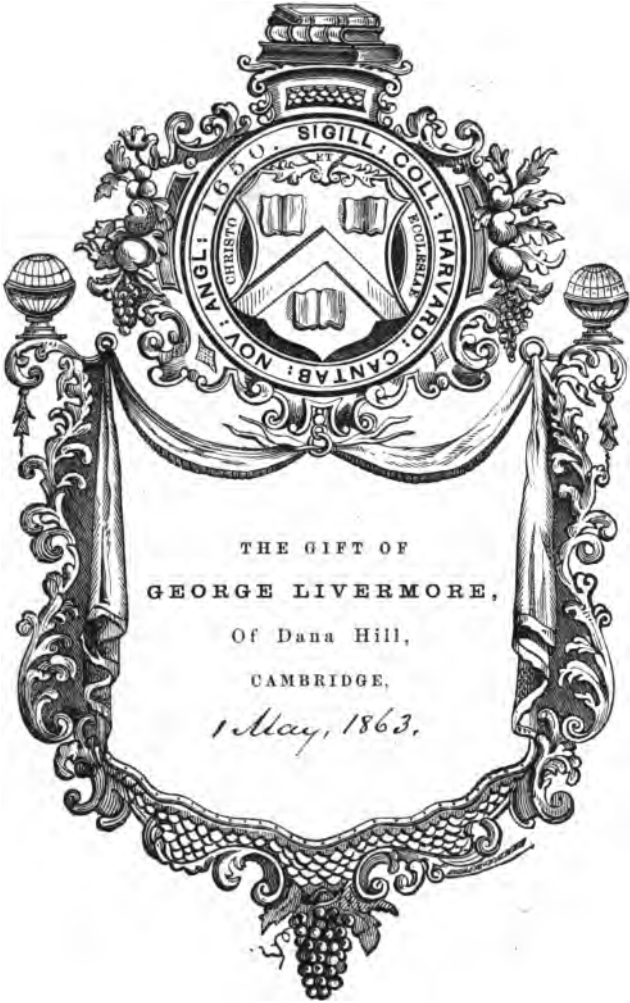


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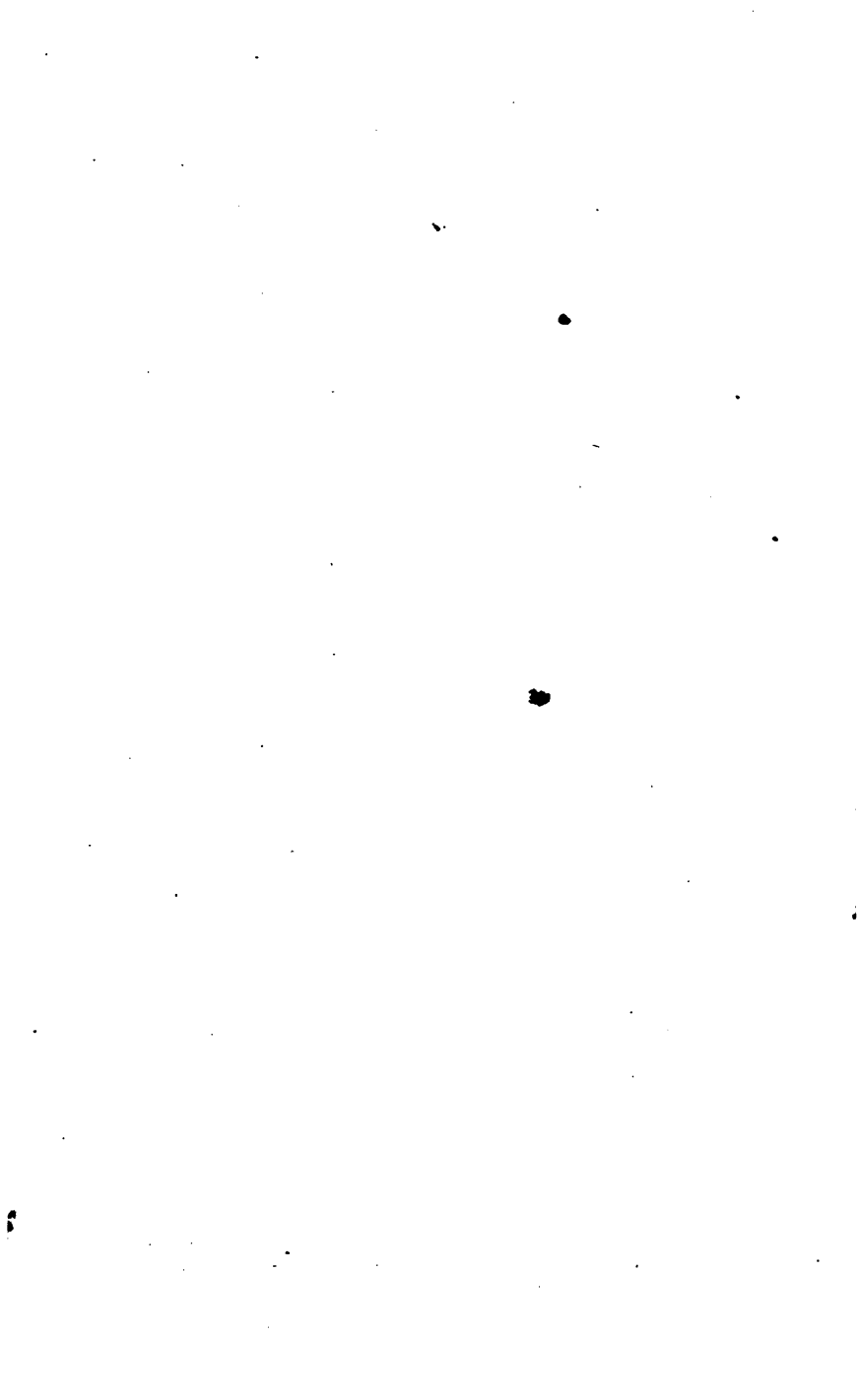
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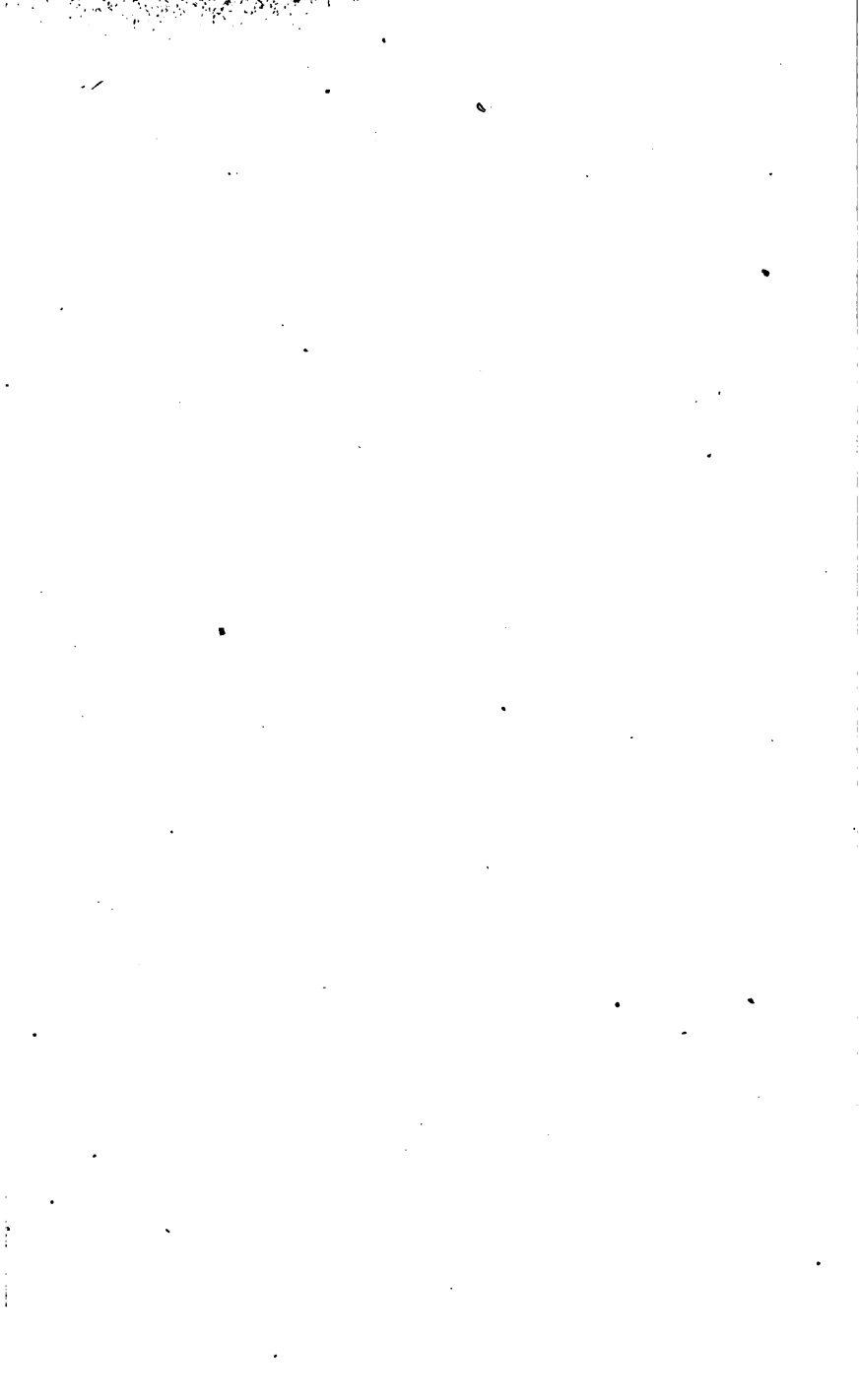




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A

THIRD CLASS READER;

CONSISTING OF

Extracts in Prose and Verse,

FOR THE USE OF THE

THIRD CLASSES IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON READING AND THE TRAINING
OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

George Hillman
BY G. S. HILLARD.

BOSTON:
HICKLING, SWAN AND BREWER.
CLEVELAND:
INGHAM AND BRAGG.
1858.

Edue T 758.58.448

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~~Edue T 1045.57.33~~

1863. 11/11/11
with
George S. Hillard,
Cambridge.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by
GEORGE S. HILLARD,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of the First Class Reader, and of the Second Class Reader, solicits the attention of teachers, and of all persons interested in education, to the present work, which is intended for the use of children in the third class in our grammar schools, of ages varying from nine or ten to twelve years. The same general principles which have guided him in the preparation of his former compilations have been followed in this, with such modifications as were required by the more tender age of the children to whom it is addressed. The line of distinction between a second class reader and a third class reader cannot be very sharply drawn. A bright boy or girl in the third class would be quite able to understand what was level to the comprehension of an average boy or girl in the second class. To a certain extent, the selections in the present work are substantially of the same kind as those in the Second Class Reader, and the explanations made in the preface to that work are, in the main, applicable to the present compilation.

In proportion to its size, the present selection has cost the compiler more labor than either of its predecessors. Many of the prose pieces have been either written, or translated, or compiled, by him. A few lessons on moral subjects will be found towards the close, which, it is hoped, will not prove too dry to serve the purposes for which they are intended.

In the poetical selections there will be found many pieces already

familiar to teachers and scholars. This has been advisedly done. Good poetry rather gains than loses by familiarity and repetition ; and no school reader can be esteemed perfect which does not contain some of those gems of English verse, the merit of which has been felt by many generations of pupils.

The introductory portion, on reading, and training of the vocal organs, has been abridged from that prefixed to the Second Class Reader.

G. S. HILLARD.

Boston, April, 1867.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following scheme of exercises in orthoepy is intended as a manual for the daily practice of those who use this volume, to secure correct habits of articulation and pronunciation. Every lesson in reading should be prepared for by an exercise in this manual, even though a short one. The reading is sure to be executed better if the organs of speech be brought into vigorous play by some previous exercise of this sort. The definitions and explanations are meant for the teacher, who must make his pupils first acquainted with the sounds by hearing, before any description can be understood. As a blind man cannot understand any definition or theory of colors, so — precisely so — no one can learn any thing of the theory of spoken language, the mechanism of speech, until his ear is able to recognize, with discrimination, the sounds employed in speaking. It is quite possible that even some teachers will find it difficult to keep the distinction clearly in mind, between the orthographic and orthoepic forms of words. But any one who wishes to understand the subject will test every proposition by repeated experiments with his own voice. To facilitate that object, examples are given in print, whenever the point to be brought out could be made certainly evident by any intelligible contrivance of orthography. Such examples, if understood, should be attentively practised; and if not, should be practised attentively till they are understood. Let it be kept in mind that the example is an example of *sound* only,

and is to be spoken, therefore, before it is an example of any thing. The sound is represented by letters in *Italic type*. If the example be represented by a consonant letter, do not give the alphabetic *name* of the letter, but its proper *sound*.

§ 1.

Orthoepy treats only of the *sounds* used in the words of a spoken language. The representing of such sounds to the mind, through the sense of *sight*, by written or printed words, belongs to orthography. *The primary elements of orthoepy, then, are sounds, not letters.*

NOTE. This definition must be distinctly understood, and kept in mind. Letters are the elements of *orthography*, and, to avoid confusion, we abandon the terms *letter, vowel, consonant, diphthong, &c.*, to their use in that department of English grammar. It is considered possible that, at some time, in some original language, every letter stood for, or suggested, some one sound only, and every sound was thus suggested, or represented, by some one letter only. But this is very far from being the case with English orthography at present. Accordingly, in attempting to represent orthoepic elements by letters which stand sometimes for one sound, sometimes for another, and sometimes for none at all, it is necessary to select, for this use, a word in which the representative letter shall suggest a known sound, that is to say, a sound learned from an instructor by hearing and imitation. This method is used in the following pages, the representative letter, or letters, being in *Italic type*, and separated from the other letters of the word by a hyphen. Thus *e-ve* signifies a single orthoepic element, namely, the sound properly given to letter *e* in the word *eve*; *l-oo-k* represents the sound given to the letters *oo* in the correct pronunciation of the word *look*. It should be remembered that this roundabout process, or some other still more artificial, is made necessary, not by any confusion or uncertainty in the sounds themselves, but by the irregularities and complications of English orthography. For in actual speech the elements may all be distinctly articulated separately. Thus, in the following exercises, in speaking the element *e-ve* one sound only is uttered — that, namely, which is given to *e* in the word; so of all the rest.

Let it be an invariable rule to designate an element, in speaking, by simply producing it. Instead of saying, "the sound of *a* as heard in *at*," for instance, say "*a-t*," giving the sound which *a* represents

in the word, *singly, exactly*, and without circumlocution. This habit will soon lead to an appreciation of the fact that orthoepy is naturally prior to, and philosophically independent of, orthography.*

§ 2.

1. The sounds of a spoken language depend on the action of various organs. Some are produced by a mere expulsion of voice, while the mouth is held open in a certain position. These are *simple* vocal sounds; as, *e*-ve, *a*-h, *o*-n. Others require a change in the opening of the mouth while the voice is sent out. These are *compound* vocal sounds; as, *a*-le, *i*-ce, *oi*-l. The vocal sounds are all called *tonic elements*.

2. Other sounds are produced by shutting, more or less closely, and then opening, certain parts of the mouth, while the voice is forced out; as, *b*, *g*, *z*. These are called *subtonic elements*, because they have only an obstructed vocality.

3. Others are produced by such an action of the mouth, while breath only, not voice, is forced out; as, *f*, *k*, *s*. Such are called *atonic elements*, because they have no vocality.

4. The subtonics and atonics may be classed together as *articulates*, because the articulation, that is, the actual or approximate contact, of the organs by which they are formed, respectively, is a common characteristic distinguishing them from the tonics.

5. Some articulates are of *indefinite* length, their sound being obstructed uniformly; that is, alike from beginning to end; e. g., *v*, *f*, *z*. Others are slightly *extendible*, their sound being nearly closed at a certain moment of its duration; e. g., *y*, *w*, *r*, (*initial*.) Others still — the *abrupt* elements — are marked by an entire occlusion and explosion of their sound; that is, an actual contact and compression, followed by a sudden separation, of the articulating organs; e. g., *b*, *p*, *t*.

* It will also lead to an appreciation of the fact that English orthography is most unphilosophically independent of orthoepy. For most of its specific derelictions, however, etymology must be held to answer, as, at the very least, an avowed accessory after the fact.

The indefinite and extendible elements are sometimes called *continuants*; and the abrupt, *explodents*.

6. The articulates are further classed according to the organs which are chiefly concerned in their articulation; as, *palatals, linguals, &c.*

§ 3.

1. The *form* of an element is that individual peculiarity of the sound which is determined by the form of the mouth while the element is produced; that is, by the position of all the organs concerned in producing it.

2. Elements may be of the *same form*, but different powers; as, *b* and *p*.

3. Elements are *similar* in form, whether of the same or different powers, when they are produced by *nearly* the same forms of the mouth; as, *e-ve* and *i-n*, or *t* and *n*.

4. An *intermediate* form is one through which the mouth most easily passes in changing from one form to another: e. g., *a-t* is intermediate with respect to *a-le* and *a-h*. Between *x* and *y*, *zh* is intermediate.

5. A *compound* form is one which is produced when any two, with the intermediate forms, are united in one sound; e. g., *i-ce*, compound of *a-h* and *e-ve*, as extremes, with the intermediate forms. *u-p*, *e-rr*, *e-nd*, *i-n*; *j*, compound of *d* and *y* as extremes with *zh* intermediate.

NOTE 1. The term *diphthong* should be discarded in English orthoepy, because there is no tonic compounded of *two sounds* only. This may be proved as a fact by experiment. Take *a-le*, or *o-ld*, for example, which have less change of form than any other compounds. It will be found impossible to change the mouth directly from the initial form of *a-le* (*e-nd* nearly, but more open) to its final one (*e-ve*), without passing through the form *i-n*. It is equally impossible to avoid the form *l-oo-k* between the initial and final forms in *o-ld*. In both cases, then, either the sound must be interrupted, while the mouth is passing through the intermediate form, in which case no compound would result, but two elements, in two separate syllables; or, if the sound be continuous, it inevitably receives the intermediate form.

NOTE 2. The components of a compound element are not always

equal, nor equally perceptible. Each has its due proportion, in correct speaking; and there are no faults of articulation more common or difficult to correct than those which arise from a neglect of this proportion. The time of a compound element is occupied chiefly on the intermediate forms, although its extreme forms are commonly more distinctly heard. This is owing to the fact that, while the ear readily observes the precise moment of the beginning and ending of the sound, it cannot detect any precise moment when the sound changes from one of its component forms to another. To call these elements compound is, therefore, hardly a correct, certainly not an adequate, description; for in producing them the mouth does not pass through the successive forms by so many (discrete) steps, but by a certain (concrete) course of change; passing through, but not pausing in, the forms which can be recognized as similar to certain simple elements.

NOTE 3. The compound tonic elements are the source of the more common faults in the articulation of singers. The dialect of song now in fashion in this country and England appears to be of foreign origin, and was adopted *at the first*, without doubt, by mere imitation, not for any considerations of propriety or grace. Of course it is easier to follow this dialect than to master all the true English elements with the requisite power of sustaining them in tune. But it would be easier still, if that is a ground of choice, to sing only the four simple tonics used in *solfeggi*. This is not the place to inquire whether proper musical expression may not dispense with words altogether. It is only suggested, that, while words are used in song, not for their sound only, but for their meaning also, it seems desirable that their natural sounds should be distinctly preserved, that the orthoepy of song should be, as it certainly may be, an improvement, not a caricature, of that of speech — as much more accurate and graceful as its intonation is more melodious and its rhythm more marked and impressive.

§ 4.

1. The abrupt subtonics, when fully articulated separately, have, at the precise moment after the occlusion is suddenly broken, a short and obscure vocal sound, which is called a *vocule*.

2. The abrupt atonics have the same peculiarity, though with them it is only an explosive jet of breath.

3. The extendible and indefinite elements sometimes have a very slight *vecule*.

NOTE. In compounds the last component only has its vocule. In fortuitous combinations the same rule holds, except that when great distinctness is necessary, as in a very large or noisy assembly, the vocules are generally to be given. The one which ends a word must then be given with great force, since the opening which makes the vocule is part of the element, and necessary to its complete distinctness.

§ 5.

1. In the easy utterance of any tonic, the muscles of the mouth are slightly relaxed before the voice ceases, or before they are determinately fixed for the production of another element. This causes a slight change in the form of the element at its close, which is called its *vanish*, the former part being its *radical*. In the short tonics the vanish is hardly ever perceptible to the ear.

NOTE. In compounds the last component only has its vanish.

2. A tonic is not infrequently modified at its close by the element following in the same syllable losing a part of its own proper form in approaching the form next succeeding. The effect of *-r*,* the subtonic of most open vocality, in changing the form of the preceding tonic, is very striking. It is chiefly by this change that the English word *deer*, for example, differs in pronunciation from the French *dire*. Several tonics change their vanish before *-r* in this manner so uniformly as to be practically different elements when so situated; e. g., *e-ar*, *e-rr*, *a-ir*, *u-rn*, *i-re*, *o-r*, *w-a-r*, *p-oo-r*, *o-re*, *ou-r*, *p-u-re*. With two of these, *e-rr* and *a-ir*, the change affects the radical also.

The element *a-sk* seems to have arisen in the same way, from *a-t* in some words, and from *a-h* in others. For the sound in those words where this element is now used has fluctuated through the whole range from *a-t* to *a-h*, and both these sounds are given by different persons still in those words. Moreover, this element is always followed by one of a peculiar class — the *indefinites*.

* The *-r* represents the sound of letter *r* after a vowel.

3. An articulate is sometimes modified before an element of very dissimilar form in the same syllable, producing a slight sound of the intermediate form ; e. g., *ch*, *sh*, *zh*, are heard before *y*, after *t*, *s*, *d*, respectively ; *y* is heard before *a-h*, after *g* and *k*. To avoid these changes altogether is an affectation, but to overdo them is a less pardonable one.

NOTE. The *y* here cited for the examples is the initial sound, as in the words *you*, *use*.

§ 6.

The *natural vowel* is the vocal sound produced with the mouth opened in the most natural or unconstrained form. It is not distinctly *a-h*, nor *e-rr*, nor *u-p* ; but not very unlike either of them. It is commonly the first tonic a child makes in his uncalculating attempt to talk, his second, premeditated effort resulting commonly in *a-h*. It is identical in form with the most common vocule. It is the vanish of every tonic element when followed in the same syllable by the articulate *r*.

Other uses of it will be illustrated in the practice of pronunciation, since every tonic approaches it in that form of unaccented utterance called, in our dictionaries, *obscure*.

Some of its abuses are mentioned here. It is the key-note of all pious ranting ; the after-note in affected drawling, generally ; and, as such, it is variously represented in writing by ‘-ah,’ ‘-a,’ ‘-er,’ ‘-o,’ &c. It indicates some indistinctness of thought, or indecision of purpose ; hence it makes most of the language of the idiot, and of any person when, from some temporary cause, “the wit is out.” Hence it haunts the stammerer’s speech, a miserable ghost of his murdered subtonics. Hence, too, a guttural form of it makes that disgusting iteration by which ingenious idlers dissemble a halting memory and fill up the gaps in a bad recitation. The two abuses last named might certainly be corrected by early discipline. They are all avoided by every good speaker, as they are the detestation of every cultivated ear.

SYLLABLES.

§ 7.

1. The frequent interruptions of the voice (laryngeal sound) in the formation of the elements, in speaking, cause it to issue by a succession of more or less distinctly separate impulses, jets, or pulsations, not in a continuous flow.

2. The element, or combination of elements, produced in one such impulse, is a syllable.*

3. From this definition it is evident that, —

(a.) An atonic alone cannot form a syllable.

(b.) A single tonic, or a single subtonic, may form a syllable.

(c.) Two tonics cannot come in the same syllable. The *vanish* (§ 5. 1) of the former cuts off the latter from the same syllable.

(d.) Two, or three, subtonics may form a syllable; e. g., *can-dle*, *cra-dled*.

(e.) Theoretically, any number of atonics *may* occur at the beginning or end of a syllable.

NOTE. As a fact, no more than four ever come together; e. g., *lookst*.

(f.) Theoretically, the number of articulates a syllable *may* contain is limited only by the law of their arrangement. This law is already evident from what has been said above, and may be expressed thus: —

4. The closest articulation, or interruption of voice, occurring in any combination of elements, is a point of separation between syllables; and the more vocal elements follow the less vocal in beginning a syllable, and precede them in closing it.

NOTE. In fact, nine is probably the greatest number of elements in any regularly formed syllable in English, though it is doubtful if such a syllable is ever used; e. g., *strang'dst*, second pers. sing. pret.

* The theory of Dr. Rush, that the "equable concrete" (change of pitch) is the *essential* function of a syllable, is not clearly established.

ind. of *estränge*. There are some syllables with seven elements in actual use, as *spread'st*, *form'dst*; many, of six and five, as *spong'd*, *breadths*, *bilg'd*, *fleec'd*.

§ 8.

1. The syllables in speech do not always coincide with the written ones; nor are they always the same in the same word.

(a.) The syllable formed of *e-rr* and *-r* combined is frequently equivalent only to *-r* singly, the form of vocality being the same. A preceding tonic is then modified as in § 5. 2, and, by consequence, the two syllables become one; e. g., *higher*, like *hire*; *mower*, like *more*.

(b.) On the other hand, the tonic before *-r* may retain its close vanish, contrary to § 5. 2, and then the combination forms two syllables.

NOTE. The doubtful combinations are monosyllabic in rapid and easy utterance. The dissyllabic form may be used for distinctness, or for emphasis; e. g., "a tower of strength." Either is used for rhyme, or for rhythm, at the option of the poet; e. g.,—

And in—the low—est deep—a *low—er deep*. MILTON.

Nor look—upon—the *i—rns ang—erly*.

That mer—cy which—fierce *fire—and irr* extends. SHAKESPEARE.

2. Easy and agreeable enunciation requires that the vocule of any element followed by a tonic in the same word should be completely merged and lost in that following tonic.

3. The vocule of an atonic should not be made vocal; nor that of a subtonic overdone; for this would make another syllable of the vocule.

NOTE. This is an outlandish fault. A Frenchman, for example, commonly reports himself only a *French-i-man*; and, when speaking earnestly, makes this fault very prominent; e. g., "Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale," quoth Dr. Caius, *enragé*.

4. (a.) Neither the continuant *-r* nor the explodent *r-* can properly occur alone between two tonics in the same word, if the former tonic (long or short) be accented. (b.) Either, but not both combined, may occur in combination with another

element in such a case, *but always observing the law of § 7. 4; e. g., lurk-ing, va-grant.* (c.) Without another element, in such cases, the two (if either) should be used in combination, whether the letter be doubled in orthography or not; that is to say, the preceding tonic is always to be modified (§ 5. 2) by the continuant, while the following tonic is distinctly opened by the explodent. (2, above.)

NOTE 1. This rule (a), (c), to which good use allows no exception, forbids the custom, derived from Walker's Dictionary by a mistake of the orthographic for the orthoepic division of syllables, by which *r*- is distinctly separated from the preceding tonic in the enunciation of such words as *parent*, *hero*, *miry*, *porous*, *fury*. Walker himself probably never heard this enunciation, certainly never dreamed of sanctioning it.

NOTE 2. This rule (b) also forbids to make a syllable by confounding *-r* and *r-*. It is an outlandish peculiarity. The dialect of Scotland, for example, makes *Katrine* a trisyllable, *Kat-ter-ine*, *world* a dissyllable, *wur-ruld*, and the like. This must be remembered in reading the Scottish poets. E. g.

And tame—the U—nicor—*rn*'s pride. — SCOTT.

It just—played dir—*rl* on—the bane. — BURNS.

In Shakspeare, for another example, the name (Henry) of the doubly French (Norman Plantagenet) kings of England is used as a trisyllable in a dozen instances or more; e. g., —

Is Cade—the son—of Hen—*rry* the Fifth.

Great mar—eschal—to Hen—*rry*—the Sixth.

Base fear—ful and—despair—ing Hen—*rry*, &c.

ACCENT.

§ 9.

1. The successive pulsations of voice in the syllables of a word are not of equal force. The greater proportionate force of any syllable is its *accent*.

2. The correct pronunciation of a word requires not only the proper articulation of its elements in that connected manner which is essential to the enunciation of syllables, but also

the enunciation of its syllables with that proportionate force which is due to each by the law of good use.

3. Consecutive syllables are not equally accented.

NOTE. Two consecutive syllables have, indeed, nearly an equal accent in the word *amen*, and in a few compound words, as *bulk-head*, *good-will*, &c. But these rare exceptional words give no sort of countenance to the vulgar American custom, by which we have *di'rect'ly*, *ex'act'ly*, *fô'ren'sic*, *gi'gan'tic*, *pô'lit'ical*, *tau'tol'ogy*, &c.

ELEMENTS OF ORTHOEPY.

§ 10.

1. TONICS.

e-ve, *e-ar*; *i-n*; *e-nd*; *e-rr*; *a-le*; *a-ir*; *a-t*; *a-sk*; *a-h*; *i-ce*, *i-re*; *u-p*, *f-u-r*; *o-n*, *o-r*; *oi-l*; *a-we*, *w-a-r*; *oo-ze*, *p-oo-r*; *l-oo-k*; *o-ld*, *o-re*; *ou-t*, *ou-r*; *u-se*, *p-u-re*.

2. ARTICULATES.

h, *y*, *k*, *g*, *ng*; *sh*, *zh*; *ch*, *j*; *r-*, *-r*; *l*; *n*; *t*, *d*; *s*, *z*; *th-in*, *th-is*; *f*, *v*; *p*, *b*; *m*; *w*.

3. SUBTONICS.

y, *g*, *ng*; *zh*; *j*; *r-*, *-r*; *l*; *n*; *d*; *z*; *th-is*; *v*; *b*; *m*; *w*.

4. ATONICS.

h; *k*; *sh*; *ch*; *t*; *s*; *th-in*; *f*; *p*.

5. ABRUPT ELEMENTS OR EXPLODENTS.

k, *g*; *ch*, *j*; *r-*, *t*, *d*; *p*, *b*.

6. CONTINUANTS.

h, *y*, *ng*; *sh*, *zh*; *-r*, *l*, *n*; *s*, *z*; *th-in*, *th-is*; *f*, *v*; *m*; *w*.

7. The articulates are classed by their forms as follows:—

(a.) Palatals, *h*, *y*, *k*, *g*, *ng*.

