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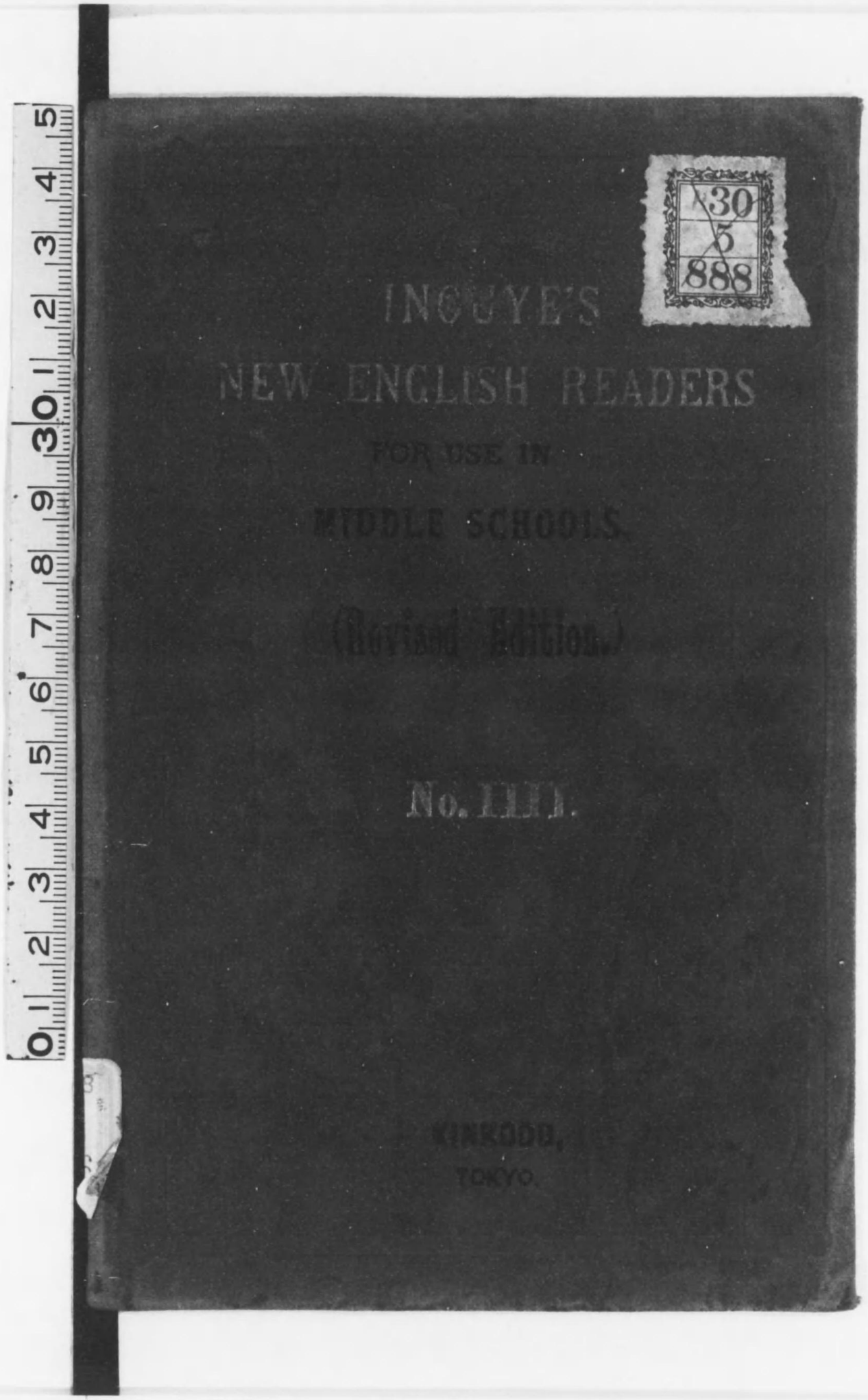
INOUYE'S
NEW ENGLISH READERS
FOR USE IN
MIDDLE SCHOOLS.
(Revised Edition.)
No. IIII.
KINKODO,
TOKYO.

INOUYE'S
NEW ENGLISH READERS

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No. IIII.

KINKODO,
TOKYO.

Leaves in the Autumn. (Lesson XI.)

INOUYE'S

NEW ENGLISH READERS

FOR USE IN

MIDDLE SCHOOLS.

(REVISED EDITION.)

No. 4.

KINKŌDŌ,
TOKYO, JAPAN.

1906

A TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

THE STORY OF REGULUS.

Car'thage — gen'eral
en'emies — Reg'ulus

The story of Regulus shows how a Roman could die rather than break a promise. Regulus, who was the general of a Roman army that was making war against the city of Carthage, was taken prisoner. For five long years he was kept shut up, and the war still went on.

At last the people of Carthage grew tired of fighting. So they sent messengers to Rome to ask for peace, and they let Regulus go with the messengers home to Rome. But before they let him go, they made him promise to return to his prison if the Romans should not agree to their request.

The generals of Carthage knew that the Romans would be likely to follow the advice of so wise a man as Regulus. And they thought he would ask

his friends to put an end to the war. For, if the Romans agreed to a peace, Regulus would be a free man: he need not come back to Carthage, he could go home to his family and friends.

Now, Regulus was worn out and ill from his long captivity, and his enemies were right in thinking he must pine for freedom. But dearly as he loved liberty, there was one thing he loved even more—Regulus loved his native land. And he knew it would not be best for the Romans to make peace at that time when the people of Carthage were so anxious for it.

He had made up his mind to tell his friends not to listen to the words of the messengers who came with him. So when they reached the gates of Rome, he would not go in, but sent word for the senate to come out and hear his message.

When the Roman leaders came out to see him, Regulus told them that their enemies were tired of the war and wanted to put an end to it. But he begged the Romans not to agree to this plan.

"My friends," said he, "the enemy are quite worn out. They cannot fight much longer. I pray you, take my advice, and refuse this offer."

"But, Regulus, what will become of you?" asked the senate.

"Do not think of me," answered the brave soldier. "I gave my word to go back to prison

if I failed to make peace, and I will never break my word. But I am an old man, and it matters little what may happen to me. Do what is best for Rome,—refuse to agree to a peace."

The Romans were very much grieved to think of sending their brave general back to Carthage. But Regulus was firm. He would not even see his wife and children, for fear their tears might make him waver.

So the senate yielded at last, and told the messengers they would keep up the war till Carthage was destroyed.

Regulus kept his word. He returned to his enemies with this answer. And the people of Carthage were so angry when they heard that he had not even tried to make peace, that they put the brave old man to a cruel death.

Regulus lost his life, but he kept his word.

Regulus—defeated the Carthaginians once on sea and three times on land in 255 B. C.; but was subsequently defeated in his turn and taken prisoner. He was put to death in 250 B.C., as described in the above story.

Carthage—a city not far from Tunis, in North Africa; it was for a long time the great rival of Rome, but was finally destroyed by the Romans in 147 B.C.

Dearly as he loved liberty—though he loved liberty dearly.

Made up his mind—determined.
Gave my word—promised.
For fear—from fear that.

LESSON II.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. I.

encoun'tered	succeed'ed
pa'tience	tire'some
sea'shore	whenev'er

When Robinson Crusoe was nineteen years old, he wished to do what many other boys have done: he wanted to go to sea.

He was tired of his quiet, peaceful home, and thought it would be a fine thing to travel all over the world.

One day the son of the captain of a ship asked Crusoe to go with him to see what a sailor's life was like. The thoughtless youth started off at once, without even bidding his father and mother good-bye.

After sailing for many days, they encountered a great storm, and the ship was thrown on a rock. The sailors got into a boat and tried to row to an island which was near. But they were all

drowned, except Robinson Crusoe who was washed high up on shore by a great wave.

The next day, as the storm had gone down and the sea was calm, Crusoe swam out to the wrecked ship, to see what he could save. The poor fellow worked very hard and made a raft of boards and beams by tying them together with ropes.

He brought back on his raft barrels of beef and pork, a chest of clothes, a great piece of sail-cloth, some guns and tools, and powder and shot.

On the ship he found a dog and a cat alive; and these he took ashore with him. He was glad to have even these companions.

Then he built himself a house in a cave, with a wall of strong timber outside. To get in and out over the wall he made a ladder. This he could take into his house at night, and he felt safer from wild beasts than if he had had a doorway and a door.

So now you see Robinson Crusoe had to live all alone on this island, for he was the only man there. He had not a friend to talk to or to love; and very lonely he was, you may be sure.

There were a great many wild goats on this island. One day Crusoe caught a kid, and took it home with him, and tamed it. By and by, he had a whole flock of goats that he had caught and tamed. So he could have goat's meat and goat's

milk whenever he pleased. He found a way to make butter and cheese, and he even made candles from goat's tallow.

There were many large turtles on the seashore. These Crusoe used to catch by getting between them and the water, and turning them over on their backs; for you know that when a turtle is turned on its back it cannot get up again. He found the flesh of these turtles very nice.

But what pleased him most was that one day he caught a parrot. He took Poll to his home, and little by little he taught her to say many pleasant words and sentences. Poll's voice was the only one the poor man heard for many weary years.

In a bag that Crusoe brought from the ship there were by chance a few grains of barley and rice. These were spilled on the ground by the door and forgotten. But, after the rains, the rice and barley sprouted and grew; and in a year or two he had a large field of barley growing finely on his island.

When the grain was ripe, he was puzzled as to how he should reap it. How do you think he did it? He found a kind of sailor's sword called a cutlass that he had saved and by hard work he cut the grain with this.

Crusoe had no mill to grind his grain in: so he pounded it in a great wooden bowl, with a hard,

heavy piece of wood. To bake his bread and boil his meat, he made pots and kettles of clay. To make these was a long and tiresome labour; but he had very great patience, and he succeeded at last.

Robinson Crusoe—the most popular book of adventure for boys in England, was written in 1719 by Daniel Defoe (b.1660-d.1731).

Poll—pet name for a parrot.

Washed—thrown upon the shore.

To see what he could save—to see if he could save anything from being destroyed with the wrecked ship.

Than if—than he would have felt if.

LESSON III.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. II.

apiece′	sav′ages
can′nibals	umbrel′la
grind′stone	unbound′ed
pis′tols	

Robinson Crusoe thought he would like to have a boat in which to sail round his island. So he got out a grindstone which he had saved from the wreck; and when he had ground his axe, he cut down a great cedar-tree.

With his axe he shaped the trunk of this tree into the form of a boat. But when it was done, the poor fellow could not move it: so he had to go to work all over again, and make a smaller one.

By this time all the clothes he had saved in the chest were worn out. So he set to work and made himself a new suit out of the skins of goats. He even made himself a hat and an umbrella from these skins.

For a long time Robinson Crusoe thought he was quite alone on the island; but one day he found ashes of a fire on the sand by the seashore, and in the ashes a number of human bones: for it seems that savages used to go there from distant islands to kill and eat the prisoners they had taken in war.

Another day, soon after this, he saw smoke coming from the shore. He hid himself behind a tree and watched, and saw a number of these cannibals sitting round a fire eating a prisoner. Another was lying close by, expecting every moment to be killed.

All at once this poor man jumped up to try if he could not escape. He ran as fast as he could towards the wood where Robinson Crusoe lay hidden. Two of the savages ran after him. Crusoe made up his mind to save the poor fellow if he could. So he ran out from his hiding-place in

the wood, and shot the two men who were running after the prisoner.

This man whose life he thus saved became his servant and companion; and a merry, faithful fellow he was. Crusoe named him Friday, because it was on a Friday that he saved his life.

These two became very fond of each other. Crusoe made a goat-skin suit of clothes for Friday, and taught him how to use a gun. Little by little this poor savage learned to talk with Crusoe. At first he could say only such words as "yes," and "no," and "master;" but after a while he learned to speak very good English. With Friday's help Crusoe was now able to launch the large heavy boat he had made from the cedar-tree, and many a fine sail they had in it.

The savages came again to the island the year after this, and again brought two prisoners with them to eat. Crusoe wanted to save the lives of these prisoners also; so he told Friday to follow him.

Taking two guns apiece, besides pistols and swords, they went boldly forward. Both fired at the savages, and Crusoe ran and cut the thongs that bound the prisoners.

One of these was a white man, a Spaniard; the other was Friday's own father. Friday kissed him and unbounded him and rubbed his limbs, and cried and laughed, and danced and sang, for joy.

It was not a lonely island for Robinson Crusoe after that. Besides his man Friday, there were Friday's father and the Spaniard, for company; and these men were very happy together, tilling their land, and hunting and fishing. They all looked to Crusoe as their chief.

Still, Crusoe wished very much to see his own country again before he died. So you may be sure that he was very glad when a ship came to the island, and he was able to return to his native land.

At last Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday got safely to England. There Crusoe married and settled down; and in his old age he would often tell his children the story of his life.

All over again— afresh, a second time.

LESSON IV.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

car'avan	Orien'tal	rec'ognised
Damas'cus	pasha'	victo'rious
des'ert	posses'sion	vic'tory
intel'ligent		

An Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert

the Damascus caravan; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already engaged in loading their horses with the rich booty, when the horsemen of the Pasha of Acre, who was coming to meet the caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, killed a great number of them, made the others prisoners, and having fastened them with cords, led them to Acre to make a present of them to the pasha.

Abou, one of the tribe, received a bullet in his arm during the fight. As his wound was not mortal, the Turks tied him upon a camel, and having taken possession of his horse, led away the horse and its owner.

On the eve of the day when they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Japhadu; the wounded Arab had his limbs bound together by a thong of leather, and lay stretched out near the tent where the Turks were sleeping.

During the night, being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh among the others that were fastened round the tent in Oriental fashion; he recognised its voice, and, not being able to resist the pleasure of going to speak once again to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the aid of his hands and knees, and at last succeeded in reaching his steed.

"Poor friend," said he to him, "what will you do among the Turks? You will be imprisoned under stone roofs with the horses of some pasha; the women and children will no more bring you camel's milk, nor barley in the hollow of their hand; you will live no more in the desert, free as the wind; you will no more cleave with your chest the waters of the Jordan, which used to freshen your coat till it was white as their own foam! Though I am a slave you shall be free. Here, go, return to the tent which you know so well; go and tell my wife that her Abou will return no more, and put your head between the curtains to lick the hands of my little children."

While saying this, Abou had gnawed through, with his teeth, the goat's-skin rope which is used to fasten Arab horses, and the animal was free; but, seeing his master wounded and a prisoner at his feet, the faithful and intelligent creature understood at once that which no language could explain to him; he lowered his head, smelled his master, and seizing him with his teeth by the leathern girdle which he had round his body, he set off at a gallop and carried him off to his tent. On arriving, he threw down his master at the feet of his wife and children, and dropped down dead, having been completely exhausted by fatigue. The whole tribe bewailed his loss; their poets celebrated him in

their songs; and to this day his name is constantly in the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.

Damascus caravan—caravan going to or from Damascus, the capital of Syria. A caravan is a company of travellers who associate together so that they may be secure against attacks of robbers and others.

