

and completely surrounded by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone.

The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain, which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and, in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from innumerable rays of light, which darted out from it in every direction. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and other precious stones.

It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal, that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with a brilliancy that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrustated.

Gold was said by the people to be "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices, which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, surrounded the whole exterior of the edifice.

Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was

consecrated to the Moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was represented in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale silvery light of the beautiful planet.

There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, that formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third to the Rainbow, whose many-colored arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were besides several other buildings, or isolated apartments, for the accommodation of the numerous priests who conducted the services of the temple.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold and silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials.

The gardens sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there,—among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most prominent,—executed in the same style, and with a



degree of skill, which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

Perhaps the most magnificent of all the national solemnities was the feast of Raymi, held at the period of the summer solstice,<sup>27</sup> when the Sun, having touched the southern extremity of his course, retraced his path, as if to gladden the hearts of his chosen people by his presence. On this occasion the Indian nobles from the different quarters of the country thronged to the capital to take part in the great religious celebration.

For three days previous, there was a general fast, and no fire was allowed to be lighted in the dwellings. When the appointed day arrived, the Inca and his court, followed by the whole population of the city, assembled at early dawn in the great square to greet the rising of the sun.

They were dressed in their gayest apparel, and the Indian lords vied with one another in the display of costly ornaments and jewels on their persons, while canopies of gaudy feather-work and richly tinted stuffs, borne by the attendants over their heads, gave to the great square and the streets that emptied into it, the appearance of being spread over with one vast and magnificent awning.

Eagerly they watched the coming of their deity, and, no sooner did his first yellow rays strike the turrets and loftiest buildings of the capital, than a shout of joy broke forth from the assembled multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph, and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, that swelled louder and louder as his bright orb, rising above the mountain range toward the east, shone in full splendor on his worshipers.

After the usual ceremonies of adoration, a libation was offered to the great deity by the Inca, from a huge golden vase, filled with the fermented liquor of maize or of maguey, which, after the monarch had tasted it himself, he distributed among his royal kindred. These ceremonies completed, the vast assembly was arranged in order of procession, and took its way toward the Coricancha.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

**Biography.**—William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859) was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard College.

After a visit to Europe, he married and decided to adopt a literary life. His determination in 1819 was to devote ten years to study and ten years to composition. His first work, "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in 1837, and met with great success. "History of the Conquest of Mexico" appeared in 1843; "Conquest of Peru" in 1847, and "History of Philip II." in 1855-8.

His writings have been much admired, and are translated into French, Spanish, and German. Prescott was very methodical in his habits. Every day he devoted five hours to literary work and two hours to reading novels.

**Note.**—The *summer solstice*, in Peru, occurs on Dec. 21, when the farthest point south of the equator is touched by the sun.

### 87.—CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

mīl' tīa (mī līsh' à), <i>state soldiers.</i>	eoun'ter seārp, <i>outside slope of the ditch.</i>
pa rōl', <i>a promise to fulfill certain conditions.</i>	bās'tion (bās't'yūn), <i>outside part of the main inclosure.</i>
ear tēl', <i>a written message.</i>	in tāet', <i>untouched.</i>
pā'a pēt, <i>wall.</i>	pīek'et, <i>guard.</i>
in'ter stī çes, <i>spaces between.</i>	pēr'fo rāt ed, <i>pierced.</i>

It was not long after the complete dispersion of the ill-starred Penobscot expedition that General



Peleg Wadsworth succeeded in entering the British fort on the hill at Bagaduce. He had more difficulty in leaving it.

After the disbanding of his militia, the general made his quarters at Thomaston, Maine, where he lived with his wife in apparent security. A young lady, named Fenno, and a guard of six militia-men completed his garrison. General Campbell, commanding at Bagaduce, was well informed of Wadsworth's defenseless condition, and resolved to send him an invitation to come and reside in the fortress.