(b.) Linguals, *r-*, *l*, *n*, *t*, *d*, *s*, *z*.

3*

- (c.) Labials, p, b, m, w.
- (d.) Lingual-palatals, sh, zh, ch, j, -r.
- (e.) Lingual-dentals, *th-in*, *th-is*.
- (f.) Labial-dentals, f, v.

8. (a.) As to form, the tonics are all *oral*. A more particular description is needless here.

(b.) But it may be noticed that *a-h* and *oo-ze* are the extremes, as regards the opening of the lips; *a-h* or *oo-ze* and *e-ve*, as regards the entire cavity of the mouth within the lips.

It will be seen that in the foregoing table the elements are arranged with reference to similarity of forms, without regard to the order of letters in the alphabet.

NOTE. *S* and *z* are modified by the teeth, though not articulated upon them like *th*.

PRACTICE OF ELEMENTS.

§ 11.

These elements should be practised as they stand in the table, over and over, till every one is easily recognized, and can be distinctly and accurately produced. It should be remembered, however, that to repeat these (or any other) exercises with no more than one's accustomed accuracy and force, is of no use whatever. The benefit of practice is in proportion to the energy and perseverance with which it is carried on, and to the attention given to force, and to correctness of the forms.

Do not adopt any pet elements, giving them undue prominence. Practise those most which are found most difficult.

Do not adopt any peculiar mode of practice, but use every mode that can be properly employed in reading, from the softest whisper to the loudest shout, from the lowest bass to the highest treble or falsetto, from the quickest to the longest time. But the correct *formation* of the element must not be sacrificed for the sake of force, nor any other effect. For the very use and benefit of practice is to acquire the power of giving

all the requisite varieties of quality, time, force, stress, and pitch, with the correct *form* of every element. The short tonics must always be made short; the others may be indefinitely prolonged. The articulates should be uttered so that each may be known readily at the remotest part of the room, be it ever so large. The vocality of the subtonics, and the breath sound of the atonics, must be made very audible. Let their articulation be neat and clear; that is to say, let the voice, in case of a subtonic, and the breath, in case of an atonic, be affected by no aspiration or interruption except the one which is the characteristic of the element. Thus *t* should not sound like *ts*, nor *p* like *pf*, &c.

NOTE. If the beginner finds a difficulty in making any element singly, he should turn over to the exercise of words under that particular element, and find some word in which he can give the true sound. Pronounce this word several times firmly, and with particular attention to the sound in question, till both the ear and the mouth are familiar with its form. Then drop the other elements, one by one, articulating the remaining ones, till only the required one remains; and continue with this alone till it becomes perfectly easy.

COMBINATIONS.

§ 12.

The possible combinations of articulates are almost innumerable. [§ 7. 3 (*e*) and (*f*).] Those actually produced in the collocation of words are very numerous, but need not be made the subject of special practice, since they are not united in the same continuity of sound which correct enunciation requires. The following are either in actual use, or regularly formed, and quite possible in enunciation:—

1. INITIAL COMBINATIONS.

hw, hy, kr, kl, kw; gr, gl, gw; shr; tr, tw; dr, dw; sk, sl, sn, st, sd, sf, sp, sm, skry, skw, str, spr, spl; thr, thw; fr, fi; pr, pl; br, bl.

2. FINAL COMBINATIONS.

kt, ks; kts, kst; ktst—gd, gz; gst—ngk; ngks, ngkt; ngkst—ngd; ngdst—sht—cht—jd—rk, rg, rsh, reh, rj, rl, rn, rt, rd, rs, rz, rth, rth, rf, rv, rp, rb, rm; rkt, rks, rgz, recht, rjd, rld, rlz, rnt, rnd, rts, rdz, rst, rzd, rtht, rths, rft, rfs, rvd, rvz, rps, rpt, rbd, rbz, rmd, rmz; rkst, rgst, rtst, rpst, rmst; rktst, rechtst, rjdst, rndst, rvdst, rptst, rbdst, rmdst—~~rk~~, lsh, lch, lj, ln, lt, ld, ls, lz, lth, lf, lv, lp, lb, lm; lkt, lks, lcht, ljd, lts, ldz, lsk, lst, lft, lfs, lfth, lfths, lvd, lvz, lpt, lps, lbs, lmd, lmz; ltst, ldst, lpst; lvdst—nt, nd, ns, nz; nth; nts, ndz, nst, nzd, nthz—ts, tth—dz—sk, st, sp; skt, sks, sts, spt, sps; skst—zn, zd, zm—tth, ths—thd, thz; thm, thdst—ft, fs, fth; fts, fst; fst—vd, vz; vst; vdst—pt, ps; pst, pts; ptst—bd, bz; bdst—md, mz, mp; mpt, mps; mdst, mpst.

PRACTICE OF ELEMENTS AND WORDS.

§ 13.

After all the elements and their combinations have been made so familiar by practice as to be readily recognized, proceed to analyze, and then to spell, the words in the following exercises, in this manner:—

1. Pronounce the word deliberately and firmly.
2. Divide the word into its syllables, speaking each one separately, and as fully as if it were a word by itself.
3. Articulate, in proper order, every element separately, and very fully.
4. Enunciate every syllable as it is completed, preserving the distinctness of its elements.
5. Pronounce the word with due proportion of force and time on each syllable, taking care that the elements, as before articulated, be distinctly preserved in the pronunciation.

The *analysis* consists of the steps marked 1, 2, 3; *spelling*,

of those marked 3, 4, 5.* In monosyllables the steps 2 and 4 have, of course, no place.

NOTE 1. When a consonant is doubled in the orthography of a word, the element is repeated in the steps 2, 3, 4; but in 5 (pronun-

* The mode of spelling here proposed is the only proper way of assisting a child that is learning to talk. It cannot reasonably be expected that a distinct and organically correct articulation can be acquired by the common custom of learning merely to pronounce words. A complicated group in perspective is not probably the best first lesson in drawing, nor is a rapid harmony of four parts the best first lesson in music. But what reason is there for supposing that the muscles which move the articulating organs will at once execute properly a complicated series of movements in obedience to a single volition, while the muscles of the hand and arm refuse to do so? "Instinct is a great matter." Intuition is a great matter. But we neither know what to speak by intuition, nor learn how to speak by instinct, but by imitation; otherwise all men would speak the same language, Chinese, Choc-taw, or whatever. And there can be no doubt that nearly all the stammering, blundering, and indistinct articulation which we so continually hear, while few are conscious of it in themselves, have come very naturally, if not of mere necessity, from the folly of those who expect, or allow, children to execute words without mastering the simplest elements of which they are composed.

Orthographic spelling is another matter, and ought to be kept entirely separate in early education. Orthoepic spelling is perfectly simple in theory, and easy in practice; for the whole of a word is identically the sum of all its parts, properly united. This method once understood, orthography becomes easy in proportion as the alphabetic characters represent single sounds. So that with a truly phonetic character a spelling book is totally useless beyond the "key-sheet," or alphabet. And the irregularities of English orthography would lose much of their mystery, and its acquisition be proportionably facilitated, if the alphabet, such as it now is, were only used phonetically at first, in teaching children to read, and the theory of silent letters and substitutes were introduced afterwards. That is, it would be better to learn first the rule and the reason for it, then the exceptions and the occasions of them, than to wade through masses of words, grouped in an *unprincipled* manner, as neither examples nor exceptions. In that way, almost every exception to rule in orthography would become an example of a rule in etymology.

Oral orthographic spelling is very properly going out of use in teaching, because it is found not only false in theory, but pernicious in practice, at least for beginners; since it involves a well-nigh unavoidable misapprehension, a confounding of the sounds of a word with the names of the characters that represent that word to the eye. This does not arise in orthoepic spelling, nor in orthographic spelling *by sight*.

ciation) the element is sounded but once; that is, the vowel of the first is suppressed.

NOTE 2. Each exercise is made to present a single element in various combinations, (though variously represented to the eye,) so that, in practising, attention may be called to one element at a time. A beginner should go through the exercises at first with the monosyllables only.

NOTE 3. Words are grouped in these exercises by the coincidence of their accents. When a word varies in accent according to its different uses, the accent here given is justified by indicating the use of the word, by the common abbreviations; (*n.*) = noun, (*a.*) = adjective, (*v.*) = verb, &c.

NOTE 4. In the sentences at the bottom of the exercises, give special attention to the proper joining together of words in a clause, which is quite as important as the proper joining of syllables in a word. Being printed without any grammatical signs, they afford exercise in analyzing sentences by the sense alone, to secure the proper grouping of words into clauses, which, according to Quintilian, is the second requisite for clearness. This exercise is more needed than one would suppose who has not learned that punctuation never indicates directly, nor certainly, the place of the rhetorical pause.

§ 14.

1. *e*-*ve*.

The most slender form of all the tonics. [§ 10. 8. (b.)

Accented.

deep feet, peace wreath, teach leash, beam leave, mesne breathe — treaty people, either seizure, meanly beaming — tedious deity, vehement behemoth — repeat critique, belief intrigue, machine marine, between demean — completely adhesive — indefeasible apotheosis.

Unaccented (but very distinct.)

profile colleague, sunbeam day-dream — apple-tree humble-bee, afterpiece verdigris.

Unaccented (and less distinct.)

secure chicane, beside detach, prepare repent — ferocious

setaceous, beginning devastate — piety increment, congregato consequence.

2. e-ar.

(§ 5. 2.)

Accented.

peer tear, fear seer, shire here, bier deer, gear jeer, weird reared, year mere, veer near — compeer adhere, revere veneer — adherent inherent — experience inferior.

Unaccented.

reindeer leapyear — working-gear winandermere, chanticleer worcestershire.

Bring me to hear them speak where I may be concealed yet hear them.

'Tis deeply sworn sweet leave me here a while.

The doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof.

3. i-n.

This element is not a mere short e-ve, but has a very distinct form of its own.

Accented.

pip tip, bit writ, cuish hiss, bid hid, fig wig, been linn, mill will, king thing — pittance pretty, linen women, spirit lyric, busy visor, vineyard tribune — miracle tyranny, midshipman englishman — admit refit, amid begin, dismiss insist — parasitic intermittent.

Unaccented (but distinct.)

ignite invite, intend immense, dissuade mistake — respite conscript, fertile hostile, calling shilling — puerile juvenile, feminine genuine.

Unaccented (and less distinct.)

direct finance — minutely tribunal.

This sickness doth infect the life blood of our enterprise.

It is will he nill he he goes.

The mines is not according to the disciplines of the war the concavities of it is not sufficient.

4. e-nd.

Accented.

get yet, check reck, deaf feoff, yes mess, said led, keg beg, mend wend — leopard epoch, fetid heifer, any penny, prelate legate, festive breakfast, medley wainscot — regular benefit, recompense hesitate — arrest professed, against immense — respective forgetful, resentment effeoffment — recommended reprehended.

Unaccented, (distinct.)

chicken kitchen, sudden silent, moment transient, greatest smallest, counsel model, novel barrel, cruel vessel, madness goodness, likeness fondness — dividend providence.

You shall have gold to pay the petty debt twenty times over.

Men that make envy and crooked malice nourishment dare bite the best.

5. e-rr.

This element probably arose from a modification of the last. (§ 5. 2.) But it is now radically distinct from it.

Accented.

err sir, jerk irk, girt gird, bird heard, terse verse, dearth earth, berth mirth, herb firm, fern yearn, earl pearl, whirl girl — perfect person, mercy merchant, verdant vernal, virtue colonel, servant nervous — terminate mercantile — deter refer aver, disperse rehearse converse — alternate infernal concerning, aspersion desertion reversion — determinate reverberate intercalary.

Unaccented, (distinct.)

fetter batter, chaffer father, reader warmer, rover taller, longer stranger — fetterlock butternut, counterpoint fingerpost, thundercloud dangerous — confirmation consternation, generation intervention.

And as he errs doting on *Hermia's* eyes.

I do wander every where swifter than the moon's sphere
and I serve the fairy queen to dew her orbs upon the green.

6. *a-le.*

This is a compound element. It is not made of *e-nd* and *e-ve* only, as some suppose, but of two extreme forms, (the first more open than *e-nd*, and the last *e-ve*,) together with all the intermediate forms, properly proportioned. In singing, it should never be caricatured thus: *a-h-----e-va.*

Accented.

cape bait, faith lace, braid gauge, knave deign, swathe pale, chaise gray — fatal patron, safely chasten, nation patience, ancient changing, chamber angel — placable patronize, neighboring dangerous — convey inveigh, abase arraign, detail exhale — dictator bravado, umbrageous occasion.

Unaccented (distinct.)

dictate inmate vibrate, noonday outlay survey (n.), comrade telltale female — animate celebrate congregate.

Away I say stay'st thou to vex me here a slave that still
an end turns me to shame.

7. *a-ir.*

This element was originally a modification of the last. (§ 5. 2.) That it has now become a permanent radical variation is not owing to the "republican contumacy of the American lexicographer," as Mr. Smart thinks, but to the actual use of educated men on both sides of

the Atlantic, excepting, *perhaps*, pupils of the Westminster elocutionist.

The further transformation of this element to *a-h*, as *thar* for *there*, *bar* for *bear*, *har* for *hair*, — a custom which prevails in Virginia and southward, — is not of “republican,” but undoubtedly African, origin. The true sound is very *near a-le*, with the natural vowel for its vanish.

In the exercises below *-r* must not be made a syllable.

Accented.

pear tare care, fare chair share, heir hair yare, bare dare wear, rare ne'er there, lair ere scarce — parent careful, fairy chairman, heirloom harebell, barely yarely, rareness, scarcely — prayerfully chariness, warily rarity, rareshow scarcity — repair unfair, beware forswear, forbear declare — apparent forbearance, insnaring declaring.

Unaccented (distinct.)

welfare arm-chair, ploughshare nightmare — farewell.

Let me but bear your love I'll bear your cares.

You'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware.

8. *a-t.*

Accented.

cap gap, chat that, pack whack, mab blab, hag lag, have has — rapine batten, fancy random, ballot gallant, tarry harass — natural national, raillery, charity, sacrament chastisement, sacrifice aggrandize — divan sedan — decanter example, inhabit imagine.

Unaccented (distinct.)

compact contract, potash footpad, woolsack mill-dam.

Unaccented (obscure.)

attend accord, assure absolve, adjust announce — total ballad, compass combat.

She thanked me and bade me if I had a friend that loved her.

9. *a-sk.*

(§ 5. 2.)

Accented.

calf chaff half, draff shaft haft, waft draught aft, pass mass
lass, cast fast vast, path wrath scath, pant chant grant, chance
prance trance, dance lance glance — crafty basket, castle, mas-
tiff, vastly fastness, gasping grasping, wrathful pathway, dancing.
lancers — wrathfully craftiness — abaft alas, surpass amass,
perchance advance — devastate advancing.

Unaccented and short.

aside abase, abound around, arise alike, awake cabal, parade
lament — habitual calamity, fatality malignity.

Come now what masks what dances shall we have.

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards.

10. *a-h.*

This most guttural tonic has a perceptible vanish in the form of the natural vowel. And because the subtonic *-r* has the natural vowel also for its form of vocality, a careless or uncultivated ear does not perceive when *r* after *a-h* is articulated, and when not. A negligent or effeminate utterance is thus led into two errors — that of omitting to articulate *-r* after *a-h* in syllables closed by another element, making *ahm* for *arm*, *dahk* for *dark*, &c. ; and that of articulating an *-r* at the end of syllables that should close on the pure tonic *a-h*, making *ar!* for *ah!* *dramar* for *drama*, &c. The peculiarity of the Middle and Southern States, which substitutes *a-we* for *a-h*, has no justification whatever. The sound *a-t*, slightly prolonged, sometimes substituted for *a-h*, in New England, is equally to be avoided.

Accented.

palm c'alm,* psalm balm, aunt haunt, taunt daunt, g'aunt

* The apostrophe (') indicates the slightest perceptible articulation of *y*.
(§ 5. 3.)

flaunt, launch craunch, are tar, par c'ar, far bar, art ark, heart hearth, chart start, dart mart, shark clerk, dark mark, barb g'arb, pard c'ard, bard g'uard, nard lard, farm charm — almond father, saunter taunton, jaundice laundress — avaut remark — undaunted embalming.

Unaccented.

data cuba, comma drama, china villa — umbrella banana, diploma enigma.

But mark what I arreed thee here avaut.
The lark that tirra-lirra sings.

11. *u-p.*

Accented.

cup but, duck rough, thus dost, joust touch, blood come, shove none, does tongue — upright southern, pommel drummer, combat comrade, covert plover, wonted wonder, cousin housewife — covetous sovereign, colander fulminant — rebuff enough, above become, allonge among.

Unaccented.

unfit undo, unbend untaught — solus bonum, nation fusion.

12. *u-rn.*

This sound differs but little from *u-p* except in length. *u-p* is similar in form to the natural vowel which is the form of vocalicity of *-r*. Accordingly *u-p* appears prolonged before *-r*.

Accented.

cur, purr, burr slur, urn turn, churn burn — courage worry, turning burnish — courteous courtesy, furniture tournament, currycomb worriment — concur demur — return unfurl.

Unaccented.

urbane survey (*v.*), purloin curtail — courageous urbanity — insurrection compurgation.

Put but money enough in thy purse.
Who steals my purse steals trash 'tis something nothing.

13. i-ce.

A compound element before which *g* and *k* are modified, (§ 5. 3, and § 3. 5, ex.) In singing it should not be caricatured by *a-we-----*
e-ve.

Accented.

fie sigh, pipe type, k'ite bight, dike like, rife knife, dice rise (n.), side g'uide, dime rhyme, gyve thrive, eynè syne, scythe blithe, eyes rise (v.) — idyl tiger, island rising, viscount likeness — piety nicety, dynasty tithingman — indict oblique, condign mankind, apply ally — satiety society, maniacal heliacal — paradisiacal hypochondriacal.

Unaccented, (distinct.)

bagpipe midnight forthright — occupy qualify prophesy (v.), palestine pantomime crocodile.

Unaccented, (obscure.)

idea hiatus diurnal, titanic gigantic primeval — irascible piratical, biography diameter.

I'll well requite thy k'indness.
Nine times the space that measures day and night.

14. i-re.

(§ 5. 2.)

The Helotizing tendency referred to above (7, a-ir) omits from this element not only the vanish, but at least half the radical; e. g., *fahur* (one syl.) for *fire*.

Accented.

pyre tire fire, sire choir hire, mire wire lyre — fiery miry, tiresome hireling, irish ireland — conspire retire, inquire desire — retirement inquiry — admiringly desirable.

Unaccented, (distinct.)

andiron grandsire, empire vampire.

Unaccented, (obscure.)

camphire satire.

The following may be monosyllabic or dissyllabic. (§ 8. 1.)

buyer dyer, higher flyer, brier liar, nigher iron (*irn* or *i-urn*, not *i-ron*) — denier applier.

Only you do lack that mercy which fierce fire and iron extends.

15. *o-n.*

This element, which is essentially short, is changed for a long one (when the expression requires long quantity) in a few syllables ending in an indefinite element, or in a strongly vocal one, like those in Italics below, but never elsewhere. *Dawg* for *dog*, and *lawst* for *lost*, are ridiculous enough; but *gawd* for *god* is absolutely shocking, notwithstanding its frequency.

Accented.

fop chap, yacht what, sock hough, off loft, toss fosse, cost tossed, *troth goth*, watch wash, fob mob, wad trode, bog dog, wan shone, *gone long, throng wrong* — totter, motto, wapping chopping, stocking jocund, object oddly, torrid florid, hostage hostile — ocular obstacle, follower quantity, chap-fallen, quandary — extols, consols, *betrothed* deboshed, upon beyond, absolute resolve — insolvent prolonging — insoluble incongruous.

Unaccented.

pollute oblate, possess loch-ness — nocturnal loch-lomond, obcordate dogmatic — colloquial doxology.

He knows not the stop.

He hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder.

16. o-r.

Longer than o-n. See 12, u-ra.

Accented.

nor whorl, corpse chord, torse horse, orb orgues, thorn morn
— orphan orbit, fortune northward, former border — mortally
orphanage, fortresses horsemanship — retort exhort, unhorse
remorse, accord my lord, reform adorn — importance per-
formance — extraordinary unfortunately.

Unaccented.

seed-corn inborn, landlord lovelorn — barleycorn uniform,
multiform thunderstorm.

All form is formless order orderless save what is opposite
to England's love.

For lords to-morrow is a busy day.

17. oi-l.

This compound element begins with o-r, and ends a little closer
than i-n; the intermediate u-p is, of course, unavoidable, and, if the
utterance be very slow, is quite perceptible. But see § 3.

NOTE. The compounds of a-we, or of o-ld, with a-le, or e-nd, an-
swer for this element to the vulgar ear only.

Accented.

toy coy, hoy boy, quoit doit, coif quoif, foist hoist, joist moist,
buoyed void, coin foïn, join loïn, toil coil, foil soil, spoil boil,
roil moil, poise toys, joys noise — loyal loiter, foible moidore,
coyness joyless, buoyant voyage, poison foison, oyster roister,
— ahoy alloy, exploit adroit, avoid deployed, appoint aroint —
rhomboidal embroider, conjointly anointed.

Unaccented.

cycloid typhoid, rhomboid dew-point, sanfoin surloin, subsoil
turmoil (n.) — counterpoise tenderloin.

Curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.
They answer in a joint and corporate voice.

18. *a-we.*

This element is quite different from *o-r.*

Accented.

paw thaw, thought groat, talk walk, gawd laud, fault salt,
call ball, pause laws — awful author, falcon saucer, daughter
water, almost always, vaulted drawling — paucity falsity, awk-
wardly lawlessness — withdraw exhaust, applaud defraud, be-
fall basalt — exhausted intralment, marauder defrauded.

Unaccented.

windfall headstall blackball — by-law gewgaw jackdaw —
causation caucasian, almighty already.

19. *w-a-r.*

When *a-we* is followed by *-r*, it loses its vanish, and more nearly
resembles *o-r.*

Accented.

war warm warn, swart sward swarm, quart wharf dwarf —
quarter warbler, warden warning.

Unaccented.

lukewarm greensward.

When brewers mar their malt with water.
What fought ye with them all.

20. *oo-ze.*

(§ 10. 8. (b).)

Accented.

whoop group, boot route, do shoe, hoof roof, goose loose,
food mood, tomb room, prove move, soon noon, shoon wound,

soothe booth, pool cool, choose lose — cooling sooner, twofold roof-tree, tombstone movement, moonlight noonday, bosom loser — soothingly moodiness — shoe-leather shooting-match — be-hoof aloof, taboo canoe, forsooth uncouth, aggroup improve, galloon raccoon.

Unaccented.

warwhoop whirlpool, cuckoo snow-shoe — holyrood honey-moon.

Those wits do very oft prove fools.

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

21. p-oo-r.

See 20. oo-ze, and § 5. 2, and § 8. 1.

poor tour, boor moor — poorer tourist, boorish moorland — (monosyl. or dis.) doer, shoer, woer.

22. l-oo-k.

Shorter than oo-ze, more open, and without its vanish.

Accented.

put foot, took book, pugh push, stood should, good would, full wool — cuckoo cushion, sooty sugar, woman walsey, butcher bully — withstood for good, by hook or crook.

Unaccented.

fishhook cash-book outlook, baleful lawful faithful — merciful beautiful sorrowful, altar-foot chimney-soot ridinghood.

With a good leg and a good foot such a man would win any woman in the world if he could get her good will.

23. o-ld.

The vanish of this compound element is oo-ze, short but very perceptible. It is probably never permanently acquired by any European.

from the Continent. While the vulgar English custom makes the vanish more prominent than the radical, there is a vulgar style among us of cutting off the vanish altogether, or of transforming it into the natural vowel. The words most abused in this way are given below in Italics.

Accented.

pope cope, *soap hope*, coat boat, rote vote, folk soak, *choke yoke*, oaf loaf, *both sloth*, poach coach, robe lobe, *toad goat*, road load, rogue vogue, toge doge, tome comb, home loam, cove wove, *stone shown*, *bone joan*, loathe clothe, foal soul, jowl knoll, sews doze, foe show, beau dough, host *most* — oval vative, notion sojourn, hautboy, yeoman, sqldier shoulder, molten moulder, *only* — poetry popery, poulterer frowardly — encroach engross, withhold, prorogue depose.

Unaccented.

procure profane, obey romance — coherent opinion, tobacco domestic — oracular original — motto hero, salvo solo, furlough sorrow, fellow window — advocate absolute, opposite obsolete, crocodile syllogism — philology philosophy — absolutely orthoepy.

I am right loath to go.

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion this bodes some strange eruption to our state.

24. o-re.

The same as the last, except that the vanish is merged in the vocalicity of *-r*. To change *o-re* into *w-a-r*, or into *o-r*, making *force* like *horse*, and *sport* like *wart*, is not so much an error, in this community, as a wilful and premeditated perversion.

Accented.

pour tore, *come* four, bore door, roar yore, more nore, floor store, court fort, coarse force, poured ford, lowered (or dissyl.) toward (or dissyl.), forge form (a bench) — pouring doorway,

sportive courtier — ignore implore, on shore restore, report
aboard, afford discourse, recourse resource.

Unaccented.

sea shore import, sideboard indoors.

Despiteful Juno sent him forth from courtly friends with
camping foes to live.

Out sword and to a sore purpose.

To the which course if I be enforced I shall o'ershine you.

25. *ou-t.*

The first form in this compound is *a-h*, the last is *oo-ze*, and the intermediates *u-p*, *o-n*, *o-ld*, *l-oo-k*, are of course unavoidable. See § 3. 5, and Notes 1 and 2.

There is a vulgar custom which omits the latter half of this sound. Another substitutes *a-t*, or *e-nd*, for the former half.

Accented.

cow how, bough thou, shout doubt, house chouse, south
mouth, loud proud, lown drown, foul howl, touse boughs, hound
mound — vowel dowry, power shower, powder dowlas, moun-
tain countless — cowardly towering, bounteous drowsiness —
without arouse, astound renowned — carousing advowson, en-
dowment unbounded.

Unaccented.

somehow haymow, outhouse dormouse, tynemouth war-
clouds, sundown nightgown, pronoun greyhound.

26. *ou-r.*

This combination may be either monosyllabic or dissyllabic.
(§ 3. 1.)

The custom above mentioned (25) substitutes the vocality of *-r* for
the latter half of the entire compound; as *pahur* for *power*.

Accented.

power tower, cower flour, hour bower, shower sour, scour lower — hourglass sourly, showery dowry — embowered devoured.

Unaccented.

sunflower watchtower.

And all the clouds that lowered upon our house.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths.

27. *u-se.*

This compound begins with *y* and ends with *oo-ze*, extremely dissimilar forms. The most essential intermediate form is one between *u-p* and *l-oo-k*. (§ 3. Note 2.)

This initial *y* coalesces with an articulate (*h, k, g, ch, j, sh, zh*) of similar form (§ 10. 7. (a), (d),) preceding it in the same syllable. In all other cases the *y* is *distinctly* preserved, excepting only the cases where the very vocal subtonic, *l*, or (especially) *r-*, precedes it in the syllable. The reason of this exception is, obviously, that the articulation of *y* would cut off the preceding vocality of *l* or *r-*, leaving it in a syllable by itself, (§§ 7. and 8.;) and in practice the exception extends no farther than the reason for it. That is, the *articulation* only of *y* is lost after *l* and *r-*, so that, even in those cases, *u-se* is not changed simply to *oo-ze*.

Two errors prevail extensively, one chiefly in town, the other in the country. The former substitutes *oo-ze* for the compound *u-se*, in all cases; the latter substitutes a compound of *i-n*, or *e-nd*, with *oo-ze*.

NOTE. The vice of changing the combination of this *y* and a preceding dissimilar element for an intermediate, which prevailed so extensively a few years since, under the sanction of Walker, is now banished from good society, (§ 5. 3.) except that *sh* for *sy* is fixed in a few words; e. g., *sure, issue*.*

* There are a few conservative gentlemen, of the Walkerian school, who probably have the same objection to unlearning any thing that Falstaff had to "paying back" stolen money, that it is "a double labor," who persist in saying *choon, jooty*, for *tune, duty*, &c. Any one has a right to do so, no doubt, if he chooses — the same right that he has to button his coat behind, if that arrangement suit his ideas of propriety and taste. But we have also a right to consider either practice as an "affectation of singularity."

Accented.

suit mute, newt duke, juice youth, tube tune, cue cube, feud fume, sued thews, huge gules, mule mews, view nude — cupid duty, feudal dukedom, music tuesday, gewgaw, zeugma — beautiful dubious, muniment humorous, tubular funeral — impute rebuke, induce confuse — renewing presuming, amusing diffusion.

lieu clew, lute flute, flew flume, plume blue, slew glue — pluto gluten — dilute illume.

rue crew, fruit brute, through shrew, brew drew, grew ruth, rude rule, cruise bruise — truly cruel — intrude imbrued.

Unaccented.

supreme humane — mutation feudality — virtue purlieu, matthew nonsuit, prelude construed — actual manual, document porcupine, argument prejudice, confluent instrument — contumely educated — deputation præmunire, deglutition instrumental — gratitude longitude, parachute convolute — mellifluous incongruous.

You that did void your rheum upon my beard.

He watered his *new* plants with *dews* of flattery seducing so my friends.

28. p-u-re.

(§ 5. 2; § 10. 1.)

Accented.

• pure cure, sure hewer (or dis.), your lure — curate surely, durance mural — puritan curative, furious suretyship — inure impure, insure adjure, immure reviewer (or tris.) — assurance endurance, procuring allurement — futurity injurious, luxuriant usurious.

Unaccented.

nature feature, coiffure fissure, injure azure — natural accurate, luxury obdurate, perjury leisurely — furniture curvature

— agriculture legislature — curator neuralgic — bureaucratic
muriatic — curiosity.

She hath endured a grief might equal yours if both were
justly weighed.

Your dogs and mules you use in abject and in slavish parts.

29. *h.*

hit heel head heard hair hat heart hall hod horse hut hail
height hoy home house hue — heathen hydra harass human
wholesome hothouse hartshorn — herein hereon harangue —
behind perhaps inhale exhale exhaust — harmony humanize
heritage harassing — behemoth vehement — inherent inhabit
exhibit — hospitable hierarchy — herculean hieroglyph annihila-
late — bah! pah! ugh!

He had learned by heart the whole art of angling.

Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

30. *y.*

ye yes yet yearn yea yare yam yarn young yacht yawn
youth yoke yore yule — yeanking yearly yellow yarely yankee
yardarm younker yonder yorick yawning youthful yeoman
yuletide — unyoke beyond — indian asia poniard bagnio
million.

He yoketh your rebellious necks.

And will you yet call yourself young.

31. *k.*

key eke kick ken neck cake care cob back cord coil caught
talk cool look coke core cow cue — canker cholera — occult
accuse — mechanic chaotic — collocate cucumber.

With the cold caution of a coward's spleen.

Which fears not guilt but always seeks a screen.

The clumsy kitchen clock click-clicked.

32. *g.*

geese gig egg girl gave gag g'arb rug g'uide gog gall goose
good goad gown gules — guerdon gherkin, gimlet gibber —
auger tiger sago elgin.

He gave a guinea and he got a groat.

A giddy giggling girl her kinsfolks' plague her manners vul-
gar and her converse vague.

33. *ng.*

king ring wing, gang fang pang, hung tongue sung, gong
wrong song — ringing longing, harpstring lustring — anger
linger stronger younger — banker anchor thinking sprinkling.

Dividing and gliding and sliding and sprinkling and twin-
kling and wrinkling.

34. *sh.*

shire dish share dash shard tush shine shone pshaw shoon
bush sure — chagrin pacha — sugar shaster, pension nation,
asia conscience, issue fissure — charlatan chivalry, showery
suretyship — association pronunciation.

O shame where is thy blush.

The weak-eyed bat with short shrill shriek flits by on leath-
ern wing.

35. *zh.*

jet jeu jean jeune, (Fr.) — seizure leisure, vision pleasure,
osier fusion — adhesion decision, transition abscission, explo-
sion contusion.

A roseate blush with soft suffusion divulged her gentle
mind's confusion.

36. *ch.*

cheap niche, fetch chirp, chat larch, touch chine, notch

torch, choice chew — cheerly richly, chamber truncheon —
charity chichester.

Your *choice* is not so *rich* in worth as beauty.
His *speech* was like a tangled *chain*.

37. *j*.

jeer gin edge jerk, gaol badge, jar judge, jibe jot, joy jaw,
doge june — ginger jailer, jocund joyful — oblige diverge, sug-
gest jejune.

O Jephtha *judge* of Israel what a treasure hadst thou.
Three thousand ducats due unto the *Jew*.

38. *r*.

This element should have but one articulation and one vocule. The rattle, commonly called the rolling of the *r*, is to be avoided, except, perhaps, for imitation, in bantering humor; e. g., "and then anon drrrrrrrrrums in his ear."

reap reel, rid rim, rent rest, ray rate, rat ran, wrath raft,
rye right, rub rug, rod rob, raw wrought, room rouge, rook
root, roe roach, rout round, rue rule — raiment rhubarb, rural
wrestle — regulate ruminant — around erect, enrich unroll —
interruption sudorific.

Ruin seize thee *ruthless* king.
The *royal* tree hath left us *royal* fruit.

39. *r*-.

This element has no proper vocule, for its articulation is hardly close enough to make a vocule possible. Its open vocality makes it sometimes a syllable by itself. (§ 7. 3. (b); § 8. 1 and 4.)

ear fear here, her sir fir, bare care heir, far bar mar, cur
burr spur, fire hire tire, nor sort cord, war wart swart, core
four soar, bower sour flower, your lure pure — revere refer,
repair retard, return, retire, resort, reward, restore renewer —
feared heard, paired marred, spurred mired, poured soured.

Far from mortal cares retreating sordid hopes and vain desires.

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger.

40. *l*.

The nearly open vocality of this element frequently makes a syllable without a tonic. Such is the case in most words ending in *le*, and in the words printed below in Italics.

lea leer, lap lath, lark lump, lot toil, pule lure — *navel ravel, snivel shrivel, swivel drivel, shovel grovel, hazel weasel, ousel * nousel, † evil devil*, castle axle, cripple able, title meddle — novel chapel parcel — libellous legislate, loyalty loveliness.

Let Carolina smooth the liquid lay.

Lull with Amelia's liquid name the nine.

And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

41. *n*.

This element also may be a syllable by itself, as in the words in Italics below.

neat near, nerve deign, ne'er nap, pun nurse, coin gnaw, warn noon, town now, tune news — stolen swollen fallen — *eaten wheaten, even reason, deaden deafen, briton given, oaken token, frozen brazen, often roughen* — cozener softening — unanimous nonentity.

Main chance father you meant but I meant Maine

Which I will win from France or else be slain.

42. *t*.

The vocule of this explodent lingual should not be hissed, nor aspirated upon the teeth.

(See also § 5. 3, and "27 u-se," Note.)

* oo-zl.

d*

† nuz-zl.

tea tear, knit thames, cut turk, yacht torse, wart tool, route tour, rout tower, cute tube — tatter matter, titter tetter, brittle victual, phthisis debtor, nature feature, picture torture — titillate tutelar, testament taciturn — testator temptation.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

A telltale tattling termagant that troubled all the town.

43. *d.*

Refer as for 42, *t*

deep dead, dare add, duck curd, ride dire, dock cord, owed door, lewd due — duty duly, deaden bdellium destroyed delayed.

Ne'er be I found by thee o'erawed in that thrice hallowed eve abroad.

And of the demons that are found in fire air flood and under ground.

44. *s.*

Very short and smooth.

sea seer, cuish mess, curse scene, schism psalm, soon soot, sue suit — aphis thesis, tacit sceptre, psalmist psyche, hasten chasten — beside design, verbose resource, rescind finance — heresy fallacy.

Hiss not *s* harshly, but with a short soft sweet slightly whistling sound.

And she shall be sole victress Cæsar's Cæsar.

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers.

45. *z.*

ease zeal, bars does, furze eyes, fires boz, toys cause, vows ours, fuse yours — prizes houses, daisies scissors — disease absolves, hussars observes — president sacrifice (*v.*) — disposals discernment.

He gives as is his usage at this season a series of lectures on moral duties.

46. *th-in.*

theme think, birth frith, thank path, thump lith, thing thaw, broth tooth, loath thole, forth thew, youths truths — *lethe* thule; thesis pathos — amethyst apathy, orthodox synthesis.

Three sixths of thirteen are one sixth of thirty-nine.

47. *th-is.*

thee with, then they, there that, baths tithe, booth though, thou mouths — either heathen, thither father, pother mother, therefore worthy — bequeath beneath, unsheathe inwreathe.

And *the* milkmaid singeth blithe
And *the* mower whets his scythe.

48. *f.*

fee deaf, laugh scarf, fife fire, fop for, foil fawn, wharf few — fifty profit, often roughen — epitaph prophecy (n.), phrenetic febrifuge.

Fire enough for a flint pearl enough for a swine.

49. *v.*

veal live, starve vice, void groove, vote view — even stephen, vivid votive, heaven nephew — receive reprieve, above remove.

The very doors and windows savor vilely.

And I to *Ford* will eke unfold how *Falstaff* varlet vile his dove will prove his gold will hold and his soft couch defile.

50. *p.*

pea peer, pert rap, path cup, pipe pyre, pop pause, dupe pure — pippin slipper, naphtha shepherd — papacy, populous, pabular ophthalmy.

Here *piles of pins* extend their shining rows *puffs patches*
powders bibles billetdoux.

51. *b.*

bee beer, been ebb; babe blab, barb cub, bob born, boil bawl,
 boor bold, bower bute — cabal baboon, believe becalm, imbue
 embark — obstacle fabulous.

The *barbarous* Hubert took a *bribe* to kill the royal *babe*.

Earth smiles around with *boundless bounty blest* and heaven
 beholds its image in his *breast*.

52. *m.*

me mere, hymn phlegm, mayor drachm, calm gum, mood
 moor, comb more, mouth muse — mammon moment, murmur
 sombre, empty tempter — mimically mamillary, momentary
 matrimony.

Through glades and glooms the mingled *measure stole*.

53. *w.*

we weird, win wend, worth wail, wear wag, waft one, wine
 choir, wan quoit, warp woof, woe wore, wound (p.) whew! —
 woman wolsey, wayward wormwood, cuirass quagmire — wan-
 derer widower, weatherwise whitherward.

A *wight well* versed in *waggery*.

Was ever woman in this humor *wooded*

Was ever woman in this humor *won*.

54. INITIAL COMBINATIONS.

hue hewed, hewer hewing; wheat wheel, whipt when, white
 what, which whirl, where why — creek cringe crave, crust crow
 crew; clear cliff clack, clerk climb close; queen quell quite —
 grieve great grab, grind grain group; gleam glen glide, glum

gloze glue; guelf gwyn guano — shriek shred shrine, shrunk shrove shrew — tree trip track, trade try truth; tweed twin twine — drear drift drive, dross draw droll; dwell dwarf dwindle — scheme scale scath; sleep slap slope; sneer snare snob; steal stern stab; 's death sdeign 's done; sphere sphinx spheric; spine spoil spout; smack smite small; sweet sweat swoon; scream, scrape, scrap; squib square squat; strip stray strive; spread sprawl sprout; spleen split splay — thrift thread thrive; thwack thwaite thwart — free fret frame, froth froze frown; flee flit fly, flood flounce flue — prim prate pry; please play plat — brim breath braid, bride broil brawn; blear blench black, blithe block blue.

55. FINAL COMBINATIONS.

act duct, liked rocked; necks tax; facts picts; next taxed; look'dst conduct'st — begged jogged; kegs mugs; digg'st lagg'st — ink thank, bank monk — inks banks; thanked ranked; think'st rank'st — bang'd, long'd; long'dst throng'dst — fished flushed — pitched touched — gouged obliged — jerk work, ark fork; burg, marsh; march lurch; dirge forge; earl furl, marl whorl; earn fern, barn turn, morn mourn; mart heart, sort sport; herd bird, hired spared; parse terse; ears cares, mirth forth; murther northern; sc'arf wharf; serve c'arve; chirp warp; curb orb; firm storm; worked marked; lurks storks; burgs orgues; marched scorched; charged urged; snarled world; pearls curls; learnt burnt; ir'ned warned; starts warts; c'ards words; first dar'st; earth'd; fourths; sc'arf'd; turfs; starved; curves; corpse; warp'd; curbed; g'arbs; armed formed; farms storms; lurk'st; hurt'st; usurp'st; charm'st; mark'dst (?); perch'dst (?); urg'dst (?); learn'dst; reserv'dst; usurp'dst (?); curb'dst (?); charm'dst; — milk elk; walsh; filch; bilge; fall'n stolen; felt salt; filled told; else false; bells tolls; filth; wolf; delve; scalp; bulb; film elm, culm holm; milk'd skulk'd; silks elks; filched; bilged; wilts bolts; scalds folds; Tobolsk; call'st repulsed; ingulfed;

syphs; twelfth; twelfths; delved; elves; gulped; alps; bulbs; film'd; helms; wilt'st; fill'dst; help'st; delv'dst (?) — sent wont; end find; dense once; banns dun.; tenth ninth; ants wants; ends bonds; canst fenc'd; bronzed; tenths — routes flutes; eighth — bids adze — desk cask; fist most; lisp gasp; risked; basks; beasts fists, wastes lasts, busts costs, foists roasts; wasp; lisp'd gasp'd; ask'st; sized buzzed; schism * prism, chasm spasm, witticism ostracism — scath'd froth'd; friths truths; breathed bathed; breathes paths; rhythm; * breath'dst (?) ; sift lift; cuffs proofs; fifth; wefts; laugh'st doff'st; left'st — lived moved; doves coves; lev'st prov'st; liv'dst — heaped apt; cups fops; hop'st dup'st; copts; shap'dst (?) — ebb'd fobb'd; cubs snobs; blab'dst (?) — lamed combed; claims brooms; vamp dump; pump'd swamp'd; imps stamps; roam'dst (?) ; pump'st romp'dst (?)

NOTE. However perfect in articulation one may have become, it will always be found a useful practice to spell, or, at least, to pronounce, with deliberation, fulness, and force, a page or two of words, just before beginning to speak in public. A page of words without any connection of sense is best for this purpose, and the foregoing examples of combinations afford more exercise of the sort than can easily be found in the same space elsewhere.

In such practice, and in all practice, in articulation, the endeavor should not be to make the sounds with the least possible movement of the mouth. The contrary is a better rule, but that must not be allowed to change the sounds from their true forms.

* A tonic should never be inserted between the combined subtonics in *schism*, *rhythm*, &c.

THE
THIRD CLASS READER.

I.—THE THREE FRIENDS.

TRUST no friend whom you have not tried. There are more of them at the festive board than at the prison door.

A man had three friends: two of them he loved much, but for the third he cared little, though he was well worthy of his affection. This man was once summoned before the judge, and strongly accused of a crime of which he was really innocent. "Who among you," said he, "will go with me, and give evidence in my behalf? For I have been accused without cause, and the king is angry."

The first of his friends excused himself immediately; saying that he could not go with him on account of other business. The second accompanied him to the door of the hall of justice; there he turned round and went back, through fear of the angry judge. The third, on whom he had least depended, went in, spoke for him, and testified so fully to his innocence, that the judge dismissed him unharmed.

Man has three friends in this world. How do they behave in the hour of death, when God calls him to judgment?

The gold, the friend he loves best, leaves him first, and does not go with him. His relations and friends attend him to the

gate of the grave, and return to their homes. The third, of whom in life he took least heed, is represented by his good works. They attend him to the throne of the Judge; they precede him, plead for him, and find mercy and grace for him.

II.—TAMERLANE AND THE ANT.

TAMERLANE, the scourge and terror of Asia, owed his power and success mainly to his energy and resolution; which were qualities so marked in him that he was called by the name of the Iron. As great results often flow from trivial causes, so this monarch was accustomed to trace the origin of these traits in himself to the following incident. "In one of my first battles," said he, "fortune was against me; I was obliged to flee for my life, and conceal myself for many hours in the ruins of a deserted building. The fear of falling into the hands of my enemies, and the bitter reflection that, by this defeat, I had lost all the fruits of my former victories, weighed heavily upon my spirit. I became discouraged, and resolved to abandon all my enterprises. In this state of mind my attention was drawn to an ant, which was trying to drag up a small elevation a grain of wheat many times bigger than itself. The little creature would often get very near the top, and then fall back again. Sixty-nine unsuccessful attempts did I count; but the seventieth carried the grain to the desired point. This example gave me new courage; and I drew from the circumstance a lesson which has often been of service to me."

III.—THE KHAN AND THE DERVIS.

A TARTAR khan* was once riding with his nobles on a hunting party. On the way he met with a dervis,† who proclaimed with a loud voice that he would give some good advice to any one who would bestow upon him a hundred pieces of gold. The khan was curious, and asked the dervis what this valuable counsel might be.

“I will tell you, O king,” was the reply, “when you shall have paid me the hundred pieces of gold.” The khan ordered the money to be given him; and he then said, in a very impressive manner, “Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.” He then went on his way.

The followers of the khan smiled, and made merry with the counsel which he had bought at so high a price. “It is true,” said he, “that the words of the dervis convey a very simple and obvious rule of prudence; but on that very account it may be the less heeded, and that is probably the reason why the dervis inculcated it so earnestly. For the future it shall always be present in my mind. I will have the words written over the doors of my palace, upon the walls of my chambers, and upon the household articles of daily use.”

After some time, an ambitious governor made a plot to kill the khan and possess himself of the crown. He bribed the royal physician, with a great sum of money, to further his wicked plans; and the physician promised to bleed the khan with a poisoned lancet, so soon as an occasion offered.

The desired opportunity soon occurred. But when the attendants brought in a silver basin, to receive the blood, the physician saw engraved upon the rim the words, “Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.” Reading this inscription, he started back, and with obvious

* *Khan*, a Tartar king, or prince.

† *Dervis*, a holy man; a man employed in religious duties and meditations.

embarrassment laid down the poisoned lancet, and took up another.

The khan observed this, and asked him why he had changed the lancets. On being told that it was because the point of the first was dull, he desired to see it. The physician hesitated to reach it to him, betraying at the same time marks of great confusion; when the khan sprang up, and seized him by the throat, saying, "I read wicked thoughts in your face. If you would save your life, confess every thing."

The physician fell at his feet, and revealed to him the plot against his life, which had been defeated by the words on the rim of the basin. "Then I have not paid the dervis too dearly for his advice," said the khan. He pardoned the physician, ordered the wicked governor to be executed, and sending for the dervis, gave him still further rewards.

IV.—ABDALLAH.

ONCE upon a time, a shah* of Persia was making a tour through his kingdom. At the close of a sultry summer's day, he met under the shade of a tree a young shepherd who was playing upon his flute. The king was pleased with his appearance, and on entering into conversation with him, was much struck with the shrewdness of his remarks, and the natural though uncultivated vein of good sense which he evidently possessed. He determined to take the youth with him to his court, and give to his fine talents the education they deserved.

Abdallah — for so the youth was named — followed the king with reluctance to his palace. There his progress equalled the highest expectations that had been formed of it. The king loved him as a son; but, as a natural consequence, he

* *Shah*, a name by which the King of Persia is commonly called.

was hated and envied by the courtiers, and often looked back with a sigh upon the peaceful life he had once led, and would gladly have laid aside his jewelled turban and purple robe, and resumed the simple shepherd's garb.

The king advanced his favorite from one degree to another, and made him at last keeper of all the treasures of the crown. In vain did envy and malice assail him; he was too strong in the favor of the monarch to be reached by their weapons. But at last the good prince died, and was succeeded by his son, a youth of twenty years, whose ear was open to flattery, and his heart, consequently, to evil.

The enemies of Abdallah accused him of gross misconduct. "He has enriched himself," they said, "at the expense of the state. The wealth with which your father intrusted him he has converted to his own use. He has stolen some of the most precious of the crown jewels. He has in his house a secret vault, guarded by three locks, where he spends many hours alone, counting over his ill-gotten riches."

The credulous young prince believed the false charges of his courtiers. He surprised Abdallah one morning with an unexpected visit. "Give me the keys," said he, "of the secret vault, at the end of the gallery, where you spend so many hours alone, and where none of your friends have ever been admitted."

Abdallah saw at a glance the malice of his enemies. He looked smilingly at his accusers, and handed the keys to the shah. The vault was opened; and they found therein a shepherd's crook and pouch, and a flute. - "See here, my lord," said Abdallah, "the emblems of my former happy state. I have kept them here, and often visited them in memory of those peaceful days passed in intercourse with nature, and among my own kindred. Take back all that your father gave me; but leave me my shepherd's garb."

The young prince was much moved. He cast an angry glance upon his courtiers, and embracing Abdallah, offered to elevate him to the highest post in the kingdom. But Abdal-

lah laid aside his rich robes, took up again his shepherd's crook, and passed the remainder of his days amid the peaceful scenes of his youth.

V.—THE LOST CHILD.

A FRENCH gentleman named Lefevre, who had been compelled to leave his own country on account of his religious opinions, possessed himself of a farm in the western settlements of North America, which his own labor, and that of his family, had reclaimed from a state of nature, and brought under cultivation. He had many children; but the darling of the house was the youngest, a boy of four years old, whose name was Ernest.

One day Ernest was missing. They sought him among the neighbors, but without success. The whole region was scoured in vain; night set in, and to the agonized calls of the parents no answer was returned but echoes, or the cries of wild animals, that had never sounded so fearful before.

While Lefevre and all his family were in search of the lost boy, and their hopes were every moment sinking more and more into despair, an Indian hunter, named Tewessina, came to the house, laden with beaver skins. He was well known, for he had often sold his furs there. He found the place deserted by every one, except a colored female servant, who informed him of the misfortune which had befallen the family. When he had heard it, he directed her to sound upon the horn at once,—which was the signal agreed upon for calling back the wanderers,—and he assured her that he would be able to restore them the child.

When Lefevre heard the horn, he hurried back in breathless haste, hoping to hear some news of the wanderer. The Indian could not immediately give him the desired assurance, but asked him for the shoes and stockings the child had last worn. These he held to the nose of his hound, and then led

him in a wide circle around the house, in the manner of a hunter who is making his dog recover a lost scent.

The circle had not been completed, when the hound set up a loud bark ; by which his master knew that he had come upon the trail of the child. He then, with headlong speed, darted into the forest, and returned in about half an hour to his master, with such expressions of satisfaction that there could be no doubt he had discovered the lost one ; but whether dead or alive no one could tell, and this fearful doubt was hardly less painful to the parents than their former anguish.

The Indian now followed the hound into the woods with all the speed of his race ; and the others were not far behind. They at length found the child, at the foot of a huge tree, uninjured, but exhausted with fatigue, and more dead than alive. Having ventured into the forest, he had lost his way, and in his alarm had wandered farther and farther from home.

The Indian took him up in his arms, and carried him home, while the hound leaped around them with exulting movements. The joy of the parents at again embracing their lost treasure may be imagined, but not described. There was no end to their expressions of gratitude. The hound, too, came in for his share of caresses ; but he laid his head upon his master's lap, and seemed anxious to avoid the kind demonstrations of the family.

As soon as the news of the recovery of the child were spread abroad, the neighbors flocked in to congratulate the Lefevres, — who were universal favorites, — and the house, though large, could hardly hold the throng. The whole night was passed in joyous festivity ; but the mother would not trust her rescued darling a moment out of her arms. The Indian was somewhat disturbed at so large an assemblage, and took refuge in the barn, and was brought forth with some difficulty, and not until a considerable portion of the visitors had retired.

Lefevre then embraced him, in presence of his family and of his remaining friends, and declared that he should adopt

him for a brother, as was the usage among the Indian tribes. "When you are old," said he, "and your feet can no longer follow the flying game, — when you can no longer bend your bow, — come to me, and I will build you a wigwam, where you shall live after the manner of your people, and I will provide for all your wants. If grief causes your tears to flow, I will wipe them away, as you have mine. And your faithful hound shall share my care; and when he is old, and can no longer follow you, he shall claim food and shelter at my hands."

He then, turning to his family and friends, and holding the Indian by the hand, said, "Neighbors and friends, behold my brother. The name by which my child has hitherto been called shall be forgotten. He shall hereafter be known by that of his uncle and deliverer, Tewessina."

All the spectators testified their satisfaction. While they were expressing their feelings, the Indian was silent and motionless, smoking his pipe, like a chief in the council of his tribe. He then confirmed, after the manner of the red men, the new ties of kindred which had been offered to him. "My brother," said he, "I have done nothing for you which you would not have done for me. It was the will of the Great Spirit who watches over us that I should come to your house, at the right moment, to help you. Are you happy, — so am I: your joy is my joy. When you come to our people, you shall lodge in no other wigwam than mine. My fire shall warm you, and my bearskin shall be your couch, and you shall sleep by your brother's side."

From this time, the little Ernest bore his deliverer's name. When the latter died, his namesake went to his lodge, and took one of his sons, who was also called Tewessina, for a brother. Thus the tie of gratitude was continued through another generation; and the young Indian often came to visit his white brother, bringing the spoils of the chase as presents, and was liberally rewarded in return with the products of civilization.

VI.—BIRDS IN SUMMER.

MARY HOWITT.

I.

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 sun, and stars, and moon ;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by !

II.

They have left their nests on 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 in love they call !
“ Come up ! come up ! ” they seem to say,
“ Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway.

III.

“ Come up, come up ! for the world is fair
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air.”
And the birds below give back the cry,
“ We come, we come to the branches high.”
How pleasant the lives 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 !

IV.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,

* *Boon*, pleasant.

Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
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 ;—

V.

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud ;
To sing in the thunder halls aloud ;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight
With the upper-cloud winds, — O, what delight !
O, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And see how the water drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst !

VI.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee ;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls ;
Then to wheel about with their 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 !

VII.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mid 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 gladdened some fairy region old !
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

VII — THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

COWPER.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
My shrubs, displaced from their retreat,
 Enjoyed the open air,
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
 Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
 And frolic where they list ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true ;
But that delight they never knew,
 And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast ;
Instinct is never quite suppressed ;
 And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between the wires.

The open window seemed t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight ;
 But Tom was still confined ;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
 To leave his friend behind.

For, settling on his grated roof,
He chirped and kissed him, giving proof
 That he desired no more ;
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seized, I shut him fast,
 A prisoner as before.

O ye who never knew the joys
 Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
 Fandango,* ball, and rout,
 Blush, when I tell you how a bird
 A prison with a friend preferred
 To liberty without.

VIII — TAMING OF FISHES.

[This piece is found in the Child's Friend for 1848. It is there stated to have originally appeared in a newspaper.]

THERE is a little girl of six years old, residing on the borders of the pond which supplies water for the furnace works at Weare River, in the town of Hingham, in Massachusetts, who has a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought to be untamable.

For a year or two past, the little girl has been in the habit of playing about the pond, and throwing crumbs into the water for the fishes. By degrees these timid creatures have become so tame as to come at her call, follow her about the pond, and eat from her hand.

A gentleman went down there a few days since, with his daughter, to see the little creatures and their mistress. At first the fishes were mistaken, and came up to the surface of the water as the gentleman's daughter approached; but in a moment they discovered their mistake, and whisked away from the stranger in evident dissatisfaction. Their own mistress then came up and called, and they crowded towards her, clustering about her hands to receive the crumbs.

She has, besides, a turtle, or tortoise, which has been injured in one of its feet. This creature lives in the pond, and seems

* *Fandango*, a kind of dance.

to be entirely under the control of the little girl, obeying her voice, and feeding from her hand.

We have just returned from a visit to the pond, and have seen the bright-eyed girl sporting with her obedient swarms of pickerel, pouts, and shiners, patting them on the head, touching their sides, and letting them slip through her hands. She has her favorites among them. A pout, which has been marked on the head in some way, and the turtle we spoke of, seem uncommonly intelligent.

A more beautiful instance of the influence of kindness and gentleness can hardly be found. Lions and tigers have been subjected to man, but this instance of taming fishes is as novel as it is interesting.

IX. — AN EDUCATED MONKEY.

[The following account of an educated monkey is taken from the *Student and Schoolmate*, a periodical publication for young persons. It was written by a French gentleman who visited Pernambuco, in Brazil, in 1854.]

A SHORT time ago I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored monkey of Mr. Vanneck, a Creole gentleman, which had been caught in the woods, and brought to its master in a wild state. Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving such wonderful accounts of its talents that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He therefore proposed to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck. I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out.

The house of this gentleman was in the country, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm trees, and at last observed the charming villa. A servant received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlor; hastening to tell his

master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively; while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and cheerful; and he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming, "How wonderful!" for the manner and movements of the animal were those of a practised tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which showed that they were intended for himself.

A servant now appeared, announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke, and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us, said, "Jack, put up your work, and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, with a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clever housemaid. I could now perfectly make out his size, as he walked upright, and not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was dressed in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and a red cravat. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me of it, putting it back on the tray.

Mr. Vanneck now took out his watch, and showed it to the monkey ; it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept in mind that his master required his luncheon at that time. If the watch were shown to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth ; but if the hour of three went by without the luncheon's being called for, he grew fidgety, and at last ran and brought it. In this case he was always rewarded with some sugar plums.

"You have no notion," said Mr. Vanneck, "how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes ; but at last he submitted to them. Whenever he walks out he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly."

"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from my pocket and handed it to me.

"Now show your room to my guests," continued his master ; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Every thing was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress, a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys ; and a gun was hanging on the wall. The bell was rung ; Jack went out and re-appeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile, I had taken the gun from the wall ; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and the shot-bag ; and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun.

without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword exercises with the same skill.

We staid to supper, to which there came more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man servant.

X.—GENERAL KOSCIUSKO'S HORSE.

THE celebrated General Kosciusko, a native of Poland, who served as an engineer in the American army during the revolutionary war, was as remarkable for his benevolence and charity as for his bravery. He gave to the poor all that his means allowed, and often more. On one occasion he was prevented by unexpected business from visiting in person and relieving a poor family on the day he had been accustomed to do so. He knew that they would expect him, and was unwilling that they should suffer disappointment. He asked one of his neighbors, an honest farmer, to go to the house with the sum, which he could not carry himself. The farmer readily consented; and the general lent him for the errand the horse which he was himself accustomed to ride.

The farmer executed his commission, but did not return for a considerable time. When he saw General Kosciusko, his first words were, "I will never ride that horse of yours again, unless you give me your purse at the same time." The general, somewhat surprised, asked him what he meant. "Because," replied his friend, "every time a beggar met me in the street, and held out his hat and asked for alms, the horse stood still, and would not budge a foot till I had given him something. Unluckily, I had only two shillings of my own money about me. When this was gone, I could only start your horse by playing a trick upon him, of which I was a little ashamed, by making believe throw a piece of money into the extended hat. Your horse is a very good horse: but he has learned all

your charitable tricks, and will never do for a poor man to ride."

Horses sometimes learn the vices, as well as the virtues, of their masters. In England, a great many years ago, when travellers were often stopped and robbed on the highway, a fine horse was sold to a gentleman at a price which seemed much below his real value. But on taking a little journey with him, the gentleman found that the horse would never pass a stage coach, or a travelling carriage, when on a country road, without stopping short, with his head as near as possible to the door, or side.

The animal had belonged to a noted highwayman, who had been in the habit of robbing carriages by riding up to them, holding a pistol to the heads of the inmates, through the window, and requiring them to give up their purses. The horse had thus learned of his own accord to assist his owner in his unlawful calling. His new master constantly incurred the suspicion of being a highwayman by the conduct of the animal he rode, and was soon compelled to part with his purchase, which was no horse for an honest man to ride, who had no intention of robbing on the highway.

XI.—THE DOUBLE PLOT.

THREE hungry travellers found a bag of gold :
One ran into the town where bread was sold.
He thought, " I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die."
But they too thought, when back his feet have hied,
" We will destroy him, and the gold divide."
They killed him, and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.
O world ! behold what ill thy goods have done :
Thy gold has poisoned two, and murdered one !

XII. — THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

MISS ELIZA COOK.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
And heeded the words of truth that fell
From the lips of a mother that loved me well;
She told me shame would never betide*
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.

* *Betide*, happen.

Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
• But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

XIII.—THE DISHONEST PEASANT.

IN the year 1794, a poor French emigrant was passing the winter in a small village in Westphalia.* 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 a load of wood. He found a peasant who had one to sell, and asked him what the price was. The peasant, who perceived by his broken German that he was a foreigner, and that his ignorance might be taken advantage of, answered that the price was three louisd'ors.† The Frenchman endeavored to beat him down, 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 immediate and pressing need of the fuel, at last took 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 distant, and ordered breakfast. While it was getting ready, he entertained the landlord with an account of the way in which he had cheated the Frenchman, and made him pay three louisd'ors for a load of wood which, at the utmost, was not worth more than two dollars;‡ talking as if he had done a very bright thing.