Rich boty—the booty obtained by plundering the caravan.

Pasha—governor of a province.

Make a present of them—give them as a present.

Mortal—likely to cause death.

Its owner—that is, the wounded Arab.

Eve of the day—the evening preceding the day.

Companion of his life—companion throughout his life.

Hollow of their hand—'hand' is in the singular as it is used generally.

Jordan—a river in Syria.

Curtains—curtains of the tent in which his wife and children live.

That which no language—what could not be explained to him in any language.

Constantly in the mouth—constantly spoken of.

LESSON V.

THE SUNSHINE.

clo'very
coun'tenance
glo'rious
gra'cious
impris'oned

1. I love the sunshine everywhere—
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

2. I love it, when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red-brick floor.

3. I love it, where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetle pass.

4. I love it, on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

5. I love it, on the mountain-tops,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

6. Oh, yes, I love the sunshine!
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance,
Is sunshine on the earth.

7. Upon the earth—upon the sea—
And through the crystal air—
Or piled-up clouds—the gracious sun
Is glorious everywhere.

MARY HOWITT.

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1. l. 4—**Town-imprisoned**—confined in town, unable to go into the country.

2. l. 3—And throws upon the floor the shadow of the little squares of the window. 'Casement' is a window that opens on hinges. 'Chequered' is having little squares; the squares of the casement are generally formed by slender iron bars put in for protection.

3. ll. 3, 4.—The common prose order would bring the fourth line between 'watch' and 'among' in the third.

Mary Howitt—a miscellaneous writer (b.1799-d.1888.

LESSON VI.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

accus'tomed	domes'tic	na'tive
affec'tionate	forgive'ness	re'alise
bitt'erness	in'fancy	remem'brance
cir'cumstances	ingrat'itude	vi'olently
crea'ture	man'ifold	
discour'aged	mem'ory	

It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period a great change had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them my childish character. The world was altered too; and, as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realise that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheeks she had so often kissed in an excess of tenderness.

But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her but yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her well-remembered voice was yet in my ear.

The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind that,

had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one but the thought of it now pains my heart; and I relate it that those children who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time, and I became so accustomed to her pale face and weak voice that I was not frightened at them as children usually are. At first, it is true, I sobbed violently; but when day after day I returned from school and found her the same, I began to believe that she would always be spared to me. But they told me she would die.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, I came home fretful and discouraged. I went to my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual, but she met me with the same affectionate smile that always welcomed my return.

Alas! when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone not to have been melted by that smile. She requested me to go down-stairs and bring her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call a domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach which I shall never forget if I lived to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my child bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing as I was wont to do, I set the glass down quickly and left the room. After playing about a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother good-night.

But, when alone in my room, in darkness and in silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my child bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep. I stole into her chamber to ask forgiveness. She had sunk into an easy slumber, and they told me I must not awaken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me, but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's chamber. She was dead! She never spoke more, never smiled upon me again; and when I touched the hand that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold that it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I even wished that I might die and be buried with her.

And old as I am now, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me that she forgave my childish ingratitude.

But I cannot call her back; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindnesses, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

I could hardly realise—I could hardly feel that I am really the same creature as the one whose cheeks etc.

Spared to me—allowed to live with me.

If lived to be—even though I were to live to.

Bite like a serpent, etc.—an expression taken from the Bible (Proverbs, chap. 23, verse 32).

LESSON VII.

THE FIVE-SHILLING PIECE.

ag'itated	connect'ed	howev'er
bestow'ing	contin'ued	possess'ed
compar'atively	Es'sex	sat'isfy

Mr. Thomson, the head of a large banking firm in London, was seated in his back parlour one day, and gloomily watched his clerks pay away large sums of money. At that time, people had begun to be uneasy about their money, there had been so many failures among business men. This caused

a 'run upon the bank;' that is to say, those who had money deposited there, were flocking into the bank to draw it out again.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was shown in, who, after gazing for a moment at the banker, coolly drew a chair, and at once said:—"You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I have heard that you have a run on your bank."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline to answer your strange question. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will pay you instantly." And the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment."

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because, if it would, I would gladly pay in a little money."

The banker stared at the stranger in surprise.

"You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll explain at once. Do you re-

collect when you resided in Essex, some twenty years ago?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honoured by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning, my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"Well, sir, when I threw open the gate for you, I wished you a happy Christmas, as I considered myself in duty bound to do. 'Thank you, my lad,' you replied, 'thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so.' And you threw me a five-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long kept it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you."

"Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good-fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my money, and have brought it to put it in your bank, in case it may

be of any use; here it is, sir." And he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated banker. "In a few days I'll call again," added the stranger, as he snatched up his hat; and throwing down his card on the table, he walked out of the room.

Mr. Thomson undid the roll: it contained thirty thousand pounds! His firm did not need the money; but the motive which prompted the stranger to bring it was so noble that the banker was deeply moved. The firm with which Mr. Thomson was connected, continued to be the first in London; and the thirty thousand pounds of the stranger grew in their hands until the sum became a hundred thousand pounds.

Back parlour—sitting-room in the back part of the building.

If it would—if the small sum would aid you, I would pay in a little money with pleasure.

Essex—a county touching London on the north-east.

Turnpike gate—a gate or bar across a road to prevent passengers, vehicles, and cattle from passing before a toll is paid for the maintenance of the road. Such roads are called turnpike roads. The turnpike gate is also called the toll-bar.

The same to you—the same as your wish to me, that is, a happy Christmas to you.

To make it so—to make the Christmas a happy one.

LESSON VIII.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

assis'tance	deliv'erance	pass'enger
collec'tion	destruc'tion	terrif'ic
com'fortable	fur'niture	Virgin'ia
conduc'tor	gen'erous	

An old widow lived with her daughter in a log-hut, in a wild district of West Virginia, close beside the railway line. They supported themselves by selling poultry and eggs, and by gathering berries, which were taken to be sold in the nearest town several miles away. As it was a long and weary walk thither, this poor widow sometimes went by train. The conductor of the train was a very kind-hearted man, and frequently assisted her in her journeys to and from the town.

A deep gorge beside this widow's cottage was crossed by the railway bridge. One spring, in the month of March, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice came rushing down from the mountains with such terrific force as to sweep away the bridge. It was torn from its place, and its broken timbers were dashed against the rocks below. On the night when this happened, the rain continued to fall; it was a night of pitchy darkness, and in half an hour the express train along that line would be due.

What could the widow do to give warning of the awful danger threatening the train? If allowed to come straight on, the train, with all its passengers, would be dashed over the broken bridge into the gorge below.

She had scarcely a whole candle in the house, and no light of that kind would be of any use on such a wild night. Not a moment was to be lost. Quick as thought, she decided what to do. With the assistance of her daughter, she collected all her firewood and stray articles of furniture, and piled them up on the railway line in front of the awful gorge, through which a wild flood was dashing. She then set fire to the pile. A bright blaze leaped up, and threw a red glaring light along the line.

The thunder of the train grew louder, but it was still five miles away. "Will they see it in time? Will they put on the brakes soon enough?" thought the widow. "What else can I do"? She tears off her dress, fastens it to the end of a pole, plunges it into the fire, and runs along the line waving the blazing signal round her head. Her daughter seizes a piece of the burning firewood, and follows her mother's example in waving it round. The next moment will decide the fate of the passengers.

The ground trembles under the old widow's feet. The great red eye of the engine bursts upon her as it turns a sudden curve. The train is at full

speed; but the engine-driver sees that there is something wrong. A shrill whistle echoes through the hills. Its cry is "Down brakes! down brakes!" The brakes are put on; the wheels move slower and slower, and the panting engine finally stops in front of the widow's fire. It still gave light enough to show the bridge gone, and the yawning abyss, where the train and its passengers would have plunged into destruction and death, had it not been for the good widow's signal-fire.

The conductor, the engine-driver, and the passengers alighted and came to see what was the matter. When they saw the bridge gone, and the dreadful gulf into which they had so nearly plunged, we can imagine how they felt. They thanked God for their deliverance; and then, with many tears, they thanked the widow for what she had done, and made a collection for her on the spot. Afterwards, the railway company, on hearing of her noble act, gave her money enough to make her comfortable for the rest of her life. This was right, and generous, and noble. Surely, that conductor was well paid for his kindness to the poor old widow.

West Virginia—one of the eastern states of the United States of America, so named because it formed originally the western portion of Virginia.

Would be due—was expected, to arrive.

Quick as thought—as quickly as a thought comes into one's mind, that is, very quickly.

Put on—apply the brakes to the wheels.

LESSON IX.

THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

ad'miral	Ports'mouth
car'penter	Spit'head
lieu'tenant	unrea'soning

Many years ago an English fleet lay at anchor in the roadstead at Spithead, near Portsmouth. The finest ship in that fleet was the *Royal George*. She was the admiral's ship, and carried a hundred guns.

Just as everything was on board, and the vessel was ready to go to sea, the first lieutenant discovered that the water-pipes were out of order. In order to repair them, it was not thought necessary to put the ship into the dock, but only to heel her over till that part of the hull where the pipes were was brought above water.

Heeling a ship over, you should know, is making her lean over on one side. The larboard, or left-hand guns, are run out from the port-holes as far as possible; and then the starboard, or right-hand

guns are run over towards the other side. This makes the vessel heel down towards the water on the one side, where all the guns are, and rise high out of the water on the other.

A gang of men from the dockyard were sent to help the ship's carpenters. The workmen reached the pipes of the *Royal George* and made the needed repairs. But, just as they had done so, a lighter, or large open boat, laden with rum, came alongside.

Now the port-holes on the lower side of the *Royal George* were nearly even with water before this lighter came near; but, when the men began to take in the casks of rum, and increased the weight, which was already great on that side, she heeled over more and more. The sea, too, had grown rougher since morning, and water began to rush in through the port-holes.

The carpenter saw the danger, and ran and told the second lieutenant that the ship ought to be righted at once. But the lieutenant was a proud young man, who did not like to be reminded of his duty; and so he said to the carpenter, "Mind your own business, and I will mind mine."

But soon the danger was increased, and the carpenter went a second time, and told the young man that, unless the *Royal George* was instantly righted, all would be lost. Instead of taking this

advice, the foolish youth, thinking that the carpenter was meddling with what did not belong to him, again told him to go about his business.

At last the proud second lieutenant began to see that the carpenter had been right, and that the danger was very great. He ordered the drummer to beat to quarters—that is to say, to summon every man to his post; but, before the drummer had time to give one tap on the drum, the ship had heeled over more and more.

And now the men scrambled down through the hatchway to put the heavy guns back in their places. But, alas! it was too late—the water was rushing in; she was filling up rapidly.

Before help could be had, down went the *Royal George* carrying with her the Admiral, officers, men, and numerous visitors who were on board, to the number of nearly a thousand souls!

The gallant ship was lost, with all on board, because a young man was too proud to take advice. See into what perils a stubborn, unreasoning pride may lead one.

Roadstead—a place where ships may ride at anchor.

Admiral's ship—the ship which bears the admiral in command of the fleet, the flagship.

Port-holes—openings in the sides of a ship from which guns are fired.

First Lieutenant—corresponds to our *Shosa* and the second lieutenant to our *Taii*.

Run over—moved across the ship.

Alongside—by the side of the ship.

Mind your own business—mind your own business and not another's business; do not interfere with me.

All would be lost—as the ship had heeled over too much, she would be overturned unless she was set straight at once.

What did not belong to him—what did not belong to his duties, what did not concern him.

To go about his business—to attend to his own affairs.

Beat to quarters—beat on the drum a signal to call men to their duties.

LESSON X.

DUTIES IN SCHOOL.

All children who are old enough to go to school are old enough to have duties to do.

"What, such little ones as we?" some of you may ask.

Yes, such little ones as you.

"But what are duties?" may be the question of some of the youngest.

Duties are those things you ought to do. You owe some duties to yourselves, others to your fathers and mothers, others to your brothers and sisters, others to your teachers and school-fellows.

Now, listen while I tell you some of the duties which you owe in school.

First then, as you all know, you are sent to school to learn what will be useful to you now as children, and in after years as men and women.

You must therefore do all you can to learn these things. Attend to your teacher, so that you may bear in mind what is taught.

For your minds are not quite like boxes. Your teacher may put in a box what he pleases, but he cannot put learning into your minds, unless you open them to receive it, and you must keep it safe when once you have got it.

This is a part of your duty to your teacher, who takes pains to instruct you, to your parents who send you to school to learn, and to your class-fellows who will be kept back in their learning if you are careless and waste your teacher's time by wanting to be told the same thing over and over again.

Then you must always be in good time at school, for when you are late, you lose your own lessons, disturb the order of the school, and get into a very bad habit.

Of course you should never be absent from school without good cause, for when you are away you lose the teaching given in your class. If this occurs often, your teacher will have either to put you into a lower class, or keep in it a child who is too

backward for it. This hinders the progress of the others, and is clearly unfair to them.

I am sure I hardly need tell you that you should always be clean and neat. Although you may neither have nor want fine clothes, you should try to keep tidy those which your parents provide for you, and it is not nice for either your teacher or your class-fellows to have to sit near dirty children.

You must obey your teacher at once when you are told to do or not to do a thing. This is, in fact, the first duty you have to do in school, and if you do this well, all the rest will follow.

Bear in mind that what your teacher tells you is for your good, though you may think it very hard that he will not let you talk a little to the boy who sits near you, or go out of your place just for one minute, or play with your fingers, or eat fruits or sweets, or do any other little thing of the sort. These may not be wrong at home or in your playground, but they are very wrong in school, because they prevent the lessons from going on well, and rob yourself as well as others.

Would you ever become wise and clever, think you, if you went to a school where the children were allowed to talk, play, run about, eat, or be idle when lessons are going on? I am sure none of you would really like such a school. And what would your parents think of it?

You owe—you ought to do.

Bear in mind—remember.

Kept back—kept from making progress.

Keep in it—keep in the original class. "It" here refers to "your class" and not to "a lower class."

All the rest will follow—if you do this duty well, all the other duties will follow as a matter of course, that is, may be done without much effort.

Play with your fingers—move your fingers about in play, instead of sitting still.

Rob yourself—deprive yourself of opportunities of learning your lessons.

LESSON XI.

LEAVES IN THE AUTUMN.

bouquet′ (bu̱kāy′) ev′ergreen
enor′mous perceive′

In the autumn in cold climates the leaves fall. This is the reason that the autumn is called the fall of the year. There are some trees that have leaves on them all the time. These are called evergreens. In very hot climates the leaves of trees and bushes are out all the year round. They have no particular time to fall. And some leaves stay on for many years. Those that stay on so long grow to be very large.

If a tree or a bush whose leaves fall in the autumn in a cold climate be raised in a warm climate, it will there retain its leaves all the year. The currant-bush, which with us is bare through the winter, in a hot country has leaves on it all the year. In this case the leaves, instead of falling off in the autumn and all coming on in the spring, as there is no cold weather, fall off and grow on one by one, and no one notices them.

