirring?

Mother. Not at present, my dear. (*Another silence.*)

Fanny. (*Looking out through the window.*) What a while Mrs. W. has had that brown satin pelisse! Really, poor old lady, I am quire tired of seeing her in it!

Mother. How is your tongue, Fanny?

Fanny. O, better, mamma, thank you: almost well.

Mother. I am sorry for it; for I was in hopes it would have been sore enough, at least, to prevent your making such remarks upon any body to-day. (*Another silence.*)

Caroline. (*At the window, suddenly exclaims.*)

I do believe the Joneses are going to have company again to-day; the servant has just been lighting the fire in the drawing-room.

Fanny. And there is that little figure, Martha Jones, coming down from her chamber now: do look: as broad as she is long! What a little fright that child is, to be sure.

Mother. Pray, Fanny, was that remark useful or necessary?

Fanny. O, but mother, I assure you my tongue is quite well now.

Mother. I am *sorry* for it, my dear. I should think it well worth while to bite my tongue every day, if there were no other means of keeping it in order. (*Gravely.*) My dear girls, I should have put a stop to this idle gossiping, if I had not hoped to convince you of its folly. Learn to chock this propensity. Remember, Fanny dear, that *foolish* talking hurts a good conscience, as much as *continual* talking does a sore tongue.

DIALOGUE X.

horn′y	par′ti-cle	ex-posed′
in′side	del′i-cate	con-tri′vance
cor′ner	mys′ter-y	A-mē′li-a
con′stant	ac′tu-al-ly	in-sen′si-ble
moist′ure	vi′o-lent-ly	man′u-fac′tory

CRYING SEVENTY-THREE YEARS.

Father. Did you ever hear of a man who cried, without ceasing, seventy-three years?

Amelia. Do you mean that he cried actual tears?

Father. Yes: that he actually shed tears seventy-three years.

Thomas. Without ceasing?

Father. Without ceasing.

Ella. I cannot believe it: I never, never can.

Father. Why not?

Ella. Only think of the time: *seventy-three* years! Was that all his life?

Father. Yes; he cried the moment he was born, he shed tears all his life, and he cried till within six hours of his death.

Kenneth. If I had cried so many years, I would have cried to the last minute.

Father. He would have done so if he could; but he could not.

Thomas. Why could he not?

Father. Ah, there is the mystery. How many tears have you shed to-day?

Amelia. None.

Ella. None.

Kenneth. None, father: not a drop.

Father. I cannot believe it. I have shed tears all day and all night.

Amelia. Why, your eyes do not look red.

Father. That is because I have been crying. Let me look in your eyes;—and yours. You have *all* been shedding tears.

Thomas. I have not: of that I am certain.

Father. I am equally sure that you, and your sisters, have cried ever since you were born, and are actually doing so now.

Thomas. We cannot tell what you mean.

Father. Did you ever see the eye of a dead sheep or cow?

Thomas. Often: it has lost its clearness and brightness.

Father. What causes it to lose them?

Thomas. It is exposed to the air.

Father. So has your eye been: yet it is very bright and clear.

Thomas. How is it kept from drying?

Father. By a simple and beautiful contrivance. Under the outer edge of the bone upon which the eye-brow is placed, is a little gland: and this is the little tear manufactory. Every time we shut our eyes, this is pressed upon, and a tear is squeezed out, and is made to wash the whole eye.

Thomas. I have often wondered why every body, I saw, kept winking. I see now; it is to keep the eye-ball clear and bright.

Father. Has it no other use? Think. If a small fly gets in your eye, what takes place?

Thomas. I rub the eye violently.

Father. That is to kill him; and then there is a gush of tears, enough to drown him, if he lives, and to carry him into the corner of the eye. But the great use of this constant flow of tears is, to wash every particle of dust from the delicate eye, and carry it through the nose; and there it enables you to smell.

Amelia. What? Tears enable us to *smell?* What do you mean, father?

Father. Well, I mean what I say. If there was no moisture, air would dry up the inside of the nose, and it would become horny and insensible, and, therefore, unfit for smelling. Now, don't you all see that a man who cannot *cry* cannot *smell?*

All. Yes, we do, father.

DIALOGUE XI.

mā'jor	gen'er-al	lieu-ten'ant
cap'tain	maj'es-ty	as-ton'ished
mar'shal	em'per-or	in-fē'ri-or
haugh'ty	mil'i-ta-ry	im-pē'ri-al
pom'pous	ex'cel-len-cy	ri-dic'u-lous

THE EMPEROR AND THE MAJOR.

(The Emperor Alexander, while traveling in Western Russia, came one day to a small town of which he knew very little; so, when he found that he must change horses, he thought that he would look around and see what the town was like.

Alone, dressed in a plain military coat, without any mark of his high rank, he wandered through

the place until he came to the end of the road that he had been following. There he paused, not knowing which way to turn; for two paths were before him — one to the right, and one to the left. Alexander saw a soldier standing at the door of a house; and, going up to him.)

Emperor. My friend, can you tell which of these two roads I must take to get to Kalouga?

(The soldier, who was in full military dress, was smoking a pipe with an air of dignity almost

ridiculous. Astonished that so plain-looking a traveler should dare speak to him, the smoker answered shortly.)

Major. To the right.

Emperor. Pardon! Another word, if you please.

Major. What? (*haughtily*).

Emperor. Permit me to ask you a question. What is your grade in the army?

Major. Guess. (*And the pipe blazed away furiously.*)

Emperor. Lieutenant?

Major. Up! (*proudly*).

Emperor. Captain?

Major. Higher.

Emperor. Major?

Major. At last! (*The Emperor bowed low in the presence of such greatness.*) Now, in my turn, what are you, if you please? (*With the grand air that he thought fit to use in addressing a humble inferior.*)

Emperor. Guess.

Major. Lieutenant?

Emperor. Up!

Major. Captain?

Emperor. Higher.

Major. Major?

Emperor. Go on.

Major. Colonel?

Emperor. Again.

Major (*taking his pipe from his mouth*). Your Excellency is, then, general?

Emperor. You are coming near it.

Major. Then your highness is field-marshal?

(By this time the grand air had taken flight, and the officer, so pompous a moment before, looked as if the steady gaze and the quiet voice of the travaler had reduced him to the last stage of fear.)

Emperor. Once more, my good major.

Major. His Imperial Majesty!

Emperor. His very self. And he smiled at the wonderful change in the major's face and manner.

Major. Ah, sire, pardon me! (*Falling on his knees*) pardon me!

Emperor. And what is there to pardon? My friend, you have done me no harm. I asked you which road I should take, and you told me. Thanks!

DIALOGUE XII.

mi′ter	dig′ni-ty	be-tide′
so′ber	pos′si-bly	in-tend′
can′on	car′di-nal	pro-vide′
bish′op	di′a-logue	pro-cure′
schol′ar	cour′te-ous-ly	dis-course′

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St. Philip, Neri,[1] as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And, being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

Neri. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome.
Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.
Neri. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

[1] **St. Philip Neri.** This poem, by the English poet Byrom, embodies an incident of St. Philip Neri. Philip Neri was a wealthy Italian of the sixteenth century; but he sold all that he possessed, and devoted himself to a life of active benevolence. After his death he was canonized (i.e., put in the list of saints) by Pope Gregory XV.

Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.
Neri. Suppose it so, what have you next in view?
Youth. That I may get to be a canon too.
Neri. Well, and how then?
Youth. Why, then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.
Neri. Be it so—
What then?
Youth. Why, cardinal's[2] a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.
Neri. Suppose it was, what then?
Youth. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being pope one day?
Neri. Well, having worn the miter and red hat,
And triple crown,[3] what follows after that?
Youth. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high

[2] **Cardinal,** one of the seventy composing the pope's council, and by whom the pope is elected.

[3] **Miter......crown;** the *miter* being a bishop's crown, the *rea hat* being the symbol of a cardinal, and the *triple crown* the crown of the pope.

As long as God shall please, then I must die.
Neri. What! *must* you die, fond youth? and, at the best,
But wish, and hope, and *may be*, all the rest?
Take my advice: Whatever may betide,
For that which *must be*, first of all provide;
Then think of that which *must be*, and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed,
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope?

DR. BYROM.

DIALOGUE XIII.

stin′ġy	sē′ri-ous	a-void′
hor′rid	mī′ser-ly	be-have′
draw′er	lib′er-al-ly	be-comes′
up′right	hon′or-a-bly	a-shamed′
hoard′ing	gen′er-ous-ly	our-selves′

THE BAD HAT.

Mr. Lovell *is counting money at an open drawer, when his little daughter* **Anna** *enters, with a hat in her hand.*

Mr. Lovell (*shutting the drawer*). And what do you come for, my little girl?

Anna (*hesitatingly*). Father, I've come to talk to you about my hat.

Mr. Lovell. Is n't the hat well enough?

Anna. Oh dear, father! just look at it.

Mr. Lovell. But you have not brushed it, Anna.

Anna. I've brushed it and brushed it—till there's no brush to it!

Mr. Lovell. Well, well, it is n't a shining beaver any more, I'm sorry to say! But it must do for the present, my love.

Anna. But everybody says it looks so shabby!

Mr. Lovell. Is that so? Then, how are we to make it last six months longer becomes a serious question. But who is everybody?

Anna. Why, Philip Marston.

Mr. Lovell. He is everybody, is he?

Anna. He is for one. He says he should think I would be ashamed to walk out with such a hat.

Mr. Lovell. And are you ashamed?

Anna. Why—no—but—I do wish you would get a new one! Do, dear father!

Mr. Lovell. But I have no money to buy one.

Anna. But you have money! You were counting some just now!

Mr. Lovell. But suppose I want the money for other things?

Anna. Oh, but nothing shows so much as a hat! Philip says—

Mr. Lovell. Well, what does he say?

Anna. That people call you *stingy;* they think you are mean, and a miser;—and oh, it makes me cry to hear him!

Mr. Lovell. Come here, little Anna. What is mean and miserly, my child?—do you know?

Anna. Something horrid, I am sure; and what everybody hates,—and what you are not, I know, for everybody loves you.

Mr. Lovell. That's good of everybody, to love a man who wears a shabby hat! Mean and miserly, am I? Now a mean person, my child, is one who saves his money when he ought to be free and generous with it; a miser hoards for the mere sake of hoarding. Do you understand me?

Anna. Oh yes! and I know you do not save for yourself, and so you are not mean and miserly!

Mr. Lovell. But we are poor, Anna; and it is hard for the poor to behave liberally and generously, as the rich can and should do; it is very

hard, too, for them to avoid false shame. But we must be true to ourselves and deal honorably with the world, and we must rise above false shame. And now I will tell you why I can not for a long time have a new hat.

Anna. Oh, father, I am so glad I came to talk with you! Do tell me all about it!

Mr. Lovell. There is a man in this town who has become suddenly very poor through no fault of his own—poorer than we are, for all children are crying for bread. He is a high-minded, upright man; and once, when my father was in difficulties and needed a friend, he was his friend, and lent him money. Now he needs a friend, and I must lend him money. What I have he shall have. It would cost me five dollars to buy a new hat; but he needs the five dollars more than I need the hat; for it is to buy bread for his children. To help him I can bear to wear a shabby hat a little longer, and to be called mean and miserly by people who do not know me. Shall you be ashamed to walk with me now, Anna?

Anna! O father! This dear old hat! I love it better than I can ever love a new one; and oh, I am so proud of *you*, dear fatner!

DIALOGUE XIV.

cous′in	ex-cuse′	pre-sume′
knŏwl′edge	con-verse′	oc-ca′sion
ben′e-fit	un′der-take′	sin-cere′ly
mem′o-ry	rec′ol-lec′tion	in-dulg′ing
prop′er-ly	com′po-si′tion	un-doubt′ed-ly

TRY.

Laura. I wish to be excused, sir, from the task you have set me.

Instructor. What task do you mean?

Laura. The task of writing a composition.

Instructor. Why do you wish me to excuse you, Laura?

Laura. Because I do not know what to write; I can not write any thing fit to be read.

Instructor. Well, Laura, we will converse about it. Do you wish to be excused from spelling, reading, or writing?

Laura. No, sir; not from tasks like these.

Instructor. Why not from these, as well as from writing a composition?

Laura. They are easy; and, besides, we could not do without a knowledge of them.

Instructor. Could you *always* read, Laura?

Laura. Of course not, sir.

Instructor. How is it that you can read now.

Laura. I have *learned* to read.

Instructor. How long were you in trying to learn, before you could read with ease?

Laura. I can not remember; it must have been a long time.

Instructor. Did you tell your teacher that you wished to be excused, that you never learn, and that you could not read in a way fit to be heard?

Laura. I have no recollection of saying such things.

Instructor. I saw you knitting and sewing, the other day; could you *always* knit and sew?

Laura. I could not.

Instructor. How, then, can you do so now?

Laura. Because I have learned to do both.

Instructor. How did you learn?

Laura. By trying to do what my mother taught me.

Instructor. Did you ever tell your mother she must excuse you from knitting and sewing, because you could not sew or knit fit to be seen?

Laura. I do not think I ever told her that.

Instructor. Why did you not?

Laura. I knew, if I did not keep trying, I never could learn, and so I kept on.

Instructor. Do you think it is necessary to know how to write letters, and to express ourselves properly when writing?

Laura. O, yes, sir!

Instructor. You expect to have occasion to write letters, do you not?

Laura. I presume I shall, for I have written to my brother and cousin already.

Instructor. Then you think, do you not, if I should aid you in learning to wirte a letter or other piece of composition properly, that Is hould do you a great benefit?

Laura. I suppose, sir, you would.

Instructor. Is it right for me to benefit you and the other scholars as much as I can?

Laura. I suppose, sir, you ought to aid us all you can.

Instructor. Should I do right if I were to neglect the means which will benefit you?

Laura. Undoubtedly you would not.

Instructor. Now I will answer you. You asked if I would excuse you from writing. I will do so, if you can say sincerely that you think

I would do right in indulging you in neglecting what you ought to learn.

Laura. I can not sincerely say that, sir. I will undertake the task you set me. May I try to write out from memory this dialogue which has passed between us?