But the landlord was a good man, and, feeling justly indig-

* *Westphalia*, a part of Germany.

† A *louisd'or*, (pronounced *lu-e-dore'*,) literally a louis of gold, is a gold coin of the value of about four dollars and a half.

‡ A German dollar is about seventy-five cents of our money.

nant at the peasant's conduct, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself thus to have 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 was to pay. The landlord replied, "Three louisd'ors."

"What," said the peasant, "three louisd'ors for a cup of coffee and a few slices of bread and butter!" "Yes," said the landlord, with the utmost composure; "the coffee and bread and butter were mine; I have a right to ask just what I please for them. My bill is three louisd'ors; and if you don't pay me, I shall keep your horse and cart until you do. If you think I am charging you too much, you can go before the judge."

The peasant, without saying any thing 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 previously done to another.

Under such circumstances, the judge decided that the landlord had done right, and that the peasant should pay the three louisd'ors. The peasant, with a very ill grace, and with shame and anger in his face, 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 honor may well suppose. Will you have the goodness to change one of these louisd'ors, and give the peasant

two dollars out of it, — for that, as he confessed to me, is all that his wood is 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 two dollars to the peasant, and dismissed him with a severe rebuke. The rest was returned to the emigrant, who, on hearing the story, with difficulty prevailed upon the innkeeper to accept a small sum for the peasant's breakfast.

XIV. — THE SUNBEAM.

MRS. HEMANS.

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

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

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

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

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot :
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;

But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

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

XV. — FLOWERS.

O, **THEY** look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these —
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade;
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven
And blessed what he had made —
The bright, bright flowers.

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.

When Sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
 Made a home in the hearts of men,
 The blessing of God on each tender leaf
 Preserved in their beauty, then,
 The bright, bright flowers.

The lily is lovely as when it slept
 On the waters of Eden's lake;
 The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept,
 In Eden, from brake to brake.
 They were left as a proof of the loveliness
 Of Adam and Eve's first home;
 They are here as a type of the joys that bless
 The just in the world to come —
 The bright, bright flowers.

XVL.—THE SPRING TIME.

O, TAKE me from this close dark room, from this uneasy bed;
 The clothes, so gray and shroud-like, lie on my breast like lead;
 The ancient ebon wardrobe, and the pictures on the wall,
 And the ticking of the watch, mother, I'm weary of them all.

O, take me where the glad free air may visit me again,
 And the rich evening sun ray soothe the sullen throb of pain;
 Where I may see the grass, and hear the robins on the bough,
 And feel the breath of the early spring upon my cheek and
 brow.

Then bear me from this dreary room, where every thing I see
 Recalls some hour of anguish, or some dream of agony,
 When you have bent above me, mother, and listened to my moan,
 And felt the pangs of your dying child more keenly than your
 own.

Then lay me on that primrose bank — it was my favorite seat :
I planted it and watered it — how clean it was, and neat !
The flowers are all neglected now — the weeds have grown so
fast :

I little thought that happy, happy summer was my last.

How delicate the air is ! All the flowers are coming out —
The glad spring flowers — to fling their stores of sweetness
round about :

The bee is on the wing, the merry swallow sweeps the sky,
The gnat hums in the sunbeam, mother — all things are glad
but I.

Last spring I was so happy ! the linnet on the bough,
The wild bee, was not half so gay ; and I am dying now.
I crowned me with the May blooms then, I revelled in the
flowers,
And only by the joys they knew, counted the passing hours.

Bring me my young geranium, mother, for I want to see
My little favorite — how it grows — if any flowers there be ;
Look ! there's a bud — but O, I shall not live to bless its bloom ;
'Twill be so strong and beautiful when I am in the tomb !

I always dearly loved the flowers — let heaps of them be
spread

Upon me in my coffin cold — the living with the dead ;
And do, dear mother, see that on my little grave is set
My own sweet lilac bush and plant of purple violet.

And sometimes, in such days as this, so glad, and bright, and
mild,

Dear mother, will you come and sit by the grave bed of your
child ?

And will you bring this sweet geranium ? though you may
never see,

I will look down from heaven, and listen while you talk to me.

My walnut tree, too, watch it well when I am gone away :
With my own hands I planted it, to mark my third birthday ;
They told me I should sit beneath its broad green shade,
And count the branches on its trunk, that many years had made.

I wish it was the autumn ; 'twould be less sad to die
When the rich green leaves and the glorious flowers fade as
well as I ;
But in this merry month of May, when all things are awake,
Pray for me, mother, to endure, O pray, for pity's sake.

XVII.—ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

THE dog stands to man in the relation both of a valuable servant and an engaging companion. In many employments, especially those of shepherds and herdsmen, he performs services of great importance, such as could not be supplied without him. In those sports of the field, such as hunting and shooting, which many persons pursue with such eagerness, the assistance of the dog is essential to success. By his keenness of scent he discovers the game, and by his swiftness of foot he runs it down. There is no period of time recorded by history in which we do not find the dog the friend and the servant of man ; nor is there any literature which does not contain some tribute to his faithfulness and sagacity.

The savage, roaming over the pathless wilderness, and dependent upon the animals in the forest and the fish in the streams for his daily food, and the civilized man, dwelling in a comfortable house in a town or village, agree in the attachment they feel for their four-footed friends. Many men of great eminence in literature and science have been remarkable for their fondness for dogs ; and more than one poet has sung the praises of particular specimens of the race. Sir Walter Scott was strongly attached to them, and had one or more of them

about him at all times during his life. In one of his works he thus speaks of them: "The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, has invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He has a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

A long course of domestication, and peculiar modes of training and rearing, have divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties; many of which show marked difference in size and appearance. The savage bulldog seems hardly to belong to the same race as the delicate lapdog, that sleeps on the rug, and is washed and combed by its fair mistress almost as carefully as an infant. The swift and slim greyhound looks very little like the sturdy and square-built mastiff. But there are certain traits of character, which, in a greater or less degree, are common to all the kinds. Sagacity, docility, benevolence, a capacity to receive instruction, and attachment to his master's person, are qualities which belong to the whole race. Many anecdotes are to be found in books, illustrating the virtues and intelligence of the dog, from which we have made a selection for the entertainment of our young readers.

Many instances have been recorded in which persons have been saved from drowning by dogs, especially by those of the Newfoundland breed, which have a natural love of the water. A vessel was once driven by a storm on the beach in the county of Kent, in England. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to de-

liver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved.

A person, while rowing a boat, pushed his Newfoundland dog into the stream. The animal followed the boat for some time, till probably finding himself fatigued, he endeavored to get into it by placing his feet on the side. His owner repeatedly pushed the dog away; and in one of his efforts to do so, he lost his balance and fell in the river, and would probably have been drowned, had not the affectionate and generous animal immediately seized and held him above water till assistance arrived from the shore.

A boatman once plunged into the water to swim with another man for a wager. His Newfoundland dog, mistaking the purpose, and supposing that his master was in danger, plunged after him, and dragged him to the shore by his hair, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Nor are the good offices of dogs to man displayed only on the water. A young man in the north of England, while he was attending the sheep of his father, had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was three miles from home, in an unfrequented spot, where no one was likely to approach; evening was fast approaching, and he was in great pain from the fracture. In this dreadful condition, he folded one of his gloves in a pocket handkerchief, fastened it around the dog's neck, and then ordered him home in an emphatic tone of voice.

The dog, convinced that something was wrong, ran home with the utmost speed, and scratched with great violence at the door of the house for admittance. The parents of the young man were greatly alarmed at his appearance, especially when they had examined the handkerchief and its contents. Instantly concluding that some accident had befallen their son, they did

not delay a moment to go in search of him. The dog anxiously led the way, and conducted the agitated parents to the spot, where their suffering son was lying. Happily, he was removed just at the close of day, and the necessary assistance being procured, he soon recovered.

On one of the roads leading from Switzerland to Italy, called the Pass of St. Bernard, is a convent * situated at more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the winter time, when the cold is intense and the snows are deep, travellers are exposed to great danger; and the inmates of the convent, when storms are raging, are in the habit of going abroad to assist such wayfarers as may need their services. They are accompanied by their dogs, a noble breed of animals, who are called by the name of the convent where they are kept. They carry food and cordials fastened at their necks, and are able to pass over snow wreaths too light to bear the weight of a man. They are aided in finding the unfortunate persons who have been buried in the snow by the acuteness of their scent; and many men have owed their lives to the timely succor afforded by these four-footed philanthropists.

One of them, which served the convent for twelve years, is said to have been instrumental in saving the lives of forty individuals. He once found a little boy, who had become benumbed by the cold, and fallen down upon a wreath of snow. By licking his hands and face, and by his caresses, he induced the little fellow to get upon his back, and cling with his arms around his neck; and in this way he brought him in triumph to the convent. This incident forms the subject of a well-known picture. When this dog died, his skin was stuffed and deposited in the museum at Berne; and the little vial in which he carried a cordial draught for the exhausted traveller still hangs about his neck. How many men have there been, endowed with reason and speech, whose lives were less useful than that of this noble dog!

* *Convent*, a house in which men live together who are occupied with religious exercises or employments.

XVIII.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

IN the preceding lesson we gave some anecdotes of the benevolence of dogs, and of their amiable and kindly traits; we will now relate some instances of their intelligence and sagacity.

Two gentlemen in England were shooting wild fowl, attended by a Newfoundland dog. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they threw down their hats, and crept to the edge of the water, where they fired at some birds. They soon afterwards sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time. This seems more than instinct, and like a distinct process of reasoning.

A shoeblack, who plied his calling on one of the bridges in Paris, had a poodle dog whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to run against the boots and soil them, having first rolled himself in the mud of the river. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had more than once had his boots thus disfigured by the dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price, and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new home and his new master. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation.

A grocer in Edinburgh had a dog which for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighborhood. A man who went through the streets, ringing a bell and selling pies,

happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pie-man's bell, he ran eagerly towards him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pie-man, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at his door, watching what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny, he instantly carried it in his mouth to the pie-man, and received his pie. This traffic between the pie-man and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practised for several months.

There seems very little doubt that dogs often understand what is said to them, or in their presence. "The wisest dog I ever had," said Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bulldog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication between the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or, 'the baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced.

"When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him, 'his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor;' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor side. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language."

A gentleman in Hartford, Connecticut, had a fine large dog, which was in the habit, in the winter season, of stretching himself out at full length on the rug before the parlor fire. His

master, on coming in and observing this, would say in a common tone, and without looking or pointing at the dog, "If Carlo knew what was expected of a well-bred dog, he would get off the rug, and not take up so much room before the fire." The dog would immediately leave the rug, and retreat to a corner of the room.

It is also unquestionable that dogs have some mode of communicating between themselves. A remarkable instance of this is given in a book called the Cyclopædia of Natural History. A gentleman living near St. Andrews, in Scotland, had a very fine Newfoundland dog. About a mile off, there was a farm house, where a large mastiff was kept as a watch dog; and about the same distance in another direction, there was a mill where a staunch bulldog kept guard. Each of these three dogs was lord paramount within his own domain, and two of them seldom met without a fight to settle their respective dignities.

The Newfoundland dog used to go every forenoon to the baker's shop in the village, with a towel containing money in the corner, returning with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and ill-behaved curs in the village; but generally the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog came back from the baker's shop, he was regularly served with his dinner.

One day, however, he returned with his coat soiled and his ears scratched, having been attacked by a large number of curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off. It was observed that he went in a straight line to the farmer's house; and it was noticed as a remarkable fact, that the meeting between the two dogs was peaceful and not warlike. After laying their heads together, and conversing in some language which they understood, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's dog as an ally.

The three champions now took the nearest road to the village, and, having reached it, scoured it in great wrath, and took summary vengeance on every cur they met. Having taken ample satisfaction for the insult that had been offered to the Newfoundland, they separated, and each went home. When any two of them met afterwards, they went to fighting as before, just as if the joint campaign had never taken place.

We will conclude these anecdotes of dogs with a short moral. Some boys, more perhaps from thoughtlessness than cruelty, amuse themselves by worrying dogs, throwing stones at them, and otherwise ill treating them. Such conduct is very wrong; and no manly and generous boy will ever be guilty of it. Cruelty to any animal is highly to be blamed; and especially when shown to a dog, the docile and intelligent friend of man, which loves him while living and mourns him, when dead, repaying kindness with affectionate gratitude, and often showing an undeserved attachment to a worthless and ill-tempered master.

XIX. — THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

WOLCOTT.

THE old shepherd's dog, like his master, was gray,
 His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
 Yet where'er Corin went he was followed by Tray;
 Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the grass the shepherd would lie
 For a nap in the sun, 'midst his slumbers so sweet,
 His faithful companion crawled constantly nigh,
 Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
 When torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
 If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
 Tray scorned to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed ;
For vain against death is the stoutest endeavor .
To lick Corin's hand he reared up his weak head,
Then fell back, closed his eyes, and ah, closed them forever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain :
" O bury me, neighbors, beside my old friend."

XX. — THE SWALLOWS.

Mrs. Child.

Two barn swallows came into our wood shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building spot ; but, as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof.

To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent much time in watching them. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love ; the mother bird was so busy and so important, and her mate was so attentive. He scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love.

Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be woven in the precious little fabric. One day, my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable ; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome

sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

During the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day, he would, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. When the young ones came forth, he shared in the mother's toils, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the gravest philosopher would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

For three days, all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and twittering were of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and, alarmed at the wide space, sank down into the nest again.

At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chattered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, "It is pretty sport, but we cannot do it."

Three times the neighbors came in, and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered, and hopped, till

they alighted on a small upright log. And O, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! the air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe handle and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in the most graceful style, on a pendent hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party.

The whole family continued to be our playmates until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count, that none were missing. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed post: in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was painful to me to think that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me.

XXI.—TO A CITY PIGEON.

WILLIS.

STROOP to my window, thou beautiful dove!
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list thy note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
 And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?

Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
 When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
 How canst thou bear
 This noise of people — this sultry air?

Thou alone, of the feathered race,
 Dost look unscared on the human face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
 And the "gentle dove"
 Has become a name of truth and love.

Come then ever, when daylight leaves
 The page I read, to my humble eaves,
 And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
 And murmur thy low, sweet music out.
 I hear and see
 Lessons of wisdom, sweet bird, in thee.

XXII. — THE MONKEY AND CROW.

In the jungles about the neighborhood of Tillicherry, in India, there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives; and at a village a short distance from this celebrated seaport we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring; and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a collar round the monkey's neck. The ring being loose, it easily slid up and down the pole, when he ascended or descended.

The monkey was in the habit of taking his station on the top of the bamboo, where he seemed to be watching with de-

light the varied prospect around him. The crows, which in India are very abundant and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the daily habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole.

To this he had vainly expressed his dislike by chattering and other expressions of his displeasure equally vain: nothing that he could do was of any avail to scare away these unwelcome intruders upon his repasts. He tried various modes to banish them, but they continued to steal more or less of his allowance every day. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he formed a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously ill; he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and acted as if he were in much pain. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions.

The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by illness that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to the exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming to be in great pain, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well nigh devoured.

There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent sickness of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and before it could secure a mouthful of the forbidden food, the watchful avenger seized the thief by the neck with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief.

He now began to grin and chatter with every expression of

triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing most noisily, as if begging mercy for their captive companion. The monkey continued a while to grin and chatter in mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the wings and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit; and the crow, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, fell on the ground with a stunning shock.

The other crows, which had been so fortunate as to escape a similar fate, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The expression of joy on the monkey's countenance was altogether indescribable; and he had no sooner seen this fate inflicted upon the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it; and I dare say that he was never again troubled by those voracious intruders.

XXIII.—THE MOCKING BIRD.

J. R. DRAKE.

EARLY on a pleasant day
In the poet's month of May,
Field and forest looked so fair,
So refreshing was the air,
That, in spite of morning dew,
Forth I walked where tangling grew
Many a thorn and breezy bush;
When the redbreast and the thrush
Gayly raised their early lay,
Thankful for returning day.

Every thicket, bush, and tree
Swelled the grateful harmony;

As it mildly swept along,
Echo seemed to catch the song ;
But the plain was wide and clear ;
Echo never whispered near.
From a neighboring mocking bird
Came the answering notes I heard.

Soft and low the song began :
I scarcely caught it as it ran
Through the melancholy trill
Of the plaintive whippoorwill,
Through the ringdove's gentle wail,
Chattering jay and whistling quail,
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,
Red bird's whistle, robin's sigh,
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark ;
Each his native note might mark.
Oft he tried the lesson o'er,
Each time louder than before.
Burst at length the finished song ;
Loud and clear it poured along ;
All the choir in silence heard.
Hushed before this wondrous bird,
All transported and amazed,
Scarcely breathing, long I gazed.
Now it reached the loudest swell ;
Lower, lower, now it fell,
Lower, lower, lower still ;
Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.
Now the warbler ceased to sing ;
Then he spread his russet wing,
And I saw him take his flight
Other regions to delight.

XXIV. — YOUTHFUL COURAGE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ON the night of the 12th of November, 1842, a fishing vessel, called the Napoleon, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when a few miles distant from the coast of France. Towards midnight, the master of the vessel, whose name was Ramelly, ordered his son Gustavus to go down into the hold for some implement he wanted.

Hardly had the boy, who was only about fourteen years old, gone down, than he felt a great shock; and he rushed back upon deck. During his few minutes' absence, the vessel had shipped a sea which had swept every one from the deck, and thrown her upon her side. It was in vain that Gustavus called his father; nothing was heard but the noise of the raging sea; no reply was returned to his distracted cries: of the four persons that had been on board, the boy alone remained.

Without losing an instant in useless lamentations, as an ordinary mind might have done, Gustavus eagerly gazed upon the waves, and soon perceived, amid their white foam, a black point alternately appearing and disappearing. He could not swim; but what difficulty may not be overcome by courage united to presence of mind?

He lashes himself to the rigging, takes a rope in his hand, throws himself into the sea, and flings the rope to the poor creature, who seizes it eagerly, without guessing what deliverer Heaven sends him. By its help he regains the vessel at the same moment with Gustavus, who sees with unspeakable joy that the man whom he had rescued was his father.

But all was not done; and Gustavus tears himself away, to fly to the succor of one of his companions, whose cries for help he could hear above the storm. It was one of the two sailors belonging to the little vessel. He is saved; and the intrepid boy once again flung himself into the sea, to rescue the third sufferer; but he had disappeared forever.

Gustavus then returned to his father, and the surviving sailor, both of whom he found stiff with cold and incapable of motion. He encouraged them, soothed, roused them; and pointing out to his father the still threatening dangers in the storm, now redoubled in fury, he called upon him to remember his expecting mother, and her agony of suspense. And the two men, roused from their stupor, took fresh courage, and exerted themselves to escape destruction.

The elder Ramelly now perceived that the boy's hands were dreadfully excoriated.* "A mere trifle," said Gustavus; "let us to work." And he was the first to work the vessel; and at length, with the help of his father, succeeded in putting the rudder † into a condition to be used. Ramelly takes the helm, ‡ and Gustavus and the sailor go down into the hold, and busy themselves in removing the cargo, so as to restore the vessel to an upright position, by lightening that part of it which was lying in the water.

Almost in the very moment of success, a cry of alarm brought Gustavus back to the deck, when he sees his father, who could not venture to leave the helm, pointing, with a gesture of dismay, to a thick smoke mingled with flames issuing from the cabin. "Fear not, father," said the brave boy, with the calmness of true courage, — and never was there exhibited a more rare combination of moral and physical courage, — "fear not, God is with us." In an instant he determines on what is best to be done; he sees a bucket at his feet, happily forgotten by the tempest that had swept the deck of every thing else; snatches it up, fills it with water, and pouring it on the place where the fire appears to be greatest, he thus makes a passage for himself to dart into the cabin.

The fire issued from some burning clothes; Gustavus

* *Excoriated*, deprived of skin.

† *Rudder*, a piece of wood, attached to the stern of a vessel by hinges, by which the vessel is steered.

‡ *Helm*, the handle or instrument, by which the rudder is turned. *To take the helm* means to take charge of steering the vessel.

bundles them up, and rolls himself upon them, in order that his own clothes, saturated as they were with sea water, might put out the flames; but not being able to succeed, he rushes up with his burning load, and flings it into the sea.

The little bark was saved. Some hours after, it entered the port of Cherbourg with the noble boy as much surprised at the admiration the recital of his heroism called forth, as he was unconscious of its deserving any praise.

"What else could I have done?" was his simple answer to the compliments he received.

XXV.—SPEAKING ACTIONS.

CHAMBERS'S LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"WHAT did you mean, mother, by saying to Mrs. Thornton, just now, that actions spoke?" asked little Fanny, who had been sitting in a thoughtful position for some minutes—a thing not very common with little girls.

The lady addressed smiled. "You think it strange for an act to speak, my love? Is that the riddle which is puzzling your little head?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, Fanny, if you will sit down by my side, I will explain my meaning."

The little inquirer promptly availed herself of the permission.

"Now, my dear, you have yourself illustrated my assertion," Mrs. Montague observed. "The alacrity with which you brought your stool to my feet plainly said, 'My dear mother, I really desire to hear what you are going to say.'"

The little girl laughed. "Well, I did not think of that," she said; "but now tell me of some other actions that speak."

"That I will readily do, my child; for it is a truth which I wish should be deeply impressed on your mind. It might save

you from doing many things without consideration, and might often prevent your causing pain, where you would otherwise do so, from mere thoughtlessness. I see that you do not exactly understand me," the lady proceeded; "so, to make the matter clearer, I will give you a few more examples."

"Do, mother."

"Well, we will suppose, my dear, that I came down to breakfast one morning (as I often do) with a very bad headache, and my little daughter comes running to me, saying, 'Dear mother, I am very sorry to see that you are not well: I hope you will be better soon;' but instead of being very quiet, she laughs loud, and talks a great deal. When breakfast is over, suppose she sits down to the piano-forte to practise, without asking whether I can bear it; and when I tell her that the noise is too much for me, she pouts and looks angry. What do you think all this would say?"

Little Fanny's smiles were quite put to flight by this example, for she felt it was a correct representation of what had passed that very morning. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could not answer.

"Don't you think, my love," Mrs. Montague resumed, "it would say, 'I did not mean what I said, mother. I was not really sorry that your head ached'?"

"No, no, not quite that," she sobbed out; "I was sorry, I am always sorry, to see you ill."

"Well, my dear, I do not accuse you of want of affection or feeling in general. But when your own wishes or pleasures are concerned, you are apt to consult them, instead of what will be agreeable to other people."

Fanny blushed, for she felt that the condemnation was just.

"Now," Mrs. Montague proceeded, "we will imagine a little girl who is very fond of her father and mother. She wishes that they should know it; but to be constantly saying, 'Dear father, or dear mother, I love you very dearly,' would sound silly, and be very tiresome. Can you think of any other way in which she could express the same words?"

"O, yes; if she were to do every thing she could to please them, that would tell them that she loved them."

"So it would, my child; that is a good guess. But what say you to trying this sort of language yourself?"

Again Fanny blushed. "I thought I did," she said; "but I'll try to use it more."

"Your *actions* must prove the sincerity of your *words*, my love. I shall see what *they* say. But I will give you one more illustration. We will conceive a poor family reduced to great distress by the burning of their house, and some benevolent ladies and gentlemen go about collecting money to relieve them. They call upon you, and ask you to subscribe. Now, it so happens that you have just laid out all your pocket money, or perhaps you have only a very small sum left. You say that you are very sorry that you have nothing to give, or apologize for the trifling amount of your donation.

"But suppose that, an hour after these good people have gone, some one makes you a present of a dollar; if, instead of seeking them out, in order to make up for the want of ability to help them which you previously lamented, you spend it in buying new dresses for your doll, or some other trifle you fancy that you want, what would *that* action say?"

"O, it would certainly say that I was not really sorry that I could not help the poor people; because, if I had been, I should have given them the money when I had it."

"Very true, my dear; but I must not leave the subject without telling you that little folks, ay, and big ones too, are apt to practise self-deception in such matters. They think that if they had the means, they would do such great things; but when they are possessed of those means, they neglect to use them, because some selfish desires come into their hearts which are more powerful than their benevolent feelings had been.

"The same principle influenced your conduct this morning. You really felt some degree of pain when you saw me so ill; but it was not strong enough to induce you to subdue your inclination for laughing, talking, and practising your music. You

must, however, bear in mind that though what we say is very important, what we do is even more so. It is more easy to make amends for an unkind word than an ungenerous action; because actions are not actions only, but speak in powerful language which no words can contradict."

XXVI. — OUR FATHERS.

OUR fathers were high-minded men,
Who firmly kept their faith,
To freedom and to conscience true
In danger and in death.

Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.

And such as our forefathers were,
May we, their children, be,
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That baffled tyranny.

Then we'll uphold the cause of right;
The cause of mercy too;
To toil or suffer for the truth
Is the noblest thing to do.

XXVII.—IVAN THE CZAR.

MRS. HEWANS.

[Ivan, the czar of Russia, surnamed the Terrible, in his old age was besieging the town of Novogorod. His nobles, perceiving that his powers were impaired by age, requested that the assault might be made under the command of his son. This proposal threw him into the greatest fury; and nothing could soothe him. His son threw himself at his feet; but his savage father repulsed him, and struck him so cruel a blow that the unhappy youth died from the effects of it in two days after. The father then sank into the deepest despair. He abandoned alike the conduct of the war and the government of the empire, and soon followed his son to the tomb.]

I.

HE sat in silence on the ground,
 The old and haughty czar;
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,
 And leaders of the war:
 He had cast his jewelled sabre,
 That many a field had won,
 To the earth beside his youthful dead,
 His fair and first-born son.

II.

With a robe of ermine for its bed
 Was laid that form of clay,
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed
 Through the rich tent made way;
 And a sad and solemn beauty
 On the pallid face came down,
 Which the lord of nations mutely watched,
 In the dust with his renown.

III.

Low tones, at last, of woe and fear
 From his full bosom broke;
 A mournful thing it was to hear
 How then the proud man spoke.

The voice that through the combat
 Had shouted far and high,
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
 Burdened with agony.

IV.

“ There is no crimson on thy cheek,
 And on thy lip no breath ;
 I call thee, and thou dost not speak —
 They tell me this is death !
 And fearful things are whispering
 That I the deed have done —
 For the honor of thy father’s name,
 Look up, look up, my son !

V.

“ Well might I know death’s hue and mien ;
 But on thine aspect, boy,
 What, till this moment, have I seen,
 Save pride and tameless joy ?
 Swiftest wert thou to battle,
 And bravest there of all ;
 How could I think a warrior’s frame
 Thus like a flower should fall ?

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VI.

“ I will not bear that still, cold look ;
 Rise up, thou fierce and free ;
 Wake as the storm wakes I will brook
 All, save this calm, from thee.
 Lift brightly up and proudly
 Once more thy kindling eyes !
 Hath my word lost its power on earth ?
 I say to thee, Arise !

VII.

“Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not, and art gone
In bitterness of soul to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit,
If but for one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seemed to thee so stern.

VIII.

“Thou wert the first, the first fair child,
That in mine arms I pressed ;
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast.
I reared thee as an eagle ;
To the chase thy steps I led ;
I bore thee on my battle horse ;
I look upon thee — dead !

IX.

“Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave ;
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs, in my first born's grave.
And leave me ! I have conquered,
I have slain ; my work is done.
Whom have I slain ? Ye answer not ;
Thou too art mute, my son.”

X.

And thus his wild lament was poured
Through the dark, resounding night ;
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.

He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sighed ;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank ;
Humbly the conqueror died.

XXVIII.—INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

[This interesting reminiscence of Washington appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, a newspaper printed in Washington. The inauguration described was on the 4th of March, 1793, and in the city of Philadelphia.]

I ONCE had an opportunity of seeing Washington under circumstances the best possible for exhibiting him to the greatest advantage. It was a privilege which could be granted but once to any one ; and I esteem the hour when I enjoyed it, as one of the brightest of my life. The remembrance of it is yet fresh in my mind ; years have not dimmed it ; and I need not say with what force repeated public occasions of a like kind have since recalled it to my thoughts. Yes, it was my favored lot to see and hear President Washington address the Congress of the United States, when elected for the last time. Of men now living, how few can say the same !

I was but a school boy at the time, and had followed one of the many groups of people, who, from all quarters, were making their way to the hall where the two Houses of Congress then held their sittings, and where they were to be addressed by the president, on the opening of his second term of office. Boys can often manage to work their way through a crowd better than men ; at all events, it so happened that I succeeded in reaching the steps of the hall, from which elevation, looking in every direction, I could see nothing but human heads ; a vast, fluctuating sea, swaying to and fro, and filling every accessible place which commanded even a distant view of the building.

They had come, not with the hope of getting into the hall, for that was physically impossible, — but that they might see

Washington. Many an anxious look was cast in the direction from which he was expected to come, till at length, true to the appointed hour, (he was the most punctual of men,) an agitation was observable on the outskirts of the crowd, which gradually opened and gave space for the approach of an elegant white coach, drawn by six superb white horses, having on its four sides beautiful designs of the four seasons. It slowly made its way, till it drew up immediately in front of the hall.

The rush was now tremendous. But as the coach door opened, there issued from it two gentlemen with long white wands, who, with some difficulty, parted the people so as to clear a passage from the carriage to the steps on which the fortunate school boy had gained a footing, and whence the whole proceedings could be distinctly seen. As the president got out of the carriage, a universal shout rent the air, and continued, as he very deliberately ascended the steps. On reaching the platform, he paused, looking back on the carriage; thus giving the people the opportunity they desired of feasting their eyes upon his person. Never did a more majestic personage present himself to the public gaze. He was within two feet of me; I could have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. Boy as I was, I felt as in the presence of a divinity.

As he turned to enter the hall, the gentlemen with the white wands preceded him, and, with still greater difficulty than before, repressed the people, and cleared a way to the great staircase. As he ascended, I ascended with him, step by step, creeping close to the wall, and almost hidden by the skirts of his coat. Nobody looked at me; every body was looking at him; and thus I was permitted, unnoticed, to glide along, and happily to make my way into the lobby of the chamber of the House of Representatives.

Once in, I was safe; for had I even been seen by the officers in attendance, it would have been impossible to get me out again. I saw near me a large pyramidal stove, which, fortunately, had but little fire in it, and on which I forthwith

clambered, until I had attained a secure perch, from which every part of the hall could be deliberately and distinctly surveyed. Depend upon it, I made use of my eyes.