Before the leaves fall, many of them, you know, become very beautifully coloured. The variety of colours that you see in different trees is very pleasing to the eye. The maple-leaf is coloured bright red, the oak deep red, the walnut yellow, and other trees have leaves of various hues.

Some trees change their leaves earlier than others, and some at first are only partly changed. So you see the green mingled beautifully with the bright red yellow, and other colours. I have often admired a single tree standing by itself when it is partly changed. The maple is particularly beautiful. The top generally changes first. You often see the top bright red, and then the red is mixed with the green here and there in other parts of the tree. A little way off it looks as if the top were a cluster of red flowers. And the other parts of the tree look as if the flowers were coming out among the green leaves.

When the sun shines brightly all the different colours of the leaves make the woods look at a little distance as if they were all covered with blossoms. It is a very fine sight that meets your eyes when you look from a high hill on the woods below. It looks as if enormous bouquets of flowers had been set thickly together in the ground.

Such a sight is especially splendid when the sun is sinking. Then the light and shade vary the scene. Here you see the top of a tall tree standing bright in the sun, while the other trees around are in the shade. There you see a whole cluster of tall trees lighted up on one side. Here is a shaded spot, and there, close by, is a very bright spot, the sun shining upon it through some break in a hill. The colours in the lighted spots look the brighter for the shaded spots near by.

So, too, it is very beautiful when, with the sun overhead, broken clouds are passing quickly in the sky. The swift shadows of the clouds give constant changes to the scene. One shadow seems to be chasing another over a bed of flowers.

When the leaves put on these bright colours it is the beginning of their death. It is something like the ripening of fruit which has hung so long on the tree. In a few days they ripen, grow rich in colour, and then fall and decay, and become a part of the earth.

How it is that all these different colours are made in the leaves in the autumn, we know not. It is said that the frost makes them, but how no one can tell. And, indeed, it is probably not the frost alone that thus paints the leaves, for the change some times begins before any frost is perceived. We do not understand how this effect is produced any better than we do how the various colours of the ripening fruits are made.

For the shaded spots—on account of or in contrast with the shaded spots.

But how no one can tell—but no one can tell how the frost colours them.

Than we do—that is, we do not know how the various colours of fruits are made, and in the same way we do not know how the leaves are coloured.

LESSON XII.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

frol'icsome trav'erse

1. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
   Flitting about in each leafy tree;—
   In the leafy trees so broad and tall,

Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to the sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call—
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!

3. "Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high."
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green bright earth below!

4. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home,
What joy it must be to sail upborne

By a strong free wing through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Washing down 'mong waterfalls;
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old,
On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

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1. ll. 3–8 simply expand the phrase 'in each leafy tree' in l. 2. **boon**—gay. 'that' in ll. 6, 7 have as their antecedent 'chambers' in l. 5; 'unto' understood before 'the' in l. 8.

2. 'Round about' should come after 'traverse' in l. 4.

5. **Listeth**—pleases, likes. **Washing**—skimming; washing is literally the sound of rippling water when it meets with an obstacle.

6. **Heaths**—small evergreen shrubs with beautiful flowers, which grow on a heath, or barren open country. ll. 5, 6. The yellow furze, which looks like the fields of gold that we read of in old fairy tales.

LESSON XIII.

A BRAVE DEED.

Ba'ber	el'ephant
Del'hī	em'peror
depos'it	Himalay'a
disguise'	

"He must die! Baber must die!" muttered a tall, dark Indian soldier, as he walked moodily along the banks of the river toward the city of Delhi.

And who was Baber? He was a great Tartar warrior, who had crossed the snow-clad Himalaya with his army and had conquered India.

The soldier was one of the Hindu race that Baber had conquered. He hid a dagger under his robe, and went to the city to seek for the emperor; and as he went, he muttered, "Baber must die! Baber must die!"

He soon finds himself in a quarter of the city where the streets are thronged with busy crowds. He peers into the face of every tall man he meets, looking for Baber. He knows that Baber often puts on disguises and mingles with his people, in order to acquaint himself with their affairs.

Suddenly, the people in the street in which he walks are thrown into a state of wild terror. In a fit of rage, an elephant has broken loose from one of the great bazaars of the city, and is tearing along the the streets with eyes gleaming and trunk tossed high in air.

The people flee before him—men, women and children shrieking with terror.

In the wild confusion a little child falls in the middle of a narrow street, right in the elephant's way. In another moment it will be crushed to death. Will no one save the child? No; it is the child of an outcast. It were a disgrace to touch the outcast child.

A man suddenly steps forth to the middle of the way, lifts the child, and springs back just in time to avoid the sweep of the elephant's trunk.

He is a tall, handsome man, in a common working man's attire. As he deposits his charge close to the soldier, his turban slips off, and the soldier recognises in him Baber—the emperor, the man he has come to kill!

In a moment the soldier places himself before the emperor, kneels at his feet, and holds out to him the dagger he had concealed under his robe.

"Take this, sire," he says, "and kill him who sought thy life. I came here to-day to kill thee; but to save life is greater than to destroy it."

The emperor's surprise gives place to a pleased smile. Stretching forth his hand, he raises the soldier from the ground, and says:—

"Truly hast thou said, my brother, that to save life is greater than to destroy it. I take the life thou hast offered me; but thou shalt spend it henceforth in my service. From this day I make thee one of my palace body-guard."

The soldier was melted to tears. He entered Baber's service gladly, and became one of his bravest soldiers. Many a time he saved in battle the life he had once been so anxious to take. He lived to tell his children's children how his life had been spared by the emperor.

Baber—the founder of the great Mogul Empire in India. He was a descendant of Tamerlane. Born in 1483, took Delhi in 1526, and made it the capital of his empire, and died in 1530.

River—the River Jumna, on the right bank of which stands Delhi.

Outcast—the lowest class, cut off from intercourse with the other classes: commonly called pariahs.

It were—it would be.

Sire—originally the same as sir, but now used only in addressing a king or other sovereign prince.

LESSON XIV.

THE TWO FIELDFARES.

admit'tance	in'timate	or'igin
atten'tion	ju'niper	Rat'isbon
Dan'ube	lei'sure	recommend'ed
Dil'lingen	opportu'nities	sin'gular
hand'kerchief		

A worthy bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his coat of arms two fieldfares. This strange coat of arms had often excited attention. Many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was reported that the bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life.

One day an intimate friend asked him its meaning, and the bishop replied by telling the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a village near Dillingen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost

as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel.

When he grew older his father sent him to pick juniper berries. Day by day, the poor boy went to his task, and on his road, he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself.

He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. It was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster. He often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons.

One day, as he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one of them what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting a trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt that he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the

wood, he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house.

Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm, he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered, no; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words, he told him how he had seen the boys setting a trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" said the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet and ragged trousers, that reached only half-way down his naked legs.

"You are a singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you. I cannot accept your present without doing something in return for it. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight, "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" said the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy falling on his knees; "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read."

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him during his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman was pleased with the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon.

The boy profited by his opportunities and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his coat of arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop with a smile, "that the poor boy was myself."

Fieldfare—a species of thrush, having a reddish yellow throat and breast spotted with black.

Ratisbon—a town of Bavaria, standing on the Danube, and 82 miles north-east of Munich, the capital. Called in German, Regensburg.

Dillingen—a town of Bavaria, farther up the Danube than Ratisbon.

Coat of arms—armorial bearings formerly depicted on a coat worn over an armour.

With some alarm—he was alarmed lest they should have caught fieldfares as in that case his birds would not be acceptable to the schoolmaster.

LESSON XV.

THE PRINCE AND THE BOY.

appren'ticeship	Peg'asus	sea'manship
doc'ument	prin'ciple	sig'nature
mid'shipman	recommen'dation	wor'thiness

The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., having served well and faithfully through a long and active apprenticeship in the British Navy, was, in 1786, from the recommendation of absolute personal merit, raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the command of the frigate *Pegasus*.

It was on a bright morning in April, when the prince, having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's, in Plymouth, to get the new uniform which he had ordered. At a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the street.

"Where is your father?" asked the prince.

"He was lost in the *Sussex*, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago."

"And you have no friend?"

"Not a friend in the world, sir."

"Then I must find one for you. How old are you?"

"I am twelve—almost thirteen."

"How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?"

The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well.

The prince took out his pocket-book and wrote something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling.

"Go down to the dock," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the *Pegasus*. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend."

Murmuring his thanks as best he could, the lad took the shilling and the paper, and went his way. Arrived on board the *Pegasus*, the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun carriage under the break of the poop.

In less than an hour the prince came on board

in his new uniform, and the boy was surprised upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where his royal highness questioned him until he was satisfied of his worthiness. Forthwith, the Duke ordered the lad to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own purse he procured for him an outfit.

During the voyage to the American coast the prince became strongly attached to the lad, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in the principles of seamanship.

Time passed on; the boy grew to be a man, and his heart had been true. In after-years, when William was king, he signed with his own hand the commission which made Albert Doyer a rear-admiral; and as he put his signature to the document, he exclaimed:

"There! if I have done a good deed for England it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"

William IV.—Born in 1765, created Duke of Clarence in 1789, succeeded his brother George IV in 1830, and died in 1837. He was succeeded by his niece Victoria.

Absolute personal merit—on account of his real personal merit, and not on account of his high rank.

Post-captain—a naval rank between those of a captain (*Taisa*) and commander (*Chusa*), which is not found in our navy.

Commission—a document from the admiralty giving authority to hold a certain office in a warship; here it means the document appointing the Prince to the command of the *Pegasus*.

Sussex—the name of a ship.

As best he could—as well as he was able.

Rated—fixed in rank.

From his own purse—with his own money.

About his person—near him.

Document—commission appointing Doyer rear-admiral.

There, if I have—See there, if I have ever done a good deed for England, that deed was done when I saved Doyer from starvation and made him enter her naval service.

LESSON XVI.

THE SWALLOW.

assem'ble	grad'ually	sep'arate
dil'igently	mate'rial	unfre'quently
disus'ed	pin'ion	

The swallow is one of those birds which come and go with the warm weather. Its twitter is generally heard about our windows in the first half of

April, and it stays till the middle of September, unless the weather be rather cold and cheerless.

The swallow is a very beautiful little creature. The light chestnut feathers of the forehead shade gradually into deep blue which forms a glossy coat for the upper parts of the body and wings. The darker feathers of the tail are patched with white. The under parts are lighter, as usual, with a very deep blue sash across the top of the chest. The stockings and boots are as black as the beak.

The swallow likes to dwell with man, and often does it find shelter under the same roof. It places its nest near the eaves of our houses, where it will be quite safe from wind and rain; sometimes it builds in a disused chimney, especially if it can get the benefit of the warmth of a neighbouring flue that is not disused; sometimes it takes up its abode in the shaft of a disused mine or well. Like the eagle and the rook, the swallow is very fond of the spot where it makes its home; if it return in spring and find the house of its rearing in ruins, it laments as dolefully as the rook does over the fallen tree in the boughs of which it had built its nest and lived.

The nest of the swallow is not built with very great skill. It is made of a number of lumps of mud or clay, which the bird brings and dots down together till the shell is at last roughly formed.

The lining is made of softer materials, chiefly grasses. Such a nest we very often see sticking against the wall of a house. The little creature fixes its sharp claws upon any roughness on the bare wall, and presses its tail against the surface; and thus it clings and works in order to make a start. If any one wish to keep the bird away, he may wash the wall with soap or oil, upon which the mud or clay will not stick.

As the swallows pass to and fro between their nests and the trees and fields, you may observe how swiftly they fly and in what graceful curves they sweep through the air. Often you will see them going home with great mouthfuls of food for their young ones. They live upon insects; and these they devour as diligently during the day as the bat does during the night. If it were not for the swallows, there might soon be another plague of flies. They consider beetles a great treat, as well as drone bees, which are big plump morsels and have no sting to defend themselves with.

Before the swallows take their departure, they assemble in great numbers, as the rooks do in the evening. Are they, too, talking over their affairs? Are they speaking about their journey, about how they have enjoyed themselves through the summer, and about where they are going? Then they separate, and set out upon their southward flight, not in flocks, but in

twos and threes. Powerful as their wings are, they not unfrequently are glad to rest upon the masts or yards or deck of a friendly ship, or even, with outstretched pinions, upon the face of the rolling waves. And having obtained a rest and been well fed by the sailors, they spread their wings and hasten on their flight.

As usual—as is the case with most other birds.

Stockings and boots—legs and feet.

House of its rearing—house in which it was reared or it reared its young.

To make a start—to commence the work of nest-building.

Great treat—food that they are very fond of.

LESSON XVII.

FUN AMONG ANIMALS.

abun'dant	eccen'tric	mas'tery
activ'ity	endeav'our	myr'iads
appa'rently	exis'tence	or'dinary
Califor'nian	exte'rior	perfor'mance
contin'ual	exulta'tion	quadrille'
crit'icising	indif'ferent	som'ersaults
deport'ment	in'tervals	trium'phantly
discov'ered	man'dibles	

Fun is not confined to boys and girls. Some of

the smallest insects, after their ordinary toils, enjoy themselves in some kind of sport. They run races, wrestle, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs, much in the same way as boys perform similar acts.

A small species of ant, in the intervals of their industry, have been seen carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer and embracing it closely with his legs. After being carried a certain distance, the rider is set down.

"It is a happy world, after all," says Paley. "The air, the earth, the water, teem with delightful existence. In a spring noon or summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view.

"The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their great activity, their continual change of place, without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties."

Small birds chase each other about in play. The trumpeter-bird hops about in the most eccentric manner on one leg, and throws somersaults. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the

air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them, as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

There is a story told of a tame magpie which was seen busily engaged in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, dropping them into a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, and the magpie had evidently been stoning it for his amusement.

The mocking-bird seems to take delight in imitating the noises made by other animals, and by man himself. It whistles for the dog, who thereupon starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. It squeaks like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheel-barrow, are all imitated by this little creature with surprising truth and rapidity.

Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together, and

pushing for mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes a feint of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for a spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion. They bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Young tigers and panthers have been found playing with round substances, like kittens with a ball of yarn.

The Californian Indians say that the cubs of the bear go through all sorts of queer little antics, very often apparently for the sole purpose of distressing their anxious parents. The grown-up bears engage in dances, and the places where such sports have been held are detected by the Indians from the manner in which the ground is beaten.

Sometimes a bear will dance by himself, while others squat down and look on as if criticising the performance. At other times, a whole party of bears will join in a sort of quadrille. The custom proves that Bruin, though his exterior is rough,

and his ordinary deportment by no means graceful, knows how to relax among his equals, and is not indifferent to social amusement.

Paley—a celebrated English theological writer (b. 1743 –d. 1805).

Throws somersaults— turns head over heels in air.

Bruin—the bear is commonly so called, from the name of the bear in a celebrated story called *Reynard the Fox*.

LESSON XVIII.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

ac′cident	opin′ion
char′acter	promo′tion
Domin′go	undaun′ted
educa′tion	

Volney Beckner was a poor Irish sailor boy, but one who bore a very good character. He was born in a city in the north of Ireland, where his father was engaged as a fisherman, but so poor that he could not afford to send Volney regularly to school. The only education Volney got was such as his father was able to give him at odd intervals.