Instructor. Yes, that shall be your composition; and the title you may give to it shall be a little word of three letters,—*Try.*

DIALOGUE XV.

sail'or	law'less	a-live'
jack'et	ker'chief	a-buse'
bos'om	mo'ment	for-give'
wick'ed	cupb'oard	sur-prise'
bless'ed	mis'er-a-ble	a-sail'ing

THE GRAY SWAN.

I.

"O sailor, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—
    A-sailing in your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.

"Your little lad? your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip;
"What little lad,—what ship?"

II.

"'What little lad?'—as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
'What little lad,' do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee.
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

III.

"The other day?" The sailor's eyes
Stood wide-open with surprise.
"The other day?—the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone!

IV.

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—

Taking it off, as it might be so—
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back."

V.

"And did the
little lawless
lad,
That has made you sick, and made you sad,
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad;

The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure, he sailed with the crew,—
What would you have him do?"

VI.

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold,—if 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?

VII.

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;
'T was wicked thus your love so abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave,—
What have I to forgive?"

VIII.

The sailor twitched his shirt of blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild:

"My God!—my Father!—is it true?
My little lad—my Elihu?
And is it—is it—is it you?
My blessed boy—my child—
My dead—my living child!"

ALICE CARY.

DIALOGUE XVI.

rai'sins	sim'i-lar	re-duced'
bar'rels	per'fect-ly	ex-am'ine
bis'cuits	Rob'in-son	at-tract'ed
cur'tains	o'ver-came'	temp-ta'tion
prob'lems	cu'ri-os'i-ty	a-rith'me-tic

WANTED—A BOY.

(*'Wanted—a boy to help in the shop and make himself generally useful. Apply at ten o'clock.'*

This was a notice that appeared in Mr. Bacon the grocer's shop window and in the morning newspaper.

At ten o'clock the shop was full of boys; tall boys and short boys; old boys and young boys; boys with clean boots, dirty boots, and no boots at all; sharp boys, dull boys. Some stood bolt

upright as if expecting something, and others lolled against the boxes as if they were dolls propped up, and which the least movement would knock down.

Presently Mr. Bacon entered and began questioning the boys. In a very short time he had reduced the number to three, namely, Tom Brown, John Smith, and Peter Robinson. They were all bright looking boys, and were eager to get work and so help their parents.)

Mr. Bacon. Brown, can you work problems in arithmetic?

Brown. Yes, sir; I have passed sixth standard.

Mr. Bacon. Very well Do these.

(And giving him a slate with some questions upon it, Mr. Bacon led him into a small room behind the shop and shut tne door.)

Other two. What are we to do, sir?

Mr. Bacon. Wait.

(Tom Brown soon finished the sums, and then began to look about him. It was a queer shaped room, and had boxes, tins, barrels, and many other things in it. But a bookcase with red curtains attracted Tom's attention most.)

Brown. I should like to know what is in that.

(So he stole to it on tiptoe and softly opened the

door. Out flew a wite pigeon! How frighteend Tom was as he tried to catch it. But the more he tried the wilder the bird became, and in the middle of it Mr. Bacon stepped in.)

Mr. Bacon. How did this happen?

Brown. Please sir, the bird got ont, and I was trying to catch it.

Mr. Bacon. Got out, did it? What a clever bird it must be to be able to unlock a cupboard from the inside! No, no, my boy, you won't do for me. I can't have meddlers about me.

(Saying this Mr. Bacon opened a door leading into the back street and sent him away. Returning to the shop, the grocer said to John Smith.

Mr. Bacon. Now, my lad, come and try to work these problems.

(And leading John Smith into the back room, he left him where Tom Brown had been.

Having finished his problems, John began to look about him. Near him were three boxes. He wondered very much what could be in them, and for some minutes he resisted the temptation to look, but at last his curiosity overcame him. Lifting the lid of one, he saw it was full of biscuits.)

Smith. How jolly, Mr. Bacon will never miss one.

(Saying this he put one in his pocket. Opening the next box, he took out a few raisins. The lid of the third box was on very tightly; so pulling with all his might, off flew the lid, and in an instant the room was filled with cayenne pepper.

Just then Mr. Bacon walked in.)

Mr. Bacon. This won't do. You need not examine my stock before I employ you. I see you will not suit.

(And so he sent him on his way.

Then Peter Robinson was set a similar task, and left in the room. When he had done, he also wondered what the boxes contained. He heard a queer noise in the cupboard, where Mr. Bacon had shut up a mouse. He looked with longing eyes at a row of jars of sweets on a shelf. But he sat perfectly still for half an hour until Mr. Bacon came in. He looked carefully at everything, and then said.)

Mr. Bacon. You'll do, Peter. You are just the boy I want. Come into the shop and begin at once.

DIALOGUE XVII.

slan′der	sus-tain′	re-li′gion
cor′po-ral	ex-pired′	re-lin′quish
con′sta-ble	ob-scene′	in-gē′ni-ous
per′se-cutes	af-flict′ed	im-pris′on-ment
tes′ti-mo-ny	as-sem′bly	as-so′ci-at-ing

WILLIAM PENN UNDER ARREST.

A DIALOGUE AS IT ACTUALLY OCCURED.

In England, in the year 1670, William Penn, afterward the founder of Pennsylvania, was persecuted for his religious opinions, which were those of the Quakers. He was tyrannically arrested for speaking at a Quaker meeting in Wheeler street, in London, and brought before a magistrate named Sir John Robinson. We abridge from Dixon's life of Penn the conversation which took place in court on this occasion.

Sir John Robinson. What is this person's name?

Constable. Mr. Penn, sir.

Robinson. Is your name Penn.

Penn. Dost thou not know me?

Robinson. I don't know you; I don't desire to know such as you.

Penn. If not, why didst thou send for me hither?

Robinson. Is that your name, sir?

Penn. Yes, yes, my name is Penn; I am not ashamed of my name.

Robinson. Constable, where did you find him?

Constable. At Wheeler street, at a meeting, speaking to the people.

Robinson. You mean he was speaking to an *unlawful* assembly!

Constable. I don't know, indeed, sir. He was there, and he was speaking.

Penn. I freely acknowledge that I was in Wheeler street, and I spoke to an assembly of people there.

Robinson. He confesses it.

Penn. I do so; I am not ashamed of my testimony.

Robinson. Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman—all the world must allow that—and you have a plentiful estate. Why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such *simple* people?

Penn. I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are *ingeniously wicked*, to converse with those who are *honestly simple*.

Robinson. I wish thee wiser.

Penn. I wish thee better.

Robinson. You have been as bad as other folks.

Penn. When and where? I charge thee tell the company to my face.

Robinson. Abroad, and at home too.

Penn. I make this bold challenge to all men —justly to accuse me with ever having been heard to swear, utter a curse or speak one obscene word. I trample thy slander under my feet!

Robinson. Well, Mr. Penn, I have no ill-will toward you. Your father was my friend, and I have a great deal of kindness for you.

Penn. Thou hast an ill way of expressing it.

Robinson. Well, I must send you to Newgate for *six months;* and when they are expired, you will come out.

Penn. Is that *all?* Thou well knowest that a longer imprisonment has not daunted me. This is not the way to compass your ends.

Robinson. You bring yourself into trouble. You will be heading of parties, and drawing people after you.

Penn. Thou mistakest. I would have thee and all men know that I scorn that religion which

is not worth suffering for, and which is not able to sustain those that are afflicted for its sake. Thy religion *persecutes*, mine *forgives*. I leave you all in perfect charity.

Robinson. Send a corporal with a file of musketeers with him.

Penn. No, no; send thy lackey. I know the way to Newgate.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

sol′id	tur′ret	a-gain′
wear′y	for′ests	ac-cord′
dan′ger	com′rădes	pos-sess′
out′line	bound′ing	up-lift′ed
wel′come	plough′men	to-geth′er

THE EMIGRANTS.

ALL.

Land! land! land!

FIRST VOICE.

The dangers of the deep are past,
We 're drawing near our home at last,

We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailors' welcome cry:

ALL.

Land! land! land!

SECOND VOICE.

Oh! joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again!
And hark! the church-bells pealing clear
From spire and turret looming near,
As if they rang so loud and free
To bid us welcome o'er the sea.

ALL.

Land! land! land!

THIRD VOICE.

The cry makes every heart rejoice;
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long-sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the hoard of toil?

ALL.

Land! land! land!

FOURTH VOICE.

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home;
And sleep at night, and never dread
That morn shall see us wanting bread.

ALL.

Land! land! land!

FIFTH VOICE.

We've passed together o'er the sea;
In storm and sunshine, comrades we;
But ere we part we'll gather round
And shout with one accord the sound—

ALL.

Land! land! land!

SIXTH VOICE.

The land of rivers broad and deep;
The land where he who sows may reap;
The land where, if we ploughmen will,

We may possess the fields we till;
So gather all, and shout once more—

ALL.

The land! the land! Hurrah for the shore!

CHARLES MACKAY.

DIALOGUE XIX.

wa'ges	faith'ful	in-quire'
beg'gar	hun'gry	e-nough'
strān'ġer	lone'some	en-ti'tled
neigh'bor	false'hood	to-mor'row
hon'es-ty	wheel'wright	dis-hon'est-y

HONEST JACOB.

Jacob, *a poor laboring man.*—**Fritz,** *his son, a small boy.*—**Adam,** *a baker.*

SCENE.—*The poor man's cottage. Enter* **Fritz.**

Fritz. How I wish father would come home! I am so hungry! O, here he comes!

(Jacob *enters, bringing a loaf of bread.*)

Jacob. Here I am, little Fritz!

Fritz. I am so glad! It is so lonesome here since dear mother died! And I—

Jacob. You are very hungry? I know it, my boy. It was n't so when there was plenty of work to be had. I hope these hard times will soon be over; but we must do the best we can whilst they last.

Fritz. O what a nice loaf you have! how good it smells.

Jacob (*aside*). It is the last! There is no knowing when we shall have another. Here, my son (*breaks the loaf*); eat your supper at once. There's no loss without some gain; we don't have to wait for cooking when we 've nothing to cook!

Fritz. O father! this is n't fair!

Jacob. What isn't fair, my son?

Fritz. You have given *me* the biggest piece.

Jacob. And is that anything to complain of? Come, eat, my boy.

Fritz. But you—you have been looking for work all day; you must be tired! and I know you have had nothing to eat.

Jacob. Ah, my Fritz! you are so good to think of me! But, really, it will do me more good to see you eat than to eat myself.

Fritz. But if you do not eat, how can you go out hunting for work to-morrow? and if you find work to do, how can you do it? You must have a part of this; do break it again, father!

Jacob. Well, to please you, I will; though your love is dearer to me than any food. (*Breaks Fritz's piece. Several pieces of money fall out.*)

Fritz. Why, what is that falling out of the bread? Gold! O father! gold!

Jacob. Do not touch it! That money isn't *ours.*

Fritz. *Whose* is it!, then? Gold! O father!

Jacob. Surely, I don't know whose it can be; I only know it is n't mine. We must inquire. Run to the baker's, and ask him about it. Quick, my son.

Fritz. But, father, we are so poor! And did n't you *buy* the loaf?

Jacob. I bought the *loaf*, but did not buy the *gold* in it. We are poor, indeed; but that is no reason why we should be dishonest.

Fritz. Dear father, you are right, I know! I'll hurry to tell the baker. (*Runs out.*)

Jacob (*alone*). Ah my poor Fritz! It is hard to see you starve, but it would be harder still to see you thrive by falsehood and dishonesty! I am sure God will take care of us, if we are faithful to Him and to each other.

(*Re-enter* Fritz, *with* Adam, *the baker.*)

Fritz. Here he is, father! I have told him about the money.

Jacob. There is some great mistake here, my friend. Is this *your* gold?

Fritz. O Mister Baker, my father is very poor!

Jacob. Be still, Fritz! We are not thieves, neither are we beggars. Take this gold away, if it is yours.

Adam. (*Rubbing his hands gleefully.*) Ay! I told him so! I told him so!

Jacob. Told whom? told what?

Adam. Uncle Luke, the wheelwright. I told him—said I, "Neighbor Jacob is the honestest man in town," said I.

And said he, "There you're right, Adam," said he. Ay, ay! and so it runs out.

Jacob. I don't understand you.

Adam. I'll tell you all about that money. A stranger brought it to me yesterdy, and told me to give it to the honestest man in town. I knew you would come for a loaf this evening, so I baked one for you, and put the gold into it. It is *yours;* you have shown by your honesty that you are entitled to it, if any one is.

Jacob. O my son!

Adam. And what is more, he left this card with mé, saying "When your honest man is found, tell him to find me, and I will give him good work and good wages." Here is his name.

Jacob. (*Takes the card.*) *Work!* and *wages!* that is better than *gold!* Thank you, Friend Adam! Come, Fritz, we will find this good man at once; we'll eat our bread by the way. Thank Heaven, that kept us honest, we shall soon have bread enough.

DIALOGUE XX.

ef'fort	av'e-nue	be-tray'al
res'cue	ac'ci-dents	pre-cau'tions
res'pīte	cow'ar-dice	phi-los'o-phy
skep'tic	sub'sti-tute	con-spir'a-tor
pur'chase	Di'o-nys'ius	in-fat'u-a'tion

FRIEND'S PLEDGE.

Dionysius. Is Damon, the philosopher, ready to redeem his pledge? The hour is near; and Phintias appears not, Freely didst thou become his substitute; if thy friend, this convicted conspirator against my throne, returns not in five minutes, thou must die in his stead.

Damon. I am content. I ask no respite. But he *will* return. Do not doubt that.

Dionysius. Dost thou believe it still?

Damon. Most confidently. Yes, if he lives, he will be here at the hour fixed.

Dionysius. The watchman on the towers have scanned with care each avenue that leads to Syracuse, and yet no horseman, eager in his haste, appears upon the road. Thou art cheated.

Damon. Cheated by *him?* O, never! He *will* return in season.

Dionysius. He must ride faster, then, than ever horseman rode into Syracuse. But, should he *not* return?