On either side of the broad aisle that was left vacant in the centre were assembled the two Houses of Congress. As the President entered, all rose, and remained standing till he had ascended the steps at the upper end of the chamber, and taken his seat in the speaker's chair. It was an impressive moment. Notwithstanding the immense crowd that filled the spacious apartment, not a sound was heard; the silence of expectation was unbroken and profound; every breath seemed suspended.

Washington was dressed in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with small-clothes, diamond knee-buckles, and black silk stockings. His shoes were surmounted with large square silver buckles. His hair was powdered, and gathered behind into a black silk bag, on which was a bow of black ribbon. In his hand he carried a plain cocked hat, decorated with the American cockade. He wore by his side a light, slender dress sword, in a dark shagreen * scabbard, with a richly ornamented hilt. His gait was deliberate, his manner solemn but self-possessed; and he presented altogether the most august human figure I had then or have since beheld.

Having retained his seat for a few moments, while the members resumed their seats, the president rose, and taking from his breast a roll of manuscript, proceeded to read his address. His voice was full and sonorous, deep and rich in its tones, free from that trumpet ring which it could assume amid the tumult of battle, but sufficiently loud and clear to fill the chamber, and be heard with perfect ease in every part. The address was of considerable length; its topics, of course, I forget, for I was too young to understand them. He read, as he did every thing else, with a singular sincerity and composure, but without the smallest attempt at display.

Having concluded, he laid the manuscript upon the table

* *Shagreen*, a kind of leather, with a rough or granulated surface.

before him, and resumed his seat ; when, after a slight pause, he rose and withdrew, the members rising and remaining on their feet until he left the chamber.

XXIX.—THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY MUSKET.

CHILD'S FRIEND.

[In this lesson, an old musket, kept in a farm house garret, is supposed to tell the story of its life. The battle of Trenton was fought December 26, 1776. The passage of the Delaware was on the night before.]

I MUST tell you that I had the honor of fighting under General Washington ; for I had been marched down to Trenton with a stout-hearted teamster named Judah Loring, from Braintree, Massachusetts, who, after our battle at Bunker Hill, had picked me up from the bottom of the works, and made himself my better half and commander-in-chief. Excuse a stately phrase ; but after the battle of Bunker Hill I never could screw up my muzzle to call any man master or owner again. We found only a few thousand men and muskets there, principally from Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys, with a few companies of New Englanders ; and a sturdier, steadier set of men than these last never breathed. They had enlisted for six months only, and their time was out ; but they never spoke of quitting the field.

It was now December, in the midst of snow and ice ; and not a foot among them that did not come bleeding to the frozen path as it trod. But night after night they relieved each other in mounting guard, though the provision chest was well nigh empty, and day after day they scoured the country for the chance of supplies, appearing to the enemy on half a dozen points in the course of the day ; making him think the provincials, as we were scornfully called, ten times as numerous as they really were. But alas ! I am old, I find, and lose the thread of my story. It was of Washington that I meant to speak.

Nobody could know General Washington that had not seen him, as we did, at that dark hour of the struggle. It seemed as if that man never slept. All day he was planning, directing, contriving; and all night long he would write, write, write, — letters to Congress, begging them to give him full powers, and all would go well; for he did not want power for himself, but only power to serve them; letters to the generals at the north, warning, comforting, and advising them; letters to his family and friends, bidding them look at him and do as he did; letters to influential men every where, entreating them to enlist men and money for the holy cause.

He never rested; and with the cold gray dawning, would order out his horse, and ride through and round the miserable tents, where we often slept under the bare heavens; and every heart was of bolder and better cheer as he passed. His look never changed. It was just the same steady face, whatever went on before it; whether he saw us provincials beaten back, or watched a thousand British regulars pile their arms after the victory at Trenton. He looked as he does in the great picture at Faneuil Hall. He stands there by his horse, just as I saw him before the passage of the Delaware, with the steady, serious, immovable look that puts difficulties out of countenance. It is the look of a man of sense and judgment, who has come to the determination to save the country, and means to transact that piece of business without fail.

I never saw that quiet, iron look change but once. I will tell you about it. It was one of those days after the battle of Trenton, when he tried to concentrate the troops scattered over the country, and bring them to bear upon the British in such a way as to show them that they could not keep their foothold.

Between Trenton and Princeton he ordered the assault. The Virginians were broken at the enemy's first charge, and could not be rallied a second time against the British bayonets. General Washington commanded, and threatened, and entreated in vain.

We of New England saw the crisis, marched rapidly up, and poured in our fire at the exact moment, Judah Loring and I in the very front. They could not stand the fire. Judah Loring loaded and I fired over and over again, till it seemed as if he and I were one creature. A musket, I should explain to you, feels nothing of itself, but only receives a double share of the nature that carries it. I felt *alive* that day. Judah was hot, but I was hotter; and before the cartridge box was empty, he pulled down his homespun blue and white frock sleeve over his wrists, and rested me upon it when he took aim. "She's so hot," says he, doubling his sleeve into his palm, "that I can't hold her; but I can't stop firing *now*." I met his wishes exactly, I knew by that word; for he always called every thing he liked *she*. The sun was *she*; so was his father's old London-made watch; so was the Continental Congress.

General Washington saw the whole: the enemy, driven back before our fire, could never be brought to look us in the face again. We held the ground; the Virginia troops rallied; General Washington took off his cocked hat, and lifted it high, like a finished gentleman as he was. "Hurrah!" he shouted; "God bless the New England troops! God bless the Massachusetts line."* And his steady face flamed and gave way like melting metal. Ah, what a set of men were those! I felt the firm trip-hammer beat of all their pulses through the whole fight; for we stood in line, shoulder to shoulder. They had more steel in their nerves and more iron in their blood than other men. Not a man cared a straw for his life, so he saved from wrong and bondage the lives of them that should come after him.

* This is all fact, related by one who was present.

XXX.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.

DIMOND.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay :

His hammock * swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise :
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall ;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
Joy quickens his pulse ; all his hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest —
“ O God, thou hast blessed me ; I ask for no more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now glares on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear ?

* *Hammock*, a kind of hanging bed suspended by hooks, on board ships.

'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky !
'Tis the ~~cracking~~ of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck ;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss ;
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy, sailor-boy, never again .
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem thy lost form from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid ;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye :
O sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul !

XXXI.—ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LOST! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the living rock,
 And graved in Paradise;
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
 In fashion's mazes wind,
 Where warbleth fashion's song
 Leaving a sting behind;
 Yet to my hand 'twas given
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robed choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
 I feel all search is vain;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again;
 I offer no reward,
 For though these heart-strings sever,
 I know that Heaven-intrusted gift
 Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land
 Like burning scroll have fled,
 I'll see it in His hand,
 Who judgeth quick and dead;

And when of waste and loss,
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,
 What shall it answer there?

XXXII.—SURGICAL OPERATION ON A BEAR.

THE CHARM.

CALIFORNIA is hardly more celebrated for its gold than for its bears, seeing that the grisly bear of the Rocky Mountains is the largest, the most powerful, and the most ferocious of the whole tribe. There, amidst the vast wilds, wooded plains, and tangled copses of bough and underwood, surrounding this range of mountains, he reigns as great a monarch as the lion of the sandy wastes of Africa. Though varying from every shade of gray to deep black, his fur, which is longer, finer, and more exuberant than others of his race, is always in some degree grizzled by an intermixture of long white hairs; whence the name of the species is derived.

Two out of the three young grisly bears in the Zoölogical * Gardens had lost their sight from cataract,† a disease to which bears are extremely subject. Their value was greatly diminished by this cause; and as they were remarkably fine specimens "of their people and nation," Mr. Mitchell, the secretary of the society, was exceedingly anxious that no means of cure should be left untried. Mr. White Cooper was prevailed on to perform the perilous operation, which could only be attempted with the all-powerful aid of chloroform.

To administer this was the first step; and that was no easy matter. The young bear was by no means willing to undergo

* *Zoology* is that branch of natural history which treats of the structure and habits of animals. The Zoological Gardens are a place in London where wild animals of all kinds are kept.

† *Cataract*, a disorder in the eye, in which the pupil is covered with a sort of film, obstructing the sight.

even a temporary separation from his brethren, who, safely immured within their sleeping den, scratched and tore at the door which divided them from their beloved brother, while he, in an agony of terror at this unwonted treatment, poured forth his soul in yells and roars of the most heart-rending description, in which chorus not only his distressed relatives most heartily joined, but every beast within hearing responded with the utmost power of voice with which nature had gifted them. The chetah,* in particular, was peculiarly affected, the odor of chloroform recalling to her remembrance the amputation of her own limb, under this same influence, not many months before; and she lifted up her voice in loud and prolonged tones of sympathy.

Like some bipeds of our acquaintance, Master Bruin cried out long before he was hurt; a strong leathern collar, with a chain attached, was buckled round his neck, and the chain having been passed round one of the front bars of the cage, two strong men proceeded to pull him up to it. It was this treatment which produced such loud and passionate expressions of grief. The juvenile patient was about the size of a young donkey, and his resistance was most determined, and for a good ten minutes he set their efforts at defiance; and ultimately it was only by the united strength of four men that he was placed in a position favorable to the application of chloroform.

Dr. Snow had undertaken the administration of this powerful agent, and he at first endeavored to hold a sponge to his nose; but this would not do; it was only by fairly tying it to his muzzle that this point could be attained. The dropping of the paws one after the other, the gradual cessation of his roaring and struggles, soon showed that the fluid had taken effect. No time was lost; the sponge was removed, his head laid on a plank just outside the door of his den, and, in less time than we can tell the tale, the cataracts were thoroughly destroyed, and the patient drawn again within the precincts of his cage.

* *Chetah*, a species of leopard.

For some minutes he remained in a state of insensibility, giving scarcely any evidence of life; but gradually recovering, his first effort was to leave the company who had assembled to witness the operation; and with staggering and uncertain steps he took his way into his sleeping apartment. By the afternoon he was so far recovered as to make a very hearty meal; and in the morning, when the door of his dormitory* was opened, he walked out with his eyes wide open, apparently facing the light without the least inconvenience or pain.

Ten days afterwards, the second bear underwent the same operation. He was not more magnanimous or strong-minded than his brother: six men were required to bring him forth; and from diluted chloroform's being used, he was never perfectly insensible. At the time, it was hoped that these operations had been successful, and that their sight would in time be restored; this, however, has not been the case; and it is but too evident that these fine young animals are totally blind.

XXXIII. — "BETTER RUB THAN RUST."

ELLIOTT.

IDLER, why lie down to die?

 Better rub than rust;

Hark! the lark sings in the sky —

 Die when die thou must.

Day is waking, leaves are shaking:

 Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want:

 Nought for nought is just.

Banish such a word as *can't*:

 Better rub than rust.

Bees are flying; sloth is dying:

 Better rub than rust.

* *Dormitory*, a sleeping room.

XXXIV.—MEMOIR OF BENJAMIN WEST.

BORN 1738, DIED 1820.

HAWTHORNE.

IN the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things. A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy. Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

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

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for, while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

“How beautiful she looks!” said Ben to himself. “What

a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and sheet of paper, and kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

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

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

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

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

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal flowers of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In these old times, the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo. Thus he now had three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

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

“Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail?”

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother’s scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush. This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful physiognomy. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr.

Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

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

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

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

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

XXXV.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

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

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

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it,

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

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for, all night long, his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness. In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day, and the next, he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

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

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

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

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

According to the ideas of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. Now, what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question; and, in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the preachers and wise men of their society. Accordingly, they all assembled in the meeting house, and discussed the matter from beginning to end.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed so evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business, that the Quakers resolved not to oppose his inclination. They even acknowledged that the sight of a beautiful picture might convey instruction to the mind, and might benefit the heart as much as a good book or a wise discourse. They therefore committed the youth to the direction of God, being well assured that he best knew what was his proper sphere of usefulness. The old men laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing, and the women kissed him affectionately. All consented that he should go forth into the world, and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors; he left all the places and persons whom he had hitherto known, and returned to them no more. He went first to Philadelphia, and afterwards to Europe. Here he was noticed by many great people, but retained all the sobriety and simplicity which he had learned among the Quakers.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London, and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time, he acquired great fame by his pictures, and was made chief painter to King George III., and president of the Royal Academy of Arts. When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as

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

But they approved of the great paintings in which he represented the miracles and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind. King George employed him to adorn a large and beautiful chapel at Windsor Castle with pictures of these sacred subjects. He likewise painted a magnificent picture of Christ Healing the Sick, which he gave to the hospital at Philadelphia. It was exhibited to the public, and produced so much profit, that the hospital was enlarged so as to accommodate thirty more patients. If Benjamin West had done no other good deed than this, yet it would have been enough to entitle him to an honorable remembrance forever. At this very day there are thirty poor people in the hospital who owe all their comforts to that same picture.

We shall mention only a single incident more. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it covered a vast space, and displayed a multitude of figures as large as life. On the wall, close beside this admirable picture, hung a small and faded landscape. It was the same that little Ben had painted in his father's garret after receiving the paint box and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820, at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations than that of a little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, into the most distinguished English painter of his day. Let us each make the best use of our natural abilities, as Benjamin West did; and, with the blessing of Providence, we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it is but little matter whether we acquire it or not.

XXXVI—THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

A PECULIAR race of people, known by the name of the North American Indians, occupied the territory of the United States, before it was visited and settled by Europeans. They were found in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and east and west of the mountains. They were distributed into a great variety of tribes, but in manners, customs, traits of character, and personal appearance were essentially alike. Their complexion was of a reddish brown, or copper color; their hair was black, glossy, coarse, and never curling: the eyes were hazel or black, the cheek bones prominent, the nose broad, and the forehead narrow. They were straight and well-formed; and it was very rare to find any one among them with any personal blemish or defect. They were very active, and capable of enduring great fatigue; but in muscular strength they were generally inferior to the whites.

They dwelt together in small settlements or villages. They had no written laws, and no courts of justice; but each man guarded his own honor and protected his own rights. In each tribe there were one or more men who were possessed of superior power and influence, and were regarded as chiefs, or rulers. Sometimes this rank resided in certain families, and was transmitted from father to son, or from uncle to nephew; but it often happened that an Indian became a chief solely from his personal qualities — from his bravery in war, or eloquence in council. In their war parties, especially, the most renowned warrior naturally took the lead.

The power of the chiefs, however, was limited. All matters of importance, especially such as related to war and peace, were discussed in public council, in which all the grown men of the tribe had a right to be present, and take part in the business of the meeting. A majority of voices decided the question. These debates were conducted with great order and decorum. The listeners sat in a semicircle on the ground,

gravely smoking their pipes, and giving their careful attention to the speaker. There was no interruption, no struggling of two persons for the right of being heard, and no rude and disturbing noise. The action of the Indian orator was energetic and expressive; his language was bold and figurative; and many among them have shown no mean powers of eloquence.

The occupations of the men were confined to war and hunting; all manual-labor was deemed degrading. The Indians were constantly engaged in war, but their wars were never carried on by great numbers at one time. It was very rare that more than forty warriors took the field together; and small parties of six, eight, or ten were common. They did not seek to meet their enemy in open day, and vanquish him in fair fight; but they preferred to take him by surprise. They would lie in ambush for days together, and then steal out upon their unsuspecting foes, and carry death and terror in their train. Captives taken in war were put to death by the most cruel torments; but they were sometimes adopted into the tribe of their captors, to take the place of a warrior who had fallen.

As is usual among savages, the hard labors of life devolved upon the women. The use of the axe or hoe was considered beneath the dignity of the male sex. It belonged to the women to plant the corn and gather the harvest; to make and mend garments and moccasins, to build huts, pitch tents, cut wood, tend horses and dogs; and on a march to carry the baggage.

The clothing of the Indians was made of skins of various animals, and they wore moccasins of soft leather upon their feet. They were very fond of ornaments, and took great pride in being showily dressed. Indeed, a young Indian chief would often spend more time in dressing and adorning himself than a young lady in preparing for a ball. The wings and feathers of birds, gayly colored shells, porcupine quills stained of different hues, and plates of silver were worn by them. The claws

of the grisly bear formed a proud collar for a war chief; and the scalp * of a slain enemy often hung from the stem of their pipes. They wore ornaments in their ears; and a piece of silver was often thrust through the nose. The custom of painting the face was universal. Blue and black paint was used; but red was the favorite color.

All the Indian tribes believed in one Supreme God, whom they called the Great Spirit, and in the immortality of the soul. They had many superstitions, attributing supernatural powers to all serpents, especially the rattlesnake, and paying religious honor to rocks, trees, and striking natural objects. They believed that all the lower animals have immortal souls as well as man; and, in short, that all nature is full of spirits. In many tribes, men had what they called medicine bags, which were filled with bones, feathers, and other rubbish. These bags they kept with great care. Most Indians held some particular animal in reverence, and would never kill it, or eat it when killed. They had great faith in dreams, and believed that the Great Spirit thus spoke to them.

The Indians had the virtues and the vices of savages; and they may be said to have occupied a rather high place on the scale of purely savage life. They were proud, cruel, indolent, and revengeful; but on the other hand, they were hospitable, faithful to their word, and not without domestic affections. Many attempts were made to form schools of Indian children, but they always failed; partly from the wild instinct of liberty that seemed to dwell in their blood, and partly because their parents would never allow them to be punished or corrected. A teacher would often gather a little tawny-colored flock around him, but, as one of them writes, "all of a sudden my birds flew away." In former times many of them entered Harvard College, but only one was ever graduated.† Many Indian men

* *Scalp*, a portion of skin, of a circular form, cut from the top of the head.

† His name appears in the catalogue as Caleb Cheeshah-teaumuck. He was graduated in 1665, and died the next year.

and women were converted to Christianity, and showed by their lives the sincerity of their faith.

There was one vice to which they were almost universally addicted; and that was a passion for ardent spirits, which, in their expressive language, they called fire-water. An Indian who had once drunk rum or whiskey seemed ever after to be possessed of a sort of madness; all his ordinary occupations appeared to have lost their former attraction, and every thing was sacrificed for the fatal poison. There were always wicked men among the whites to supply the Indian with intoxicating drinks; thus enriching themselves and stripping the poor red man of all he had. The use of ardent spirits has been one of the chief causes of the rapid extinction of the Indian race.

XXXVII. — HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

LONGFELLOW.

[This lesson and the next following are from the Song of Hiawatha, a poem founded upon an Indian tradition that a being of more than mortal powers was once sent among them to teach them the arts of peace.]

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees —
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
Saw the firefly swiftly glancing,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis * taught him.
“ Little fitting, white-fire insect,
Little dancing, white-fire creature,

* Nokomis is represented as the grandmother of Hiawatha, by whom he is brought up.

Light me with your little candle
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ; " —
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flocks and shadows on it ;
Whispered, " What is that Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered,
" Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
" Tis her body that you see there ; " —
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow ;
Whispered, " What is that Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered,
" ' Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
" What is that ? " he cried in terror ;
" What is that," he said, " Nokomis ? "
And the good Nokomis answered,
" That is but the owl and owlet,*
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

* *Owlet*, the young of the owl.

XXXVIII. — HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

LONGFELLOW.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.
Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper;
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper."
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the moon of leaves were singing;
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up, and said, "Behold me!"
And the tree, with all its branches,
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder;
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me.”
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework;
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me.”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red, and blue, and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,

All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

XXXIX.—CONFIDENCE REWARDED.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

ONE of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W., who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child, a fine boy about four years old. In this wild spot, Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians ; for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy.

Accordingly, he took every opportunity to secure their good will. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared well disposed. But there was one thing that troubled him : an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of about six miles, had not been to see him ; nor could he by any means ascertain the feelings and views of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message ; and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and the little boy. The interview that followed was deeply interesting. Upon its result the judge considered that his security might depend, and he was therefore very anxious to make a favorable impression on the chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country, to live on

terms of friendship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said, "Brother, you ask much, and promise much. I must have a pledge of your sincerity. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him back in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt deeper the pang that went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang from her seat, and rushing to the boy, who stood by the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and was about to flee from the room. A dark frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak. The judge knew better than his daughter, and delivered up the boy. The ensuing three days were spent in an agony of feeling by the mother, and Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gayly attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in moccasins; a fine beaver skin was over his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits; and so proud was he of his honors, that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting — too happy to be described.

"The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship." He was as good as his word; and Judge W. lived there many years, laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

XL. — AN INDIAN NARRATIVE.

[This interesting story is from *A Journey through Kansas*, by Rev. C. B. Boynton and T. B. Mason, published in Cincinnati, in 1855.]

THE mounds of the western prairies are among the most interesting features of the country. They are so regular in form that they are generally supposed to have been the work of human hands; but by whom they were reared, or for what purpose, is unknown.

A few years since, at the base of one of these mounds, there resided a chief, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, as well as of a pure and noble spirit. She had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was simple and beautiful; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle who had won her heart, but also to those whose suit she rejected. Among her unsuccessful suitors, one only so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he showed no desire for open violence.

Both these young men were brave, and both skilful in the use of weapons; but while the Young Eagle was of a frank and generous spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark, and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

The Indian customs did not permit the young couple to be much alone with each other; but they sometimes contrived to meet at twilight at the top of the mound, and spend there together a happy hour. Young Eagle was a favorite with his

tribe, except among the kinsmen of the Wolf; and among the whites, too, he had made many friends, one of whom had given him a Colt's revolver, the only one owned in the tribe. Delighted with this formidable weapon, he had made it a plaything till he became skilful in its use, and always wore it about him in addition to his other arms. This was a second cause of enmity, which the Wolf laid up in his heart. He seemed to be planning some dark scheme; but his secret, if he had one, was confided to no one. Bitter words sometimes passed between the young warriors, but nothing more; yet it was felt that at any time a sudden rousing of passion might end in bloodshed.

One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride; for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound is a naked rock, which, for thirty feet or more, is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot path; and by it a large, flat rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound.

On this rock Young Eagle sat down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him; and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's hold, the Young Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe; and then a desperate wrestle followed. The grasp of the Wolf was broken; and each, seizing his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right—the one his knife, the other his revolver.

In the struggle, the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in his belt; and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself, the revolver was at his breast, and a

bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the lifeless frame as it rolled heavily down.

The young girl, who was ascending the mound to meet her lover, heard these successive shots, and, knowing well from what source such rapid discharges alone could come, hastened on, and reached the summit just as the fight was over. She soon brought her family to the spot, and every circumstance of the transaction showed at once the dangerous position in which the Eagle was placed. There was no witness of the combat, and no means whatever of showing that he had slain the Wolf in self-defence.

The number of ball holes in the body seemed to bear evidence against him, and he knew that the friends of the Wolf would take advantage of every circumstance in order to procure his death as a murderer. He felt that death was certain if he submitted himself for trial, and therefore determined to defend himself as best he might, and await the result, as his only chance for life.

It is a law among the Indians that the shedding of blood may be rightfully avenged by the nearest kinsman of the slain, the murderer being allowed to defend himself as best he may. At the same time the friends of the deceased are at liberty to accept a ransom for the life that has been taken, and a compromise is often effected, and the affair settled.

The Young Eagle at once formed his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped, that, while he was himself concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire. He had, besides, two devoted and skilful allies, who, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood, the brother of the Wolf.

These allies were his bride, and a large, sagacious hound,

which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife; and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger, she watched, warned, and shielded him at all times with a vigilance that never failed.

XLI. — THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

IN vain the brother of the Wolf surveyed from afar this fortress of the Eagle. It was evident that long before he could reach a point from which the young warrior could be seen, he would himself be within the range of his rifle, without a cover of any kind. Often, by night, he attempted to ascend the mound; but scarcely could he put his foot upon its base before the dog of the Eagle would give his master the alarm, and then to approach would only be to go to his own death. It was known that the Young Eagle's food could be brought to him by no one but his wife; but no one saw her form, or heard her footsteps on the mound.

The brother of the Wolf knew well that the Eagle's wife must supply him with food, and determined, if possible, to entrap him. He therefore studied and imitated her gait, and carefully observed her dress; and when he felt that he was perfect in his part, he arrayed himself one evening in a dress the exact counterpart of hers, with knife and tomahawk concealed beneath, and bearing some food openly before him, took, just at twilight, the common path up the mound, where he knew the mere sound of footsteps would be less likely to alarm the dog or his master; and he hoped to approach so near without suspicion, that he might by a sudden rush secure his victim.

His plan was skilfully executed. He imitated well the light

step of Eagle's wife ; the approaching form was one familiar to the dog, and he had not caught the scent. He wagged his tail, and he lay with his eye fixed, as if he would soon bound forward with a welcome. The Eagle addressed his supposed wife in gentle tones, and bade her hasten. The avenger of blood was within ten feet of his intended victim, and thought that all was gained ; when the dog, with one yell and one bound, threw himself upon him, and bore him to the earth, with his jaws grappled to his throat.

Entangled by the female dress, and throttled by the hound, he could not draw his knife ; and the Eagle, who understood the scene at a glance, deprived him of his weapons while held by the dog, and then pinioned his arms. " Now go to your friends," said the young warrior ; " I crave not your blood. Your brother sought my life on this very spot, and I slew him, but only to save my own. But stay ; you shall go home as a warrior should. You have shown some skill in this." He then cut the pinions from his arms, and gave him back his weapons. They were taken in silence, and the humbled, yet grateful foe withdrew.

Three months thus had passed away, and negotiations were opened for a ransom. The friends in such a case agree first to treat, but do not engage to accept what may be offered for life. This is to be decided only on a spot appointed for the ceremony, and with the shedder of blood unarmed, completely in their power, and bound by the law to make no resistance. When the parties are present, and the proposed ransom is offered, it is considered by the friends of the slain man, and if accepted all is settled ; but if not, they have the right to slay the murderer on the spot, without resistance from him or his friends.

In this case the friends of the Wolf agreed to consider a ransom, and Young Eagle consented to abide the issue, he and his friends hoping that the sparing of the brother's life might have some influence in the decision. Besides, it was now generally believed in the tribe that the Wolf had been the aggressor.

At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space, with hundreds present to witness the scene. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, and by his side a large knife was laid down, with which he was to be slain if the ransom were not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad rather than revengeful.

A red blanket was now produced, and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next a blanket all of blue was laid over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more. Last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that every where, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of the Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He looked at them a moment in silence, and then his glance wandered to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes, imploringly, full upon the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand towards the knife when he met that look. He paused; his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and a tear moistened his eye. "Father," said the brother, "he spared my life." The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said; "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

The feud was completely healed. All were at last convinced that the Eagle was not a murderer; the ransom itself

was presented to his wife as a gift, and he and the avenger of blood lived afterwards as friends and brothers.

XLII. — THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

SOUDREY.

[The cataract of Lodore is near the lake of Derwentwater, in the county of Cumberland, England.]

“How does the water
 Come down at Lodore?”
 My little boy asked me
 Thus once on a time ;
 And moreover he asked me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon, at the word,
 There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time
 They had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store ;
 And 'twas in my vocation,
 For their recreation,
 That so I should sing ;
 Because I was laureate *

* This piece was written in 1820, at which time Southey was poet laureate. This is an office, with a small salary attached to it, bestowed by the kings or queens of England upon some one of their subjects who has given proof of poetical power. The poet laureate was formerly expected to write odes and poems on the king's birthday, and other public occasions ; but such services

To them and the king.
 From its sources which well
 In the tarn * on the fell, †
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps
 For a while till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter skelter,
 Hurry skurry.
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among;

are not now required, and the office is merely a compliment to literary merit. Tennyson is now (1857) poet laureate.

* *Tarn*, a mountain lake.

† *Fell*, a barren hill.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound ;
Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinnning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And gurgling and struggling,

And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and wrapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, —
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

XLIII. — FIDELITY.

WORDSWORTH.

[In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman named Charles Gough attempted to cross Helvellyn, a mountain in the northern part of England. It was just after a fall of snow had concealed the path, and rendered it dangerous. He perished in the attempt; but it could not be ascertained whether he was killed by a fall from a precipice or had died from hunger. Three months elapsed before the body was found, attended by a faithful dog, which he had with him at the time of the accident. Sir Walter Scott wrote a poem on the same circumstance.]

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox;
 He halts, and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks;
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy,
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry.
 Nor is there any one in sight,
 All round, in hollow or on height;
 Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear;
 What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps till June December's snow;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below,
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes ; the cloud ;
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past ;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may ;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen — that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear ;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell :
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry —
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
 When this ill-fated traveller died,
 The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side ;
 How nourished here through such long time,
 He knows who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling great
 Above all human estimate.

XLIV.—FEMALE HEROISM.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

UPON the banks of the River Elkhorn, in the State of Kentucky, there was once a stockade fort * to which the settlers from the adjacent country frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers † against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade ‡ white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the west. The enemy met together at the forks § of the Scioto, and planned their attack in the deep forests, a hundred miles away from the scene where it was made.

The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when in a moment a thousand rifles gleamed in the cornfields one summer's night. That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested. It was a fearful moment: an hour earlier, and the pioneers would have been cut off; an hour later, and their defenceless wives and daughters must have been butchered or carried into captivity, while their

* *Stockade fort*, a fort defended by a line of posts, or stakes, set in the earth.

† *Pioneer*, one who goes first into a new country.

‡ *Renegade*, an expression applied to a white man who had joined the Indians and adopted their manners and customs.

§ *Fork*, the point where two streams unite to form a third.

natural protectors were hurrying to the rescue of others. The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not propitious to them; and having failed in surprising the Kentuckians, they attempted to decoy them from their fastness,* by presenting themselves in small parties before it.

The whites were too wise to risk a battle, but they knew not how to stand a siege. The fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water. They were aware that the attacking party knew this; they were aware, too, that their real force lay in ambush near a neighboring spring, with the hope of cutting off those who should come to remedy the deficiency,

But the sagacity of a backwoodsman is sometimes more than a match for the cunning of an Indian; and the heroism of a woman may baffle the address of a warrior. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring. But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder expedient; woman's fortitude never carried one more hazardous into successful execution. They reasoned thus: the water must be had: the women are in the habit of going for it every morning. If armed men now take that duty upon them, the Indians will think that their ambuscade is discovered, and instantly commence their assault. If the women draw the water as usual, the Indians will not unmask their concealed force, but still persevere in attempting to decoy the defenders of the station outside of its pickets.