By diligence the lad soon became skilful in seamanship and swimming, especially in the latter, and his activity and cleverness seemed to foretell a higher position for him than that in which he was born.

When only nine years old he was apprenticed to the merchant service, and proved himself so trustworthy on his first voyage that he not only obtained promotion and increase of pay, but won the high opinion of the captain.

When twelve years of age, he and his father were serving on the same vessel, which was bound for Port-au-Prince in San Domingo. Among the passengers was a little girl, the daughter of a rich merchant. One day the child ran away from her nurse, and clambered on the deck, where she became dizzy and fell overboard.

Volney's father, who saw the accident, sprang into the sea after the girl and caught her by the frock, but as he was swimming towards the vessel with the child, he saw a huge shark pursuing him. He called loudly for help; but though many of the crew were gazing upon the scene from the ship, not one dared do more than fire at the animal with a musket

The shark, undaunted by the noise, followed closely upon the man and the child; and the huge monster was about to make a fatal attack with its

terrible jaws, when young Volney, braver than any of the men, seized a sharp-pointed sabre and jumped into the sea.

He was successful in diving under the animal and thrusting his weapon into its body up to the very hilt. The shark now turned upon the boy, who again plunged the sharp blade into the monster's body.

Ropes were then prepared and thrown out from the ship to the father and the son, and they were quickly drawn up out of the water, amid cries of "Here they are! They are saved."

The father, holding the rescued child, was drawn on board in safety; but when young Volney was a few feet from the water, the savage monster sprang at him, and before he could be raised beyond its reach, the shark seized him with its terrible teeth and tore him in two, a portion only of the brave boy's lifeless body being brought to the deck.

Merchant service—service on board merchant ships, or ships engaged in commerce.

Port-au Prince—the capital of Hayti, in the West Indies.

San Domingo—the island is now divided into two republics, the western portion being Hayti, and the eastern the Dominican Republic.

LESSON XIX.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

Aberbroth'ock — per'ilous
mar'iners — pi'ous

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock,
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

5. The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7. He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float,
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

10. Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes
to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away:
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now, where we are, I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind had fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they: "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

17. But, even in his dying fear.
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The above poem is founded upon the following tradition, which is thus given by an old writer:—

"By the east of the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land in the German Sea, lies a great hidden rock called Inchcape, very dangerous to the navigators, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported that, in old times, there was upon the said rock a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the sailors of the danger. This bell was put there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, and, being taken down by a sea-pirate, a year thereafter he perished upon the same rock, with ship and goods."

The rock is now known as the Bell Rock.

3. **Aberbrothock**—now called Arbroath, a seaport and manufacturing town on the west coast of Scotland. It lies twelve miles north-west of Inchcape Rock.

5. **On that day**—refers by anticipation to the day when Sir Ralph saw the buoy as described in 6.

7. ll. 3,4. Sir Ralph was excessively merry; but he was merry when he had some wicked design on foot. So that, on the present occasion too, his merriment showed that he was planning a wicked action, as may be seen from the following verses.

14. l. 1. 'Thou' understood after 'canst'.

17. ll. 3,4. A sound as if the devils in Hell were ringing the funeral bell for him with the Inchcape Bell which he had cut off.

Robert Southey—a well-known English writer (b. 1774, d. 1843), wrote many poems, but now best known by his *Life of Nelson*.

LESSON XX.

THE SILVER SHILLING. I.

cir'culated	gen'uine	preten'der
convul'sive	hurrah'	soci'ety
curios'ity	imag'ine	unhap'py

There was once a shilling which came forth from the mint springing and shouting, "Hurrah! now I am going out into the wide world." And truly it did go out into the wide world. The children held it with warm hands, the miser with a cold and convulsive grasp, and the old people turned it about, goodness knows how many times, while the young people soon allowed it to roll away from them. The shilling was made of silver, it contained very little copper, and considered itself quite out in the world when it had been circulated for a year in the country in which it had been coined. One day, it really did go out into the world, for it belonged to a gentleman who was about to travel in foreign lands. This gentleman was not aware that the shilling lay at the bottom of his purse when he started, till he one day found it between his fingers. "Why," cried he, "here is a shilling from home; well, it must go on its travels with me now!" and the shilling jumped

and rattled for joy, when it was put back again into the purse.

Here it lay amongst a number of foreign companions, who were always coming and going, one taking the place of another; but the shilling from home was always put back, and had to remain in the purse, which was certainly a mark of distinction. Many weeks passed, during which the shilling had travelled a long distance in the purse, without in the least knowing where he was. He had found out that the other coins were French and Italian; and one coin said they were in this town, and another said they were in that, but the shilling was unable to make out or imagine what they meant. A man certainly cannot see much of the world if he is tied up in a bag, and this was really the shilling's fate.

But one day, as he was lying in the purse, he noticed that it was not quite closed, and so he slipped near to the opening to have a little peep into society. He certainly had not the least idea of what would follow, but he was curious, and curiosity often brings its own punishment. In his eagerness, he came so near the edge of the purse that he slipped out into the pocket of the trousers; and when, in the evening, the purse was taken out, the shilllng was left behind in the corner to which it had fallen. As the clothes were being

carried into the hall, the shilling fell out on the floor, unheard and unnoticed by any one. The next morning the clothes were taken back to the room, the gentleman put them on and started on his journey again; but the shilling remained behind on the floor. After a time it was found, and being considered a good coin, was placed with three other coins.

"Ah," thought the shilling, "this is pleasant; I shall now see the world, become acquainted with other people, and learn other customs."

"Do you call that a shilling?" said some one the next moment. "That is not a genuine coin of the country,—it is false; it is good for nothing."

Now begins the story as it was afterward related by the shillling himself.

"'False! Good for nothing!'" said he. "That remark went through and through me like a dagger. I knew that I had a true ring, and that mine was a genuine stamp. These people must at all events be wrong, or they could not mean me. But yes, I was the one they called 'false, and good for nothing.'

"'Then I must pay it away in the dark,' said the man who had received me. So I was to be got rid of in the darkness, and be again insulted in broad daylight.

"'False! good for nothing!' Oh, I must contrive to get lost, thought I. And I trembled be-

tween the fingers of the people every time they tried to pass me off shyly as a coin of the country. Ah! unhappy shilling that I was! Of what use were my silver, my stamp, and my real value here, where all these were worthless? In the eyes of the world, a man is valued just according to the opinion formed of him. It must be a shocking thing to have a guilty conscience, and to be sneaking about on account of wicked deeds. As for me, innocent as I was, I could not help shuddering before their eyes whenever they brought me out, for I knew I should be thrown back again upon the table as a false pretender.

"At length I was paid away to a poor old woman, who received me as wages for a hard day's work. But she could not again get rid of me; no one would take me. I was to the woman a most unlucky shilling. 'I am positively obliged to pass this shilling to somebody,' said she; 'I cannot lay by a bad shilling. The rich baker shall have it,—he can bear the loss better than I can. But, after all, it is not a right thing to do.'

Mark of distinction—putting it back into the purse was to treat it with great consideration on account of its being a coin from home.

Goodness knows—God only knows, that is, no man knows.

It—he—In the second paragraph, the pronoun for the shilling is changed from the neuter to the masculine gender; this is merely for the purpose of personification, as when the shilling is spoken of as if it were acting like a reasonable being, it is more convenient to refer to it as being in the masculine gender than as being in the neuter.

The clothes—into the hall—the clothes were taken into the hall to be brushed and brought back the next morning.

A true ring—stamp—the true sound of silver when struck, and the stamp of a real, legal coin.

According to the opinion—A man is valued in the world not according to his true worth, but according to the estimate formed of him by the world.

Guilty conscience—consciousness that one has committed a crime.

Lay by—save up.

LESSON XXI.

THE SILVER SHILLING. II.

cer'tainty	lot'tery
disappoint'ment	persevere'
endure'	suspic'ions
inten'tion	vin'egar

"'Ah!' sighed I to myself, 'am I also to be a burden on the conscience of this poor woman? Am I then in my old days so completely changed?" The woman offered me to the rich baker; but he

knew current coin too well, and as soon as he received me, he threw me almost in the woman's face. She could get no bread for me, and I felt quite grieved to the heart that I should be the cause of so much trouble to another, and be treated as a cast-off coin. I who, in my young days, felt so joyful in the certainty of my own stamp, was now as sorrowful as a poor shilling can be when nobody will have him.

"The woman took me home again with her, and looking at me earnestly, she said:—'No, I will not try to deceive any one with thee again. I will bore a hole through thee, that every one may know that thou art a false and worthless thing; and yet, why should I do that? Very likely thou art a lucky shilling. A thought has struck me that it is so, and I believe it. Yes, I will make a hole in the shilling, and run a string through it, and give it to my neighbour's little one to hang round her neck as a lucky shilling.' So she drilled a hole through me.

"It is really not at all pleasant to have a hole bored through one; but we must submit to a great deal when it is done with a good intention. A string was drawn through the hole, and I became a kind of medal. They hung me round the neck of a little child, and the child laughed at me and kissed me, and I rested for one whole night on the warm, innocent breast of a child.

"In the morning the child's mother took me between her fingers, and had certain thoughts about me, which I very soon found out. First, she looked for a pair of scissors, and cut the string.

"'Lucky shilling!' said she, 'certainly that is what I mean to try.' Then she laid me in vinegar till I became quite green, and after that she filled up the hole with cement, rubbed me a little to brighten me up, and went out in the twilight hour to the lottery collector, to buy herself a ticket with a shilling that should bring luck. How everything seemed to cause me trouble! The lottery collector pressed me so hard that I thought I should crack. I had been called false, I had been thrown away,—that I knew; and there were many coins with inscriptions and stamps of all kinds lying about. As I knew well how proud they were, I avoided them from very shame. With the collector were several men who seemed to have a great deal to do; so I fell unnoticed into a chest among other coins.

"Whether the lottery ticket gained a prize, I know not; but this I know, that a very few days after, I was recognised as a bad shilling and laid aside. Everything that happened seemed always to add to my sorrow. Even if a man has a good character, it is no use for him to deny what is said of him, for he is not considered an impartial judge of himself.

"A year passed, and in this way I had been changed from hand to hand, always abused, always looked at with displeasure, and trusted by no one; but I trusted in myself and had no confidence in the world. Yes, that was a very dark time.

"At length one day I was passed to a traveller, a foreigner, the very same who had brought me away from home; and he was simple and true-hearted enough to take me for current coin. But would he also attempt to pass me? And should I again hear the cry, 'False! good for nothing!'? The traveller examined me attentively. 'I took thee for good coin,' said he; then suddenly a smile spread all over his face. I have never seen such a smile on any other face. 'Now this is singular,' said he, 'it is a coin from my own country; a good, true shilling from home. Some one has bored a hole through it, and people have no doubt called it false. How curious that it should come into my hands! I will take it home with me to my own house.'

"Joy thrilled through me when I heard this. I had been once more called a good, honest shilling; and I was to go back to my own home where every one would recognise me and know that I was made of good silver and bore a true, genuine stamp.

I was wrapped up in fine, white paper, that I

might not mix with the other coins and be lost; and on special occasions, when people from my own country happened to be present, I was brought forward and spoken of very kindly. They said I was very interesting, and it was really quite worth while to notice that those who are interesting have often not a word to say for themselves.

"At length I reached home. All my cares were at an end. Joy again overwhelmed me; for was I not good silver, and had I not a genuine stamp? I had no more insults or disappointments to endure; although, indeed, there was a hole through me as if I were false, suspicions are nothing if a man is really true, and every one should persevere in acting honestly, for all will be made right in time. That is my firm belief," said the shilling.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A lucky shilling—a shilling that will bring luck to its possessor.

Andersen—a Danish writer (b. 1805–d. 1875), best known for his tales for children.

As a poor shilling can be—as sorrowful as a poor shilling like me can be.

I was passed—I was handed.

LESSON XXII.

A STORM AT SEA.

bereave'ment	hesita'tion
Ca'rey	observ'ed
des'tined	recognit'ion
Dev'onshire	refu'sal
emo'tion	Teign'mouth

A terrible storm is sweeping along the coast of Devonshire. The Teignmouth life-boat is preparing to make its way to a foreign vessel which, at some short distance from the land, is showing signs of distress.

The life-boat crew is complete with the exception of one man. Young Ned Carey, a Teignmouth fisher lad and an expert sailor, is offering to fill the vacant place. But first he bends down gently to a woman who stands beside him, and says to her in a clear, brave voice, "Mother, you will let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only six months. Her husband was a fisherman. He put out one bright day last spring for the last time in a fishing-boat upon a calm sea. A sudden squall came on; broken fragments of the boat were seen next morning, but the fisherman returned no more.

A fierce refusal rises to the woman's lips. But

her sad eyes move slowly towards the distressed vessel. She thinks of the many loved lives in danger within it, and of many distant homes in peril of bereavement. She turns to her boy, and in a voice calm and courageous as his own, "Go, my son," said she, "and may God bring you safe back to your mother's heart!"

Hurriedly she leaves the beach and seeks her desolate home; and alone she thinks of her old sorrow and of her new fear.

Morning dawns again. The storm has spent itself. The waves are tossing their heads, but the worst fury of the sea is over. A fine vessel has gone down upon the waters; but the Teignmouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does Ned Carey linger in hesitation outside his mother's door? He has shown himself the bravest of the brave throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him from the heart nearest to his own?

Beside him stands a tall worn man, a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave, a man whose eyes, full of tenderness, never leave his own. Around the two, throng Teignmouth villagers. Many hands are thrust towards the man in happy recognition. "Who will dare to tell her?" So speaks a voice well nigh choked with emotion. "I

will." And in another moment Ned Carey is in his mother's arms.

"Mother, listen. I have a tale for your ears. One of the men saved last night is a Teignmouth fisherman. A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea several months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife, from friends, the man was forced to sail. By his wife and friends he was mourned as dead.

"He arrived at the vessel's destined port only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a storm was raging on sea and land, and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need. Mother, try to bear the happy truth.

"When your brave heart, a heart, which in the midst of its own sorrow could feel for the sorrows of others, sent me forth last night, you knew not —how should you know—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life."

Not another word is spoken. A step is heard; the rescued man stands by his own fireside. With a cry of wild joy the mother rushes forward and falls into his arms.

Devonshire—one of the southern counties of England.

Teignmouth—a seaport in Devonshire, standing at the mouth of the River Teign.

Put out—set out.

Has spent itself—has spent or exhausted its force.

Outward bound—going on a voyage away from home, as opposed to homeward bound or coming towards home.

LESSON XXIII.

THE DISHONEST PEASANT.

advan'tage	extor'tion	remain'der
conversa'tion	for'eigner	severe'
econ'omy	indig'nant	Westpha'lia
em'igrant	recep'tion	

In the year 1794, a poor French emigrant was passing the winter in a village in Westphalia in Germany. He was obliged to live with the greatest economy in order not to go beyond his means.