Damon. Why, even then, King Dionysius, I would not believe—not for one moment would I —that my frined intended to betray me. Accidents may happen. A horse may stumble; a man may be waylaid—prevented.

Dionysius. When a friend's life, pledged for one's own, hangs on the event, there should be such precautions as would bar out accidents. He should have been content with naught but certainty.

Damon. No life is certain. What if, in his haste, he should have overtasked himself, and fallen helpless?

Dionysius. What if his wife and children should have held him? What if the fear of death should have so weakend his knees that he could not come?

Damon. Unkingly sneer! O, couple not the thought of cowardice with Phintias! He would abhor a life saved by betrayal of a friend. Should he not come—

Dionysius. *Should* he not come? He *has* not come. One moment more, and the signal for thy death sounds in the court-yard.

Damon. Let it sound! Now do I hope in truth he will not come; for now I know that some mischance detains him. He has a wife and children; I have neither. *Me* few would miss, save Phintias.

Dionysius. And thou canst trust him still! Infatuation! Hark! Now summon thy philosophy. The signal sounds, and where is Phintias?

(*Enter* Phintias.)

Phintias. Phintias is here!

Damon. Returned? My friend! I knew thou wouldst return.

Dionysius. And have I then msjudged him? Is it he?

Damon. Dear Phintias, I had begun to hope some happy chance would keep you back. You can not speak. Your breath comes painfully.

Phintias. A moment—and I'll tell thee—tell thee all—how I was delayed.

Dionysius. And have I been a skeptic all my life in friendship, now to find that it exists, a bright reality, in these two hearts?

Phintias. O, Damon! Didst thou mistrust *me?* Didst thou think that *I* would play thee false? Confess! Thou didst—just for one moment?

Damon. Mot for one moment, Phintias! I would have laid my head upon the block as certain of thy truth as I am now.

Phintias. I do believe thee. Thus it happened, Damon: my freedman, Hermion, hoping to save my life, hamstrung my horse, to stop me on my journey.

Damon. Poor fellow! 't was in fondness that he did it.

Phintias. Ay, 't was in fondness; but, in my frenzy at the deed, I dragged him to a cliff, and might have hurled him headlong down, had I not, at the moment, spied a traveler on a fresh steed.

Damon. For thy sake, O, my friend! I wish that traveler had kept away.

Phintias. Forcing him to dismount, I took his place, and, riding at a gallop till the horse dropped with his mighty efforts, I rushed on, the rest of the way, on foot; and here I am—and thou, my friend, art safe.

Dionysius (*aside*). Now do I feel as if *he* were the *king*, and *I* the *vassal.*

Damon. O, that my life might purchase thine, my friend!

Phintias. Damon, thou'lt be the guardian of my children; for they are young and helpless. In that thought lies the only sting of death, and even that thy friendship takes away. Don't droop.

Damon. I never felt till now the greatness of this woe. I can not lose thee.

Phintias. Cheer up. Remember thine own lessons. Hast thou not taught me death is but a step to higher life?

Damon. 'T is *I* should strengthen *thee;* yet thou, the victim, art, too, the consoler.

Phintias. And why not? 'T is I that am the gainer.

Dionysius. Twice has the signal sounded. Are you ready?

Phinysias. Farewell, my friend. Now Dionysius, let your officers come forth, for I am ready.

Dionysius. So am not I.

Damon. What mean you, king? There is a royal mercy in your eyes.

Dionysius. Phintias, thou hast wronged me, but I believe a man so true in friendship will keep his faith with kings.

Damon. Doubt it not, Dionysius! Doubt it not.

Dionysius. Wilt thou no longer plot against my throne, should I now spare thy life, and give thee back to home and freedom?

Phintias. That I can promptly promise, Dionysius. There shall be no more plots. All that I do shall be done openly.

Dionysius. Enough! Admit me to your friendship; for it is stronger than the soldier's arm, and imperial than the pomp of kings.

DIALOGUE XXI.

pow′er	fa′tal	a-vert′
bil′lows	sig′nal	a-float′
star′tled	gal′lant	a-head′
tem′pest	wa′ter-y	with-in′
fath′oms	va′por-y	al-read′y

THE LIFE-BOAT.

FIRST VOICE.

Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark,
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her main-mast is gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.

ALL.

The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

SECOND VOICE.

Quick! man the life-boat! Hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;

And see! the signal flags are on,
and speak the ship's despair.
That forkëd flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock—
And the wail comes louder and deeper.

ALL.

The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

THIRD VOICE.

Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.

ALL.

The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

FOURTH VOICE.

Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
And, as they pulled the oar,

From shore and ship a cheer arose
That startled ship and shore.
Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
Has human lives within her;
And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
Thou'lt save if thou canst win her.

ALL.

On life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!

FIFTH VOICE.

Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there—the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down,.
But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
With the billows single-handed:
They are all in the boat!—hurrah! they're afloat!—
And now they are safely landed,
By the life-boat!

FIRST VOICE.

Cheer the life-boat!

ALL.

Hurrah! Hurrah for the life-boat!

ANON.

DIALOGUE XXII.

rab'bit.	u'sa-ges	de-ter'mīne
cus'tom	spē'ci-ēs	sa-gac'i-ty
sur'face	rid'i-cule	su-pē'ri-or
Eu'rope	prin'ci-ple	in-ter'nal-ly
bur'rows	res'i-dence	A-mer'i-can
in'stance	dif'fer-ence	im-pos'si-ble

RABBITS.

William. Is this not a *rabbit*, father? John says it's a *hare*.

Father. And John is right, my son: that is the American hare.

William. But I am sure I heard you call it a *rabbit*. Every body calls these animals *rabbits*.

Father. True, William. And yet, really, they are *hares*. The rabbit, though externally and internally, very much like a hare, is yet a distinct species, and superior to the hare in point of sagacity. It burrows in the ground, and thus hides itself from its enemies; while the hare forms its residence on the surface of the earth, and remains constantly exposed to its enemies.

Hares are found in nearly every part of the

earth; but rabbits were at first confined almost entirely to Europe, from whence they have been taken to other countries. Look at a picture of tame rabbits, and then look at the animal you hold in your hand, and you will see that they are different.

William. Oh! yes; I can see that very plainly. But if our rabbits, as we call them, are only hares, why are they not called by their *right name?*

Father. A first mistake in naming the animal has made the term "rabbit" so universal that most people believe it to be correct; and it is now almost impossible to change it into the right one.

William. I *will* call them hares after this.

Father. People will hardly know what you mean.

William. But they *are* hares, and ought to be *called* so.

Father. When you speak to others, you wish them to understand the meaning of your words. Do you not?

William. Oh, yes.

Father. If you say hare, you will not be understood; for the American hare is known as the rabbit. The *usages* of a country, to a great extent, determine for us what we should call certain things, or how we should act in certain cases, where no principle of *right* or *wrong* is concerned.

It is better always to be correct in every thing; but where the usage of a whole country is slightly incorrect, as in this instance, it is better that lads, like yourself, should abide by it, instead of attempting to introduce a reform, the result of

which would be to effect no change of the custom, and lay you open to the unpleasant ridicule of many.

William. But you have said that we should never be *afraid* of ridicule, father.

Father. Nor should we. And yet there are few who can bear it without feeling very unpleasant. It is always best not to *provoke* it lightly, for those who laugh at us are not in a state to receive good impressions from what we say or do.

William. I never thought of that

Father. But it is a fact, William; and, therefore, while we should not be afraid of being laughed at, we should not, for a light cause, call down upon us the ridicule of others.

DIALOGUE XXIII.

civ′il	pri′vate	at-tor′ney
stu′pid	an′xious	um-brel′la
liv′er-ies	mis′chief	em-ploy′ment
im′pu-dent	in′ter-rupt′	im-per′ti-nent
pas′sen-gers	in′ter-fer′ing	es-tab′lish-ment
par′don-a-ble	oc′cu-pa′tion	a-poth′e-ca-ry

THE INQUISITIVE MAN.

Doubledot. Here comes Mr. Paul Pry! I wish he was further. He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs. He does not scruple to question you about your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about the loss of a slave-button, or some such idle matter. But I'll soon get lid of him.

(*Enter* Pry.)

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doubledot. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "Pretty well, thank you."

Pry. Well, since you're busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doubledot. Then you may now drop *out* again. The London coach will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day; for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doubledot. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be *idle*.

Doubledot. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. I always see it go out. Have done so these ten years.

Doubledot. (*Aside.*) Tiresome blockhead! (*Aloud.*) Well, good-morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your house does not appear to be full just now.

Doubledot. No, no; and I wish it wasn't as full as it is.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent—eh? I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet, when Christmas comes round?

Doubledot. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to *you?*

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it. They have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Dragon.

Doubledot. What! What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon?

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three

servants on the dicky and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow; for the servants are not on board wages.

Doubledot. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that the servants are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

Doubledot. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage, as it was coming down the hill, brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord, at first—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Doubledot. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage-window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal, for stopping my carriage! and I'll not go to Doubledot's, if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it."

Doubledot. There! that comes of your stupid

meddling! If you hadn't interfered, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doubledot. Did it for the best, indeed! You medding booby! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I *must* go. Good-morning. (*Goes.*)

Doubledot. I'm rid of him, at last, thank fortune! (*Pry re-enters.*) Well, are n't you gone? What now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my *gloves.* No! Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand, all the time.

Doubledot. O! get out my way. (*Goes out.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil. If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable; but Hullo! there's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day? They have had letters every day this week, and I can't, for the life of me, think what they

can be about. (*Runs off, and returns.*) Dear me! I was going off without my *umbrella.*

JOHN POOLS.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

pres'sure	tor'ture	con-fess'
man'i-fest	mar'tyr	se-vēr'er
ob'sti-nate	mem'ber	fa-mil'iar
wit'ness-es	dis-grace'	tor-nā'do
found'er-ing	be-queath'	un-worth'y
fan'a-ti-cism	con-demned'	tor-men'tors

THE QUAKER MARTYRS.

CHARACTERS.—**Giles Corey**, *a Quaker accused of witchcraft, sentenced, with his wife, to be crushed to death by means of heavy weight;* **Richard Gardner**, *a sea-captain;* **Jailer**; **Sheriff.**

Corey. Now I have done with earth and all its cares;
I give my worldly *goods* to my dear children:
My *body* I bequeath to my tormentors,
And my immortal *soul* to Him who made it.
O God! who in thy wisdom dost afflict me

With an affliction greater than most men
Have ever yet endured or shall endure,
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour
For any pains of death to fall from thee!

(*Enter the Jailer, followed by* **Richard Gardner**.)

Jailer. Here's a seafaring man, one Richard Gardner,
A friend of yours, asks to speak with you.

Corey. I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad to see you.

Gardner. And I most sorely grieved to see you thus.

Corey. Of all the friends I had in happier days,
You are the *first*, ay, and the *only* one,
That comes to seek me out in my disgrace!
And you but come in time to say farewell.
They 've dug my grave already in the field.
I thank you. There is something in your presence,
I know not what it is, that gives me strength.
Perhaps it is the bearing of a man
Familiar with all the dangers of the deep,
Familiar with the cries of drowning men,
With fire, and wreck, and foundering ships at sea!

Gardner. Ah, I have never known a wreck like yours!
Would I could save you!

Corey. Do not speak of that.
It is too late. I am resolved to die.

Gardner. Why would you die who have so much to live for?—
Your daughters, and—

Corey. You cannot say the word.
My daughters have gone from me. They are *married:*
They have their homes, their thoughts, apart from me;
I will not say their *hearts*,—that were too cruel.
What would you have me do?

Gardner. Confess and live.

Corey. That's what they said who came here yesterday
To lay a heavy weight upon my conscience,
By telling me that I was driven forth
As an *unworthy* member of the church.

Gardner. It is an awful death.

Corey. 'Tis but to drown,
And have the weight of all the seas upon you.

Gardner. Say something; say enough to fend off death

Till this tornado of fanaticism
Blows itself out. Let me come in between you
And your severer self, with my plain sense;
Do not be obstinate.

Corey. I will not plead.
If I deny, I am condemned already
In courts where ghosts appear as witnesses,
And swear men's lives away. If I confess,
Then I confess a lie, to buy a life
Which is not life, but only *death in life*.
I will not bear false witness against any,
Not even against myself, whom I count least.

Gardner (*aside*). Ah, what a noble character is this!

Corey. I pray you do not urge me to do that
You would not do yourself. I have already
The bitter taste of death upon my lips:
I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
That will crush out my life within this hour;
But if a word could save me, and that word
Were not the truth; nay, if it did but swerve
A hair's breadth from the truth, I would not say it!

Gardner (*aside*). How mean I seem beside a man like this!

Corey. As for my wife, my Martha and my martyr,—
Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,
Though numberless, do but await the dark
To manifest themselves unto all eyes,—
She who first won me from my evil ways,
And taught me how to *live* by her example,
By her example teaches me how to *die*,
And leads me onward to the better life!

Sheriff (*without*). Giles Corey! Come! The hour has struck!

Corey. I come!
Here is my *body*; ye may torture it,
But the immortal *soul* ye cannot crush!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DIALOGUE XXV.

mod'el	fem'i-nīne	ma-ter'nal
gro'cer	mon'i-tress	en-cour'age
vul'gar	sem'i-na-ry	pro-pri'e-ty
prom'ise	ven'er-a-ble	a-gree'a-ble
dig'ni-fied	fa'shion-a-ble	an-ti'ci-pāt-ed
car'pen-ter	ad'ver-tīs-ing	a-bom'i-na-ble

HEALTH IN EDUCATION.

Mrs. Fluster. I have come, Miss Mendum, to talk with you on the course you are taking in regard to my niece's education.

Miss Mendum. I shall be happy to hear your advice. Mr. Penway, before going to Europe, put his daughter under my charge, and made me promise to bring her up as I would my own child.

Mrs. Fluster. Ah! if you had my maternal experience, you would be more careful in guarding her from the coarse, vulgar habits into which she is falling.

Miss Mendum. *Coarse, vulgar habits?* There is no more lady-like girl in my school. What do you mean?