The feint succeeded. The random shots of the decoy party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they apprehended no enemy in that quarter. Could any thing be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors. The slightest alarm will betray them; if they show any

* *Fastness*, a strong or protected place.

consciousness of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable. But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other till each fills her bucket in succession. The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movement soon becomes more agitated; it is at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the screams of the wounded Indians around the spring, told that they were safe, and spoke the triumph of their friends. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert, and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women. The Indians were foiled; they withdrew their forces; but on counting the number of their slain, they burned with vengeance, and rallied once more to the fight. They were again and again repulsed. Assistance at last came to the pioneers, and the savages were compelled to retreat to their wildwood haunts once more.

XLV.—ON PRESENCE OF MIND.

ALTERED FROM EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Eliza. Mother, what is presence of mind?

Mrs. F. It is that steady possession of ourselves, in cases of alarm, that prevents us from being flurried and frightened. You have heard the expression of having all our wits about us. This is the effect of presence of mind, and a most inestimable quality it is; for without it we are quite as likely to run into danger as to avoid it. Do you not remember hearing of your cousin Mary's cap taking fire in the candle?

E. O, yes, very well.

Mrs. F. The maid, as soon as she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room; and Mary might have been burned to death for any assistance she could give her.

E. How foolish that was!

Mrs. F. Yes; the girl had not the least presence of mind, and in consequence thereof, lost all recollection, and became entirely useless. But as soon as your aunt came up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off; so she snatched a quilt from the bed, and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E. Mary was a good deal burned, though.

Mrs. F. Yes, but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done, except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames bursting into her chamber. She flew to the staircase; and in her confusion, instead of going up stairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made way through the fire into the street. When there, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind; but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E. What a sad thing!

Mrs. F. Sad indeed! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber floor. Her husband would immediately have opened the door; but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them. The children slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together the sheets and blankets, she let down the children one by one. Last of all, she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E. What a happy escape!

Mrs. F. Yes; and with what cool self-possession it was managed! For mothers to love their children, and be willing

to run any hazards for them, is common ; but love alone will not prompt what should be done in moments of danger and alarm. A lady, once, seeing her little boy climb up a high ladder, set up a violent scream, that frightened the child, so that he fell down, and was much hurt ; whereas, if she had possessed command enough over herself to speak to him gently, he might have got down safely.

E. I am afraid I should do the same, if I should see one of my little brothers on a high ladder.

Mrs. F. Then you would not be doing a wise thing. The occasions which most try one's presence of mind are those in which the danger presses upon others as well as upon ourselves. Suppose a furious bull were to come upon you in the midst of a field. You could not possibly escape him by running, and attempting it would destroy your only chance of safety.

E. What would that be ?

Mrs. F. I have a story for that too. The mother of that Mr. Day who wrote Sanford and Merton was distinguished, as he also was, for courage and presence of mind. When a young woman, she was one day walking in the fields with a companion, when they perceived a bull coming towards them, roaring and tossing about his horns in the most tremendous manner.

E. O, how I should have screamed !

Mrs. F. I dare say you would ; and so did her companion. But she bade her walk away behind her as quietly as she could, while she herself stopped short, and faced the bull, eying him with a determined countenance. The bull, when he had come near, stopped also, pawing the ground and roaring. Few animals will attack one who steadily waits for them. In a few moments, she drew back some steps, still facing the bull. The bull followed ; she stopped, and then he stopped. In this manner, she made good her retreat to the stile* over which her companion had before got. She then turned and sprang over it, and got out of danger.

* *Stile*, a set of steps by which a hedge or fence is passed over.

E. That was bravely done, indeed! But I think very few women would have done as much.

Mrs. F. Such a degree of cool resolution, to be sure, is not common. But I have heard of a lady in the East Indies who showed at least as much. She was sitting out of doors with a party of pleasure, when they were aware of a huge tiger that had crept through a hedge near them, and was just ready to make his fatal spring. They were struck with the utmost consternation; but she, with an umbrella in her hand, turned to the tiger, and suddenly spread it full in his face. This unusual assault so terrified the beast, that, taking a prodigious leap, he sprang over the fence, and plunged out of sight into the neighboring thicket.

E. Well, that was the boldest thing I ever heard of.

Mrs. F. I can tell you of still another instance of courage and presence of mind shown by a lady, the great-grandmother of Miss Edgeworth, whose stories you are so fond of reading. She was living in Ireland, and once had occasion to go, at night, to a garret at the top of the house, for some gunpowder, which was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle, without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half way down stairs again, she observed that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it. The girl recollected and answered that she had left it sticking in the barrel of black salt! Lady Edgeworth bade her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was; found the candle as the girl had described; took it carefully out; and when she had reached the bottom of the stairs, fell on her knees, and thanked God for their deliverance.

E. I am afraid I could not have done what either of these ladies did.

Mrs. F. You are not likely, my dear child, to meet a tiger, or live in a house where a barrel of gunpowder is kept; but

in every one's life there are occasions in which presence of mind is important, and I hope you will always be able to meet them.

XLVL—A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

J. R. CHANDLER.

I FOLLOWED into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, — not more than a dozen, — who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased.

I gathered with them round the grave; and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little boy had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and turning to the child, he added, —

“She is not to remain in this grave forever. As true as the grass, which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother rise from that grave to another life — a life of happiness, I hope.”

The attendants then shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and, seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves, for some time, reading the names of the dead; when, recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends.

To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all memorials for a mother's sepulchre ; little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth, with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place. It was long before I could induce him to remain ; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence until I told him I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of this grave," said William.

"I did."

"It is true — is it not ?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it!" said the child ; "believe it! I thought you knew it. I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear ?"

"The minister said that, as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterwards, and planted flower seeds on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago ; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too. See them breaking through the ground. By and by mother will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy ; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated. "But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis: "here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked round, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper ! What mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son bending, tearful, but hoping, over her grave ?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise;" and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mother is not coming back to me, — if she is not to come up here, — what shall I do? I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture; "you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William; "let me go, that I may rise with mother."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which was sown there would not have come up if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then shall I see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child; "but I thought I should see her soon; I thought I should meet her here."

In a month, William ceased to wait. He died, and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers. It was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all the labors and hopes of happiness, short of heaven, are profitless and vain.

XLVII. — NEVER GIVE UP.

TUPPER.

NEVER give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give up ! or the burden may sink you ;
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup ;
 And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, " Never give up."

Never give up ! There are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;
 And, through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
 Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true watchword of, " Never give up !"

Never give up ! Though the grape shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder cloud over you burst,
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up ! If adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;
 And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
 Is the stout watchword of, " Never give up !"

XLVIII. — THE DEATH OF WYCKLIFFE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This lesson is taken from a poem called *Rocheby*, the scene of which is laid in England, in the year 1644, when the country was torn by a civil war between the king and the Parliament. Oswald Wyckliffe is represented as a designing villain, and Bertram Risingham as a lawless ruffian. They had been partners in guilt ; but Oswald had offended Bertram, who had vowed vengeance in consequence. Oswald was on the side of the Parliament, which was successful. Some prisoners had been intrusted to him, whom he has prepared to put to death on account of a false charge of treachery and breach of their word. For that purpose a scaffold had been reared in a dismantled church, and the prisoners brought there.]

THE outmost crowd have heard a sound
 Like horse's hoof on hardened ground ;

Nearer it came, and yet more near ;
 The very deathsmen * paused to hear.
 'Tis in the churchyard now — the tread
 Hath waked the dwelling of the dead !
 Fresh sod and old sepulchral stone
 Return the tramp in varied tone.
 All eyes upon the gateway hung,
 When through the Gothic arch there sprung
 A horseman armed, at headlong speed ;
 Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
 Fire from the flinty hoof was spurned,
 The vaults unwonted clang returned.
 One instant's glance around he threw,
 From saddle-bow his pistol drew.
 Grimly determined was his look ;
 His charger with the spur he strook,
 All scattered backward as he came,
 For all knew Bertram Risingham.
 Three bounds that noble courser gave :
 The first has reached the central nave, †
 The second cleared the chancel ‡ wide,
 The third — he was at Wyckliffe's side.
 Full levelled at the baron's head
 Rang the report — the bullet sped —
 And to his long account, and last,
 Without a groan, dark Oswald passed.
 All was so quick that it might seem
 A flash of lightning, or a dream.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
 Bertram his ready charger wheels ;
 But floundered on the pavement floor
 The steed, and down the rider bore,

* *Deathsmen*, executioners.

† *Nave*, the central aisle or body of the church.

‡ *Chancel*, the space in front of the altar, at the head of the central aisle.

And bursting in the headlong sway,
 The faithless saddle girths gave way.
 'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
 And with the rein to raise the steed,
 That from amazement's iron trance
 All Wyckliffe's soldiers waked at once.
 Sword, halberd,* musket but, their blows
 Hailed † upon Bertram as he rose ;
 A score of pikes, with each a wound,
 Bore down and pinned him to the ground ;
 But still his struggling force he rears
 'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears ;
 Thrice from assailants shook him free,
 Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.
 By tenfold odds oppressed at length,
 Despite his struggles and his strength,
 He took a hundred mortal wounds
 As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds ;
 And when he died, his parting groan
 Had more of laughter than of moan.
 They gazed as when a lion dies,
 And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
 And bend their weapons on the slain,
 Lest the grim king should rouse again.
 Then blow and insult some renewed,
 And from the trunk the head had hewed,
 But Basil's ‡ voice the deed forbade ;
 A mantle o'er the corse he laid :
 " Fell § as he was in act and mind,
 He left no bolder heart behind :
 Then give him, for a soldier meet,
 A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

* *Halberd*, a weapon consisting of a pole, with a cross piece of steel at the head.

† *Hailed*, fell like hail.

‡ *Basil* was a servant of Oswald.

§ *Fell*, cruel.

XLIX.—REDMOND AND MATILDA.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This lesson is also from the poem of Rokeby. Redmond, when a young child, had been brought to the castle of Sir Richard Rokeby by an Irish guide, who had been attacked by robbers in a neighboring wood, and mortally wounded; living only long enough to deposit his infant charge in Sir Richard's hands. Redmond turns out to be the son of an English nobleman; and the poem ends with his happy marriage to his early playmate, Matilda.]

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
 When next the summer breeze comes by,
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
 Won by their care, the orphan child
 Soon on his new protector smiled,
 With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
 Through his thick curls of flaxen hair ;
 But blithest * laughed that cheek and eye,
 When Rokeby's little maid was nigh ;
 'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,
 Matilda's tottering step to guide ;
 His native lays, in Irish tongue,
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,
 And primrose twined with daisy fair
 To form a chaplet for her hair.
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,
 The children still were hand in hand,
 And good Sir Richard smiling eyed
 The early knot so kindly tied.

But summer months bring wilding † shoot
 From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit,
 And years drawn on our human span
 From child to boy, from boy to man,
 And soon in Rokeby's wood is seen
 A gallant boy in hunter's green.

* *Blithest*, merriest.† *Wilding*, a species of apple.

He loves to wake the savage boar
 In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,
 And loves, against the deer so dun,
 To draw the shaft or lift the gun ;
 Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,
 The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
 And down its clustered stores to hail,
 Where young Matilda holds her veil.
 And she, whose veil receives the shower,
 Is altered too, and knows her power ;
 Assumes a monitress's pride
 Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide ;
 Yet listens still to hear him tell
 How the grim wild boar fought and fell ;
 How at his fall the bugle rung,
 Till rock and greenwood answer flung ;
 Then blesses her that man can find
 A pastime of such savage kind !

But Redmond knew to weave his tale
 So well with praise of wood and dale,
 And knew so well each point to trace,
 Gives living interest to the chase,*
 And knew so well o'er all to throw
 His spirit's wild, romantic glow,
 That, while she blamed, and while she feared,
 She loved each venturous tale she heard.
 Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
 To bower † and hall their steps restrain,
 Together they explored the page
 Of glowing bard or gifted sage ;

* In these four lines there occur two instances of those ellipses, or omissions, which are tolerated in poetry. After *knew*, in the first line, *how* should be added, to complete the sense ; and *that*, at the end of the third. But though allowed, these ellipses should be sparingly introduced ; and correct writers do not often use them.

† *Bower*, chamber, or room.

Of, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lovely lay
Bade winter night flit fast away.

L.—THE CONVERTED MISER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONCE, in the city of Paris, a party of ladies and gentlemen were discussing the question whether it was possible to overcome a defect, or cure a fault, implanted by nature. One of the ladies maintained the negative with great spirit, saying, "We remain what we were made at first—cold or ardent, grave or gay. Who ever saw an aspiring man cured of his ambition, or a converted miser?"

"You ask for a converted miser," said a gentleman who was present; "there is one among us at this moment, and I am he." The speaker was a popular dramatic author, noted for his generosity. "What! you a miser?" said some of those who heard him; "nonsense! it is impossible." "Not so," answered he calmly; "I speak but the truth. I *was* a miser, though now thoroughly cured, I hope." "And what cured you," returned one of the auditors. "Listen, and I will tell you," answered he; "it was an infant's tear." All present crowded round him immediately, and heard from his lips the following story.

"The incidents I am about to relate occurred many years ago. I had just brought out a very successful play. I received two letters at the same time—one from the manager of the Marseilles theatre, informing me that he was anxious to bring out my new piece there, but wished me to be present, to superintend the arrangements, offering me any terms I would name. The other was also from Marseilles, and was in these terms: 'Sir, the wife and daughter of your brother are

dying of want. Some hundreds of francs* would save them; and I pray you to come to them, and make provision for their urgent needs.' This letter was signed by Dr. Lambert, of Marseilles.

"My brother was a sailor, and had been lost at sea. He had married a good and pretty girl, whom he tenderly loved; but I had strongly opposed the match because she was poor. I had even written to him, before his marriage, advising him to break off the connection. My sister-in-law was a woman of spirit, and was justly indignant at my conduct. When she lost her husband, and became very poor, she was naturally reluctant to apply to me for aid. But the thought of her child's being thrown helpless upon the world made her at length disclose her connection with me to the benevolent medical man who attended her. The result was the letter I have alluded to.

"I accepted the manager's offer, and went to Marseilles. The first person I saw there was the physician who had written to me. He was waiting for me at the principal hotel. He thanked me warmly for coming so quickly in reply to his letter. My heart smote me, but I could not tell him that it was the manager's letter, and not his, that had brought me. But instead of going straight to the theatre, as I had intended, I walked with the doctor to my sister-in-law's.

"I found her in a dark and comfortless room. Near the bed of the poor sufferer stood an object which drew my first attention. This was her little girl, with large black eyes, beautiful curling locks, and a countenance finely formed and intelligent, though wearing a grave and pensive expression. How interesting she seemed to me!

"I felt, at first, as if I could have taken her fondly to my arms; but sordid avarice suddenly interposed, and struck me with the thought that, if I allowed myself to be moved, I must burden myself with new and heavy duties, which might press on me for life. I involuntarily shrank back at this base sug-

*Franc, a silver coin worth about nineteen cents.

gestion of my hard heart. The physician saw the movement, and, good man as he was, he ascribed it to pity. 'The sight of this misery touches you,' said he; 'but the physician must look closely into the ills which he would cure. It is you who must be the physician here. Come nigh your poor relative.'

"When my sister-in-law noticed my approach, she made an effort to raise herself. There was upon her faded countenance a mixture of sadness and pride, which told me plainly it had cost her much to apply to me. She descended to no humiliating entreaty, but, raising her finger, which trembled with weakness and emotion, she pointed to her little girl, and said, in low, touching tones, 'See that sweet angel, that gift of Heaven! She will soon have no mother!'"

LL.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

"EQUALLY true and disgraceful it is that this appeal did not counteract or wipe away the miserly fears which had beset me. I answered, even in cold tones, 'Why entertain such fears? You are young; you have a good physician; you need not despair.' Any other man would have added, 'You have a brother-in-law, too, who will give you every comfort in his power.' I added no such words. My only thought was how to escape from the threatened burden in the easiest manner.

"Meanwhile the little girl had been gazing on me with eyes which seemed to indicate that even she felt the want of cordiality in the relative who had come to her mother's side. At length, while I stood in my uneasy uncertainty, she came close to me, and said, 'Sit down upon the bed, for you are too tall to let me kiss you if you stand.' I sat down, and the child climbed upon my knee. Her mother closed her eyes, and lifted up her hands, as if praying in aid of the child's possible influence.

"Alas! feeling that my danger increased, I but hardened

my heart the more, and clung more closely to the idol that I worshipped. My brow even gathered into a frown as I gazed upon the child. She, however, was not deterred from kissing me. "Will you be my father?" said she: "I shall love you well. How like you are to him! He was good, very good: are you good also?" The touching grace of this infantile appeal cannot be described. I felt its influence, and it moved me—to what?—to untwine the arms of the child rudely from my neck, and set her down upon the floor.

"The effect of this repulse upon her was striking and instantaneous. She cast upon me a glance in which surprise, disappointment, and fear were mingled, and a tear, gathering in her beautiful eye, rolled slowly down her cheek. Her silent sorrow did what her endearments had utterly failed to do. A sudden revolution took place in my feelings. As by an enchanter's wand, the hateful aspect of my avarice and self-love was revealed to me. I shuddered at the sight, and, yielding to the better feeling awakened, I hastily took up the child, and exclaimed, laying my hand upon her head, 'Before Heaven and thy mother, I promise to be a father to thee, and never was child more tenderly cherished than I will cherish thee!'

"Ah, had you seen the mother when these words were uttered! Such an excitement was produced, that the physician and myself were alarmed for her life. But joy seldom kills. 'Brother! brother!' murmured she, as soon as she was able to speak, 'I had done you wrong.' It may be guessed that such a confession could only give me pain. I hastened to check the flow of grateful feeling which I did not deserve, by addressing myself to the medical man on the subject of my sister-in-law's removal to a better dwelling. He readily undertook to look out for such a place, which I could not well do, being a stranger in Marseilles.

"For three months after that period, I occupied a delightful cottage near Marseilles, with my sister-in-law and her child. To the former these months were months of unalloyed peace,

though, in spite of all care, she slowly sank into the grave. To me that period was a memorable one. The alteration in my sentiments being confirmed by the happiness I tasted from the hour of the change, I became a new being. When my sister-in-law died, my niece was left, of course, with me. Since that time she has never been from my side. Her joys have been my joys, and her life has been a part of mine. And I owe her so much ! That tear of hers — precious pearl gathered by my heart — has been to it what the dew-drop of morn is to the unopened flower, expanding it for the entire day of existence.”

LII. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

THE EAGLE. — *Street.*

WITH storm-daring pennon and sun-gazing eye,
 The gray forest eagle is king of the sky.
 O, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
 Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours ;
 For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees
 Only rippling of waters and waving of trees ;
 There the red robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,
 The timid quail whistles, the sly partridge drums ;
 And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,
 There's a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song ;
 The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,
 And there's nought but his shadow black gliding across.

MAY. — *Scott.*

'Tis merry in greenwood, — thus runs the old lay, —
 In the gladsome month of lively May,
 When the wild bird's song, on stem and spray,
 Invites to forest bower ;

Then rears the ash his airy crest,
 Then shines the birch in silver vest,
 And the beech in glittering leaves is dressed,
 And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
 Like a chieftain's frowning tower :
 Though a thousand branches join their screen,
 Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
 And tip the leaves with lighter green,
 With lighter tints the flower ;
 Dull is the heart that loves not then
 The deep recess of the wild-wood glen,
 Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
 When the sun is in his power.

LOVE OF COUNTRY. — *Scott.*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish may claim, —
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from which he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SABBATH MORNING. — *Grahame.*

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed

The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear; the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
 The voice of psalms, the simple voice of praise.

DANGER AND HONOR.—*Shakspeare.*

Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honor cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

A DEW-DROP.—*Trench.*

A dew-drop, falling on the wild sea wave,
 Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Into a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
 And, happy now, the grace did magnify
 Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;
 Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
 Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
 O unbelieving! so it came to gleam
 Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

VILLAGE BELLS. — *Cowper.*

How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where memory slept.

FIELD FLOWERS. — *Campbell.*

Ye field flowers, the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true;
 Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of birchen glades breathing their balm;
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep, mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
 Made music that sweetened the calm.

TRIFLES. — *Miss Hannah More.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from trifles springs, —
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can serve or save, but all may please, —
 O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.
 Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

LIII.—THE PIRATE AND THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

AUDUBON.

THE impressions made on the mind in youth are frequently stronger than those at a more advanced period of life, and are generally retained. My father often told me that when yet a child, my first attempt at drawing was from a preserved specimen of a dove; and he many times repeated to me that birds of this kind are usually remarkable for the gentleness of their disposition, and that the manner in which they show their natural affection, and feed their offspring, was undoubtedly intended, in part, to teach other beings a lesson of connubial and parental attachment. Be this as it may, I have always been fond of doves. The timidity and anxiety which they all manifest on being disturbed during incubation, and the continuance of their mutual attachment for years, are distinguishing traits in their character. Who can approach a sitting dove, hear its notes of remonstrance, or feel the feeble blows of its wings, without being sensible that he is committing a wrong act?

The cooing of the Zenaida dove is so peculiar that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, "What bird is that?" A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known key,* which must here be nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel.

He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coasts.

So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, — the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, — that through these plaintive

* *Key*, a strip, or island, of sand.

notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be "the noblest work of God" — an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him compared with the danger of living in violation of human and divine laws, and he dwells in peace in the midst of his friends.

LIV. — THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs;
 And when the eighth came round, and called him out
 To gambol in the sun, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die:
 'Twas night — he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest: —

"Mother, I'm dying now —
 The deep suffocation in my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
 And on my brow

"I feel the cold sweat stand;
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
 Comes feebly up. O, tell me, is this death?
 Mother, your hand —

"Here — lay it on my wrist,
 And place the other thus, beneath my head
 And say, sweet mother — say, when I am dead,
 Shall I be missed?

“ Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me ?

“ O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet —
You'll miss me there.

“ Father, I'm going home —
To the good home you speak of, that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

“ I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free —
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again.

“ Brother, the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We've staid to watch the budding leaves and flowers,
Forget it not.

“ Plant there some box or pine —
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

“ Sister, my young rose tree,
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

“ And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away — my short life done ;

But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

“Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night. I'm weary, and must sleep.
Who was it called my name? Nay, do not weep;
You'll all come soon!”

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring.
He breathed it not!—The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But did not stir his slumbers — he was dead.

LV. — TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

No boy or girl needs to be told that lying is an odious vice, which all good men abhor, and which God looks upon with the sternest displeasure. But all of them are not aware that there are many kinds of falsehood, which are not the signs of a depraved nature, and which often flow from thoughtlessness and carelessness, but which are not right and proper. Many men and women, and many boys and girls, who would on no account tell a deliberate falsehood, will say things and do things which are really untrue, and therefore morally wrong. The customs of society tolerate forms of untruth, which no one can yield to without the reproach of a good conscience. Lies are, in common speech, divided into black lies and white lies; the latter being those slight departures from truth which many persons think of little consequence.

A boy who should come late to school because he had

stopped to play, and should excuse himself by saying that his mother had sent him on an errand, would be telling a black lie; and none but a wicked boy would do this. But one who should carry to his teacher a sum which another boy had done for him, and should claim the merit of it as his own, would be guilty of deception, or, in other words, would be telling a white lie. So a boy who, in reciting, should answer from another's prompting, would be committing the same kind of fault.

Many boys and girls are in the habit of violating truth by speaking in extravagant terms of what they have seen. They use such expressions as *splendid*, *tremendous*, *glorious*, *magnificent*, *superb*, when words of a simpler meaning should be employed. They do this from a wish to create surprise in the hearer. "Father," said a boy one day, "I saw an immense number of dogs in our street last night; five hundred, I am sure." "Surely not so many?" said his father. "Well, there were one hundred, I am quite sure." "It could not be," said the father; "I don't think there are a hundred dogs in the village." "Well, it could not be less than ten; this I am quite certain of." "I will not believe you saw even ten," said the father, "for you spoke as confidently of seeing five hundred as of seeing this smaller number. You have contradicted yourself twice already, and now I cannot believe you." "Well, father," said the disconcerted boy, "I saw at least our Dash and another one." This is an example of erroneous reporting through eagerness to make out a wonderful case.

Many persons are in the habit of violating the truth from a mistaken sense of good nature, and a wish to give pleasure to their friends. Thus young ladies are often praised for their singing, or playing, or drawing, when they do not deserve it, because their friends wish to gratify them or their parents. It is obvious that the effect of this false praise is to prevent all solid improvement. • If a man of musical knowledge were to say to a young lady, in a kind manner, that the song she had just sung was too difficult for her at present, but that by

study and practice she would in time learn to execute it well, he would be doing her a far greater service than if he had praised her for an imperfect performance; and if she were a young lady of good sense, she would be grateful to him for his frankness.

Ladies sometimes ask their friends whether they are looking well or not, or whether they are becomingly dressed; and their friends, from a wish to please, or a reluctance to give pain, will tell them that they are looking charmingly, or that their dress is in the most perfect taste, though the reverse is the fact. It is far better to speak the truth with gentle firmness; for a friend who will take offence at this is not worth the keeping.

Some persons, too, receive their visitors with a great show of cordiality, and say they are delighted to see them, when their visits are really an annoyance; and, worse still, they will express this feeling, and ridicule their acquaintances, as soon as their backs are turned; and this, perhaps, in the presence of their children, whose tender hearts are thus infected with the poison of falsehood. This is very wrong. Politeness requires us to treat every one with civility, and to avoid giving pain; but it does not command us to show a cordiality we do not feel.

A mechanic who promises to complete a piece of work at a certain time, when he has every reason to believe that he will not be able to do so, tells a white lie. This, we are sorry to say, is a very common fault in our country; though it comes more from thoughtlessness and carelessness than from any intention to deceive. No man should ever make a promise which he knows he cannot keep; and there is no more sure element of success in life than a faithful adherence to one's engagements. What a praise it is to a man to have it said of him that his word is as good as his bond!

Nothing is more noble than an adherence to truth under trying circumstances. Many years ago, in Scotland, a young woman was tried for a crime the punishment of which was

death. Her sister, whose name was Helen Walker, might have saved her life, if she had been willing to swear to a false statement. This she would not do; but as soon as her sister was condemned, she proceeded on foot to London, being too poor to travel in any other way, and there obtained her pardon from the queen. Sir Walter Scott heard of this story, and made it the foundation of his beautiful novel of the Heart of Mid Lothian, and of his admirable character of Jeanie Deans. He sought out the grave of Helen Walker, and caused a handsome monument to be erected over it, setting forth her virtues. Every one must share in the admiration this great and good man felt for this heroine in humble life.

Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the Miss Edgeworth who wrote such charming books for children, at the close of a long life recorded these words in a book which he published: "To speak the truth without harshness is, in my opinion, the most certain way to succeed in every honorable pursuit." May our young readers resolve to make "truth without harshness" the guide of their lives!

LVI.—PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

[The Highland clans residing in the north of Scotland were formerly much engaged in wars against each other, and one clan would frequently march in great force to attack another. In those days every man was a fighting man. This piece of poetry expresses the sentiments and motives with which they set out on such warlike expeditions. This state of things has long since ceased.]

The word *pibroch* means a warlike tune played on a bagpipe. *Dhu* means black, or swarthy, and was a name applied to the composer of the tune, on account of his complexion. This *pibroch* is supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, landed from the Hebrides, and defeated the Earls of Mar and Caithness at Inverlochy, in Inverness-shire.]

PIBROCH * of Donald Dhu,
Pibroch of Donald,
Wake thy wild voice anew;
Summon clan Connel.

* Pronounced *pe'brok*.

Come away, come away ;
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
The war pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come, every hill plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come, every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
Leave the bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.*

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wild waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.

* *Targe*, a small shield.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donald Dhu,
 Sound for the onset!

LVII — THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

NOBLE the mountain stream,
 Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground;
 Glory is in its gleam
 Of brightness, thunder in its deafening sound.

Mark how its foamy spray,
 Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
 Mimics the bow of day,
 Arching in majesty the vaulted skies!—

Thence in a summer shower
 Steeping the rocks around. O, tell me where
 Could majesty and power
 Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair.

Yet lovelier, in my view,
 The streamlet, flowing silently serene;
 Traced by the brighter hue
 And livelier growth it gives, — itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
 Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
 Its quiet beauty feeds
 The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
 The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone
 A dirge-like melody,
 For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gayly now it sweeps
 By the small school house, in the sunshine bright,
 And o'er the pebbles leaps,
 Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
 In characters which they who run may read,
 The charms of gentleness,
 Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
 By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
 To that meek wreath, unstained,
 Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
 And human happiness be undisturbed;
 But Egypt would turn pale
 Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed.

LVIII. — THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

BRYANT.

WHEN spring to wastes and woods around
 Brought bloom and joy again,
 The murdered traveller's bones were found
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
 Her tassels in the sky,
 And many a vernal blossom sprung
 And nodded careless by.

The redbird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead,
 And fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed and hard beset ; —

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked, but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

LIX. — INSECT IMPORTANCE.

MANY persons look upon the insect tribe with aversion and distaste, and regard them in no other light than as productive of mischief or annoyance. The mosquito teases us with his bite, and with the restless sound of his little trumpet. Flies in summer are a torment to all good housekeepers. Few persons can tolerate a spider, in spite of the regular beauty of the web it weaves. Beetles, caterpillars, worms, and slugs are all

of them uninviting objects ; and, indeed, the pretty butterfly, winging its way from flower to flower, is almost the only specimen of the insect race which we look upon with pleasure.

But insects were created by the same divine hand that fashioned man ; and we may be sure that God has made nothing in vain. These little creatures, which appear of so little consequence in the world, perform in many cases the most important services to man. We should not indeed value the lower classes of animals solely by their usefulness to man ; but taking even this standard, we shall be surprised to find that insects are by no means the worthless beings that they seem. Individually, the highest of their class is but a feeble instrument either for good or for evil ; but their importance is derived from their infinite numbers, and from the fact that they generally act and work together. We shall speak in the present lesson of some of those insects which produce substances which are consumed by man, and thus have a value in commerce.

By far the most valuable of the products of the insect tribe is silk, which is the gift of a species of caterpillar, known by the name of the silkworm. On acquiring its full growth, it spins for itself an oval-shaped cocoon, formed by a single thread of yellow silk, from ten to twelve yards in length. It is in this state that the material is taken, the insect being destroyed by dipping into hot water, and the cocoon carefully unwound. Silk is, as is well known, the richest and most beautiful of the fabrics from which human clothing is formed ; and it is in universal use all over the civilized world. How much are the beauty of the female face, and the grace of the female form, indebted to this splendid fabric, woven by an unsightly worm, which a fine lady would hardly venture to touch with the tip of her parasol !