One cold morning he had occasion to buy some wood. He found a peasant who had a load to sell, and asked him what the price was. The peasant, perceiving by his broken German that he was a foreigner, and that his ignorance might be taken advantage of, answered that the price was ten marks. The Frenchman entreated him to take less, but in vain; the peasant would abate nothing

of his first demand. The emigrant, finding it useless to waste words with him, and being in pressing need of the fuel, at last took it, and paid the money that was asked for it.

The peasant, delighted to have made so good a bargain, drove with his empty cart to the village inn, which was not far off, and ordered breakfast.

While it was being prepared he entertained the landlord with an account of the way in which he had cheated the Frenchman, and made him pay ten marks for a load of wood which, at the utmost, was not worth more than five marks; he talked as if he had done a very clever thing.

But the landlord was a good man, and feeling justly indignant at the peasant's conduct, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself to have thus taken advantage of the ignorance of a poor foreigner.

"Well," said the peasant, with a scornful laugh, "the wood was mine; I had a right to ask just what I pleased for it, and nobody has a right to call my conduct in question."

The landlord made no reply. When breakfast was over, the peasant asked how much he was to pay. The landlord replied, "Ten marks."

"What!" said the peasant, "ten marks for a cup of coffee and some slices of bread and butter!"

"Yes," said the landlord with the utmost composure, "the coffee and bread and butter are mine; I have a right to ask just what I please for them. My bill is ten marks, and I shall keep your horse and cart till you pay me. If you think I am charging you too much, you can go before the judge."

The peasant, without saying anything more, went to the judge's office and made his complaint. The judge was surprised and indignant at the landlord's extortion, especially as he had always borne an excellent character.

He ordered him to be brought before him, and his reception of him was somewhat stern. But the landlord told him the whole story, how the peasant had taken advantage of the poor emigrant's ignorance to cheat him, what their conversation was, and how his own conduct was simply visiting upon the head of a dishonest man the wrong he had done to another.

Under such circumstances, the judge decided that the landlord had done right, and that the peasant should pay the ten marks.

The peasant, with a very ill grace, drew out his purse, and laid the money on the table.

"I do not want this money," said the landlord to the judge, "as your honour may well suppose. Will you have the goodness to take the ten marks and give the peasant five marks out of it—for that,

as he confessed to me, is all that his wood was worth—and return the remainder to the poor Frenchman? For the breakfast I want nothing."

The judge was much moved at these words of the good innkeeper. He counted out the five marks to the peasant, and dismissed him with a severe rebuke.

The rest was returned to the emigrant, who, on hearing the story, went to thank the innkeeper, and with great difficulty, persuaded him to accept a small sum for the peasant's breakfast.

1794—the emigrant was evidently one that had fled from the French Revolution, the most terrible period of which, the Reign of Terror, occurred in 1793.

Westphalia—formerly a kingdom in Germany, but now a Prussian province.

Marks—German money, equal to about 50 sen of our money.

Call in question—subject to question, inquire into.

Borne an excellent character—borne a good reputation, been known to be an excellent man.

Visiting upon the head—inflicting punishment upon.

With a very ill grace—very reluctantly.

LESSON XXIV.

SAVED BY A BEAR. I.

acces′sible	ravine′
colos′sal	stu′pified
impos′sible	sup′plicate
nar′rative	uncon′scious

When I was young, (says Iwase Kyōzan), I went once on business to a village in the district of Uwonuma, in Echigo, and stayed there a few days. It was summer-time. In the garden of the inn where I was stopping, we spread a straw-mat under a tree to enjoy the cool evening breeze. The innkeeper brought out wine and began to drink, while I sat sipping tea as I disliked wine.

An old man came by. On seeing the innkeeper, he saluted him and was about to leave us; but my host stopped him and, turning to me, said: "This old man was in his youth saved by a bear. And he is now eighty years old, and is as hale and hearty as ever. Is he not fortunate?"

The old man smiled and turned again to go when I said to him: "It must indeed have been a strange adventure to be saved by a bear. Please, tell me how it came about."

My host filled a tea-cup to the brim with wine and gave it to the old man. The man sat down and

drank it off. He drained two more cups in rapid succession, and smacking his lips, began with a smile to tell the following tale:—

"Well, I will tell you how it was that I came to be saved by a bear. Early in February when I was just twenty years old, I went with a sledge to gather faggots. As they had almost all been already collected, those that remained on the mountains near the village were to be found only in places that were not readily accessible. But on the other side of one of the mountains I came across plenty of bushes that could be cut into faggots. I made several bundles of faggots out of them and piled them on my sledge. I worked slowly, singing sledge songs all the while.

"Then tying down the faggots, and fixing my hunter's knife in my belt, I got on the sledge and began to slide down the mountain slope on my way home. When I was half way down the slope, a faggot fell out of the sledge and, rolling down, was caught in a cleft of snow which hung over a deep ravine. As I was unwilling to lose even a faggot, I got off the sledge and went to the cleft.

"I caught hold of the faggot and tried to pull it out, but it stuck fast. 'It has been,' thought I, 'driven in by the force of its fall, and it will need all my strength to pull it out.' And I lay flat on the snow, and, stretching out both my hands, I tug-

ged at it with all my might. The force I thus exerted pulled me towards the faggot and made me lose balance. I fell headlong into the ravine below.

"I was fortunately unhurt as I had fallen on deep snow, but I was for some time rendered almost unconscious. When, at length, I came to myself and looked around me, I saw I was hemmed in by colossal snow screens, which might at any moment fall in and bury me alive.

"As it was extremely dark in the ravine, I resolved to see if I could not find a lighter spot. I walked along till I saw the sky. It was, however, so cold that my limbs were frozen and I could hardly walk any farther; but if I stood still, I was certain to be frozen to death, and I was impelled by despair to trudge on. I went a hundred paces more, and came upon a waterfall at the end of the ravine. There was then no way out. When I realised that escape was impossible, I felt stupified and my mind was so confused that I could not think calmly.

"Now comes the story of the bear," said the old man, breaking off his narrative; "but I must first take another cup of wine." He poured himself out a cup and drank it; and taking his tobacco-pouch from his girdle, began quietly to smoke. I grew impatient and asked him to go on with his story.

I looked about me," resumed the old man; "and saw on one side of the waterfall a cave just large enough to admit a man on all fours. As there was no snow within, I crawled in and felt a little warmer. I then recollected that I had brought some food with me; but when I looked for it, it was gone; I had probably dropped it when I fell. I was then doomed to death from hunger.

"I might, it was true, live five days more, or even ten, by eating snow. I might also hear a sledge-song on the mountain; I could then cry out, and they would save me—if my cries would reach them. Yes, if they could hear me; and for that, I could only supplicate the aid of the Goddess of Ise and the Spirit of Zenkōji. Moreover, I prayed to Buddha; I invoked the Gods."

On all fours—with hands and feet on the ground.

LESSON XXV.

SAVED BY A BEAR. II.

congrat'ulated	fla'vour	projec'ting
di'rection	grat'itude	recov'ered
disappear'ance	mirac'ulously	uncan'ny
dispir'ited		

"Night came on," continued the old man, "and

I decided to sleep in this cave. I crawled in still farther; it became warmer, and still I groped on till my hand touched an object, which I knew in an instant to be a bear. I started; I trembled. But as there was no way of escape, I resigned myself to the will of Buddha and the Gods, to whose mercy I commended myself.

"'Hear me, O Bear,' I cried to the beast; 'I came but to gather faggots and fell into the ravine. I do not know how to get home, and I have no food to keep me alive. I cannot save myself. If you wish to take my life, kill me at once; but if you have pity, save me from death.'

Trembling, I patted the bear. He rose and appeared for a while to be digging a hole. Then he came behind me and began to push me. I moved forward and sat where the bear had been lying. It was warm like a hearth and as I grew warmer, I forgot the icy cold outside. I thanked the bear, and begged him to help me still further. I told him how I had fallen into the ravine.

"The bear next applied his paw to my mouth. I could not think what he meant till it occurred to me that bears ate ants during the winter months. I licked the paw: it had a sweet taste mingled with a slightly bitter flavour. I kept on licking till I felt refreshed and recovered my spirits.

"The bear soon went to sleep and snored.

Then, thought I, he means to save me, and I felt relieved. I lay with him, back to back, but could not sleep, for thoughts of home came rushing upon me and kept me long awake. At last, however, I fell asleep.

"I was awakened by a movement of the bear; and on looking towards the mouth of the cave, I saw it was morning and crawled out. I looked in vain for a path out of the ravine; not even a vine was to be found. The bear, too, came out of the cave and went to the waterfall to drink. I then saw how big he was; he was quite seven times as big as an ordinary dog.

"He returned to the cave, while I sat at the entrance, straining my ears to hear a sledge-song. But it was deadly still except for the sound of the waterfall. I waited in vain that day and crept into the cave, where I passed another night and the bear again fed me with ants.

"Thus days passed, but I did not hear a sledge-song. I was quite dispirited; but I became, on the other hand, daily more used to the bear's company and indeed, grew very fond of him."

Here again the old man stopped short and helped himself to a cup of wine. On being, however, asked for the conclusion of his story, he resumed:—

"How fickle is the human heart! When I first met the bear, I was prepared for death; but when

I was rescued from impending death, love of life returned, and I lived on, losing all count of days. For even though no help came, I could, as soon as the snow had melted, get out of the ravine by catching hold of roots of trees and projecting crags. So I waited for the thaw. But the snow naturally took longer in the ravine than out in the open field; and all my pleasure now lay in whiling away the weary days.

"One day as I sat before the cave, the bear came and began to pull me by the sleeve; I rose and followed. We came near the spot where I first found myself in the ravine. The bear now went before me and parting the snow, made a way for me, until, at length, we came upon human footprints in the snow. The bear stopped and looked about him, and then ran away and was soon out of sight.

"The bear had thus brought me to a spot whence I could find my way home. I turned in the direction in which the bear had disappeared and bowed to the ground with fervent gratitude. I also gave thanks to Buddha and the Gods who had thus miraculously preserved me from death. With a joyful heart I bent my steps homeward.

"I reached home at dusk. I found my fellow-villagers assembled and at prayer. When they saw me, they were frightened and thought I was

a ghost. And no wonder: for my uncombed hair fell in long locks and gave an uncanny look to my face which was very thin and pale. However, when I assured them that I was still alive, they laughed at their own fears and congratulated me on my wonderful escape. It was, it seems, just forty-nine days since my disappearance, and thinking that I was dead, they were praying for me when I burst in upon them; but now their mourning was changed into feasting and merry-making."

This old man was a small farmer, Kuemon by name. That night, when he had left us, I took a pen and put down all that he had told me. Alas, many, many years have flown since.

And no wonder—And there was nothing to wonder at in their taking me for a ghost.

Uncanny—unearthly.

Burst in—appeared suddenly.

LESSON XXVI.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

can′opy	sce′nery	sulphu′rous
chiv′alry	sep′ulchre	untrod′den

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
   All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;

And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

4. Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. But redder yet that light shall glow.
On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

6. 'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet.
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Hohenlinden—a village in Bavaria, 20 miles east of Munich, the capital. It stands in a forest between the Rivers Iser and Inn, the tributaries of the Danube. Here, on the night of the 3rd of December, 1800, a French army, 70,000 strong, under Moreau, the greatest general of the French Republic, except Napoleon, inflicted a crushing defeat on an Austrian army, of 60,000, under Archduke John. The Austrian fled, leaving on the field 17,000 killed and wounded.

1. Describes Hohenlinden on the afternoon preceding the battle.

2. **Fires of death**—the fire of cannon and musketry.

4. **Thunder**—cannonade. **Bolts of heaven**—thunderbolt.

5. Refers to the time when the battle would be at its height.

6. **War-clouds**—the smoke of guns, the same as the 'sulphurous canopy' in l. 3. **Frank** and **Hun** refer to the French and the Austrian respectively.

Thomas Campbell—a great English poet (b. 1777,

d. 1844) The above poem is among the best lyrical pieces that he wrote. He saw the whole battle from a monastery close by.

LESSON XXVII.

FOLLY AND HIS FIDDLE.

decay′	in′finite	machi′nery
depres′sion	inven′tion	nur′sery
fa′vourite	machine′	Stour′bridge

Richard Folly lived near Stourbridge about the close of the seventeenth century. His father was a small farmer, and he apprenticed Richard to a nail-maker. For a year or two, Richard was industrious enough at the nail-bench; but after a while the trade grew very slack, and there was little work either for the apprentices or the grown-up men.

When there was no work to do, Richard would take his fiddle and go strolling among the villages round about. He was always a welcome visitor, for he would fiddle all sorts of old-fashioned quaint tunes to please the granny, or scrape away at nursery rhymes or pretty little childish hymns to please the children, who, especially the sick ones, learned to love kind Dick Folly the fiddler.

This went on for a time; but our fiddler did not

forget that he was a nail-maker, although trade grew worse and worse. Richard's master began to despair. He met his workman one day, who stopped as though he had something to say.

"What's the reason of this bad trade, sir?" asked Richard, who was a favourite.

"Oh," said his master, "the people in Sweden have got all the orders. They have found out a way of slitting the rods, of which we make the nails, by machinery, and we can only do it by hand-labour, so they can make nails much faster than we, and sell them at a much lower price."

"But why can't we get machinery too, sir?" asked Richard. "Surely we can do most things!"

"Because," said his master, "no one here knows what it's like. Sweden's a long way off, and were any one to go, they would not let him see the machine. People have gone all the way on purpose, but were not allowed to enter the works. They keep their invention a great secret, I assure you."

Richard grew thoughtful, but said no more. A few mornings after he was missing; days and weeks passed by, but no trace of him could be found. At length, after an absence of some months, he returned and told a wonderful story.

He told how he had fiddled his way to Hull, worked his passage to Stockholm, and then fiddled

up to the iron-works where this wonderful machine was at work; how the iron-workers were pleased with his music, made friends with him, and allowed him to play during their meal-hour inside the iron-mill, and even close to the machine.

While he fiddled, he cast his eyes about him, and noted how the machine was made. This he did day after day, until he had it fixed in his mind and then he came back to England as he had gone, working as a cabin-boy on sea, and walking and fiddling by land.

When he told this story, the Stourbridge people were delighted, and a machine was made under Richard's directions. It was a wonderful machine to look at; but it had one defect—it would not work. The people laughed at it, and laughed at Richard so much that he again left the town, too much ashamed, every one thought, ever to show his face there again.

Months passed by, and one morning Richard again turned up in Stourbridge, and told a more wonderful story still. He had been all the way to Sweden a second time, precisely as he had gone before. The iron-workers there were glad to see their long-lost fiddler, and he fiddled for them more than ever. Cautiously, but narrowly, he inspected their machine, and soon found out what was wanted to complete his own, and then he started back home.

The old machine, which had been cast aside as lumber, was soon completed, and set to work by Richard, to the infinite joy of the nail-makers, whose trade now once again began to thrive.

In a few years Richard Folly was one of the leading iron-masters of Stourbridge; and before his death, he had not only amassed a large fortune, but had been the means of raising the trade of the whole district from depression and decay.