Mrs. Fluster. I *mean* what I *say*. You need not put on that dignified air, Miss. I know who your father was.

Miss Mendum. And all the world may know. He was a good carpenter, and a good man. But let us keep to the point. What are these coarse, vulgar habits of which you speak?

Mrs. Fluster. When my brother-in-law sent

Ruth to you, three years ago, she was as pale and delicate a child as one would wish to see.

Miss Mendum. That is true; she could not have weighed over sixty pounds; now she weighs a hundred.

Mrs. Fluster. The poor child has lost that graceful stoop which I used to admire; she stands erect as a flag-staff.

Miss Mendum. Yes, I confess that Ruth has improved wonderfully in health and strength.

Mrs. Fluster. Why, she looks as brown as one of those German women who spend their summers in picking berries.

Miss Mendum. In gaining health of body, Ruth has been able to give more time to her studies than she could ever give before.

Mrs. Fluster. But who wishes to see such a rude state of health as hers? It may do for a washer-woman, but not for Ruth Penway.

Miss Mendum. What has she done to offend your sense of propriety?

Mrs. Fluster. Was she not seen last Wednesday morning, when the cold was intense, actually shoveling snow from the sidewalk?

Miss Mendum. I saw it, and delighted I was to see it. When I thought of the poor, puny

thing, who came to me three winters ago, weak and shivering, and when I looked on Ruth, braving the cold and the snow, her cheeks glowing with health, I felt pride in the change.

Mrs. Fluster. What will you say, Miss, to her being seen on Long Pond, with skates on her feet, moving at unbecoming speed over the ice, and carrying a stick, bent at the end, in her hand?

Miss Mendum. I gave her the skates and the stick, and taught her the use of them.

Mrs. Fluster. And you stand there and confess it! What would my venerable instructress, Miss Sophonisba Primwood, have said to see one of her pupils skating like a boy? She would have fainted on the spot!

Miss Mendum. Did she think that the boys ought to have all the healthful, out-of-door sports to themselves?

Mrs. Fluster. She knew what belongs to a lady. She never would let us walk out except in single file, with a monitress at the head. Ah! she had studied the proprieties.

Miss Mendum. I have heard that the doctor of the village used to call her a *model* schoolmistress. She put more business into his hands than all the families in the place.

Mrs. Fluster. Yes; there was hardly a day that he was not called in to attend some of the young ladies. Such recommendations as he used to give of the seminary!

Miss Mendum. Though I can not boast of the number of my *doctor's* visits, I can boast of those of my *grocer* and my *market-man.*

Mrs. Fluster. I can only pity your want of refinement. I shall by and by expect to see your young ladies driving hoop.

Miss Mendum. That you may see almost any day when the ground is dry.

Mrs. Fluster. Shall we see football?

Miss Mendum. The feminine dress forbids. Besides, we have more agreeable occupations. If you will come next spring, you shall see Ruth hoeing up the weeds in her flower-beds. You shall also see her scull a boat across the pond for lilies.

Mrs. Fluster. Abominable! And you encourage such things? What if she should fall overboard?

Miss Mendum. She would not care much; for Ruth is a capital swimmer.

Mrs. Fluster. A swimmer? My niece a *swimmer?* What next? If I donot hear of her

taking part in a prize fight, I shall be glad. I shall at once write to her father about these things.

Miss Mendum. There you have been *anticipated* He has known all about them these two years.

Mrs. Fluster. Well, if he chooses to submit, I will go round among my fashionable friends, and tell them what you are doing.

Miss Mendum. You will oblige me in that; for it will save me some money in *advertising.*

DIALOGUE XXVI.

fin′ish	Gā′bri-el	sup-pose′
pack′et	pov′er-ty	in-volves′
cop′ied	prop′er-ty	re-li′ance
bro′ken	char′ac-ter	mis-for′tune
mar′ried	in′tro-duce′	ex-pē′ri-ence
drunk′ard	ed′u-ca′tion	su-per′flu-ous

IN WANT OF A PLACE.

Mr. Lawrence Newt, *merchant.* **Gabriel Bennet,** *In want of a place.*

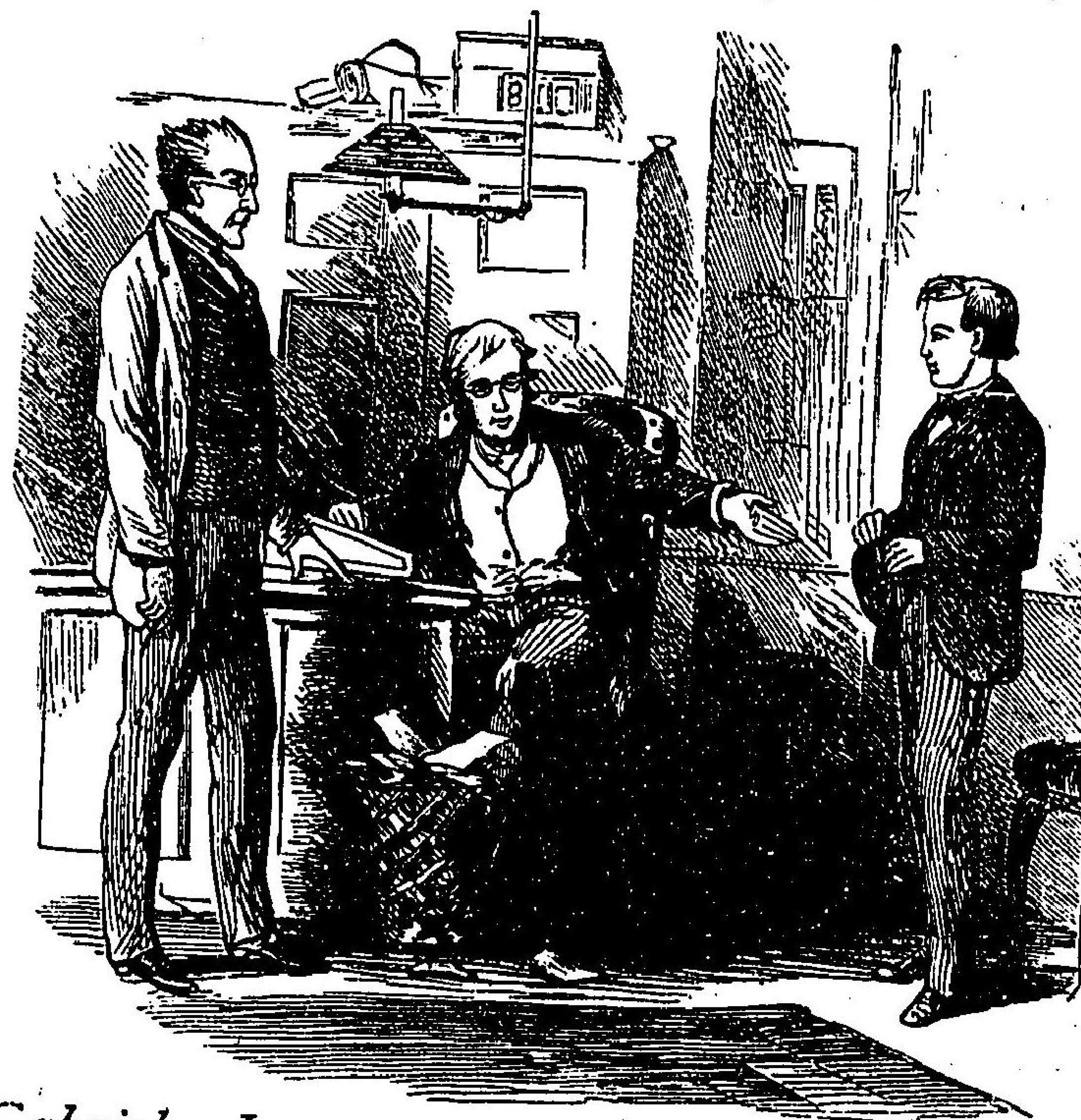
SCENE.—**Mr. Newt's** *counting-room.*

Gabriel (enters). May I see Mr. Newt, sir?

Mr. Newt. That is my name. Please be short. It's packet day.

Gabriel. Please, sir, I want a place.

Mr. Newt. What kind of a place?



Gabriel. In a store, sir.

Mr. Newt. I've no place for you.

Gabriel. Have n't you? Excuse me. (*Begins to leave.*)

Mr. Newt. Wait. Sit down while I finish these letters; then we'll talk about it.

Gabriel (*aside*). O, how nice it would be to have something to do—to earn my own living—in such a place as this! How glad they would be at home!

Mr. Newt (*to clerk*). Thomas, please have these letters copied. *Brick* is the word this morning, you know.—Now, young man tell me what you want.

Gabriel. My father has been unfortunate, sir, and I want to do some thing for myself. He advised me to come to you, sir.

Mr. Newt. Why to *me?*

Gabriel. He said you might give me good advice if you couldn't give me a place.

Mr. Newt. Been *unfortunate*, has he?

Gabriel. Yes, sir.

Mr. Newt. Lost his health?

Gabriel. No, sir.

Mr. Newt. Broken a leg?

Gabriel. No, sir.

Mr. Newt. Daughter married a drunkard?

Gabriel. No, sir.

Gabriel. He has *lost* his *money*, sir.

Mr. Newt. O, ho! his money! That's what *you* call unfortunate.

Gabriel. Isn't that enough so?

Mr. Newt. Think a moment;—money,—has your father anything else he could *so well* spare? Has he any superfluous boy or girl?

Gabriel. I think not!

Mr. Newt. A useless arm?

Gabriel. O no!

Mr. Newt. Or his eyesight, or his honor,—could he do without these? Come, what is there he could *better* lose than money?

Gabriel. I suppose worse things *could* happen to us than poverty.

Mr. Newt. Is it possible? Why, then, when people speak of a man being unfortunate, do they always mean that he has lost property?—as if property were the only really good thing in the world!—What 's your name?

Gabriel. Gabriel Bennet.

Mr. Newt. You look like a good, strong boy, Gabriel. Have you ever been in a store?

Gabriel. No; I only left school last week. I left because—

Mr. Newt. Because your father was unfortunate. I understand. Well, the loss of money is a misfortune, since it involves the loss of other things. So, you didn't wish to leave school, eh?

Gabriel. O, sir! if I only could have kept on!

But of course I couldn't. I must earn my own living now.

Mr. Newt. Ay, ay, and I've no doubt that will prove your best education. It will give you experience, knowledge of the world, character. *Manhood* is better than Greek. *Self-reliance* is worth more to a man than Latin.

Gabriel. I'd rather have them and Greek and Latin *too*.

Mr. Newt. But what if you cannot?

Gabriel (*laughing*). Then I'll take what I *can* get.

Mr. Newt. That's the way to talk! When the man sent for cake,—"John," says he, "if you can't get cake, get smelts." He was a wise man.

Gabriel. But what if I can't even get smelts?

Mr. Newt. Eh?

Gabriel. I mean—a place.

Mr. Newt. Ha, ha! Well! we'll see about that.—Thomas Tray, this is our *youngest* clerk, Gabriel Bennet. Gabriel, this is our *head* clerk, Mr. Tray. I hope you will get along well together. Gabriel, mind Thomas! Thomas, be good to Gabriel!

Gabriel. O, sir! what will my father say?

Mr. Newt. Not that he is unfortunate, I hope, as long as he has such a son as you! Introduce him to the other clerks, Thomas, and give him a stool. (*Gabriel and clerk go out.*) —Am not I a fortunate man; I'd rather do a good turn for a lad like that than make a thousand dollars.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

mer′it	el′e-gant	per-ceive′
stat′ue	es′ti-mate	pre-serve′
meas′ure	qual′i-ties	com-pare′
plā′ġiar-ist	dis-as′ter	pro-duc′tions
im′i-ta′tions	pa-thet′ic	ex-ceed′ing-ly
in′sig-nif′i-cant	de-light′ful	con-tempt′i-ble

QUARREL OF THE AUTHORS.

Enter **Bavius** *and* **Mevius**, *meeting.*

Bavius. Sir, I'm proud to have met *you*. Long have I known
Your production, and often I've wished them my own.
Your Verses have beauties in none other found.

Mevius. In *yours* all the graces of diction abound.

B. Your phrases are neat, your style charmingly light.

M. We find the pathetic in all that you write.

B. Your odes, how delightful! how tender and true!
Who now will compare Pope or Dryden with you?

M. Your songs have a noble and elegant vein,
That even old Horace could never attain.

B. Can any thing equal your love-ditties rare?

M. Can aught with your wonderful sonnets compare?

B. If the public could estimate half of your worth—

M. If merit now met its due honors on earth—

B. You'd roll through the streets in a carriage of gold.

M. Every square in the city your statue would hold.
Hem! this *ballad* of mine—your opinion upon it.
I should like to—

B. Pray, sir, have you met with a *sonnet*
On the flag of our country?

M. A sonnet?—Just so.
'T was read at a party, a few nights ago.

B. Do you know who's the author?

M. I know not—nor care;
For 'tis an exceedingly trifling affair.

B. Yet many admire it—or so they tell me.

M. No matter for that; it's as bad as can be.
And if you had but seen it, sir, you'd think so too.

B. Dear sir, I am sorry to differ from you;
But I hold that its merit must every one strike.

M. May the Muses preserve me from making the like.

B. I maintain that a better the world can not show;
For I am the author—yes, *I*, you must know.

M. You?

B. I.

M. Well, I wonder how that came to pass.

B. I had the bad luck not to please you, alas!

M. Perhaps there was something distracted my head;
Or else the man spoiled it, so badly he read.
But here is my *ballad*, concerning which I—

B. The days of the ballad methinks are gone by;
'Tis very old-fashioned, and out of date quite.

M. Yet, even now, many in ballads delight.

B. No matter; I think them decidedly flat.

M. You think them! Perhaps they're no worse, sir, for that.

B. For pedants, indeed, they have charms beyond measure.

M. And yet we perceive they afford *you* no pleasure.

B. You give others qualities found but in *you.*

M. You call others names that are justly *your* due.
Go, blotter of foolscap! contemptible creature!

B. Go, scribbler of sonnets, and butcher of meter!

M. Go, impudent plagiarist! Pedant, get out!

B. Go, rascal! be careful! mind what you're about!

M. Go, go! strip your writings of each borrowed plume;
Let the Greeks and the Latins their beauties resume?

B. Go, you, and ask pardon of Venus and Bacchus,
For your lame imitations of jolly old Flaccus.

M. Remember your book's insignificant sale.

B. Remember your book-seller driven to jail.

M. My pen shall avenge me — to your great disaster.

B. And mine shall let you know, sir, who is your master.

M. I defy you in verse, prose, Latin, and Greek!

B. You shall hear from me, sir, in the course of the week.

Imitated from MOLIERE.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

or′chard	vil′lain	dis-po′sal
con′tract	cob′bler	mis-ta′ken
in′va-lid	ac-cept′	ex-pect′ing
pas′sion-ate	sup-port′	re-venge′ful
mis′chie-vous	con-cern′	un-com′fort-a-ble
ir′ri-ta′tion	com-plaint′	su′per-in-tend′ents

THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

Mr. Wander, Farmer Hasty, *and* **Mr. Newcome.**

Mr. Wander. If you do not take better care of your pigs, friend Hasty, they will get you into trouble.