In some portions of the south of Europe, the culture of silk forms the principal occupation of a large part of the inhabitants. It has the advantage of affording employment to women

and children as well as to men, so that a whole family may work together for their common support. The worms must be fed and sheltered; the cocoons must be unwound; the threads must be sorted; so that much must be done before even the raw material can be produced. Then comes the work of the weaver, of the artist who designs the patterns, and of the dyer who colors them with the brilliant hues which so delight the eye.

It has been supposed that at least a million and a half of human beings derive their support from the culture and manufacture of silk. In Great Britain the annual value of the silk manufacture is not far from fifty millions of dollars; and the amount of this rich material imported into the United States during the year ending June, 1856, was not less than thirty-six millions of dollars. Such is the commercial importance of a humble insect which to the ignorant eye would seem of as little value as the common earthworm of our gardens.

In connection with the silkworm we may next treat of the insect from which the brilliant red dye called cochineal is produced. The male of this species is winged, and not much larger than a flea: the female is wingless, and when full grown, about the size of a barley grain. It is the dried body of the female which forms the cochineal of commerce, having in this state the appearance of a shrivelled berry. It is used in dyeing various shades of red; and no other substance gives so brilliant a hue. With the exception of indigo, it is the most important of all dyeing materials. The supply is derived mainly from Mexico and Central America.

The insects feed upon the leaves of a species of plant called the cactus, from which they are gathered several times a year, mostly by Indian women. They are killed either by throwing them into boiling water, or by exposing them in heaps to a hot sun, or by placing them in ovens. Some idea may be formed of the vast numbers and diminutive size of these insects from the fact that a single pound is supposed to contain about seventy.

thousand of them. Great Britain pays annually about a million of dollars for a substance composed of the dried carcasses of a minute insect.*

LX.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

THERE is a substance brought from the East Indies, known by the name of lac, which is the produce of a small insect. It deposits its eggs on the leaves and branches of certain trees, and then covers them with a material like gum, intended to protect the eggs and the young. When gathered in this state, it is called stick lac; but it is usually brought to Europe and America in thin, transparent plates, called shell lac, which is the stick lac melted and strained. Lac is used, in the countries that produce it, in the manufacture of beads, rings, and other female ornaments; but here and in Europe it is employed in making sealing wax, varnishes, and hat bodies. A kind of red dye is also produced from it. About three millions of pounds of shell lac, and one million pounds of lac dye, are carried into Great Britain every year; about half of which, however, is sent to other countries. A great deal of shell lac also comes to America from the East Indies. Shell lac sells in London at from fifteen to twenty-five cents a pound, and lac dye from fifty to seventy-five cents. In this country the price is somewhat less.

To an insect we are indebted for the coloring matter of that fluid which enables us to record our thoughts and transmit our affections to our absent friends. We mean the fly that produces the gall nut, from which ink is made. These nuts are from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, and are found on several kinds of oak. The insect bores a hole in the leaf and deposits its eggs; this diverts the sap of the leaf from its proper channels, and forms a sort of wen, which increases

* The value of cochineal imported into the United States during the year ending June, 1856, was about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

its size, together with the young insect inside. When arrived at maturity, the latter eats its way out: hence gall nuts are generally found with a hole in them. The best of them come from Aleppo and Smyrna, and are about the size of a nutmeg. They are also used in preparing some kinds of medicine. They cost from ten to twenty dollars a hundred weight, according to quality.

In many diseases it becomes important to raise a blister upon the skin. This is done by applying a plaster made from an insect commonly called the Spanish fly; which is a sort of beetle, of a bright green color, about three quarters of an inch in length. They are most abundant in Italy and Spain. They are worth from two dollars to two dollars and twenty cents a pound.

Our catalogue of insects which are directly beneficial to man may be concluded by one of the most important, and the most interesting, of all; and that is the common honey bee — “the little busy bee” of the poet. Known from the earliest times, and almost every where found, it has become the type, or model, of diligence and industry. And it is a most faithful little worker, and well deserves its reputation. Diminutive as it is, it has had more books written about it than any other lower animal, the horse and ox perhaps excepted.

The bee is of great value to us. Unlike the silkworm, it does not require to be fed and taken care of; but it earns its own living, and asks nothing at the hands of man. It takes that which is not missed; and the flower it has rifled loses nothing of its fragrance or beauty. It gives us honey, which is a most delicious article of food; and wax, which is employed for various purposes. There is hardly any part of the world, within the torrid and temperate zones, in which the bee is not found, either in a wild or domesticated state. It is abundant in our western forests, and its honey is gathered by men called bee hunters, who show great sagacity in finding where it is stored.

The actual value in money of the products of bees is

very great, but can hardly be estimated. In Europe, many cottagers and small farmers derive no slight part of the support of their families from their beehives. In Great Britain alone about six hundred thousand dollars are spent every year for foreign honey, besides what is made at home; and about the same sum for foreign wax. The wax and honey produced in the United States during the year 1850 were upwards of two millions three hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars in value. Such is the wealth created by a little brown creature, which we can hardly see as it wings its flight through the air.

LXI.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

MRS. HEMANS.

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso, accordingly, offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "O God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king; "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of
fire,

And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith: my liege, my lord, O, break my father's
chain!"

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this
day;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his
way."

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foaming
speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, they saw a glittering
band,

With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father, whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long
to see."

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks' hue
came and went;

He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dis-
mounting bent;

A lowly knee to earth he bent — his father's hand he took :
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook ?

That hand was cold! a frozen thing! — it dropped from his
like lead :

He looked up to the face above — the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er that noble brow — the brow was fixed
and white!

He met at length his father's eyes — but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed; but who can paint
that gaze?

They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze :
They might have chained him, as before that noble form he
stood;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek
the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like child-
hood then —

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men: —

He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown ;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down ;

And, covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly mournful
brow,

“ No more, there is no more,” he said, “ to lift the sword for
now ;

My king is false ! my hope betrayed ! my father — O, the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth ! ”

Up from the ground he sprang once more, and seized the
monarch’s rein,

Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce, o’ermastering grasp, the rearing war horse
led,

And sternly set them face to face — the king before the dead !

“ Came I not here, upon thy pledge, my father’s hand to kiss ?
Be still ! and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me, what is
this ?

The look, the voice, the heart I sought — give answer, where
are they ?

If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this cold
clay !

“ Into these glassy eyes put light : be still, keep down thine ire ;
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak — this earth is not my sire !
Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my blood was
shed !

Thou canst not, — and a king ? his dust be mountains on thy
head ! ”

He loosed the rein — his slack hand fell ; — upon the silent
face

He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from that
sad place :

His after-fate no more was heard amid the martial train ;
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of
Spain !

LXII.—THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE Eddystone rocks are a dangerous ledge, of six or seven hundred feet in length, in the English Channel, about fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth. They were long noted as the cause of numerous shipwrecks, and merchants and sailors were very desirous that a lighthouse should be placed there. But the building of a lighthouse on a spot covered by water at high tides, and exposed to all the storms of the ocean, was a very difficult task ; and many supposed it could not be done at all. But in the year 1696, a gentleman named Winstanley agreed with government to erect a tower on the largest of these fatal rocks.

He found great difficulties in his way ; but he was a man of a great deal of ingenuity, as well as a great deal of perseverance ; and at the end of two years he erected a building, almost wholly of timber, secured to the rocks by enormous bolts of iron. It was lighted for the first time on the 14th day of November, 1698. But though the lantern was more than sixty feet above the level of the sea, such was the violence of the storms of the ensuing winter, and so high did the waves rise, that the lightroom was at times actually buried under water. In consequence of this, the height was carried to one hundred and twenty-four feet, and the base enlarged in proportion.

Thus it remained some years, and was of great benefit to vessels entering or leaving the Channel. At length, some repairs being necessary, Mr. Winstanley went to the lighthouse to superintend them. While he was there, a dreadful storm came on, which strewed the whole southern coast of England with wrecks. When the day broke, not a vestige was to be

seen of the Eddystone lighthouse, which had been completely swept away, and with it the architect and all his workmen. It was then remembered that Mr. Winstanley had once said he had such confidence in the strength of his structure that he should be willing to be in it in the greatest storm that ever blew. This destructive tempest occurred on the 26th day of November, 1703.

But Mr. Winstanley had shown that a lighthouse could be built on the rocks; and several disastrous shipwrecks which took place there had proved how great a benefit it had been during the time it existed. After some time, Mr. John Ruydard undertook to erect another. He availed himself of all the advantages which could be derived from Winstanley's plan, and avoided his errors. The lower part was solid to the height of twenty-seven feet, being composed of alternate layers of granite and oak timber. It was fastened to the rocks by strong bolts; and the various parts of the timber were connected together by bars and spikes of iron, applied wherever a strain might be expected.

The building was ninety-two feet high, the diameter at the base twenty-three feet, and immediately under the balcony fourteen feet. It was of a circular form; and so ingenious was the design, and such was the judgment shown in the construction, that it seemed impossible it should ever be washed away by the waves of the ocean. This building exhibited a light for the space of forty-seven years, requiring, during that time, but little else than common attention to keep it in repair; and it might have withstood the effects of the winds and the waves for an unlimited period; but, in 1755, it was destroyed by fire.

This dreadful event took place in the month of December. There were three men residing at the Eddystone, to take care of the light. The day before the accident, they had been visited from Plymouth; and the report brought back was, that all was well. But in the night, when the keeper on the watch went to snuff the candles, he found the lightroom full of

smoke; and, on opening the door of the balcony, a flame burst from the inside, and the whole of the upper part appeared to be in a blaze. The man on watch instantly ran to awaken his companions; and these poor men, having no means of escape, being threatened with death by fire on the one hand and water on the other, were in the greatest alarm. One of them was looking up to the roof of the lightroom, when the lead happened to melt and fall upon him; and he was not only sadly scalded in the face and neck, but, what is very remarkable, a considerable portion of the molten metal actually entered his mouth, and passed into his stomach; whence, after his decease, it was extracted, and found to weigh seven ounces.

At daylight in the morning, the disaster was perceived from the shore, and boats hastened off to the assistance of the lighthouse keepers. They were found in a very miserable plight, crowded into a small hollow on the eastern side of the rock, to avoid the pieces of burning timber and red-hot bolts which were continually falling from aloft. The poor man who swallowed the lead lived a few days, and then expired in great agony.

Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated civil engineer, was next employed by the government to construct a lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks. Aware that it had once been washed away from the want of weight, and destroyed a second time in consequence of being built of combustible materials, he resolved to guard against these dangers by using only iron and stone in the erection of the new tower. He landed on the rock, for the first time, in April, 1756, and found that of the building erected by Mr. Rudyerd, only a few iron bars and bolts, fixed in the rock, remained.

Workmen were immediately engaged, and a vessel was moored near the rock for their accommodation. Rocks of granite were hewn on shore, and carried off to the rock, and the different layers of stone were connected to each other by bolts, and by an ingenious system of dovetailing. Mortar

of a remarkably adhesive quality was used. This lighthouse was finished and lighted in October, 1759 ; since which it has withstood the shocks of the winds and waves, and has required little or no repair.

LXIII.—THE INCHCAPE BELL.

SOUTHEY.

[An old writer mentions a tradition, that there was a rock in the German Ocean, twelve miles from land, very dangerous to navigators, called the Inchcape rock. Upon it there was a bell, fixed upon a piece of timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to sailors of the danger. This bell was put there by the abbot of Aberbrothock; and being taken down by a sea pirate, a year afterwards he perished upon the same rock, with ship and goods, in the righteous judgment of God.]

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

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.

The worthy abbot * of Aberbrothock
Had floated the bell on the Inchcape rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

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

* *Abbot*, the chief, or governor, of a household of Roman Catholic monks, or priests, called a monastery.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eyes on the darker speck.

His eye was on the bell and float :
Said he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go :
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles arose, and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to this rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

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

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

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell !"

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock —
O Heavens ! it is the Inchcape rock !

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He cursed himself in his despair ;
But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

LXIV. — INDIAN JUGGLERS.

IN India, the inhabitants are very fond of watching the tricks of jugglers, and sleight of hand performers, and the men who practise this employment attain great skill, and do things which European travellers look upon with astonishment and admiration. Some of their feats are interesting as showing to what extent the powers of the body may be improved by cultivation ; and they should stimulate us to show the same diligence and perseverance in the improvement of the mind. An English gentleman, who witnessed the performances of a company of jugglers at the court of one of the native princes, has given an interesting account of what he saw.

One of the men, taking a large earthen vessel with a capacious mouth, filled it with water, and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out ; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards, it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it ; his request was granted ; but, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it, to our astonishment it was empty. So skilfully were these deceptions managed, that though every one was allowed to examine the jar freely, no one could detect any thing that would solve the mystery.

It was a rough-looking vessel, made of the common earthen ware of the country ; and to show there was nothing peculiar about it, it was broken in our presence, and the pieces handed round for inspection.

A man then took a small bag full of brass balls, which he threw one by one into the air, to the number of thirty-five. None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last, there was a pause of full a minute. He then made a variety of motions with his hands, at the same time uttering a kind of wild chant. In a few seconds, the balls were seen to fall, one by one, until the whole of them were replaced in the bag. This was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while he was playing this curious trick.

The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth, about the size of a sheet. After a while, it seemed to be gradually raised ; and upon taking it up, there appeared three pine-apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common juggler, and yet it is perfectly inexplicable.

A tall, athletic man now advanced, and threw himself upon the ground. After performing several strange antics, he placed his head downwards, with his heels in the air, raised his arms, and crossed them over upon his breast, balancing himself all the while upon his head. A cup, containing sixteen brass balls, was now put into his hands ; these he took and threw severally into the air, keeping the whole sixteen in constant motion, crossing them, and causing them to describe all kinds of figures, and not allowing one of them to reach the ground.

When he had thus shown his dexterity for a few minutes, a slight man approached, climbed up his body with singular agility, and stood upright upon the inverted feet of the performer, who was still upon his head. A second cup, containing sixteen balls, was handed to the smaller man, who commenced throwing them until the whole were in the air.

Thirty-two balls were now in motion, and the rays of the

sun falling upon their polished surfaces, the jugglers appeared in the midst of a shower of gold. The effect was singular, and the dexterity displayed by the men quite amazing. They were as steady as if they had been turned into stone; and no motion, save that of their arms and heads, was visible. At length, the upper man, having caught all his balls, and replaced them in the cup, sprang upon the ground, and his companion was almost as quickly upon his legs.

After a short pause, the man who had before exhibited himself with his body reversed, planted his feet close together, and standing upright like a column, the smaller juggler climbed his body as before, and placing the crown of his own head upon that of his companion, raised his legs into the air; thus exactly reversing the late position of the two performers. At first they held each other's hand until they were completely balanced, when they let go; the upper man waving his arms in all directions to show the steadiness of his position.

The legs were kept apart sometimes, one being bent, while the other remained erect; but the body did not seem to waver for a single instant. After they had been in this position for about a minute, the balls were again put into their hands, and the whole thirty-two kept in motion in the air as before. It was remarkable that during the entire time they were thrown, no two of them ever came in contact — a proof of the marvellous skill displayed.

When they had done with the balls, the upper man took a number of small cylindrical pieces of steel, two inches long. Several of these he placed upon his nose, producing a slender rod full a foot in length, which, in spite of his difficult position, he balanced so steadily that not one of the pieces fell. He then crossed the taper column with a flat bar of copper, half an inch wide, and four inches long. Upon this he fixed one of his little cylinders, and on the top of that a slight spear; the whole of which he balanced with perfect steadiness, finally taking off every separate piece, and throwing it upon the

ground. Thus concluded this wonderful performance. Grasping the hands of his companion as before, the little man sprang upon his feet, and made a parting bow to the gallery.

LXV.—THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death ;
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The reaper said, and smiled :
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.*

LXVI. — HYMN ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe † I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

* In the above poem Death is personified as a reaper, who cuts down grain and flowers with a sickle. By "bearded grain," persons of mature age are meant ; for, when wheat, and rye, and barley are ripe, little threads, like bristles, or hair, grow out between the grains in the ear. But the flowers are young children ; and the reaper is made to say that when he takes them away, he carries them to heaven, where they will live happily with God, and saints, and angels.

† *Glebe*, literally, turf ; used here for fields covered with turf.

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook* shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden flowers and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

LXVII.—THE CHAMOIS AND CHAMOIS HUNTING.

THE animals which lend the greatest charm to the mountains are the chamois — those beautiful swift-footed goats of the rock, which wander in small herds through the loneliest districts of the Alps, people the highest ridges, and course rapidly over leagues of ice fields. Though much resembling the goat, it is distinguished from it by longer and larger legs, a longer neck, a shorter and more compact body, and especially by its horns, which are black and curved like a hook. These horns are much used in ornamenting those ingenious fabrics which the Swiss peasants make, and which travellers bring back as memorials from that country.

They live together in herds of five, ten, or twenty. Their grace and agility are very remarkable. They bound across wide and deep chasms, and balance themselves on the most difficult ledges; then, throwing themselves on their hind legs, reach securely the landing place, often no bigger than a

* *Crook*, a staff curved at one end, used by shepherds in managing their flocks. It is employed here in a figurative sense, meaning the care or assistance of God, who is represented as a shepherd watching over his flock, that is, mankind.

man's hand, on which their unerring eye has been fixed. It is difficult to give a trustworthy account of this noble animal's agility. It will certainly leap over chasms from sixteen to eighteen feet wide, without any hesitation; or down precipices of twenty-four feet and upwards; and it will clear at a bound a barrier of fourteen feet, coming down lightly on all fours on the other side.

Their wonderful sense of smell, sight, and hearing preserves the chamois from many perils. When they are collected in troops, they will appoint a doe as sentinel, which grazes alone at a little distance, while the others are feeding or gambolling, and looks round every instant, snuffing the air with her nose. If she perceives any danger, she gives a shrill whistle, and the rest fly after her at a gallop. But their most acute sense is that of smell. They scent the hunter from an immense distance, if he stands in the direction of the wind.

The trained chamois hunters of Switzerland belong to the poorer classes. They are a sturdy, frugal race, inured to all weathers, and familiar with the details of the mountains, the habits of the animals, and the art of hunting them. The hunter needs a sharp eye, a steady hand, a strong frame, a spirit resolute, calm, ready, and circumspect; and, besides all this, good lungs and untiring energy. He must be not only a first-rate shot, but a first-rate climber also; for the chamois hunter often finds himself in positions where he must exert every limb and muscle to the utmost, in order to support or push himself forward.

The ordinary preparations of the hunter consist of a warm dress, with a cap or felt hat, a strong Alpen stock,* a pouch with powder, bullets, and telescope, bread and cheese, and a little flask of spirits. In order to procure something warm, he takes an iron bowl and a portion of meal, roasted and salted beforehand, and makes it into a porridge over a fire, morning and evening, mixing it with water. But the most essential

* *Alpen stock*, a long staff, with an iron point at one end.

parts of the equipment are a pair of stout mountain shoes and a good gun.

The hunter starts by starlight in the evening, or at midnight, in order to gain the highest hunting ground before sunrise. He knows the haunts of the game, their favorite pastures and hiding places, and directs his course accordingly. The principal point is always to keep the animals before the wind; for, should the lightest breeze be wafted from him to the chamois, the creature scents him at an immense distance, and is lost. Many hours of patient watching and waiting must be passed before he can get within shot of them.

The chase is not only toilsome, but dangerous. The hunter is often led, by the eagerness of his pursuit, to the brink of fearful precipices, where a single false step may cause instant death; or to narrow ridges of rock and slippery ice, where it is hard to find firm footing, and where a fall might be fatal. Sometimes he is allured to a spot where he can neither advance nor recede. Sometimes a sharp frost overtakes the weary hunter, and cramps his limbs. If he yields to an almost unconquerable impulse to sit down, he immediately falls asleep, never to wake again.

Sometimes a large falling stone wounds him or dashes him into the abyss; or an avalanche* overwhelms him, and buries him deep beneath the snow. But no enemy is more dangerous than the fog, when it surprises him in the awful labyrinth of peaks, leagues and leagues above the dwellings of man, closing in so thickly that often he cannot see six feet before him, and must inevitably be lost unless great presence of mind and local knowledge can extricate him from the peril. His situation is yet worse if the fog be followed by a snow storm covering up every track on the ground before him.

The actual profits of the chase bear no proportion to the perils, labor, and loss of time which it involves. And yet the hunters have a perfect passion for the sport. One at Zurich,†

* *Avalanche*, a mass of snow that slides, or tumbles, from a mountain.

† Zurich (pronounced *zoo'rick*) is a large town in Switzerland, at the head of a lake of the same name.

who had his leg cut off, sent his surgeon, two years afterwards, out of gratitude, half of a chamois which he had killed, remarking at the same time that the chase did not get on so well with a wooden leg, but he hoped to kill many a chamois yet. This man was seventy-one years old when he lost his leg.

Many similar instances might be narrated. Saussure's * guide said to him, "A short time since I made a very happy marriage. My father and grandfather both met their end in chamois hunting, and I feel convinced I shall perish in the same manner: but if you would make my fortune on condition I should never hunt, I could not accept it." Two years afterwards, he fell down a precipice, and was dashed in pieces. ●

It has been often remarked that this occupation exercises a decided influence on the character of the hunter. Undoubtedly, the constant warfare with peril, hunger, thirst, and cold which it entails, and the patience, resolution, and dexterity which it calls into such * constant practice, must, after ten or twenty years of life, mark the tone of thought and feeling in no slight degree. Accordingly, we find the chamois hunter generally silent, prompt, and decided in word and action, and at the same time temperate, frugal, contented, and easily reconciled to unavoidable evils.

LXVIII. — THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

DAY'S joyous journey is begun;
 Unloosed is sleep's intralling chain;
 The Alps lie glowing in the sun,
 And Nature springs to life again.
 The torrents roar, the woods resound,
 The pastures glitter in the morn;
 While glaciers sparkle all around,
 And flocks obey the Alpine horn.

* Saussure (pronounced *so'sure*) was a distinguished man of science, a native of Geneva in Switzerland, who died in 1799.

See, in the depth of yonder vale,
 Two stalwart * hunters briskly move,
 To track the active chamois' trail,
 That frolic in the heights above.
 Bound by their ancient Switzer's pledge,
 They've clambered many a day on high,
 Along the precipice's edge,
 'Mid mountain peaks that touch the sky.

* * * * *

Each takes his chosen path alone
 In silence, bent upon his aim,
 Where crags on crags are wildly thrown,
 The dreary haunts of Alpine game ;
 Hans thither, where — a silvery dome —
 The snowy Hausstock rears his head,
 From out whose dark and dismal home
 Burrows the Sernf its rocky bed.

While Rudolph from St. Martin's halls,
 Undaunted scales that precipice
 Where Dons surmounts his lofty walls
 With crystal coronet of ice.
 See ! from the jewels of his crown,
 In threads, by mountain spirits spun,
 O'er neck and forehead trickling down,
 Streams, leaping to the valley, run.†

The hunter halts and gazes long ;
 At length upon the mountain height,

* *Stalwart*, strong.

† The places mentioned in these two stanzas will not be found on the common maps of Switzerland. The Hausstock (pronounced *house-stock*) is a mountain in the southern part of the canton of Glarus. The Sernf is a small stream flowing into the Linth. St. Martin's is a chapel, a few miles east of the Hausstock, and Dons a neighboring mountain.

To the rich pasture sailing on,
 A noble chamois moves in sight.
 Quick throbs his heart ; while on the ground,
 Beneath a rock's o'erbeetling walls,
 He aims — the echoes ring around,
 The chamois shrieks, springs high, and falls.

With joyous shout and footing sure,
 With sportsman's thrilling zeal he flies,
 His comely booty to secure,
 Ere, rallying from the blow, it rise.
 Too late ! too late ! the noble beast
 Hath roused him from his bloody lair ;
 O hunter, 'tis in vain your haste ;
 Your flying prey is swifter far.

The sportsman's spirit chafes. — "Too weak
 The charge," he mutters — then away
 O'er deep ravine and ice-bound peak
 He recklessly pursues his prey ;
 The while, regardless of its wounds,
 The dying chamois speeds its flight,
 O'er yawning chasms madly bounds,
 And seems to mock the hunter's sight.

Unchecked is Rudolph's hot pursuit ;
 The victim of his evil star,
 O'er wilds untrod by mortal foot
 He bounds, a stranger yet to fear.
 The narrowest ledge, the veriest stone,
 Contents him for a resting place ;
 The game is up ! the die is thrown !
 His life is staked upon the chase.

Hold ! hold ! thou madman ; seest thou not
 That trackless barrier of rock ?

O, leap not on that fatal spot!
 Death will thy rash presumption mock.
 He springs — ah, hapless man! too late
 Thy blinded eyes are made to see
 (Forced open by relentless fate)
 The agonies awaiting thee.

Above, high towering in the skies,
 Those giant walls their summit heave;
 Below, in pitchy darkness, lies
 A lone death bed, a gaping grave.
 He scarce dare look for human aid:
 To God he faithfully commends
 That soul which God himself hath made
 And formed for his eternal ends.

Hope never wearies, never fails: —
 With death-like grasp the hunter clings;
 He prays, his cruel lot bewails,
 And east and west wild glances flings.
 His agile foot is firmly set;
 Corpse-like he stands and motionless;
 One move upon that parapet
 Might plunge him in the dark abyss.

Its scorching beams the journeying sun
 Darts down into the deep ravine,
 Heaping a thousand tortures on,
 But not a ray of hope divine.
 The hunter shouts; the rocks resound
 His voice in empty mockery;
 He sees the startled chamois bound,
 He hears the avalanche reply: —

“Thou tyrant, Death, who long hast sought
 And tracked me on my daily path,

And thinkest Fate at length has brought
 A victim to thine envious wrath.
 Still undismayed I'll stand, and dare
 To hang on hope, whilst yet I may ;
 Great Heaven, vouchsafe my strength to spare
 Through the dark terrors of to-day !

“ For well I know, if, unsubdued
 By frost and hunger, still I live,
 My Hans will seek this solitude,
 And give the aid the brave can give.
 Yet, fool ! why hop'st thou to remain
 Till morn, returning, greet thy sight ?
 What strength, what courage shalt thou gain,
 To nerve thee through the livelong night ? ”

LXIX.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

THE sun through rising mists the while
 Gray Freiberg's * slaty summits fires,
 On Tödi throws one golden smile,
 Then, sinking to the vale, expires.
 Now gloomy darkness moves abroad ;
 Black lowering clouds are gathering in ;
 Bravely they bear their thunder-load,
 Fringed by the pale moon's glimmering.

Trust not that sullen calm — 'tis o'er !
 The storm is bursting in the sky ;
 That distant, slowly-swelling roar
 Heralds its dreadful revelry.

* Freiberg is a mountainous range in the canton of Glarus. Tödi, or Dödi, is a lofty peak in the same canton. They are about fourteen miles apart.

With lurid glare the tempest breaks,
 The rolling thunder cracks amain,
 The glaciers clash, the mountain shakes,
 The clouds let loose th' imprisoned rain.

"Thy wakened wrath is great, O Lord!
 Thine awful judgment who may face?
 And will not heavenly love afford
 Some comfort from the source of grace?
 Ah, no! these lightnings flash despair;
 Unnerved I tremble in the storm;
 Thy fierce displeasure will not spare,
 But crush me like the abject worm."

Confounded by the maddening strife,
 His courage fails, his fears increase;
 He clings convulsively to life —
 He feels the tempest's fury cease:
 The clouds disperse — in deep dark blue,
 The stars repose with mellowed light.
 His strength revives! Hope beams anew,
 And cheers him onward through the night.

Now on the death-pale glacier's brow
 One roseate blush proclaims the morn;
 The fading stars, with fainter glow,
 Bear witness that a day is born.
 "And shall the light once more appear?
 And shall I once again be free?
 Great God, in mercy lend thine ear:
 Behold — forgive — O, rescue me!

"Ere noon my grief may turn to joy,
 Or Hope departing toll my knell:
 Then fare ye well, my wife, my boy,
 Ye dearest ties on earth, farewell!"

With stronger gripe he clasps the rock :
 O, there is anguish in that groan !
 With parchéd lips he stoops to suck
 The rime * from off the barren stone.

The sun's impatient chariot wheels
 The clear expanse of heaven ascend ;
 His fevered brain tormented reels,
 And longs for the approaching end.
 His fingers scarce retain their grasp,
 His breath grows thick, his blood runs cold ;
 He cries with agonizing gasp,
 " O God, I can no longer hold."

He staggers, tottering to his fall,
 When, lo ! a voice is echoed near ;
 And " Rudolph — Rudolph " is the call
 That strikes upon his startled ear.
 Like the doomed criminal's reprieve,
 His upturned eye distinctly scans
 (O joy — too joyful to believe !)
 The features of his faithful Hans.

Impatient action bars vain words—
 A rope is from the summit flung ;
 New nerve awakened Hope affords ;
 Around his waist the cord is strung.
 The living freight suspended, sways —
 Behold it slowly, surely rise ;
 O'erwhelmed with gratitude and praise,
 Safe by his faithful friend he lies.

" Guided by light from heaven I reached
 This unknown region of despair ;
 But O, what terrors must have bleached,
 In one short night, thy raven hair !"

* *Rime*, hoar frost.

And Rudolph, shuddering as he spake,
" My life I owe to God and thee ;
Hans, this unerring weapon take ;
The chase henceforth is o'er for me ! "

He sinks exhausted on the ground ;
Imagination warps his will ;
And frenzied fancy holds him bound
On that drear promontory still.
But Hans from out his simple store
The needed nourishment supplies ;
The food, with recreative power,
His shattered spirit vivifies.

Now in free converse they repose,
When Rudolph springs upright : " Good luck !
See — see — behind that Alpine rose
Unconscious feeds a stately buck.
Safe within reach of wind-spiced ball,
Behold the royal prize remain ;
Hans — Hans — that noble beast must fall ;
Give me my rifle back again ! "

LXX.—ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD.

IN the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his schoolfellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706 ; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

Ben was a bright boy at his book, and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable

qualities, which always seemed to give him the lead, whether at sport or in more serious matters. I might tell you a number of amusing anecdotes about him. You are acquainted, I suppose, with his famous story of the WHISTLE, and how he bought it with a whole pocket full of coppers, and afterwards repented of his bargain. But Ben had grown a great boy since those days, and had gained wisdom by experience; for it was one of his peculiarities, that no incident ever happened to him without teaching him some valuable lesson. Thus he generally profited more by his misfortunes than many people do by the most favorable events that could befall them.