Stourbridge—a town, standing on the River Stour, in Worcestershire, one of the Midland counties of England, and at the border of the manufacturing district known as the Black Country.

Fiddled his way—paid the expenses of travelling by playing on his fiddle.

Hull—a large seaport in Yorkshire, on the east coast of England.

Worked his passage—worked on a ship in return for a free passage.

Stockholm—the capital of Sweden.

Turned up—made his appearance.

LESSON XXVIII.

A PRISON FLOWER.

allo′wance	del′icacy	respon′sible
Ango′ra	gil′lyflower	sen′tinel
cana′ries	occupa′tion	sol′itude
ca′pable	polit′ical	unea′sy
conscien′tiously		

A certain Count, who was in prison for a political cause and was not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison yard in which he was permitted to walk. He watched it from day to day, marked the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loved it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seemed a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolved to ask him to be careful of it; and this was the conversation they had on the subject:—

"As to your gillyflower":—

"Is it a gillyflower?" asked the Count.

"Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago without any ill-will to you or it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it."

"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

"Oh, it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jàiler, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have an occupation—he must take to something; and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who, doubtless, were formerly important people, men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here; well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

The Count would have spoken, but he went on:—"Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point that I once gave away a beautiful large Angora cat with long white fur. He would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world; and when he rolled himself to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of it, so did I; but I gave him away for fear he should be tempted to catch the birds and the mice, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

"That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied

the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."

"Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Besides, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that, have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress."

"What would you do?"

"What would I do? I would stop you though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner—that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study."

"Well then, Sir Count, if your plant has done

you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful and water it sometimes, for if I had not taken care when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

"One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what, have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude." And he held out his silver drinking-cup.

The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only require water, Sir Count," he said, "and one can treat them to a drink without ruining oneself. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough." And he went and put back the cup in its place.

The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand.

"Oh no, no!" said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are only given to equals or to friends."

"Well then, be my friend."

"No, no, that cannot be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always, to-morrow as well as

to-day, one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel to fire? No; I am only your keeper, your jailer and your humble servant."

SAINTINE.

Small-fry—people of little importance.

Angora cat—a species of domestic cat, remarkable for its size and long silky hair. It came originally from Angora, in Asia Minor.

Saintine—a French writer (born 1798, died 1865) from whose best known work, "Picciola, a Story of a Prison Flower," the above lesson is taken.

LESSON XXIX.

THE BRAVE CITIZENS.

Calais′	distress′
condit′ion	fes′tival
coun′tenance	prin′cipal

About five hundred and sixty years ago, Edward III., the King of England, was at war with the King of France, and in the course of this war laid siege to the town of Calais.

The town had strong walls, and the people inside were brave soldiers, and King Edward, though

he had a strong army, found that he could do nothing but starve them until they should open their gates to him. So he drew his army round the city on the three sides which were open to the land, and his ships kept watch on the side on which the sea was. For months this went on; the king and his queen lived in a sort of wooden palace in their camp, and kept their Christmas festival in it, whilst the poor citizens of Calais had lean cheeks and scanty fare.

You might wonder how they were able to hold out so long; but the truth was that two French sailors, who knew the coast thoroughly, would sail round in the dark winter nights, and cleverly run a little fleet of boats, laden with bread and meat, into the city.

At last King Edward found out how they contrived, and from that time the two good sailors were prevented from coming any more. Then the poor townsmen were reduced to the most dreadful distress. For a whole year they had held out; but now, as none came to succour them, they saw that they must either yield or die. So they sent to King Edward to propose that they should give up the city to him, on condition that the people might depart in safety.

But Edward answered, "I have had a vast deal of trouble from you; you have cost me many ships

and much money, and now I will punish you. You must give yourselves up entirely to me, and I will only spare whom I choose. Those that I think proper, I will hang."

Then they answered, "We will not yield up the city for that. All have fared alike with us, and we will not give up any one; we will all die together, sooner than that."

King Edward was besought by his own soldiers, and at last he said: "I will spare the town on condition that six of the principal people come out to me with halters round their necks, and bare feet and heads. These I will hang, and the rest shall be spared. Further than this I will not go for any man, and no man shall ask me any more."

The chief man of the town then called the citizens together by ringing a great bell, and told them of the king's hard terms; and, as you may suppose, bitter was the weeping.

Then a voice was heard,—it was that of the richest man in the town,—"I will go and die for my townsmen; I will be the first of the six."

Many of the people, with tears and groans, fell down and kissed his feet as he spoke. And in as short a time as it takes me to tell it, the number was made up; and the six went forth to meet their death, followed by the blessings of the people whose lives they had saved.

Many a man in the English camp was filled with pity as he saw the resigned countenances, pale and thin with hunger. But there was no pity in the King's breast. "Take them away, and hang them at once," he said.

But his queen happened to be there; and now, her eyes streaming with tears, she threw herself on her knees among the captives. "Ah, my lord," she cried, "I have crossed the sea with much danger to see you. I have never asked you a favour. Grant me as a boon, for the love you bear me, the lives of these men."

The king looked at her for a long time in silence; then he said at last, "Dame, dame, I wish you had been anywhere else; but I can not refuse you."

The queen raised them joyfully, gave them a good dinner and rich presents, and sent them back to the city, with the news that the king had spared the city for their sakes.

Calais—a seaport of France facing Dover in England across the straits of Dover.

Starve them—make them starve.

Hold out—endure, that is, not to yield.

Whom I choose—those whom I wish to spare.

For that—for such terms.

Halters—ropes for hanging.

For the love—for the sake of the love you bear me.

Anywhere else—You had been anywhere else than here; you were not here as you interfere with my plan.

LESSON XXX.

WALKING THE STREETS.

acciden'tal	conten'tion	oblique'
accom'moda''tion	encoun'tering	op'posite
accom'modate	inclina'tions	perpet'ual
augment'	increase'	prej'udices
confu'sion	molesta'tion	remo'val

Have you ever walked through the crowded streets of a great city?

What shoals of people are pouring in from opposite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impossible for them to get through; yet all pass on their way, without stop or molestation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he set out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would strike against each other, fall back, push forward again, block up the way for themselves and those after them, and throw the whole street into confusion.

All this is avoided by every man's yielding a little.

Instead of advancing square, stiff, with arms stuck out, every one who knows how to walk the streets, glides along, his arms close, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this side, now on that, so as to pass and be passed, without touching, in the smallest possible space.

He pushes no one into the kennel, nor goes into it himself. By mutual accommodation, the path, though narrow, admits them all.

He goes neither much faster nor much slower than others who go in the same direction. In the first case, he would elbow; in the second, he would be elbowed.

If any accidental stop arise, from a carriage crossing, a cask rolled, a pickpocket detected, or the like, he does not increase the bustle by rushing into the midst of it, but checks his pace and patiently awaits its removal.

Like this, is the march of life.

In our progress through the world, a thousand things continually stand in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with opposite opinions and inclinations; some stand before us in our pursuit of pleasure or interest, and others follow close upon our heels. Now, we ought in the first place to

consider that the road is as free for one as for another; and therefore we have no right to expect that persons should go out of their way to let us pass, any more than we out of ours to let them pass. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we must all stand still, or be thrown into a perpetual confusion of squeezing and jostling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as fast as possible to some point of pleasure or interest in our view, and do not occasionally hold back when the crowd gathers and angry contentions arise, we shall only augment the tumult without advancing our own progress. On the whole, it is our business to move onwards steadily but quietly, obstructing others as little as possible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices and that man's desires, and doing everything in our power to make the journey of life easy to all our fellow-travellers as well as to ourselves.

DR. AIKIN.

Dr. Aikin—a doctor of medicine and miscellaneous writer (b. 1747–d. 1822) wrote with his sister Mrs. Barbauld (b. 1743–d. 1825) *Evenings at Home*, from which the above and the piece in Lesson XXXII are taken.

Kennel—the gutter between the footway and the carriage-way.

LESSON XXXI.

THE WIND.

buz'zard 'lar'um untouch'ed

1. What way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale; and o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

2. He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp 'larum; but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.

3. Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as a buzzard cock;
Yet seek him—and what shall you find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves.

4. As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about.
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

5. Hark! o'er the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in battle.
But let him range round, he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouch'd by his breath see the candle shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read—but that half-stifled knell,
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

6. Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?
He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it be,
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

WORDSWORTH.

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1. l.8. 'That' or 'who' understood before 'knows', the object of which is 'how he.....goes' in l.7.

2. l.2. **'larum** for 'alarum,' referring to the sound of the wind when it strikes a corner.

4. l.5 'May' understood before 'Heaven' **but**—only.

5. l.1 **Makes a pause**—pauses.

l.7 **Untouched** modifies 'candle,'

l.9 **That...knell**—the speaker pauses in her speech, and exclaims, "What is that sound of a bell which I hear indistinctly?" Then, recollecting, she says, "It is the bell telling us that it is eight o'clock and time for us to go to bed." The lines are addressed to a little boy, whose name, Edward, is given in the last line of the poem.

6. l.1. 'Go' understood before 'to.'

This poem, though included among the poems of William Wordsworth (b. 1770, d. 1850), one of the greatest poets of England, was really written by his sister Dorothy Wordsworth (b. 1771, d. 1855).

LESSON XXXII.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

shep'herd trans'parent unaware'

Who is this beautiful virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields and the ice which was in the rivers melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful virgin? If ye have, tell me who she is, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned haymakers welcome her coming, and the

sheep-shearer, who clips the fleeces off his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech-tree—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who she is, and what is her name.

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall; and the auburn is mixed with mournful gray. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheat-sheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is formed of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the

glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if ye know, who he is, and what is his name.

DR. AIKIN.

Sharp—acrid.

LESSON XXXIII.

FAITHFUL FIDO.

awa'ken fu'riously

Little Fido's master had to go on a long journey, and he took her with him. He rode on a beautiful horse, and Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels. Often the master would speak a cheering word to the dog, and she would wag her tail and bark a glad answer. And so they travelled on and on.

The sun shone hot, and the road was dusty. The beautiful horse was covered with sweat; and

poor Fido's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her little legs were so tired that they could hardly go any farther.

At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. He took from the saddle his heavy saddle bags: they were heavy because they were filled with gold.

The man laid the bags down very carefully in a shady place, and, pointing to them, said to Fido, "Watch them." Then he drew his cloak about him, lay down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

Little Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master had told her to watch, and every few moments she would open her eyes and prick up her ears, to learn if anybody was coming.

Her master was tired, and slept soundly and long—very much longer than he had intended. At last he was awakened by Fido licking his face.

The dog saw that the sun was nearly setting, and knew that it was time for her master to go. The man patted Fido, and jumped up, much troubled to find that he had slept so long.

He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his horse, untied his bridle, sprang into the saddle, and

calling Fido, started off in great haste. But little Fido did not seem ready to follow him.

She ran after the horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods, all the time barking furiously. This she did several times; but her master had no time to heed her foolish pranks, and galloped away, thinking she would follow him.

At last the little dog sat down by the road-side, and looked sorrowfully after her master, until he had turned a bend in the road.

When he was no longer in sight, she sprang up with a wild bark and ran after him. She overtook him just as he had stopped to water his horse in a brook that flowed across the road. She stood beside the brook and barked so savagely, that her master rode back and called her to him; but, instead of coming, she darted down the road, still barking.

Her master did not know what to think, and began to fear that his dog was going mad. Mad dogs are afraid of water, and act strangely when they see it. While the man was thinking of this, Fido came running back again, and dashed at him furiously. She leaped up on the legs of the horse, and even jumped up and bit the toe of her master's boot; then she ran down the road again, barking with all her might.

Her master was now convinced that she was

mad, and, taking out his pistol, aimed it at the dog, fired, and then hastily rode away.

But he had not ridden very far when he stopped as suddenly as if he had himself been shot. He felt quickly under his cloak for his saddle-bags. *They were not there!*

Had he dropped them, or had he left them behind, in the wood? He felt sure he must have left them in the wood, for he could not recall picking them up or fastening them to his saddle. He turned quickly about, and rode back again as fast as his horse could go.

When he came to the brook, he called to his little dog, but could see nothing of her. After he had crossed the stream, he saw some drops of blood upon the ground; and all along the road, as he went, he still saw drops of blood. Poor little Fido!

Tears came into the man's eyes, and his heart began to ache, for he understood now why little Fido had acted so strangely. She was not mad at all. She knew that her master had left something behind, and had tried to tell him in the only way she could.

Oh, how guilty the man felt, as he galloped along and saw the drops of blood by the road-side! At last he came to the wood, and there, all safe, lay the bags of gold; beside them, lay faithful Fido, dead.

At the horse's heel—close behind the horse.
Bark a glad answer—bark joyfully in answer.
Her foolish pranks—what seemed to him to be foolish pranks.

LESSON XXXIV.

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

disguise′	grat′ified	nobil′ity
Ed′inburgh(bŭrŭ)	hus′bandman	propri′etor
endeav′our	introduce′	uncov′ered

Upon one occasion King James V. of Scotland, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, and was assaulted by four or five of them.

This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn hard by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against so many gallantly took the King's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gipsies were obliged to fly.

The husbandman then took the King into the

barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland.

James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but the proprietor of the farm on which he worked as a labourer.

He then asked the King in turn who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that if John Howieson would come and see him on the next Sunday he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern-gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech.

The King had given orders that he should be admitted, and John found his friend, the Good-

man, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn.

The King conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused at his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King; to which John replied nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence.

The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry.

"But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"

"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered; the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown.

John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King.

"I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said his conductor.

"Then," said John, after he had again looked round the room, "it must be either you or me; for all but we are bareheaded."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and that the

good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present a basin and ewer, for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

James V.—born in 1512 and died in 1542.
Cramond—a town near Edinburgh.
To such good purpose—with such good effect.
Bondsman—man bound to service without wages.
Goodman—master.
About the Palace—in some part of the Palace.
Without giving offence—without giving offence to the King, that is, without making him angry.
His grace—applies to the King.
Uncovered—without hats or bonnets.
Attendant, Conductor—applies to the goodman.
Sir Walter Scott—a great Scotch novelist (b. 1771–d. 1832); author of the Waverley novels and many poems.

LESSON XXXV.

THE LESSON OF THE BROOK.

acknowl'edge fer'tilising interrup'ted
excite'ment indus'trious

"What are you babbling to yourself about?"

said an idle boy to the brook, as he lay on its bank.

"I am talking of all I have done to-day, and all I have yet to do," replied the brook.

"Done! You do nothing but run and play. What do you do?"

"I haven't time to talk with you here, the miller is waiting for me; but if you will meet me below your grandfather's mill, at the stepping-stones, I shall be able to tell you there, for then I shall not be in a hurry."

The boy rose and walked lazily across the fields to the stepping-stones. Here there were beech-trees and willows, with a great swing under one of them. It was a charming spot; no wonder the brook liked to loiter there. The boy waited only a few minutes for the stream, which came racing down from the mill in considerable excitement, but soon composed itself.