Farmer Hasty. What have my pigs been doing now?

Mr. Wander. As I was passing by Mr. Newcome's, I saw them in his garden, turning up his flower-beds and trampling his strawberries. You seem to take the news rather coolly, Farmer Hasty.

Farmer Hasty. It is no news to me, Mr. Wander. Meddle with what concern *you*, and let me manage my own affairs.

Mr. Wander. Well, now, I thought I was doing you a favor. You don't mean to say that you knew your pigs were rooting in your neighbor's garden, and took no pains to prevent it?

Farmer Hasty. If this Mr. Newcome is going to let his cows break down my fences, and spoil the young trees in my pear-orchard, I shall not go out of my way to keep my pigs out of his flower-garden.

Mr. Wander. But his wife delights in her flower-bed; and she is a poor *invalid*, with few out-of-door pleasures.

Farmer Hasty. And *I*, Mr. Wander, depend for the support of my family on my orchard.

Mr. Wander. How long has Mr. Newcome been your neighbor?

Farmer Hasty. Some three weeks, more or less.

Mr. Wander. I hear he gave up business in the city, for the sake of his wife's health in the country.

Farmer Hasty. Very likely. He seems to be a proud sort of a man; but he will find he can not frighten me with his haughty airs.

Mr. Wander. He was n't too proud to make a call, yesterday, on old Mrs. Babbit, the cobbler's widow.

Farmer Hasty. Did he do that?—did he?

Mr. Wander. To be sure he did! He read to her from a good book for an hour, and then left her a basket of dainties and a five-dollar bill.

Farmer Hasty. I did n't know he was that sort of a man. Good-by.

Mr. Wander. What's your hurry?

Farmer Hasty. I am going to drive away my pigs.

Mr. Wander. Don't trouble yourself. I did that for you, but not till they had done a deal of damage. If I were Newcome, I should be pretty *mad.*

Farmer Hasty. Who has the better reason

for being mad, *he* or *I*? A young pear-tree I gave four dollars for is ruined by his cows.

Mr. Wander. Why did you n't make complaint to Newcome, and ask him to make good your loss?

Farmer Hasty. To tell the truth, I was in too much of a rage to think of that.

Mr. Wander. Would Newcome have seen his cows spoiling your trees, and taken no steps to prevent it?

Farmer Hasty. None of your lecturing, Mr. Wander! I have given him a lesson he will recollect.

Mr. Wander. Did n't you open the garden-gate to let in the pigs?

Farmer Hasty. What is that to you, if I did?

Mr. Wander. Newcome *knows* that you did it; and, if I were he, I would punish you for it. Here he comes. Now look out for breakers.

Farmer Hasty. If he lays a finger on me, he shall rue it. I am ready for him. I'll teach him to destroy the poor man's substance. I'll show him that I can stand up for my rights as well as he can for his, though he may have more money and book-learning. If he's angry at the loss of

his flower-garden, I'm glad of it. It is n't an offset for my pear-trees.

Mr. Wander. Steady, steady, friend Hasty; don't work yourself up into a passion.

Farmer Hasty. I have served him right. I'll turn my pigs into his garden again, if he lets his cows stray into my orchard.

(*Enter* **Mr. Newcome.**)

Mr. Newcome. Good-morning, friends! Neighbor Hasty, well met! It was only just now that I learned my mischievous cows had been rubbing up against your pear-trees.

Farmer Hasty. Yes, and they have nibbled the young shoots, and spoiled some of my best trees.

Mr. Newcome. Never mind, friend Hasty. I'll have a strong fence put up this very day. Next autumn I'll replace your pear-trees, and throw you in enough more for a new orchard. I've sent to France for a choice lot. What 's the matter, friend Hasty?

Farmer Hasty. I don't want any of your pear-trees. I shall not accept them.

Mr. Newcome. Not accept them? You'll surely let me make up for the damage my cattle

have done? Come, neighbor, we must be *friends*. My wife has been expecting a call from Mrs. Hasty. Why does n't she come?

Farmer Hasty. She knows too well that she is n't wanted.

Mr. Newcome. Not wanted? So near a neighbor *not wanted* as a friend? Come round and take dinner with us, and we'll show her that she is mistaken. By the way, Hasty, you've a team of oxen?

Farmer Hasty. The best in the state. They can't be matched.

Mr. Newcome. So I thought. Well, the county-superintendents have given me the disposal of the contract for the new road from the turnpike to Tiverton Center. I could think of no man better able to undertake the job than you. Will you do it?

Mr. Wander. By all means do it, friend Hasty. It will be a good five hundred dollars in your pocket.

Mr. Newcome. Why, friend Hasty, what is the matter—what *is* the matter?

Farmer Hasty. The matter is that I have been a villain—a mean, contemptible, sneaking, revengeful villain.

Mr. Newcome. O, not so bad as that! Come, I never like to hear my neighbors abused. You must not talk to me in that style. My neighbor Hasty is—

Farmer Hasty. He is n't fit to be your neighbor. He opened—your—garden-gate—and let his—p-pigs—spoil your poor wife's flower-garden.

Mr. Newcome. O, nonsense! What if he did? Don't cry about it. I had given him ample cause for irritation.

Farmer Hasty. No, you hadn't.

Mr. Newcome. Well, my *cows* had, and that amounts to the same thing.

Farmer Hasty. No, it does n't. You've made me feel meaner than ever I did in my life. O, sir! why could n't you have come at me in a good rage? Then I should n't have broken down.

Mr. Newcome. Nonsense, friend Hasty. It would only have made us both uncomfortable, for me to have been in a rage.

Farmer Hasty. I shall have to tell the whole story to my wife, and she'll tell me I have disgraced myself; and, the worst of it is, I shall know it true.

Mr. Newcome. Come, come; forgive *yourself* as readily as you've forgiven *me.*

Mr. Wander. There, Newcome, I told you Hasty was a litltle passionate, but a good fellow *at heart.*

Farmer Hasty. If somebody would lash me a little, I should feel a great deal better. I'll go and get my wife to pull my hair.

Mr. Newcome. Go and bring your wife to dinner. And you, friend Wander, shall join us.

Mr. Wander. I'm a free man, with no wife to pull my hair. I'll come.

Farmer Hasty. Mr. Newcome, you have taken the cruelest sort of revenge.

Mr. Newcome. How so?

Farmer Hasty. You have heaped coals of fire on my head. You have overcome *evil* with *good.* I thank you for the lesson, sir. Grant me one favor.

Mr. Newcome. What is it?

Farmer Hasty. Let me come when I will and work in your flower-garden.

Mr. Newcome. You shall do it, if you will let me take the same liberty in your pear-orchard.

Farmer Hasty. Take any liberty you will.

Mr. Newcome. You'll be back at one o'clock?

Farmer Hasty. Yes, with as many strawberries and flowers as I can bring. Good-by till then.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

cri'sis	hāst'ily	ca-shier'
pan'ic	in'dus-try	in-sist'ing
for'tune	hap'pi-est	post-pōn'ing
count'er	con'fi-dence	un-u'su-al
turn'pike	ag'i-tat-ed	de-pos'it-ed
hāst'e'ning	tol'er-a-bly	con-grat'u-late

THE MONEY PANIC.

CHARACTERS.—**Mr. Aubrey,** *a London banker.*—**Mr. Freeland,** *a merchant.*

SCENE.—*A back-room in the banking-house.* **Mr. Aubrey,** *enters, much agitated.*

Aubrey. It is a perfect panic! There has been nothing like it since 1826. The run on the bank was fearful yesterday, and I was glad when the hour of closing arrived. But it was only postponing the crash. Things look worse to-day.

Every man who has a shilling deposited with us rushes to demand it. All confidence is gone; those I thought my friends are as mad as the rest. If I could gain a little time — but no! (*Listens*)

Hear the gold jingling on the counter! It can't last much longer at this rate. Ah! here comes one of them — I must n't appear disturbed. What can I do for you, sir?

Freeland. I have come to ask a blunt ques-

tion, for I am a plain man, and I like to come straight to the point.

Aubrey. Well, sir?

Freeland. I hear that you have a run on your bank; is that so?

Aubrey. I see the drift of your question. If you have any money in the bank, present your account to the cashier, and he will pay you at once.

Freeland. I have n't a penny in your hands.

Aubrey. Then may I ask what is your business with me?

Freland. I wish to know if a small sum will aid you at this crisis.

Aubrey. Why ask that question?

Freeland. Because if it would, I should be glad to pay in a deposit.

Aubrey. Sir!

Freeland. You are no doubt *surprised* that, when those who know you are hastening to drain your vaults, a *stranger* should come to pay money *in*.

Aubrey. I confess it is unusual.

Freeland. Let me explain myself. Do you remember when, some twenty years ago, you lived in Essex?

Aubrey. Perfectly.

Freeland. And perhaps you recollect the turnpike-gate you used to pass every day?

Aubrey. Certainly I do.

Freeland. My father kept that gate.

Aubrey. Ah, I remember him!

Freeland. And do you remember one Christmas morning, when the gate-keeper was sick, and a little boy opened the gate for you?

Aubrey. I have forgotten the circumstance.

Freeland. Very likely. But *I* have not. I was *that* little boy. As you passed, I called out, "A merry Christmas, sir!" You replied, "Thank you, my lad; the same to you, and here is a trifle to make it so." And you threw me a seven-shilling piece.

Aubrey (*smiling*). Well, I trust you had a merry Christmas!

Freeland. It was the first money I ever had in my life; and that, and the kind smile you gave me with it, made me the happiest boy in the world that day. Well, sir — to cut a long story short — that seven-shilling piece brought me good luck; it was the beginning of — well, sir — a tolerably large fortune for a plain man like me. I have kept sight of you, though I dare say you

never gave me a second thought. I got into trade, first in a small way, then in a large way, — and, sir, I consider that I owe all I have to you.

Aubrey. You owe it rather to your own thrift and industry. And I heartily congratulate you!

Freeland. Thank you! But excuse me for insisting — I owe all to *you*. Hearing yesterday that there was a run on your bank, I hastily scraped together what I could — a small sum — which is at your service, if it will be of any use to you. Here it is, sir.

(*Puts a roll of bank-notes into Aubrey's hand.*)

Aubrey. But, my dear sir!

Freeland. A small sum, a small sum, sir. You'll really oblige me by keeping it for me a few days. Pardon me for taking so much of your time. I'll call again. Good-day, sir!

Aubrey (*turns over the bank-notes.*) Twenty thousand pounds! Thank Heaven, the bank is *saved!*

DIALOGUE XXX.

mag′ic	Gu′ten-berg	phy-si′cian
sci-ence	tran′si-to-ry	in-ven′tion
sō′journ	mul′ti-ply-ing	se-cu′ri-ty
pen′u-ry	un′re-quīt′ing	pos-ter′i-ty
mov′a-ble	mech′a-ni′cian	ac-cept′a-ble
man′u-scripts	dis′ap-point′ment	in-grat′i-tude

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

John Gutenberg.—Rupert, *A usurer.*

Rupert. Friend John, what's wanted now? Ah! I can guess.
'Tis the old story,—*money!*

John. Master Rupert,
I bring you good security.

Rupert. What's this?
A family ring,—solid, and set with diamonds!

John. Let me have fifty florins on the pledge.

Rupert. That's twenty more than I can afford;
But you shall have the money.

John. Recollect,
I shall redeem the ring!

Rupert. When, John?

John. As soon
As I have perfected my great invention.

Rupert. Ah! John, that great invention, much I fear,
Will come to naught. Take to some honest trade;
Leave dreaming o'er thy scheme of *movable types*
For multiplying copies of a book.
Shouldst thou succeed, the copists, who now
Derive their living from their manuscripts,
Will persecute thee,—make it out (who knows?)
That thou hast dealt in magic

John. Let them murmur!
Think, Master Rupert, of the good locked up
In this invention. Look upon this book:
It is the book of books, the Bible. Know'st thou
How long it takes a writer to complete
A copy as this?

Rupert. A year, perhaps.

John. As long as that! Now, by this plan of mine,
After the types are set, ten thousand copies
Might be struck off, and by a single man,
Within less time than now is given to make
A single copy.