Ben's face was already pretty well known to the inhabitants of Boston. The selectmen and other people of note often used to visit his father, for the sake of talking about the affairs of the town or province. Mr. Franklin was considered a person of great wisdom and integrity, and was respected by all who knew him, although he supported his family by the humble trade of boiling soap and making tallow candles.

While his father and the visitors were holding deep consultations about public affairs, little Ben would sit on his stool in a corner, listening with the greatest interest, as if he understood every word. Indeed, his features were so full of intelligence that there could be but little doubt, not only that he understood what was said, but that he could have expressed some very sagacious opinions out of his own mind. But in those days boys were expected to be silent in the presence of their elders. However, Ben Franklin was looked upon as a very promising lad, who would talk and act wisely by and by.

"Neighbor Franklin," his father's friends would sometimes say, "you ought to send this boy to college, and make a minister of him."

"I have often thought of it," his father would reply; "and my brother Benjamin promises to give him a great many volumes of manuscript sermons, in case he should be educated for the church. But I have a large family to support, and cannot afford the expense."

In fact, Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family, that, when the boy was ten years old, it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle wicks into equal lengths, and filling the moulds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he had helped to make. Thus, you see, in his early days, as well as in his manhood, his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former schoolfellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing, and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill pond, catching flounders, perch, eels, and tomcod, which came up thither with the tide. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings, and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed over head, and salt meadow grass grew under foot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and his comrades were returning from the water side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little fellow — this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy — talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises ever since he had been old enough to wear smallclothes.

They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do any thing.

“What is your scheme, Ben? — what is it?” cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones, which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

“You know, lads,” said he, “what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder — over shoes and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and water. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And, surely, this would be a terrible misfortune!”

“That it would! that it would!” said his comrades, sorrowfully.

“Now, I propose,” continued Master Benjamin, “that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water, and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a

thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads? Shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled, and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius, he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged, he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength, by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the water side, Ben Franklin was the engineer to superintend the construction of the wharf.

The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little. Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

LXXI.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

IN the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on steeples and the roof of the town, and gilding the waters that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But, on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

“Why, Sam,” said one to another, in great perplexity, “here’s been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air.”

“More likely they have been stolen,” answered Sam.

“But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?” cried a third. “Could a man carry them away in his pocket?”

The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head, and said nothing at first. But, looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water side.

“Ah, I see what the mischief is,” said he, nodding his head. “Those little rascals, the boys, — they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with.”

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

"The boys that built this wharf understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke. He was one of those unreasonable people who care a great deal more for their own rights and privileges than for the convenience of all the rest of the world.

"Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators of the theft. In the course of the day warrants were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But, luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and, moreover, was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily.

But, when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution, too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was put in use on that unlucky night.

As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation. Mr. Franklin, as I have mentioned before, was a sagacious man, and also an inflexibly upright one. He had read much for a person in his rank of life, and had pondered upon the ways of the world, until he had gained more wisdom than a whole library of books could have taught him. Ben had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world, as well on account of his spotless integrity as of his practical sense and deep views of things.

Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation of mind.

“Benjamin, come hither,” began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached and stood before his father’s chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offence. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

“Benjamin,” said his father, “what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?”

“Why, father,” replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin’s face, “if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number.”

“My son,” said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, “so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones.”

“How can that be, father?” asked Ben.

“Because,” answered his father, “in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. There is no more terrible mistake than to violate what is eternally right for the sake of a seeming expediency. Those who act upon such a principle do the utmost in their power to destroy all that is good in the world.”

“Heaven forbid!” said Benjamin.

“No act,” continued Mr. Franklin, “can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. It would be easy to prove this by examples. But, indeed, can we suppose that our all-wise and just Creator would have so ordered the affairs of the world that a wrong act should be the true method of attaining a right end? It is impious to think so. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises

from a neglect of this great truth — that evil can produce only evil — that good ends must be wrought out by good means.”

“I will never forget it again,” said Benjamin, bowing his head.

“Remember,” concluded his father, “that, whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment; but, both in time and in eternity, it will be found so.”

To the close of his life Ben Franklin never forgot this conversation with his father; and we have reason to suppose that, in most of his public and private career, he endeavored to act upon the principles which that good and wise man had then taught him.

LXXII. — NOSE AND EYES.

COUPLE.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose;

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Justice Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,”* he said, “will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,—
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.”

* In England, a judge is addressed as “your lordship,” when spoken to in court; here, as “your honor.”

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,—

“Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

“On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,—
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day light or candle light, Eyes should be shut.

LXXIII. — CHRISTMAS TIMES.

MOOSE.

[St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is sometimes called, is an imaginary personage who is supposed to fill the stockings of good little boys and girls with presents, the night before Christmas.]

’Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash, —
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below, —
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name: —
“ Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!”
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all his stockings, — then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle ;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 “ Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night ! ”

 LXXIV.—TIT FOR TAT.

A LAW there is, of ancient fame,
 By nature's self in every land implanted ;
Lex Talionis * is its Latin name ;
 But if an English term be wanted,
 Give our next neighbor but a pat,
 He'll give you back as good, and tell you, “ *Tit for tat.* ”

This *tit for tat*, it seems, not men alone,
 But elephants for legal justice own ;
 In proof of this, a story I shall tell ye,
 Imported from the famous town of Delhi. †

A mighty elephant, that swelled the state
 Of Aurengzebe ‡ the Great,

* The literal meaning of these two words is, the law of retaliation.

† Delhi is a city in India, on the River Jumna, containing about two hundred thousand inhabitants.

‡ Aurengzebe was a powerful monarch, who reigned over the Mogul empire in Hindostan. He was born in 1618, and died in 1707.

One day was taken by his driver
To drink and cool him in the river.
The driver on his neck was seated,
And as he rode along,
By some acquaintance in the throng,
With a ripe cocoa nut was treated.

A cocoa nut's a pretty fruit enough,
But guarded by a shell both hard and tough.
The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
Working and fretting
To find out its inside,
And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
"Who'll reach me up," he cries, "a stone
To break this plaguy shell?
But stay; I've here a solid bone
May do perhaps as well."
So half in earnest, half in jest,
He banged it on the forehead of his beast.

An elephant, they say, has human feeling,
And full as well as we he knows
The difference between words and blows,
Between horse play and civil dealing.
Use him but well, he'll do his best,
And serve you faithfully and truly;
But insults unprovoked he can't digest;
He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil," thought the creature,
"Was never, certainly, the will of nature;
So, master of mine, you may repent."
Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went.
The driver took him to the water,
And thought no more about the matter.

But elephant within his memory hid it ;
He *felt* the wrong—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elapsed : one market day
Again the beast and driver took their way ;
Through rows of shops and booths they passed
With eatables and trinkets stored,
Till to a gardener's stall they came at last,
Where cocoa nuts lay piled upon the board.
"Ha!" thought the elephant, "'tis now my turn
To show this method of nut breaking ;
My friend above will like to learn,
Though at the cost of a head-aching.

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,
And waved it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,
And on the hapless driver's sconce
He laid a blow so hard and full,
That cracked the nuts at once,
But with them cracked his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclined
To rompish sports and freedoms rough,
Bear *tit for tat* in mind,
Nor give an elephant a cuff
To be repaid in kind.

LXXV.—THE SEA EAGLE.

EARLY in 1848, a white-tailed sea eagle was brought to London in a Scotch steamer, cooped up in a crib used for wine bottles, and presenting a most melancholy and forlorn appearance. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing him in this woful plight, took pity on him, purchased him, and took him to

Oxford. Here the bird soon regained his natural noble aspect, delighting especially to dip and wash in a pan of water, then sitting on his perch, with his magnificent wings expanded to their full extent, basking in the sun, his head always turned towards that luminary, whose glare he did not mind.

A few nights after his arrival at his new abode, the whole house was aroused by cries as of a child in mortal agony. The night was intensely dark; but at length the boldest of the family ventured out to see what was the matter. In the middle of the grass plot was the eagle, that had evidently a victim over which he was cowering with outspread wings, croaking a hoarse defiance to the intruder upon his nocturnal banquet. On lights being brought, he hopped off with his prey in one claw to a dark corner, where he was left to enjoy it in peace, as it was evidently not an infant rustic from the neighboring village, as was at first feared.

The mystery, however, was not cleared up for some time, when it was ascertained that he had devoured a hedgehog. He had, doubtless, caught the unlucky animal when on his rounds in search of food, and, in spite of his formidable armor of bristles, had managed to uncoil him with his sharp bill, and devour him. How the prickles found their way down his throat is best known to himself; but it must have been rather a stimulating feast.

The eagle was, with good reason, the terror of all the other pets in the house. On one occasion, he pursued a little black and tan terrier, hopping with fearful jumps, "assisted by his wings, which, happily for the affrighted dog, had been recently clipped. To this the little favorite owed his life, as he crept through a hedge which his assailant could not fly over; but it was a narrow escape, for, if the dog's tail had not been between his legs, it would certainly have been seized by the claw which was thrust after him just as he bolted through the briars.

Less fortunate was a beautiful little kitten, the pet of the nursery; a few tufts of hair alone remained to tell what her fate had been. Several guinea pigs and sundry hungry cats

paid the debt of nature through his means; but a sad loss was that of a jackdaw of remarkable colloquial powers* and unbounded assurance, which, rashly paying a visit of a friendly nature to the eagle, was instantly devoured. Master Jacko, the monkey, on one occasion, only saved his dear life by swiftness of foot, getting on the branch of a tree just as the eagle came rushing to its foot with outspread wings and open beak. The story is, that Jacko became rather suddenly gray after this; but the matter is open to doubt.†

One fine summer morning, the window of the breakfast room was thrown open previous to the appearance of the family. On the table was placed a ham of remarkable flavor and general popularity, fully meriting the high praises which had been passed upon it the previous day. The rustling of female garments was heard; the breakfast room door was opened, and O, what a sight! There was the eagle perched upon the ham, tearing away at it with unbounded appetite, his talens firmly fixed in the rich, deep fat.

Finding himself disturbed, he endeavored to fly off with the prize, and made a sad clatter with it among the cups and saucers. Finding, however, that it was too heavy for him, he suddenly dropped it on the carpet, snatched up a cold partridge, and made a hasty flight through the window, well satisfied with his foraging expedition. The ham, however, was left in too deplorable a state to bear description.

The eagle was afterwards taken to London, and placed in a court yard, where he resided in solitary majesty. But at length he made his escape. He first managed to flutter up to the top of the wall; thence he took flight unsteadily, and with difficulty, until he had cleared the houses; but as he ascended into mid air, his strength returned, and he soared majestically away. After his disappearance, his owner said with a discon-

* *Colloquial powers*, powers of talking. These birds are often taught to pronounce words.

† The hair on the head sometimes turns gray, it is said, in a short time, through excessive terror.

solate air, "Well, I've seen the last of my eagle;" but thinking he might possibly find his way back to his old haunt, a chicken was tied to a stick in the court yard; and, just before dark, Master Eagle came back, his huge wings rustling in the air. The chicken cowered down to the ground, but in vain; the eagle saw him, and pounced down in a moment to his old abode. While he was busily engaged in devouring the chicken, a plaid was thrown over his head, and he was easily secured.

LXXVI. — CONSCIENTIOUSNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

THE word *conscientiousness* means a great deal; for a conscientious person is one who does right in all the relations of life; that is, acts in such a manner as to obtain the approbation of his own conscience. It includes truth, honesty, fair dealing, respect for the rights and the reputation of those among whom we live. It would take many lessons to enforce all the duties which a truly conscientious person is bound to discharge; our only purpose at present is to speak of conscientiousness in certain little things.

There are some persons who are conscientious in great matters, but not in small. They would shrink from doing any thing very wrong, but will be often guilty of slight dishonesties and of trifling offences against the rules of good conduct. Some persons, for instance, have a different feeling towards the property of individuals and the property of the public, or a public body. They will carefully respect the former, but not the latter. In walking through the garden of a friend or neighbor, they will carefully abstain from picking a flower or breaking off a twig; but if they visit a public garden or cemetery, they will not hesitate to do so. Much mischief is done in this way. But this is obviously wrong; for what belongs to a public body is no more our own than what belongs to an individual. Such conduct, too, is a most ungrateful return

for the pleasure derived from walking through a public park or garden.

Some boys, and some men, have a mischievous habit of hacking benches, tables, desks, and chairs with their knives, and of carving their names upon walls and smooth-barked trees. But this is neither more nor less than injuring or destroying the property of others; and the same law which forbids us to steal, forbids us to do any wanton mischief. What should we say of a boy who should take out his knife, and amuse himself by cutting off the buttons from his companion's jacket? And yet what is the real difference, so far as right and wrong are concerned, between conduct like this and hacking off the corners of a nicely made and painted wooden seat in a common, or park, or public place?

The same want of true moral feeling shows itself in the way in which some persons treat books borrowed from public or circulating libraries. They will write upon the margin, or the blank pages at the beginning and end; they will fold or crumple the leaves, or permit them to be soiled or greased. But we should treat a book borrowed in this way as well as one of our own. To do otherwise is to be dishonest in a small way, because property is thus injured, and its value diminished. The book wears out the sooner by ill treatment; and the number of those who would derive pleasure or profit from reading it is made less.

In regard to borrowed books there are two rules to be observed: first, they are to be treated with the greatest care; and, second, they are to be returned the moment they are read. Many men and women, and many boys and girls, are very careless in this latter point; but such conduct is wrong. Men who collect books always value them; and it is a kindness in them to lend them to their friends; and it is an ungrateful return to that kindness not to restore them promptly. It must be remembered that the loss of a single book will often spoil a set of many volumes; and when books are not carefully

returned to their owner in good season, they are in much danger of being forgotten and lost.

Want of punctuality in keeping engagements is another form in which a want of conscientiousness shows itself. A man's time is his property, and we have no more right to deprive him of it than we have to pick his pocket, or steal any thing out of his house. But whoever keeps one waiting beyond the time appointed for meeting him, is guilty of this form of dishonesty ; and if more than one are thus detained, the loss is so much the greater. Whoever agrees to meet a man at nine, should keep his word to the very minute ; for five minutes after nine and nine are not the same thing. An unpunctual person is a perpetual torment to all those who have any dealings with him ; and hardly any body has ever succeeded in life who has had this defect.

There are some young persons who find amusement in playing jokes and tricks upon others. Some boys will ring the bell of a house in the evening, and then run away ; or they will send a playmate on a pretended errand ; or they will impose upon him by some absurd story. These are all wrong. But sometimes worse things than these are done. Some boys, for instance, will get up a plan to give one of their companions a fright in a dark place. But this is very wicked conduct ; for boys thus frightened have in some instances lost their reason.

May our young readers resolve to keep careful watch over their conduct in little as well as great matters, and cultivate a delicate as well as a strong moral sense ! True conscientiousness may be compared to the trunk of an elephant, which can uproot a tree or pick up a needle ; so a thoroughly good man shows his goodness in these small points as well as in the most important duties of life.

LXXVII.—THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

MRS. NORRIS.

[The Arabs are very fond of their horses, and will not part with them unless very poor. It is related that the French consul at Alexandria, in Egypt, once purchased a very fine horse of a poor Arab, with the design of sending him to the King of France. The Arab took the purse of gold which was paid for his horse, and attempted to take leave of him. He patted his neck, caressed his glossy mane, but could not tear himself away. At last he flung the purse upon the ground, sprang upon the horse's back, and was out of sight in a moment. The following verses were written upon this touching incident.]

MY beautiful, my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery
eye !

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingéd speed ;
I may not mount on thee again ! — thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof — snuff not the breezy
wind ;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his gold ; —
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ! — thou'rt sold, my steed,
thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! — Those free, untiréd limbs full many a mile must
roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
home ;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed
prepare ;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again — but never more with
thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont
to be —

Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy
 speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab
 steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
 side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting
 vein !

Will they ill use thee ? — if I thought — but no — it cannot be ;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free ; —
And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should
 yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to
 return ?

“Return !” — alas ! my Arab steed ! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his
 view ?

When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the
 gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears ?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne
 me on ;

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause and sadly
think —

“’Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink.”

When *last* I saw thee drink! — Away! the fevered dream is
o'er!

I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no
more;

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
strong —

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert
sold?

'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their
gold!

Thus — thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains!

Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

LXXVIII.—THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

CHARLES SWAIN.

O, THE old, old clock, of the household stock,

Was the brightest thing and neatest;

The hands, though old, had a touch of gold,

And its chime rang still the sweetest.

'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few;

Yet they lived, though nations altered;

And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,

When the voice of friendship faltered.

“Tick, tick,” it said — “quick, quick, to bed;

For ten I've given warning;
 Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock
 As it called at daybreak boldly,
 When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly:
 "Tick, tick," it said — "quick, out of bed;
 For five I've given warning;
 You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up soon in the morning."

LXXIX. — WILLIAM TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

J. S. KNOWLES.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
 Makes glad — whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! — I call to you
 With all my voice! — I hold my hands to you

To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Heavens! with what pride I used

To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free! Yes, it was free —
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free —
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake —
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there; — the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
“Blow on! This is the land of liberty!”

LXXX. — GOOD AND BAD TEMPER.

Good temper is not exactly a virtue, and bad temper is not exactly a vice; but the happiness or unhappiness of life depends so much upon them that we should aim at one as if

it were a virtue, and avoid the other as if it were a vice. A good-tempered man brings with him an atmosphere of sunshine; but a bad-tempered man breathes round him an influence like that of a day of clouds and rain. To live in the same house with an ill-tempered person is like living in the same room with a loaded gun: in both cases we are in constant danger of an explosion.

There are many kinds of bad temper in the world. There is the hot and hasty temper, which flames up into a blaze on any sudden provocation, vents itself in angry expressions, and is known by the inflamed cheek and the kindling eye; but after a while the storm blows over, and all is calm again. Many men of this stamp will, when their passion has cooled, express the greatest sorrow for what they have said and done in their angry mood, and endeavor, by kindness and caresses, to recover the affection of those whose feelings they have wounded.

Then there is the sullen temper, which broods over an offence whether real or imaginary, cherishes unkind and revengeful thoughts, and obstinately refuses to forgive an injury or make up a quarrel. This is a hateful form of ill temper; and a man who is cursed with it is to be pitied as well as avoided. His heart may be compared to some dark cavern or den, where the blessed light of day never comes, and which is haunted by bats, and toads, and serpents.

Then there is the suspicious temper, which is, indeed, one form of the sullen temper; which all the time keeps an uneasy watch over the conduct of others, and takes offence where none is meant. A man of this temper sees things through a false medium, which discolours and distorts all objects. A friend, absorbed in thought, passes him in the street without bowing to him; but he believes it to have been done on purpose, and broods over the fancied slight day after day. His friend, innocent and unsuspecting, does not know what to make of his altered manner and short replies. It is a safe rule to suppose that others act from good motives, and when

an act is capable of being explained in two ways, to take the kind and generous view. A suspicious man is always making himself unhappy without cause.

Then there is the peevish temper, which expresses itself by scolding, fretting, and complaining; incessant as the dropping from the eaves in a wet day, and so wearisome that we should be thankful for a violent explosion of passion, which might act like a clearing-up shower, and bring a calm afterwards. Sad is the lot of those who are obliged to live in the same house with a peevish and fretful man or woman; for in such a house there is no peace and no joy, but a constant succession of trials, each one of which is little in itself, but all added together make a great sum of discomfort.

Some persons are born with better tempers than others, just as some are born with stronger bodies and higher mental powers than others. Some, too, have their tempers injured by sickness, by loss of property, by troubles and disappointment. But every one can do much to correct a bad temper by care, and watchfulness, and self-discipline. General Washington was naturally passionate; but he subdued his passion so completely that he seemed one of the calmest and mildest of men. Mr. Jefferson once wrote down some rules of conduct, one of which was this: "When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred." This is a good piece of advice to a passionate person.

Unless we learn to control our tempers, we can hardly help making ourselves and others constantly unhappy by our fretfulness and fits of anger; for many things happen in this world which are vexatious and annoying. We are often obliged to give up what we want, and to do what we do not like to do. This is the common lot; and it is in this way that God educates us for a better life hereafter. Many things, for instance, happen in the most prosperous and best-ordered family, which have a tendency to try the temper. The baby will sometimes cry; the fire sometimes smokes; the dinner is not always ready at the exact moment; the rain leaks through

the roof; in summer, every thing is covered with dust; in winter, the pump is choked with frost, or the water pipes burst. All these things should be borne with patience and gentleness; for all the scolding and fretting in the world will not make the trouble any less, or help to set any thing right.

How delightful it is to enter that house over which the spirit of love, and patience, and good temper presides! There no loud voices are heard, no angry chidings, no stormy reproaches, no impatient expressions. The government of the parents is firm, but kind; and their reproofs are gentle: they rule by love, and not by fear. The children bear with one another, and the elder are patient with the younger. Each one is ready to give up his or her wishes to the rest, and render cheerful obedience to their parent's will. There is no rough struggling for books or playthings, no sharp-tongued contest for this place or that privilege, no loud disputes about balls, or kites, or dolls. Such a home is like a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth. Happy are the children who are reared therein; and happy are the parents who make their household a household of love!

LXXXI.—A HASTY TEMPER CORRECTED.

MISS SEDGWICK.

[This and the next succeeding lesson are taken from an excellent work by Miss Sedgwick, entitled Home. In the family of Mr. Barclay it presents to us a delightful picture of a happy home; not exempted from the trials and sorrows which belong to our mortal life, but in which all discipline is turned to moral growth by the spirit of faith, and hope, and love. This is a fictitious narrative; that is, there never was actually such a man as Mr. Barclay, or such a boy as his passionate son; but the account of Wallace's struggles to overcome his hasty temper is a true representation of what every man and every boy must do who resolves to rule his spirit and subdue his passions.]

Our friends were now in a convenient house, adapted to their improved fortune and increasing family. The family were assembled in a back parlor. Mrs. Barclay was at some domestic employment, in aid of which Martha had just

brought in a tub of scalding water. Charles, the eldest boy, with a patience most unboyish, was holding a skein of yarn for grandmamma to wind; Alice, the eldest girl, was arranging the dinner table in the adjoining room; Mary, the second, was amusing the baby at the window; Willie was saying his letters to aunt Betsey: all were busy; but the busiest was little Haddy, a sweet child of four years, who was sitting in the middle of the room on a low chair, and who, unobserved by the rest, and herself unconscious of wrong, was doing deadly mischief.

She had taken a new, unfinished, and very precious kite belonging to her brother Wallace, cut a hole in the centre, thrust into it the head of her pet Maltese kitten, and was holding it by the fore paws, and making it dance on her lap; the little animal looking as demure and formal as one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor in her ruff. At this critical juncture, Wallace entered in search of his kite. One word of excuse for Wallace beforehand. The kite was the finest he had ever possessed: it had been given him by a friend, and that friend was waiting at the door to string and fly it for him.

At once, the ruin of the kite, and the indignity to which it was subjected, flashed over him; and perhaps little Haddy's very satisfied air exasperated him. In a breath he seized the kitten, and dashed it into the tub of scalding water. His father had come in to dinner, and paused at the open door of the next room. Haddy shrieked; the children all screamed; Charles dropped grandmamma's yarn, and, at the risk of his own hand, rescued the kitten; but seeing its agony, he gently dropped it in again, and thus put the speediest end to its sufferings.

The children were all sobbing. Wallace stood pale and trembling. His eye turned to his father, then to his mother, then was riveted on the floor. The children saw the frown on their father's face, more dreaded by them than ever was flogging or dark closet.

"I guess you did not mean to, did you, Wally?" said little Haddy, whose tender heart was so touched by the utter misery depicted on her brother's face, that her pity for him overcame her sense of her own and pussy's wrongs. Wallace sighed deeply, but spoke no word of apology or excuse. The children looked at Wallace, at their father and their mother, and still the sad silence was unbroken. The dinner bell rang. "Go to your own room, Wallace," said his father. "You have forfeited your right to a place among us. Creatures who are the slaves of their passions are, like beasts of prey, fit only for solitude."

"How long must Wallace stay up stairs?" asked Haddy, affectionately holding back her brother, who was hastening away.

"Till he feels assured," replied Mr. Barclay, fixing his eye sternly on Wallace, "that he can control his hasty temper; at least so far as not to be guilty of violence towards such a dear, good little girl as you are, and murderous cruelty to an innocent animal; till you, sir, can give me some proof that you dread the sin and danger of yielding to your passions so much that you can govern them."

The family sat down to table. The parents were silent, serious, unhappy. The children caught the infection, and scarcely a word was said above a whisper. There was a favorite dish on the table, followed by a nice pudding. They were eaten — not enjoyed. The children felt that it was not the good things they had to eat, but the kind looks, the innocent laugh, the cheerful voice, that made the pleasure of the social meal.

"My dear children," said their father, as he took his hat to leave them, "we have lost all our comfort to-day — have we not?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," they answered in a breath.

"Then learn one lesson from your poor brother. Learn to dread doing wrong. If you commit sin, you must suffer, and all that you love must suffer with you; for every sin is a

violation of the laws of your heavenly Father, and he will not suffer it to go unpunished."

The days passed on. Wallace went to school as usual, and returned to his solitude, without speaking or being spoken to. The children began to venture to say to their father, whose justice they dared not question, "How long Wally has staid up stairs!" and Charles, each day, eagerly told how well Wallace behaved at school. His grandmother could not resist her desire to comfort him. She would look into his room to see "if he were well," "if he were warm enough," or "if he did not want something." The little fellow's moistening eye and tremulous voice evinced his sense of her kindness; but he resolutely abstained from asking any mitigation of his punishment.

LXXXII. — THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

Two weeks had passed when Mr. Barclay heard Wallace's door open, and heard him say, "Can I speak with you one minute before dinner, sir?"

"Certainly, my son." His father entered and closed the door.

"Father," said Wallace, with a tremulous voice, but an open, cheerful face, "I feel as if I had a right now to ask you to forgive me, and take me back into the family."

Mr. Barclay felt so too; and, kissing him, he said, "I have only been waiting for you, Wallace; and, from the time you have taken to consider your besetting sin, I trust you have gained strength to resist it."

"It is not consideration only, sir, that I depend upon, for you told me I must wait till I could give you proof; so I had to wait till something happened to try me. I could not possibly tell else; for I always do resolve, when I get over my passion, that I never will be angry again. Luckily for me—

for I began to be very tired of staying alone — Tom Allen snatched off my new cap, and threw it into the gutter.

“ I had a book in my hand, and I raised it to throw it at him; but I thought just in time; and I was so glad that I had governed my passion, that I did not care about my cap, or Tom, or any thing else. But one swallow doesn't make a summer, as aunt Betsey says; so I waited till I should get angry again. It seemed as if I never should: there were provoking things that happened; but, somehow or other, they did not provoke me. Why do you smile, father? ”

“ I smile with pleasure, my dear boy, to find that one fortnight's resolute watchfulness has enabled you so to curb your temper that you are not easily provoked.”

“ But stay, father; you have not heard all. Yesterday, just as I was putting up my arithmetic, which I had written almost to the end without a single blot, Tom Allen came along, and gave my inkstand a jostle, and over it went on my open book. I thought he did it on purpose; I think so still; but I don't feel so sure. I did not reflect then: I doubled up my fist to strike him.”

“ O Wallace! ”

“ But I did not, father, I did not: I thought just in time. There was a horrid choking feeling, and angry words seemed crowding out; but I did not speak one of them, though I had to bite my lips to keep them in.”

“ God bless you, my son.”

“ And the best of it all was, father, that Tom Allen, who never before seemed to care how much harm he did me, or how much he hurt my feelings, was really sorry; and this morning he brought me a new blank book, nicely ruled, and offered to help me copy my sums into it; so I hope I did him some good, as well as myself, by governing my temper.”

“ There is no telling, Wallace, how much good may be done by a single right action, or how much harm by a single wrong one.”

"I know it, sir. I have been thinking a great deal since I went up stairs; and I do wonder why God did not make Adam and Eve so that they could not do wrong."

"This subject has puzzled older and wiser heads than yours, my son, and puzzled them more than I think it should. If we had been created incapable of sin, there could have been no virtue. Did you not feel happier yesterday after your trial, than if it had not happened?"

"O, yes, father; and the strangest of all was, that, after the first flash, I had not any bad feelings towards Tom."

"Then you can see, in your own case, good resulting from being free to do good or evil. You were certainly the better for your victory, and, you say, happier. It is better to be virtuous than sinless—I mean, incapable of sin. If you subdue your temper, the exercise of the power to do this will give you a pleasure that you could not have had without it."

"But if I fail, father?" Wallace looked in his father's face with an expression that showed he felt that he had more than a kingdom to gain or lose.

"You cannot fail, my dear son, while you continue to feel the worth of the object for which you are striving; while you feel that the eye of God is upon you; and that not only your own happiness, but the happiness of your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, of our home, depends on your success. * * *

"You have manifested a virtuous resolution; and you have not only my forgiveness, and my entire sympathy, but I trust you have the approbation of your heavenly Father. Come, come along to your mother; take her happy kiss, and then to dinner. We have not had one truly pleasant dinner since you have been up stairs."

"Stop one moment, father." Wallace lowered his voice as he modestly added, "I don't think I should have got through it alone; but every day I have prayed to God to help me."

"You have not been alone, my dear son," replied his father,

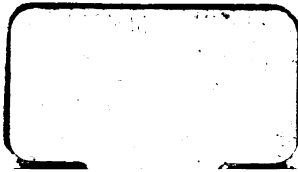
much moved, "nor will you ever be left alone in your efforts to obey God; for, you remember, Jesus has said, 'If a man keep my words, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him!' God, my son, is present in every pure affection and holy emotion of your soul."

A farmer who has seen a beautiful crop bend under the storm, and after it rise stronger and more promising than ever, can have some feeble conception of Mr. Barclay's satisfaction, while, leaving Wallace with their mother, he assembled the children in the dining room, and recounted to them as much as he deemed proper of his conversation with their brother.

The dinner bell sounded, and Wallace was heard running down stairs before his mother, his heels as light as his heart. The children, jumping up behind and before him, shouted out his welcome. Grandmamma wiped her eyes, and cleared her voice to say, "Dear Wally, how glad we all are to see you!"







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