"Here I am," said the boy; "now for your story!"

"You think I am an idle do-nothing like yourself, do you?" began the stream. "I wonder if you can not see that I do more work in a day than any man in the village. But idle people are never ready to acknowledge that any one else is industrious!"

"You turn the mill, I know, but that's quite as

much fun as work. What more you do I can't tell."

"Yes, I turn the mill, and that gives you your bread and butter. I water the roots of hundreds of trees, and give drink to flocks of birds and animals that would perish without me. All those green elms along those valleys send down their long roots to me to get nourishment, and I have never failed them since they were saplings, which is at least a hundred years ago."

"A hundred years! Are you so old?" interrupted the boy.

"Yes, and twenty times that, and I do not know how much older; and I have been making my life useful ever since I was a little rill. The cows stand in my channel for hours in the shade, while I wash their feet and limbs, and I like very well to see their great, quiet brown eyes looking down at me.

"Once a year I am obliged to wash the sheep, which is not so pleasant a task, for they care very little for me. I supply the farmer's table with trout.

"Meanwhile, you know, I keep the meadow green, and in spring I am able to spread out into a broad fertilising sheet, really imposing and beautiful.

"In old times children and I used to have great

sport in the meadow, but that has passed long since; there have been no children there for fifty years. For though I am always at work, I enjoy every moment of my life.

"When am I not singing, or when do I refuse to smile on the children?

"But I hasten now to do my duty at the cross-roads. There I afford refreshment to travellers and their weary horses. We streams do not hush ourselves into useless sleep eight hours out of every day, as you mortals do; night or day is equally time for our work.

"Next I enter the village, and cross it in three different places: first, at the old bridge, where many a traveller has been cheered by my voice, and many a schoolboy taken an accidental bath; also at the country road; and again at the low bridge, where you love to go fishing when you play truant. Ah! I could make many a boy wince if I chose to tell tales!

"At length I enter your grandfather's farm. I remember when your grandfather and his father before him used to skate on my frozen surface, on winter nights, with half the boys and men in the village; for while they counted me frozen to death, far beneath I was always wide awake and stirring, and through the clear ice could see the gleaming of their fires and hear their shouts of merriment.

Of all merry scenes, this was the merriest. Nowadays the boys have no such fun here.

"Try and profit by me," continued the stream; "you are idle, or work and complain. I work and am happy."

With this the brook ran by, and paid no further heed to the boy, who called for it to stay and answer his questions, for he thought of many now; but the only answer was the constant, cheerful murmur, "Work, work, make your banks green; make your place flourish about you; be faithful, and never complain."

Stepping-stones—stones in a stream used for stepping over from one side to the other.

No wonder—it is no wonder that, it is not to be wondered at that.

Composed itself—became calm again.

Twenty times that—Twenty times a hundred years or two thousand years; I am not only two thousand years old, but much older, though I do not know how much older.

Care very little—the sheep do not like to stand in the water.

Spread out—the brook spreads over the meadow in spring.

Accidental bath—fall by accident into the brook.

Play truant—keep away from school without your parents, pernission.

Wince—start with pain or shrink if I chose to tell what they do at the brook when they ought to be at school.
Counted me—considered me, thought that I was.

LESSON XXXVI.

BISHOP HATTO.

gran'aries pit'eous yes'terday

1. The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

2. Every day the starving poor
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

3. At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

4. Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flocked from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, young and old.

5. Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

6. "I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

7. So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

8. In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

9. As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
"My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

10. Another came running presently,
He was pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

11. "I'll go to my tower in the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deep."

12. Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower in the island, and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

13. He laid him down and closed his eyes—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

14. He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

15. For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and the windows in the walls.

16. Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

17. And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

18. They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The legend on which the above poem is founded is given as follows by an old writer:—

"It happened in the year 914, that there was an exceedingly great famine in Germany, at the time when Otto, surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barn, and burnt up those poor innocent souls that were so far from suspecting any such matter that they had rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The

reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was that he thought the famine would the sooner cease if those unprofiatble beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to mice that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God did not long leave this heinous act unpunished. For He mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop and sent them to persecute him so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certain tower that stands in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swam unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those creatures, which pursued him with such bitter hostility that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed out his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the mice is shown to this day for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situated in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to the town of Bingen, and is commonly called the Mouse-tower."

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by rats.

2. l.2. 'They' is redundant.

4. l.1. Rejoiced to hear the good tidings or news that the bishop was going to give them corn.

5. l.2. 'He' is redundant.

3. l.3. And while they called on Christ to have mercy on them and save them.

6. l.1. **I' faith,**—In faith, in truth.

7. l.l. 3,4. He slept soundly that night like an innocent man; but that was the last night that he ever slept, for he was killed the next day.

8. l.3. **A sweat like death**—a sweat like the sweat caused by the agony of death.

10. l.5. May God forgive you your wicked deed of yesterday!

14. l.2. 'He' is redundant. The bishop's fear increased when he saw that the scream came from the cat, for it showed that even the cat was afraid of the approaching army of rats.

16. The bishop fell on his knees and began to pray for mercy when he heard the mice gnawing at the walls.

His.....tell—He prayed faster and faster, counting his prayers with his rosary. 'Tell' means to count.

The saw.....without—the noise of the sawing, or gnawing away (with their teeth) of the rats at the walls outside.

18. **To do judgment**—to carry out God's judgment, or sentence.

LESSON XXXVII.

LEMIERRE'S WHITE HAIR I.

abom'inable	exces'sively	misfor'tune
Bohe'mia	impru'dent	om'inous
contin'ual	mischance'	repul'sive

Lemierre, a French poet of the eighteenth century, had white hair already at the age of twenty-five. He was unwilling to recite the incidents which changed the colour of his hair; but to some of his most intimate friends he gave the following account:—

I was not yet twenty-five years old, said he, when business took me on a long trip to Bohemia. The roads in that country are so bad and unsafe that I was obliged to hire a coach and pair, and to engage two servants besides the coachman. I was, moreover, advised to carry arms and have them ready at a moment's notice.

We were in the heart of this wild country in the month of September, 1756. I left a village one morning for a town, about forty miles away.

It rained heavily. We followed the road with difficulty, and entered one of those immense forests with which Bohemia is covered; the horses made but slow progress in the quagmire; and night overtook us before we had covered two-thirds of the route. Soon a violent storm arose; there were ceaseless flashes of lightning; claps of thunder succeeded one another so rapidly that they sounded like one continual roll; the rain fell in torrents, soaking us to the skin and making the road more miry than ever. We heard, moreover, the howls of the hungry wolves, which begin at this season to leave the mountain for the plain. And as if these misfortunes were not enough, one of our horses took fright and got loose; the coach was dragged out of the beaten path and greatly damaged.

In this trying position I had to make up my mind. I could not abandon the coach as it contained important papers and valuable articles. On the other hand, I certainly had no desire to pass the night in this fearful solitude, in company with the wolves, in the pouring rain, and on what was fast becoming a swamp. I decided, therefore, to look in the neighbourhood for a shelter of some kind where I could wait till the morning.

The coachman unharnessed one of the horses, and getting on its back, retraced the road in search of a lodging. After keeping us long waiting in the dark, he returned and told us that there was an inn not far off. I made for it at once, leaving it to my servants and the men from the inn to take the coach into a shed.

I was struck by the gloomy aspect of the house where I was to pass the night; it was low, miserable, and more like a den of robbers than an inn. I had no choice now. I entered a low hall, black, smoky, and excessively heated by an enormous stove, around which I saw a great number of men, some smoking, others supping, or lying on the floor, wrapped in cloaks or bed-clothes, and trying to sleep in spite of the noise around them. But these people were all armed and of a repulsive appearance, and I did not relish the prospect of spending the night in their company; besides, the room reeked with an abominable odour that almost made me sick.

I asked for a room; but the innkeeper told me that as there was none vacant, I should have to sleep in the hall. Worn out, drenched with the rain, and dispirited by every mischance, I cried out impatiently: "I would willingly give a louis for a room and a bed."

No sooner had I uttered these imprudent words than I repented. I saw in an instant the astonishment they caused among the people in the room; even those who had seemed asleep turned round and looked at me with eyes glittering with covetousness; and the innkeeper smiled with an ominous sneer. One of my servants approached me and told me in an undertone that I had done

unwisely in offering so much for a single night's lodging.

Presently a maid-servant came into the hall and whispered to me that she would give me a bed if I would pay well for it. I accepted her offer and followed her out of the room. A heavy load was lifted off my heart.

She led me across a court to another building; she opened a door cautiously and bade me enter a room.

"There is your bed," she said; "I hope you will sleep well and remember your promise to-morrow morning. Mind, I count on your keeping it."

She then wished me good-night, gave me a candle-stick with a little bit of a candle, and left the room.

I thought the girl smiled and even sneered when she said that she hoped I would sleep well. And then—it was very strange, but I suspected everything—did she not lock me in when she went out? "It is impossible," said I to myself. "But let me see! I can make sure that I am mistaken. It is very childish of me; and I am doubting people who are probably honest." Urged and restrained at the same time by mingled feelings of fear and hope, I went to the door and raised the latch. It was locked! I was like a mouse in a trap.

Lemierre—a minor French poet, b. 1733, d. 1793.

Bohemia—formerly a kingdom of Europe, but now the most northerly province of Austria-Hungary.

Louis—a French gold coin, now superseded by the 20-franc piece. It is, therefore, equivalent to about eight yen of our money. Pronounced Lụĭ.

It is impossible—It is impossible that she should have locked the door when she went out.

LESSON XXXVIII.

LEMIERRE'S WHITE HAIR II.

ap′erture	impa′tient	resource′	suspense′
discov′ery	rel′atives	suspect′ed	unea′siness

I ran to the only window of the room: it was protected with thick iron bars. I returned to the door: it was of solid oak and would resist all my efforts. I examined the lock: it was impossible to break the bolt.

A great uneasiness took possession of me. I felt no fear; but to be situated as I was after a wearisome journey in the heart of an unknown country, cut off from all help, imprisoned in a den, convinced that I was in danger, and yet not knowing whence to expect it,—the suspense and the anxiety under these circumstances are, I affirm, more terrible than meeting danger face to face, even when death is pretty certain.

I set myself to examine the room more closely. I sounded the walls: they were, on three sides, of solid stone, while, on the fourth, there was a wainscot of wood. I searched in vain for an aperture of any kind. I applied my ear to the wainscot: at first I heard confused murmurs, then I distinguished voices; but they were so low that I could make out nothing; besides, I was totally ignorant of the language of the country. Next, I examined all the corners of the room and even the furniture; and lastly, I looked under the bed.....there a man lay concealed.

I started; yet I felt a kind of joy, for I was going to face at least one of my enemies. I ordered him to come out; he did not stir. I repeated my command more sternly: still there was no answer. I seized the man fiercely by the hair and dragged him out of his hiding-place.....It was a corpse!

The fate that was reserved for me was now too clear. This man had been murdered. And now it was my turn to be butchered. The horror that seized me, it is impossible to describe: my head was on fire; a sort of buzzing that could then be heard outside the wainscot heightened my terror to frenzy; outdoors, the tempest raged more furiously than ever; and lastly my candle threw its last flickering rays, and then went out. I was in darkness

with the dead body to which the flashes of lightning gave a livid, ghastly look; my agony began, horrible, frightful; my terror was at its height. I wished to have recourse to that last resource of a terrified man or child: I tried to cry out; but my tongue stuck to my throat. A dizziness seized me; I fell on the floor and lost consciousness.

When I recovered my senses, it was already broad daylight. The consciousness of all that had passed came painfully back to me. I found myself on a cold, damp floor; my limbs were stiff; I felt feverish. I thought at first that I had had a nightmare; but the corpse lying beside me recalled me to the terrible truth. I arose and went to the window: it overlooked a large court, where, in the full blaze of the sun, my servants were repairing my coach. Nature was in that fresh and gay beauty which she assumes after a storm.—But why was that corpse in the room?

Some minutes after, the servant who had shown me into that horrible room, softly opened the door, and lightly bidding me go out, asked for the promised louis with a low curtsey and a smile like that with which she left me the previous night. I gave her the money without a word, for I was still troubled and impatient to quit that dreadful den.

Many people left the inn at the same time as I did. My servants looked at me with astonishment, and one of them told me at last that my hair had changed from black to white in a single night. As I had not yet recovered from my terror, I said nothing till I came in sight of the little town to which I was going; and there, in the presence of several persons who had passed the night at the inn, I recounted what had happened to me. One of the travellers said that he had known the house for a long time, and was sure that the innkeeper was an honest man, and was of opinion that there had been a fatal mistake. The magistrate was informed of the matter, and with him we all returned to the suspected inn. And this is what we learnt.

In the room I had occupied, a Jewish hawker had died on the same day. His friends and relatives were keeping wake in the adjoining room; which accounted for the murmurs and voices that I heard. One of the servants, on hearing me offer a louis for a bed, thought she would earn the money by putting me in the dead man's couch. So she hid the corpse under the bed and, to lessen the chances of a discovery, gave me a small end of a candle and locked the door. You will readily understand why the rogue smiled.

So you see, my friends, I had white hair before

I had completed my twenty-fifth year. It was shortly after this event that I turned poet.

The language—the common language of Bohemia is Czech, a branch of the Slavonic, the chief member of which is the Russian language.

Keeping wake—sitting up with a corpse all night previous to its burial.

A fatal mistake—a terrible mistake; the experiences which I had gone must have arisen from some terrible mistake.

LESSON XXXIX.

EARLY RISING.

"So poor old Last the cobbler is dead," said the Vicar to Mrs. Smith, the wife of a working man in his parish.

"Yes, sir, and at a good old age, for I am told he was seventy-six last birthday."

"And Digwell the gardener, too, he died last week, and I believe he was of the same age," said the Vicar.

"I always heard he was," replied Mrs. Smith; "but he has left his widow very well off, while poor Mrs. Last will have to go to the workhouse."

"I am sorry, indeed, to hear the latter part of

what you say; but I think I can account for the one being better off than the other."

"How, sir?"

"Because Digwell the gardener had so many more years to make money in than poor Last."

"I don't see how that can be," said Mrs. Smith with surprise at the Vicar's remark, "seeing they died at the same age, and I know they were both steady men, for they lived all their lives in the parish."

"Yes, but the gardener worked at his trade nine years longer than the cobbler, although they both began when they were twenty, and they died nearly at the same time."

"I don't at all see how that can be, sir," said Mrs. Smith, more and more surprised.

"Well, I think I can make it clear," said the Vicar with a smile. "Do you know at what hour Last left off work every day?"

"Yes, sir; about six in the evening."

"And at what time did Digwell leave off?"

"About the same hour, I believe."

"And did they begin work at the same time in the morning?"

"No, sir, the gardener was always at work by six, while the cobbler never began till eight," said Mrs. Smith, thinking she saw the drift of the Vicar's meaning.

"Then the gardener worked two hours longer than the other every day?"

"Just so, sir."

"And working six days a week he was able to do twelve hours' more work every week?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you would consider twelve hours a good day's work?"