Rupert. John, thy wits are wandering;
Thou art but a dreamer.
John. I can make it plain
To any mechanician, what I say
Is but the sober truth. Ay, Master Rupert,
The day will come when this same book, which now
Few men are rich enough to own, will be
So multiplied and cheap, that every peasant
Can own it, if he chooses.
Rupert. John, go home;
Tell thy wife to put thee straight to bed,
And send for a physician. I shall hear
Of a brain-fever next.
John. The day will come.
I may not live to see it; after years
Of penury and struggle, I may fall
Into the grave unnoticed: but the spark
Kindled by me shall grow to be a light
Unto the nations; and religion, freedom,
Science, and education, all shall date
An epoch from the day when *here*, in Mentz,
I, poor John Gutenberg, the small mechanic,
Produced my movable types, but could not win,
From rich and learned, words of cheer or help.
Rupert. 'Tis for posterity thou art laboring, then!
Now listen to a word of common sense:
Posterity will nothing do to thee.
Posterity will put upon thy back
No coat to shield thee from the winter's cold.
Posterity will give no single meal,
Though thou wert starving. Why shouldst thou then, John,
Labor for such an ingrate as this same
Vain, unrequiting herd, — *posteritey*?
John. The noble giver finds his solace in
The *act* of giving, — in the consciousness
He has conferred upon his fellow-men
A certain blessing. Should requital come,
'Twill be, like all good things, acceptable:
But not for that, not even for gratitude,
Did he confer his boon; and so he quails not,
Should disappointment and ingratitude
Pursue him to the grave.
Rupert. John, thou art a riddle.
Where, then, is thy reward for all thy pains?
John. My friend, the little good that I can do,
In our sojourn here, will not alone
Shed comfort on this transitoy life,
But be (such is my faith) a joy hereafter.

OSBORNE.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

cā′pa-ble	sad′dle	ac-cuse′
slip′per-y	bun′gler	neg-lect′
no′tion-al	pleas′ure	re-fu′sal
whim′si-cal	rec′ol-lect′	ex-treme′ly
coun′te-nance	dis′o-bliged′	ne-ces′si-ty
prof′it-a-ble	dis′ap-point′	un-eas′i-ness

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Derby. Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and shall be extremely obliged, if you will lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. It would give me great pleasure to oblige you, friend Derby; but I am under the necessity of going *to the mill*, this very morning, with a bag of corn. My wife wants the meal to-day, and you know what a time there 'll be if I disappoint her.

Derby. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrapewell. You do n't say so? That is bad,

indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off *to town* for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

Derby. I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrapewell. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal would *never suit* my wife. You can 't conceive how whimsical she is.

Derby. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for *you* sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.

Scrapewell. Yes, yes! that 's true, indeed! I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you, the mare this morning *refused to eat hay*: and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

Derby. O, never fear! I will feed her well with *oats* on the road.

Scrapewell. Oats! neighbor; oats are very dear.

Derby. Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrapewell. But it is very *slippery;* and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Derby. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of *galloping* her to town.

Scrapewell. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my *saddle* is *torn* quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Derby. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrapewell. Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will *never fit* my mare. She's very notional.

Derby. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrapewell. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

Derby. At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that *will* fit her.

Scrapewell. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at

your service, with all my heart; but she has *not been curried*, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Derby. O! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall attend to it at once.

Scrapewell. Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has *no shoes* on.

Derby. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

Scrapewell. What, that tinker, Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a *goat.* No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper shall shoe my mare.

Derby. As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrapewell (*calling to his son.*) Tim, Tim! here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the *skin* was *rubbed off* her back, last week, a hand's breadth or more. (*Gives Tim a wink.*) However, I believe she is well enough by this time.

You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors; indeed, we ought to do all the good

we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you.

I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you to refuse me in turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Tim, what do you say?

Tim. What do I say, father? Why, sir, I say, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a *hand's breadth*, did you say? Why, sir, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, the bigness of your *broad-brimmed hat!* And, besides, I have promised her, so soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

Scrapewell. Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters are thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Derby. And I as much for *yours*, neighbor Scrapewell; for to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town to-day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, on the side of the hill; and I had intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

Scrapewell. *Fifty dollars*, did you say?

Derby. Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrapewell. Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare: neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

Derby. But what are you to do for *meal?*

Scrapewell. My wife can do without it for a week, if you want the mare so long.

Derby. But then, your *saddle* is all in pieces.

Scrapewell. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Derby. And shall I call at Thumper's and get the mare *shod?*

Scrapewell. No, no; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her, last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

Derby. But if the poor creature has lost so much *skin* from off her back—

Scrapewell. Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was not, at first, bigger than my *thumb-nail*, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Derby. At least, however, let her have something she will *eat*, since she refuses hay.

Scrapewell. She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

quar′ter	ho-tel′	as-sist′ance
sev′er-al	ci-gars′	pro-fes′sion
col′leg-es	de-signs′	com-pan′ion
op′po-sīte	de-fi′ant	in-tel′li-gent
qual′i-fied	con-tin′ue	in-dus′tri-ous
sit′u-a′tion	in-quir′ing	in-dig′nant-ly

NOT AFRAID TO WORK.

SCENE I.—*Near a steamboat landing.*

Mr. Benton. Will one of you lads carry my carpet-bag to the hotel, as I wish to walk a short distance?

Tom Brown (*gruff and defiant*). Catch me to carry anybody's traps for him! I don't have to work for my living. (*Walks off.*)

Henry Ashton (*stepping forward and taking the carpet-bag.*) I will carry it for you, sir.

Mr. Benton. How is it that *you* are willing to do this, while I should guess from your dress that you are better off than your companion?

Henry Ashton. Why, sir, I wish to do all I can to help my mother, and so I never throw away a chance to do any little job. My father

died last year, and though my mother keeps me at school, I know it is hard for her to get along, and I am going to try to find a situation as soon as this quarter is out.

Mr. Benton. And how about your companion?

Henry Ashton. Oh, Tom Brown is my second cousin. His folks are poor enough; but Tom says he has a *rich uncle* somewhere, who is going to leave him all his property when he dies, so he won't do anything.

Mr. Benton. Humph! Tom Brown, you say! But there are a good many Tom Browns here, doubtless: I will see.

Henry Ashton. If you please, sir, I should like to hurry a little, as the school-bell is ringing, and I must run home first for my books.

Mr. Benton (*walking along*). Do you live near?

Henry Ashton. Yes, sir; in a part of a small brick house just around that corner.

Mr. Benton. Well, run along. You may give the carpet-bag to the porter, or leave it at the office. Good-morning. (*Mr. Benton, places a dollar in Henry's hand, and they walk off in opposite directions.*)

Henry Ashton (*looking at the money, and then suddenly returning.*) Please, sir, you have made a mistake. This is a *dollar* you have given me.

Mr. Benton. Oh no; that is all right.

Henry Ashton. Thank you, sir.

SCENE II.—**Henry** *and* **Tom** *enter from opposite sides.* **Henry** *has his school-books.*

Tom Brown. Well, so you have turned errand-boy! What did he give you?—a sent, or two cents?

Henry Ashton. A *dollar.*

Tom Brown. Whew! A dollar for carrying a bag two or three streets! He must have made a mistake. But so much the better for you if he doesn't find it out.

Henry Ashton (*indignantly*). I *told* him. I should n't have kept it if he had n't said it was all right.

Tom Brown. What a goose! But now you are so rich, you can treat a fellow to a glass of beer, eh?

Henry Ashton. I shall do no such thing. You know I never touch anything of the kind.

Tom Brown. Well, you're *mean,* that's all. But you might get a couple of prime cigars: come, now.

Henry Ashton. No, Tom, I don't spend my money in that way; I have given it to my good mother, who will use it for me if I need it. But we must not stop to talk. I'm going to hurry to school. You'll be late if you don't look out.

Tom Brown. I don't care.

SCENE III. — *A room in* **Mr. Ashton's** *house.* **Mrs. Ashton** *and* **Mr. Benton** *present. Enter* **Henry,** *in a bouyant manner.*

Henry Ashton. Here I am, mother, home from school. (*Seeing Mr. Benton.*) Oh!

Mrs. Ashton. This kind gentleman is Mr. Benton; he has been inquiring about you, my dear, and wishes to help you along in the world.

Mr. Benton. Yes, I have for some time been looking for an honest, industrious, intelligent boy who needs assistance. I have already helped several such lads, as I do not care to *leave* a fortune when I *die,* but prefer to see it *well spent* while I *live.* I will give you good education, and place you in whatever business or profession you are qualified for when time comes, if you continue to be such a boy as I now have reason to think you are.

Henry Ashton. Oh, sir, I am very much obliged to you; but I could not leave my mother.

Mr. Benton. No; I should not wish it. You can attend the schools and colleges in this city, and remain at home while pursuing your education. But you will perhaps be more surprised to know that I *am* Tom Brown's rich uncle, and who is not going to leave him his property when he dies.

Henry Ashton. Oh, sir, then if you're Tom's

uncle, why, *he* ought to be the one to be helped, and not *I*.

Mr. Benton. So he ought, but he is n't. I know of the family, but had never seen any of them exept the mother, and determined to do well by Tom if he should prove worthy. But I have discovered that he is an idle, worthless fellow, and I cannot carry out my designs with regard to him. I am only his mother's uncle by marriage, so you are as much my nephew as Tom, and you may call me uncle.

Henry Ashton. I shall love dearly to do so; and perhaps you can do something to make Tom *better*.

Mr. Benton. I will do all I can; for he surely needs to improve his habits. He will become a drunkard if he keeps on as he has begun. But I must leave you now. Good-morning.

Mrs. Ashton and *Henry*. Good-morning, sir.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

hos′tīle	mock′er-y	e-lec′tion
vul′ture	for′ti-tude	dis-sĕv′ered
ere′long	car′cass-es	cre-den′tials
chal′lenge	priv′i-lege	con-vul′sions
shep′herds	sov′er-eign	i-dol′a-tor
slaugh′tered	stim′u-lates	vic-to′ri-ous

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Goliath. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring,
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick-set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail
Of vanquished nations, by a single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?

David. Behold thy foe!
Goliath. I see him not.
David. Behold him here!
Goliath. Say, where?
Direct my sight. I do not war with *boys*.
David. *I* stand prepared; thy single arm to mine.
Goliath. Why, this is mockery, minion! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee;
But tell me who, of this numerous host,
Expects his death from me? Which is the man
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance!
David. The election of my sovereign falls on *me*.
Goliath. On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 't is too much!
Thou curlëd minion! thou a nation's champion!
'T would move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, little boy!
And tempt me not too far.
David. I *do* defy thee.
Thou fool idolator! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve?
By me He will avenge upon thy head

Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with His name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.
Goliath. Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect warrior! since thou darest me thus:
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, erelong to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds;
Thy lips yet quivering with the dire convulsions
Of recent death! Art thou not terrified?
David. No;
True courage is not moved by breath of words.
Courage, the child of Fortitude and Faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And, like steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fixed and faithful point declines.
Goliath. The curses of Philistia's gods be on thee!
This fine-drawn speech is made to lengthen out
That little life thy words pretend to scorn.
David. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on, then! Mark *us* well!

Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!
In the dread name of Israel's God *I* come,—
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defiest!
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;—
Yet, all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone:
The mangled carcasses of your thick host
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!

Goliath. Follow me.
In this good *spear* I trust.

David. I trust in *Heaven!*
The God of battles stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

HANNAH MORE.

DIALOGUE XXXIV.

ten′ants	van′i-ty	re-ward′
mod′est	fam′i-ly	de-prived′
ven′ture	trum′per-y	ab-strac′tion
pen′sion	cat′e-chism	ad-ven′tures
vis′i-tors	self′con-ceit′	ap-pear′ance
ig′no-rant	gen′er-a′tions	phi-los′o-phers

VANITY PUNISHED.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Dawson.
Mrs. Dawson.
Philip, *their son,*
Tom, *a little boy of the village.*
Mr. Lester, *a friend.*
Mr. **John,** *Mr. Dawson's gardener.*

SCENE I.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson,** *in A Room of their House.*

Mr. Dawson. My dear, do you see Philip walking in the garden with his book in his hand? I am afraid it is rather from vanity than love of study that he is always so busy reading.

Mrs. Dawson. What makes you think so?

Mr. Dawson. Have you not observed that he is always looking first on one side, then on the other, to see if any one is noticing him?

Mrs. Dawson. And yet his masters say he is very industrious, and very forward for his age.

Mr. Dawson. I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modest. An honest, modest, hard-working man is a much more worthy member of society, than one whose learning has turned his head. Here he comes.

SCENE II.—**Mr. Dawson, Philip.**

Philip (*pushing Tom away*). No, let me alone; you are always disturbing me when I am reading, you stupid boy.

Mr. Dawson. Why do you call him stupid?

Philip. Because he knows nothing.

Mr. Dawson. Nothing of what you have learned, but he could teach you many things you are ignorant of.

Philip. I might teach him; but I do not see what *he* can teach me.

Mr. Dawson. Suppose some day you should have an estate of your own, would you not have to learn the different kinds of trees and plants, the time of seed-sowing and harvest? Tom knows these already, and could teach them to you.

Philip. But, papa, it would not become me to learn anything of such a *common* boy.

Mr. Dawson. Why not, if he is able to teach you? He is active, intelligent, and a good boy; his family have been our tenants for many generations, and I should be glad to see you and Tom as good friends as his father and I have always been. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE III.—**Philip** *alone.*

Philip. Yes, a pretty friend indeed! He teach me anything! Here he comes. I will so astonish him with my learning, that he will never dare speak to me again.

SCENE IV.—**Philip** *and* **Tom.**

Tom. So you won't have my flowers, Master Philip?

Philip. Not I—the trumpery things!—there is not a tulip among them.

Tom. That's true, for these are only wild-flowers; but they are pretty, and I thought you would like to have them, and to know their names.

Philip. Very interesting, truly, to learn the names of *weeds.* You may take them where you found them.

Tom. I wish I had known it, for I got them

on my way from work, by moonlight, when I was half-starved with hunger for my supper.

Philip. You speak of the moon. Do you know how large it is?

Tom. Oh, my goodness! as large as a cheese.

Philip. Oh, the ignorant little rustic! (*Walks up and down with a conceited air, while Tom stands staring at him.*) Look, this is a history of England; have you read it.

Tom. It is not in the catechism, and I never heard tell of it. Let me look at it.

Philip. Don't venture to touch it with those ugly hands. (*Takes hold of one of Tom's hands.*) Where did you get these skin-gloves?

Tom. It is not a *glove*—it is my *skin*, Master Philip.

Philip. Why, it is coarse enough to tan for leather.

Tom. It is not idleness that has made it so. You talk fine, Master Philip; but I would not change with you. Live and let live, I say; so I wish you good-day, sir.

SCENE V.—**Philip** *alone.*

Philip. I think he was making fun of me. But here come some visitors. I will look as if I

were studying hard. (*Sits down, and pretends to read with much attention.*)

SCENE VI.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson,** *with some friends.*

Mrs. Dawson. Let us go on the hill and see the sunset. Philip, will you come with us?

Philip. No, thank you; I prefer reading. (*They go up the hill.*)

SCENE VII.—**Philip** *alone.*

Philip. There they go. (*Puts his book in his pocket.*) I wonder what they thought of me. I wish I were a bird, and I would fly after them, and hear what they say. (*Walks about yawning.*) It is very dull here. They will soon be back. Suppose I were to go into the wood and hide, so that they could not find me. Mamma would send the servants with lanterns. They would talk of me all the evening. They would compare me to those great philosophers, who have lost their way from absence of mind. What a fuss there will be! Here I go! (*Runs into the wood.*)

SCENE VIII.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson,** *with their friends.*

Mr. Dawson. What a delightful evening!

Mr. Lester. Yes. Do you hear the nightingale—how sweetly he sings? Mrs. Dawson, you seem uneasy.

Mrs. Dawson. Because I do not see Philip. (*Calls him.*) Philip! There is the gardener. John, have you seen Philip?

John. Yes, ma'am; he went into the wood ten minutes ago.

Mrs. Dawson. Into the wood? He may lose himself. Run, John, and look for him.

John. Yes, ma'am. (*Goes out.*)

Mr. Lester. Do not be uneasy; we will go and look for him too.

Mrs. Dawson. Oh, thank you!

Mr. Dawson. Pray, do not trouble yourselves!

Mr. Lester. We *must* indeed. (*The friends go to the wood.*)

Scene IX.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson.**

Mrs Dawson. Why are you so careless about the boy, my dear?

Mr. Dawson. Not because I love him less than you.

Mrs. Dawson. Suppose he should not be found?

Mr. Dawson. So much the better.

Mrs. Dawson. What! Pass the night in the dark forest?

Mr. Dawson. It would do you both good. It would cure him of his self-conceit, and you of the blind tenderness that encourages it. I am convinced he has only lost himself, that we might have the trouble of seeking him, and to give himself the appearance of learned abstraction!

Mrs. Dawson. But only think—

Mr. Dawson. I have thought. He is nearly eleven years old; if he has not intelligence enough, in this clear moonlight, to find by that, and by the way the wind blows, his way out of the wood, he deserves to stay there.

Mrs. Dawson. No, I cannot, cannot do it. I will go myself and seek him.

Mr. Dawson. Well then, love, to make you happy, I will send little Tom to go and join him, as if by accident; but this is all I will allow. Philip must not be deprived of the important lesson I mean to teach him!

Scene X.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson, Mr. Lester,** *and friends.*

Mr. Lester. We have sought in vain. If you will let us have lights and servants—

Mr. Dawson. No, gentlemen; you must listen to my wishes. Come indoors, and I will explain them to you. (*They go in.*)

SCENE XI.—**Philip,** *in the middle of the forest.*

Philip. What have I done? Miserable boy that I am! It is quite night, and I know not on which side to go. Papa! papa! No one answers. What will become of me? (*Begins to cry.*) Oh, mamma, where are you? There is something coming through the wood—if it should be a wolf. Help! help!

SCENE XII.—**Philip, Tom.**

Tom. Who is there? What! you, Master Philip? How came you here at this time of night?

Philip. Oh, my dear Tom! My dear friend! I have lost my way.

Tom (*looking at him with surprise, and then bursting ont laughing*). What are you thinking of, sir? *I* your *dear* Tom? Your *dear friend?* No; I am only an *ugly common boy*. Don't you remember? Leave go of my hand, it is only fit for leather!

Philip. My dear Tom, forgive my rudeness, and for pity's sake lead me home!

Tom. Have you finished your book? Tell me how large the moon is just now!

Philip (*much ashamed*). Pray, forgive me! I will never be rude to you again!

Tom. You see, Master Philip, a little peasant may be good for something! But that you may know a common ugly boy bears no malice, I will stay with you all night; and in the morning I will take you home to your papa. You may have half my bedroom.

Philip. Oh, my dear Tom!

Tom (*lying down under a tree*). Come, then, make yourself at home!

Philip. But where is your bedroom?

Tom (*striking the ground*). Here it is! This is my bed—take your place: it is large enough for two.

Philip. What! sleep here—under the open sky?

Tom. I assure you the *king* himself has not a finer place. Look at the large shining diamonds above your head! and there, our beautiful silver lamp! (*Pointing to the moon.*)

Philip. But, my dear Tom, I am dying of hunger!

Tom. I will soon feed you! Look, here are some potatoes!

Philip. But they are *raw*!

Tom. Make a fire, and cook them, then!

Philip. How can I light it? And, besides, where am I to find coal and wood?

Tom. Do not your books teach you these things?

Philip. O no, my dear Tom.

Tom. Well then, I will shew you that I know more than you with all your fine histories. (*Draws a flint from his pocket, and strikes a light.*) Chink, chink; there is a spark. (*Picks up a handful of dry leaves and sets them alight.*) We shall soon have a blaze. (*Throws dried wood on the leaves, and when it has kindled, puts the potatoes by the fire, covering them with a little earth*). There, that will keep them from burning. (*Piles more and more wood on the fire, blowing it with his breath.*) Have you a better fire in the kitchen at home? They will soon be done.

Puilip. Ah, my dear Tom! how shall I ever reward you for all you do for me?

Tom. Out upon your rewards! must one be paid for doing a kindness? But wait a little.

There is some hay in a field not far off. I will fetch some, and then you will sleep like a prince. Take care of the roast! (*Goes off singing.*)

SCENE XIII.—**Philip** *alone.*

Philip. Simpleton that I was to despise this boy! What am I compared to him? How small I feel in my own eyes, when I compare his conduct with mine! It shall never happen again! (*Goes to and fro, picking up dried sticks and putting them on the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.—**Philip** *and* **Tom** *carrying two bundles of hay.*

Tom. Here you have a feather-bed, a mattress and a quilt; I am going to make your bed.

Philip. Thank you, Tom; I would help if I knew how.

Tom. I can do it alone, you go and warm yourself. (*Spreads one bundle of hay on the ground, and keeps the other for a covering.*) That is done, now for supper. (*Takes out a potato and feels it.*) They are done. Eat them while they are hot.

Philip. But you must have some.

Tom. No, I am not hungry, and I like to see you eat them; are they good?

Philip. Excellent.

Tom. Now, if you have done, here is your bed. (*Philip lies down, and Tom spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his own jacket.*) See, the nights are cold, put that over you too. If you are cold, you must come to the fire. I will take care it does not go out.

Philip. My dear Tom, I could cry to think how badly I have behaved to you.

Tom. Forget it as I have. We shall be awoke by the lark in the morning. (*Philip goes to sleep, and Tom watches the fire.*)

Scene XV.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson,** *in the House.*

Mrs. Dawson. What a miserable night I have passed; some accident must have befallen him!

Mr. Dawson. Be calm, my dear; I will go and look for him; but there is some one knocking at the door. Here he is!

Scene XIV.—**Mr.** *and* **Mrs. Dawson, Philip,** *and* **Tom.**

Mrs. Dawson (*running to Philip*). Ah, my darling! there you are at last.

Tom. Yes, madam; and a little improved perhaps since you lost him.

Mr. Dawson. Is it so?

Philip. Yes, papa. I have been punished for my conceit. What will you give to the friend who has *cured* me?

Mr. Dawson. A good reward, with all my heart.

Philip (*taking Tom by the hand*). Well then, here he is.

Mr. Dawson. I will give him a pension for life for curing you.

Mrs. Dawson. And I will *double* it, because he took care of you.

Tom. If you pay me for the pleasure you have, I must pay you for that I feel; so we are all quits.

Mr. Dawson. No, no, my little friend, that will not do. But now we will all go and breakfast together, and Philip shall tell us his adventures. (*They go out, Philip and Tom hand in hand.*)

DIALOGUE XXXV.

ty′rant	bru′tal	re-fuse′
ser′vīle	scat′ter	de-vice′
min′ion	cow′er-ing	vo-ca′tion
wĕap′on	gov′ern-or	en-dūr′ing
em′blem	in′so-lence	un-cov′ered
hom′age	rev′er-ence	out-num′ber

WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF.

CHARACTERS.—**Verner, Tell, Sarnem, Michael.**

Verner. Stay, William Tell. What means that drum? Give heed:
Observe the people.

Tell. What new show is this?

Verner. A pole, and on the top of it a cap!

Tell. Hark! Look at that tall fellow with the sword;
He's going to speak.

Sarnem. Ye men of Altorf, hear me!
Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governer, whose pleasure now it is
The *cap* shall have like honor as *himself*,
And all shall reverence it with bended knee

And head uncovered. Those who shall refuse
This act of homage shall be marked and punished.

Verner. A strange device to hit upon, indeed!
Do reverence to a cap? A pretty freak!

Tell. What! Grovel to a cap? Kneel to a cap?
Rare jesting this with men of sober sense!

Verner. No freeborn man will stoop to such disgrace.

Tell. And yet they do it, Verner. Look! They *do* it.
The cravens! Never call me man again:
I'll herd with brutes. Am I the same in kind
With yonder servile creature who uncovers
His head and bows—bows to a tyrant's cap?
Verner. Let's slip before they mark us; come!
Tell. No, no; since I have tasted, I'll feed on.
Verner. See! There goes one who bows not low enough.
"Bow lower, slave," cries Sarnem, striking him;
And he bows lower.
Tell. Verner, felt you not
That blow? *I* did! My flesh doth tingle with it.
Verner. You tremble, William. Come, you must not stay.
Tell. Why not? I'm armed, you see. I tell you, Verner,
I know no difference 'twixt enduring wrong
And living in the fear of't. I do wear
The Tyrant's fetters when it only wants
His nod to put them on.

(*Enter* Michael.)

Verner. Hark! What is this?
Sarnem. Bow, man!

Michael. For what?
Sarnem. Obey, and question then!
Michael. I'll question now, perhaps not then obey.
Sarnem. 'Tis Gesler's will that all
Bow to that cap.
Michael. Were it thy lady's cap,
I'd curtsey to it.
Sarnem. Do you mock us, friend?
Michael. Not I. I'll bow to Gesler, if you please,
Not to his *cap*. No, not to *any man's*.
Sarnem. I see you love a jest; but jest not now!
Bow to the cap! Do you hear?
Michael. I hear.
Tell. Well done! A man! A *man*, I say!
The lion thinks as much of cowering
As he does.
Sarnem. Once for all, bow to that cap!
Tell. Verner, let go my arm!
Sarnem. Do you hear me, slave?
Michael. *Slave?*
Tell. Let me go!
Verner. He is not worth it, Tell:
A wild gallant—an idler of the town.

Tell. A *man*, I say—a *man*! Don't hold me, Verner!
Let go! You must not hold me.
Sarnem. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap.
Michael. No! Not to Gesler's *self.*
Sarnem. Guards, seize him!
Tell. Off, you base and hireling pack!
Lay not your brutal touch upon a *man.*
Do not ask him to *bow.* Go, crouch yourselves;
'Tis your vocation, which you should not call
On freeborn men to follow—men who stand
Erect, save in the presence of their Maker.
Sarnem. What, soldiers! Have ye arms, and do ye shrink
Before this clown? Seize him! Or must I do
Your duty for you?
Tell. Let them try it. Come!
A flock of wolves that did outnumber them
I've scattered just for sport—ay, scattered them
With but a staff not half so thick as this.
(*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him. Sarnem and Soldiers fly.*)
Verner. Now, Tell, away, before that gilded minion
Returns with help. Come! Be not rash, away!

Michael. Whatever happens, Tell, count me your backer.
Tell. Ye men of Altorf,
What fear ye? See what things ye fear—the shows
And surfaces of men! Why stand you wondering there?
Or is't that cap still holds you thralled to fear?
Be free, then! There! Thus do I trample on
The insolence of Gesler. (*Throws down the pole.*)

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 1794-1862.

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

spir′it	gē′nus	ān-gel′ic
liz′ard	pat′ent	dis-eas′es
poi′son	dē′cen-cy	in-vent′ed
mal′ice	oc′cu-pant	de-par′ture
man′age	spec′i-men	ex′e-cu′tion
swal′low	mat′ri-mo-ny	con′sti-tu′tion

THE HOSTESS AND THE QUACK.

Enter **Hostess** *and* **Lampedo**, *followed by* **Balthazar** *unperceived. The latter carries a drawn sword, and overhears what is said of him.*

Hostess. Doctor Lampedo, you must keep this man, if you can so contrive, another fortnight in my house. Come, you shall not be the loser. *Your* bill already must be as long as *mine* is. Another fortnight, doctor.

Lampedo. It can not be. The man's as well as I am. Have some mercy. He has been here almost three weeks already. His accident ought not to have detained him half a day.

Hostess. Well, then, a week—detain him a *week.*

Lampedo. You talk now like a reasonable hostess that sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience. We may keep him a week.

Hostess. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lampedo. I would he had! Or that he had slipped his shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two (not that I bear his person any malice), or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle.

Hostess. Ay, broken anything except his neck.

Lampedo. However, for a *week* I'll manage him. He has the constitution of a horse—but I'll manage him. A farrier should prescribe for him—but I'll manage him.

Hostess. Do so, doctor. Custom is scarce; but the occupant of the best room must pay a big price.

Lampedo. Let me see—let me see. To-morrow we phlebotomize again; the next day I make him swallow my new-invented patent draught; then I have some pills prepared; on Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Balthazar (*coming forth*). Well, sir, on Friday—what on Friday? Come, proceed.

Lampedo. Discovered!

Hostess. Mercy, noble sir!

Lampedo. We crave your mercy.

Balthazar. On your knees! 'Tis well. Pray,—for your time is short.

Hostess. Nay, do not kill us.

Balthazar. You have been tried, condemned, and only wait for execution. *Which* shall I begin with?

Lampedo. The *elder* one, by all means.

Balthazar. Come, then, prepare!

Hostess. Have pity on my weakness.

Balthazar. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh—tell me, and in a breath—how many poisons you have cooked up for me.