"A very good day's work."

"Then, in fifty-two weeks—that's one year, you know—the gardener did fifty-two days' more work than the cobbler?"

"That's true, sir," said Mrs. Smith.

"And as you say each began his trade at twenty years of age, they worked at it for fifty-six years?"

"That's about the number, sir, I have no doubt."

"Now if the gardener, as we agree, worked fifty-two days in every year longer than the cobbler, in fifty-six years he worked fifty-six times fifty-two days more than the others?"

"Yes, he would do so," said Mrs. Smith.

"And fifty-six times fifty-two days make two thousand nine hundred and twelve days, which amount to more than nine years of working days."

"Dear me! I never thought getting up early in the morning made one live so much longer. Why, it's as good as adding years to one's life."

"So it is," said the Vicar; "and you see that

although the gardener never earned more in a day than the cobbler, yet if you put his wages at a pound a week, they would amount in nine years to four hundred and sixty-eight pounds, besides interest; quite a fortune for a working man to leave his widow."

Mrs. Smith made up her mind to get up early in the morning herself after this, and to teach her children to do so too.

Vicar—the priest of a parish.

Well off—in good condition as regards money or property.

Work-house—asylum for those who cannot support themselves.

Seeing—considering that.

Drift—tendency, what the Vicar was intending to say.

As good as—practically the same as.

Adding—living so many years more.

LESSON XL.

SPRING.

capric'ious	hos'pitable	or'chestra
conceit'	innu'merable	rap'turous
dan'delions	intox'icating	

It was a sweet carol, which the Rhodian children sang of old in spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season:—

"The Swallow is come!
The Swallow is come!
O, fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings
And her bosom snowy-white!"

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of the east wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks to sun themselves, and think it is summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

"The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail."

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-coloured buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed

in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun; to-morrow, not before; they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the south it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighbouring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature; whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost-like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens; and in the air there is the odour of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and, ere long,

our next-door neighbours will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them; and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and still! Not a voice of living thing—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough—not a breath of wind—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue-flower sprinkled with gold dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain; but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep; but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Rhodian—pertaining to Rhodes, an island in the Greek Archipelago, famous in ancient history.

Pull out...home—count the number of the petals on the dandelion by pulling them out one by one, or the number

of puffs required to blow away the down completely, and decide by it whether they are loved or wanted at home, or the contrary, according as the number in either case is odd or even.

H. W. Longfellow—a celebrated American poet (b. 1807, d. 1882). The above piece occurs in *Hyperion*, a prose account of a tour in Europe, which he published in 1839.

Sets beside himself—puts a poet out of his senses, makes him almost mad with joy.

Make holiday—enjoy themselves as on a holiday.

LESSON XLI.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF I.

amends′	philos′ophy
dec′orated	syc′amore
dra′pery	uten′sil
neces′sity	

The weather is as peaceful to-day (November 6th), as calm, and as mild, as in early April; and, perhaps, an autumn afternoon and a spring morning do resemble each other more in feeling, and even in appearance, than in any two periods of the year. There is in both the same freshness and dewiness of the herbage; the same balmy softness in the air; and the same pure and lovely blue sky,

with fleecy clouds floating across it. The chief difference lies in the absence of flowers and the presence of leaves. But then the foliage of November is so rich, and glowing, and varied, that it may well supply the place of the gay blossoms of the spring; whilst all the flowers of the field or garden could never make amends for the want of leaves—that beautiful and graceful attire in which nature has clothed the rugged forms of trees—the verdant drapery to which the landscape owes its loveliness and the forests their glory.

If choice must be made between two seasons, each so full of charm, it is at least no bad philosophy to prefer the present good, even whilst looking gratefully back, and hopefully forward, to the past and the future. And of a surety, no fairer specimen of a November day could well be found than this—a day made to wander

"By yellow commons and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes;"

nor could prettier country be found for our walk than this shady and yet sunny Berkshire, where the scenery, without rising into grandeur or breaking into wildness, is so peaceful, so cheerful, so varied, and so thoroughly English.

We must bend our steps towards the water side, for I have a message to leave at Farmer Riley's: and sooth to say, it is no unpleasant ne-

cessity; for the road thither is smooth and dry, retired, as one likes a country walk to be, but not too lonely, which women never like; leading past the Loddon—the bright, brimming, transparent Loddon—a fitting mirror for this bright blue sky, and terminating at one of the prettiest and most comfortable farm-houses in the neighbourhood.

How beautiful the lane is to-day, decorated with a thousand colours! The brown road, and the rich verdure that borders it, strewed with the pale yellow leaves of the elm, just beginning to fall; hedge-rows glowing with long wreaths of the bramble in every variety of purplish red; and overhead the unchanged green of the fir, contrasting with the spotted sycamore, the tawny beech, and the dry sere leaves of the oak, which rustle as the light wind passes through them; a few common hardy yellow flowers (for yellow is the common colour of flowers, whether wild or cultivated, as blue is the rare one), flowers of many sorts, but almost of one tint, still blowing in spite of the season, and ruddy berries glowing through all. How very beautiful is the lane!

And how pleasant is this hill where the road widens, with the group of cattle by the wayside, and George Hearn, the little post-boy, trundling his hoop at full speed, making all the better haste in his work because he cheats himself into think-

ing it play! And how beautiful again is this patch of common at the hill-top with the clear pool, where Martha Pither's children—elves of three, and four, and five years old—without any distinction of sex in their sunburnt faces and tattered drapery, are dipping up water in their little homely cups shining with cleanliness, and a small brown pitcher with the lip broken, to fill that great kettle, which, when it is filled, their united strength will never be able to lift! They are quite a group for a painter, with their rosy cheeks, and chubby hands, and round merry faces; and the low cottage in the back-ground, peeping out of its vine leaves and China roses, with Martha at the door, tidy and comely, and smiling, preparing the potatoes for the pot, and watching the progress of dipping and filling that useful utensil, completes the picture.

In any two periods—a morning in one and an afternoon in the other of any other two periods.

It is no bad philosophy—as it is not easy to choose between the two, it would be a good way out of the difficulty to express our liking for the season which is actually with us, while at the same time we may even look back with gratitude, or forward with hope, to the other season which was here six months ago and will return six months hence. .

Berkshire—a midland county of England, lying in

the valley of the Thames, and to the south of that river. Pronounced *Barkshir*.

Which women never like—the antecedent of 'which' is 'lonely.' That is, women never like loneliness or lonely places.

The Loddon—a little river which flows into the Thames.

Making all...play!—carrying the mails all the more quickly, because, by trundling his hoop, he thinks, though erroneously, that he is running in play, and not in discharge of his duties as post-boy.

LESSON XLII.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF II.

dahlia(dā'lia)	magnif'icent	superb'
delic'ious	nev'ertheless''	surpass'ing
embo'somed	sagac'ity	

But we must go on. No time for more sketches in these short days. It is getting cold too. We must proceed in our walk. Dash is showing us the way, and beating the thick double hedge-row that runs along the side of the meadow, at a rate that indicates game astir, and causes the leaves to fly as fast as an east wind after a hard frost. Ah! a pheasant! a superb cock pheasant! Nothing is more certain than Dash's questing, whether in a hedge-row or covert, for a better spaniel never went into the field; but I fancied that it was

a hare afoot, and was also as much startled to hear the whirring of those splendid wings as the princely bird himself would have been at the report of a gun. Indeed, I believe that the way in which a pheasant goes off does sometimes make young sportsmen a little nervous (they don't own it very readily, but the observation may be relied on nevertheless), until they get, as it were, broken-in to the sound; and then that grand and sudden burst of wing becomes as pleasant to them as it seems to be to Dash, who is beating the hedge-row with might and main, and giving tongue louder, and sending the leaves about faster than ever—very proud of finding the pheasant, and perhaps a little angry with me for not shooting it; at least looking as if he would be angry if I were a man; for Dash is a dog of great sagacity, and has doubtless not lived four years in the sporting world without making the discovery, that although gentlemen do shoot, ladies do not.

The Loddon at last! the beautiful Loddon! and the bridge, where every one stops, as by instinct, to lean over the rails, and gaze a moment on a landscape of surpassing loveliness—the fine grounds of the Great House, with their magnificent groups of limes, and firs, and poplars grander than ever poplars were; the green meadows opposite, studded with oaks and elms; the clear winding river; the

mill with its picturesque old buildings bounding the scene; all glowing with the rich colouring of autumn, and harmonised by the soft beauty of the clear blue sky, and the delicious calmness of the hour. The very peasant whose daily path it is cannot cross the bridge without a pause.

But the day is wearing fast, and it grows colder and colder. I really think it will be a frost. After all, spring is the pleasantest season, beautiful as this scenery is. We must get on. Down that broad yet shadowy lane, between the park, dark with evergreens and dappled with deer, and the meadows where sheep, and cows, and horses are grazing under the tall elms; that lane, where the wild bank, clothed with fern and tufted with furze, and crowned by rich berried thorn and thick shining holly, on the one side, seems to vie in beauty with the picturesque old paling, the bright laurels, and the plumy cedars, on the other; down that shady lane, until the sudden turn brings us to an opening where four roads meet, where a noble avenue turns down to the Great House; where the village church rears its modest spire from amidst its venerable yew trees: and where, embosomed in orchards and gardens, and backed by barns and ricks, and all the wealth of the farm-yard, stands the spacious and comfortable abode of good Farmer Riley—the end and object of our walk.

And in happy time the message is said and the answer given, for this beautiful mild day is edging off into a dense frosty evening; the leaves of the elm and the linden are quivering and vibrating and fluttering in the air, and at length falling crisply on the earth, as if Dash were beating for pheasants in the tree-tops; the sun gleams dimly through the fog, giving little more of light and heat than his fair sister the lady moon—I don't know a more disappointing person than a cold sun; and I am beginning to wrap my cloak closely round me, and to calculate the distance to my own fireside, recanting all the way my praises of November, and longing for the showery, flowery April, as much as if I were a half-chilled butterfly, or a dahlia knocked down by the frost.

Ah, dear me! what a climate this is, that one cannot keep in the same mind about it for half-an-hour together! I wonder, by-the-way, whether the fault is in the weather, which Dash does not seem to care for, or in me? If I should happen to be wet through in a shower next spring, and should catch myself longing for autumn, that would settle the question.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Dash—the name of the dog which accompanies the writer in her walk.

Game—small animals which are usually pursued or taken in the chase or hunting, such as hares, pheasants, grouse.

Broken-in—accustomed to the sound. The phrase is applied to horses and hunting dogs when they are tamed or trained to their work. 'As it were,' meaning 'so to speak,' introduces the metaphorical expression "broken in."

Giving tongue—making a noise, barking.

The Great House—the manor-house, or the residence of the land-owner of the place.

In happy time—in good time.

The question—I wonder whether it is owing to the uncertainty of the weather or to the fickleness of my mind that my opinion of the climate is always changing. If I should, on getting wet next spring, find myself longing for autumn, then that would settle the question as to the cause of the changeableness of my opinion of the climate; for it would prove that the cause is the fickleness of my mind, or in other words, that the fault is in me, and not in the weather.

Mary Russell Mitford—an English writer (b. 1787, d 1855), author of a few plays, but best known for a series of sketches of country life, published under the title of *Our Village*, from which the above piece is taken

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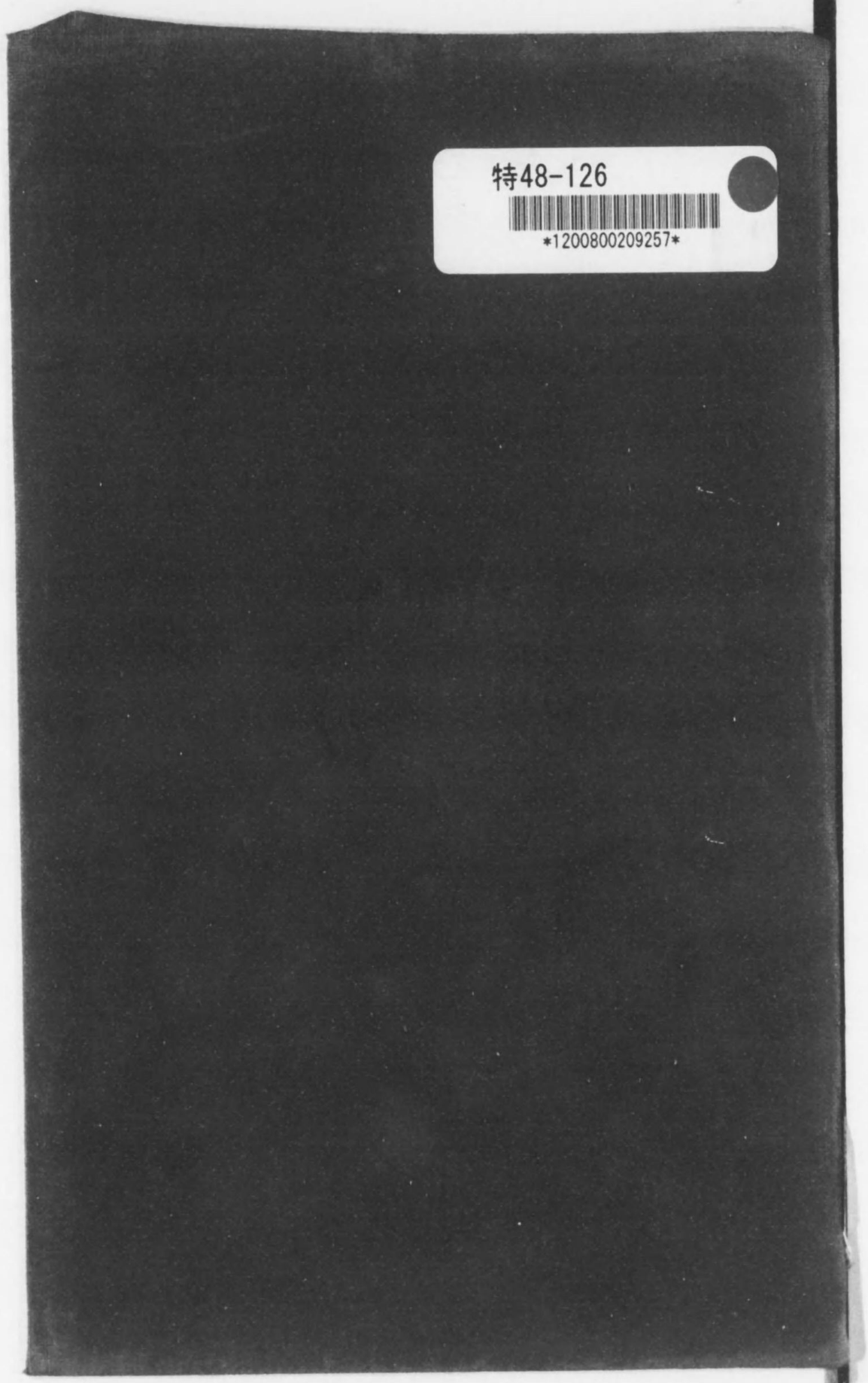

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