Hostess. None, as I hope for mercy.

Balthazar. Is not thy wine a poison?

Hostess. No, indeed, sir. 'Tis not, I own, of the first quality, but—

Balthazar. But what? Speak out.

Hostess. I always give *short* measure, sir, and ease my conscience that way.

Balthazar. Ease your conscience, indeed! I'll ease your conscience for you.

Hostess. Mercy, sir! The times are hard.

Balthazar. Rise, if you can, and hear me.

Hostess. Your commands, sir?

Balthazar. If, in five minutes, all things are prepared for my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess. It shall be done in less time.

Balthazar. Away! Be speedy. (*The Hostess goes out.*)

Lampedo. (*Aside.*) So! now comes *my* turn. 'Tis all over with me. There's dagger, rope and ratsbane, in his looks.

Balthazar. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man! thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!—thou—

Lampedo. I do confess my leanness. I am spare, and therefore *spare* me.

Balthazar. Why! wouldst thou have made me a thorough-fare for thy whole shop?

Lampedo. Man, you know, must *live.*

Balthazar. Yes: he must *die*, too.

Lampedo. For the sake of my parents, good sir,—

Balthazar. I'll send you to the major part of them. The window, sir, is open. Come, prepare!

Lampedo. Consider; I may hurt some one in the street.

Balthazar. Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box, or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder; for thou must sup with Pluto! So, make ready; while I, with this good small-sword for a lancet, let thy starved spirit out (for blood thou hast none), and nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look like a dried beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lampedo. Consider my poor wife.

Balthazar. Thy wife!

Lampedo. My wife, sir.

Balthazar. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too?

Lampedo. I have a wife, and three angelic babes, who, by those looks, are well-nigh fatherless.

Balthazar. Well, well! your wife and children

shall plead for you. Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? Produce them.

Lampedo. Here is the box.

Balthazar. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lampedo. What, *all?*

Balthazar. Ay, *all;* and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin!—That's well! Another.

Lampedo. One's a dose.

Balthazar. Proceed, sir! Good! Swallow it fairly. Is it down?

Lampedo. It is down, sir, I regret to say.

Balthazar. Now another.

Lampedo. I dare not do it.

Balthazar. You must. That's well! One more, now.

Lampedo. What will become of me? Let me go home, and set my shop to rights, and, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

Balthazar. Away! and thank thy lucky star that I have not brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee for a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lampedo. Would I were one! for they can feed on air.

Balthazer. Home, sir, and be *more honest!*

Lampedo. If I am not, I'll be *more wise,* at least.

Altered from JOHN TOBIN.

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

fal′la-cy	ex′pe-di′tion	fri-vol′i-ty
roy′al-ty	spec′u-la′tion	ab-surd′i-ty
op′er-ate	un′der-val′ue	ro-tund′i-ty
fin′an-ces	su′per-sēd′ed	an-tip′o-dēs
grav′i-tate	prop′o-si′tion	am-bas′sa-dor
en′ter-prise	ben′e-dic′tion	pre-sent′i-ment
prov′i-dence	com′pre-hend′	im-pĕr′ish-a-ble

QUEEN ISABELLA'S BESOLVE.

CHARACTERS.

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, DON GOMEZ, AND COLUMBUS

Isabella. And so, Don Gomez, it is your conclusion that we ought to dismiss the proposition of this worthy Genoese.

Don Gomez. His scheme, your majesty, seems to me fanciful in the extreme; but I am a plain *matter-of-fact* man, and do not see visions and dreams, like some.

Isabella. And yet Columbus has given us

cogent reasons for believing that it is practicable to reach the eastern coast of India by sailing in a westerly direction.

Don Gomez. Admitting that his theory is correct, namely, that the earth is a sphere, how would it be possible for him to *return?* Would not the coming back be all up-hill? Could a ship accomplish it with even the most favorable wind?

Columbus. Will your majesty allow me to suggest that, if the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion and motion must operate at every point on its surface; and the objection of Don Gomez would be quite as valid against our being able to return from crossing the Strait of Gibraltar.

Don Gomez. This gentleman, then, would have us believe the monstrous absurdity, that there are people on the earth who are our antipodës, — who walk with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling.

Columbus. But, your majesty, if there is a law of attraction which makes matter gravitate to the earth, and prevents its flying off into space, may not this law operate at every point on the round earth's surface?

Isabella. Truly, it so seems to me; and I perceive nothing absurd in the notion that this earth is a globe floating or revolving in space.

Don Gomez. May it please your majesty, the *ladies* are privileged to give credence to many wild tales which we plain matter-of-fact *men* can not admit. Every step I take, confutes this visionary idea of the earth's rotundity. Were I not fearful of offending your majesty, I would quote what the great Lactantius says.

Isabella. We are not vain of our science, Don Gomez; so let us have the quotation.

Don Gomez. "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to believe that there are antipodës with their feet opposite to ours, — that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy, where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows, upward?"

Columbus. I have already answered this objection. If there are people on the earth who are *our* antipodës, it should be remembered that we are *theirs* also.

Don Gomez. Really, that is the very point wherein we matter-of-fact men abide by the as-

surance of our own senses. We know that we are not walking with our heads downward.

Isabella. To cut short the discussion, you think that the enterprise which the Genoese proposes, is one unworthy of our serious consideration; and that his theory of an unknown shore to the westward of us is a fallacy.

Don Gomez. As a plain matter-of-fact man, I must confess that I so regard it. Has your majesty ever seen an ambassador from this unknown coast?

Isabella. Don Gomez, do you believe in the existence of a world of spirits? Have you ever seen an ambassador from that unknown world?

Don Gomez. Certainly not. By *faith* we look forward to it.

Isabella. Even so by *faith* does the Genoese look forward, far over misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore.

Columbus. Your majesty is right; but let it be added that I have reasons, oh! most potent and resistless reasons, for the faith that is in me: the testimony of many navigators who have picked up articles that must have drifted from this distant coast; the reports current among the people of one of the northern nations, that

many years ago their mariners had sailed many leagues westward till they reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly. These and other considerations have made it the fixed persuasion of my mind, that there is a great discovery *reserved* for the man who will sail patiently westward, trusting in God's good providence, and turning not back till he has achieved his purpose.

Don Gomez. Then truly we should never hear of him again. Speculation! mere speculation, your majesty! Why, the very boys in the streets point at their foreheads as he passes along.

Isabella. And so you bring forward the frivolity of *boys* jeering at what they do not comprehend, as an argument why *Isabella* should not give heed to this great and glorious scheme? Ay, sir, though it should fail, still, it has been urged in language so intelligent and convincing, by this grave and earnest man, whom you think to undervalue by calling him an adventurer, that I am resolved to *test* the "absurdity," as you style it, and that forthwith.

Don Gomez. Your majesty will excuse me if I remark, that I have from your royal consort himself the assurance that the finances are so exhausted by the late wars, that he can not consent

to advance the necessary funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind proposed.

Isabella. Be *mine*, then, the privilege! I have *jewels*, by the pledging of which I can raise the amount required; and I have resolved that they shall be pledged to this enterprise, without any more delay.

Columbus. Your majesty shall not repent your heroic resolve. I will return, your majesty; be sure I will return, and lay at your feet such a jewel as never queen wore yet, an imperishable *fame*, — a fame that shall couple with your memory the benedictions of millions yet unborn, in climes yet unknown to civilized man. There is an uplifting presentiment in my mind, a conviction that your majesty will live to bless the hour you came to this decision.

Don Gomez. A *presentiment?* A plain matter-of-fact man, like myself, must take leave of your majesty, if his practical common-sense is to be met and superseded by presentiments! An *ounce* of *fact*, your majesty, is worth a *ton* of *presentiment.*

Isabella. That depends altogether upon the *source* of the presentiment, Don Gomez. If it

come from the Fountain of all truth, shall it not be good?

Don Gomez. I humbly take my leave of your majesty.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

stĕr′ĭle	po′tent	ad-verse′
palm′y	ġē′ni-al	re-li′ant
sā′cred	vic′to-ry	be-nig′nant
sŏl′emn	bois′ter-ous	re-splen′dent
fur′nace	boun′te-ous	Le-o′ni-das
bril′liant	pes′ti-len′tial	per-pet′u-al

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

ALL.

Clang, clang!

FIRST VOICE.

The massive anvils ring.

ALL.

Clang, clang!

FIRST VOICE.

A hundred hammers swing.
Like the thunder-rattle of the tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply.

ALL.

Clang, clang!

FIRST VOICE.

Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

ALL.

Clang, clang! We forge the *colter* now,—
The colter of the kindly plough.

SECOND VOICE.

Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

ALL.

Clang, clang!

THIRD VOICE.

Our colter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amid the song of the morning birds.
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet may,
Along the green hill's side.

FOURTH VOICE.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold,—
We bless, we bless the PLOUGH.

ALL.

Clang, clang!

FOURTH VOICE.

Again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?

ALL.

Clink, clank! We forge the giant *chain*,
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides.

FIFTH VOICE.

Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.
Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.

SIXTH VOICE.

Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep;
By Afric's pestilential shore,—

By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,—
By many a palmy Western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile,—
By stormy Labrador.

SEVENTH VOICE.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

ALL.

Hurrah! Cling, clang!

FIRST VOICE.

Once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

ALL.

Clang, clang! A burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the *sword*.

EIGHTH VOICE.

The sword ! — a name of dread ; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then !
Whenever, for the truth and right,
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas,—
Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn,—
Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,—
Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—
Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is *Liberty*,—when men do stand
For justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the SWORD !

DIALOGUE XXXIX.

crook'ed
pa'tience
in'ter-est
vi'o-lence
jack'a-napes
at'mos-phere
hem'i-sphere
dis'in-her'it
dis'po-si'tion
mod'er-a'tion
in'de-pend'ence
ap'pre-hen'sive
gen'er-os'i-ty
hyp'o-crit'i-cal
dis-own'
pro-voke'
mu-se'um
af-fec'tions
com-pli'ance
com-mis'sion
mu-nif'i-cence

THE CHOLERIC FATHER

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND HIS FATHER SIR ANTHONY.

Captain Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well ! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey ?

Captain Absolute. Yes, sir ; I am on duty.

Sir Anthony. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it ; for I was going to write to you on a *little* matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Captain Absolute. Parden me, sir, I never saw

you look more strong and hearty; and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anthony. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Captain Absolute. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anthony. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a *noble independence.*

Captain Absolute. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of of filial affection.

Sir Anthony. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention; and you shall be master of a large estate in *a few weeks.*

Captain Absolute. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude. I can not express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anthony. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Captain Absolute. *My wife,* sir?

Sir Anthony. Ay, ay, settle that between you —settle that between you.

Captain Absolute. A *wife*, sir, did you say?

Sir Anthony. Ay, a wife—why, did I not mention her before?

Captain Absolute. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anthony. Upon my word, I must n't forget her, though! Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a *marriage,*—the fortune is saddled with a wife; but I suppose that makes *no difference?*

Captain Absolute. Sir, sir, you amaze me!

Sir Anthony. What's the matter? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Captain Absolute. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not one word of a wife.

Sir Anthony. Why, what difference does that make? Sir, if you have the estate, you must take it with the *live stock* on it, as it stands.

Captian Absolute. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anthony. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Captian Absolute. Sure, sir, that's not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know *nothing* of!

Sir Anthony. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Captian Absolute. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that on this point I can not obey you.

Sir Anthony. Hark you, Jack! I have heard you for time with patience; I have been *cool,*—*quite* cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Captain Absolute. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey you.

Sir Anthony. Now, shoot me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Captian Absolute. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anthony. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word!—not one word! So, give me your promise by a nod; and I'll tell you what, Jack,—I mean, you dog,—if you don't—

Captian Absolute. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to—

Sir Anthony. Sir, the lady shall be as *ugly* as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crookad as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum; she shall have a skin of a mummy, and the beard of a Jew;—she shall be all this, sir! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty!

Captian Absolute. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir Anthony. None of your snearing, puppy!—no grinning, jackanapes!

Captian Absolute. Indeed, sir, I never was in worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir Anthony. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sir!

Captian Absolute. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anthony. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Captian Absolute. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anthony. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical dog! But it won't do!

Captian Absolute. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir Anthony. So, you will fly out! Can't you be *cool,* like *me?* What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! You play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But, mark! I give you *six hours and a half* to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, I may, in time, forgive you. If not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light, with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest! I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you! I'll never call you Jack again! (*Exit.*)

Captian Absolute. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hand.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

DIALOGUE XL.

trai′tor	or′a-tor	com-pel′
trea′son	leg′a-cy	in-flame′
cap′tives	fu′ner-al	pre-pare′
ran′soms	mu′ti-ny	de-scend′
flour′ished	rec′re-ate	dis-prove′
parch′ment	spec′ta-cle	with-holds′
van′quished	tes′ta-ment	am-bi′tious

ANTONY'S SPEECH AT CAESAR'S FUNERAL.

This extract forms the second scene, act iii., of Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar." The events represented immediately follow the assassination of Cæsar, B. C. 44. Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar, had been allowed by Brutus and Cassius, the leaders of the conspiracy, "to speak at Cæsar's funeral."

Antony. You gentle Romans —

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrëd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault, —
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath *wept*:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I *thrice* presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice *refuse*. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourh Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown; therefore 't is certain he was *not* ambitious.

Fisrt Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar —
I found it in his closet — 't is his *will:*
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read).
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but *men*
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down. (*He comes down.*)
Second Citizen. Descend.
Third Citizen. You shall have leave.
Fourth Citizen. A ring! stand round.
First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
Second Citizen. Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know *this mantle;* I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-belovëd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursëd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is *himself*, marred, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!
Third Citizen. O woful day!
Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!
First Citizen. O most bloody sight!
Second Citizen. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge—about—seek—burn—fire—klll—slay,—let not a traitor live!
Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber—he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Citizen. Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. (*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*)

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

THE END.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of all the words given at the heads of the lessons. Words that have been given in the First and Second Readers are often omitted in the list.

The numerals following these words indicate the lessons at the heads of which they are given, syllabified and accentuated.

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