A lieutenant and twenty-five men arrived at dead of night with the message at Wadsworth's house. The sentinel challenged and fled. General Wadsworth defended himself with Spartan bravery. Armed with a brace of pistols, a fusee,<sup>N</sup> and a blunderbuss,<sup>N</sup> he fought his assailants away from the windows and the door, through which they had followed the retreating sentinel. Arrayed in his night-clothes, with his bayonet only, he disdained to yield for some time longer, until a shot disabled his left arm. Then, with five or six men lying wounded around him, the windows shattered, and the house on fire, Peleg Wadsworth was able to say, "I surrender."

They took him, exhausted with his exertions, and benumbed with cold, to the fort, where he was kept close prisoner. Some time after, Major Burton, who had served with the general, was also made prisoner and lodged in the same room with him. Wadsworth applied for a parol. It was refused. Governor Hancock sent a cartel with an offer of exchange. It was denied. One day he was visited by Miss Fenno, who in a few words gave him to

know that he was to be detained till the end of the war. He then resolved to escape.

The prisoners were confined in a room of the officers' quarters, the window grated, the door provided with a sash, through which the sentinel, constantly on duty in the passage, could look into the room as he paced on his round. At either end of this passage was a door, opening upon the parade of the fort, at which other sentinels were posted. At sunset the gates were closed, and the number of sentinels on the parapet increased. A picket was also stationed at the narrow isthmus connecting with the main-land.

These were not all the difficulties in their way. Supposing them able to pass the sentinels in the passage, and at the outer door of their quarters, they must then cross the open space and ascend the wall under the eye of the guards posted on the parapet. Admitting the summit of the rampart gained, the exterior wall was defended with strong pickets driven obliquely into the earthen wall of the fort.

From this point was a sheer descent of twenty feet to the bottom of the ditch. Arrived here, the fugitives must ascend the counterscarp, and cross the chevaux-de-frise<sup>N</sup> with which it was furnished. They were then without the fortress, with no possible means of gaining their freedom except by water. To elude the picket at the Neck was not to be thought of.

The prisoners' room was ceiled with pine boards. Upon some pretext they procured a gimlet of a servant, with which they perforated a board so as to make an aperture sufficiently large to admit the



body of a man. The interstices were cut through with a penknife, leaving the corners intact until the moment for action should arrive. They then filled the holes with bread, and carefully removed the dust from the floor.

This work had to be executed while the sentinel traversed a distance equal to twice the length of their own room. The prisoners paced their floor, keeping step with the sentry; and, as soon as he had passed by, Burton, who was the taller, and could reach the ceiling, commenced work, while Wadsworth walked on. On the approach of the soldier, Burton quickly rejoined his companion. Three weeks were required to execute this task. Each was provided with a blanket and a strong staff, sharpened at the end. For food they kept their crusts and dried bits of their meat.

They waited until one night when a violent thunder-storm swept over the peninsula. It became intensely dark. The rain fell in torrents upon the roof of the barracks. The moment for action had come. The prisoners undressed themselves as usual, and went to bed, observed by the sentinel. They then extinguished their candle and quickly arose.

Their plan was to gain the vacant space above their room, creeping along the joists until they reached the passage next beyond, which they knew to be unguarded. Thence they were to make their way to the north bastion, acting as circumstances might determine.

Burton was the first to pass through the opening. He had advanced but a little way before he encountered a flock of fowls, whose roost he had invaded. Wadsworth listened with breathless anx-

ity to the cackling that apprised him for the first time of this new danger. At length it ceased without having attracted the attention of the guards, and the general with difficulty ascended in his turn. He passed over the distance to the gallery unnoticed, and gained the outside by the door that Burton had left open.

Feeling his way along the wall of the barracks to the western side, he made a bold push for the embankment, gaining the rampart by an oblique path. At this moment the door of the guard-house was flung open, and a voice exclaimed, "Relief, turn out!" Fortunately the guard passed without seeing the fugitive. He reached the bastion agreed upon as a rendezvous, but Burton was not there. No time was to be lost. Securing his blanket to a picket, he lowered himself as far as it would permit, and dropped without accident into the ditch. From here he passed softly out by the water-course, and stood in the open air without the fort. It being low tide, the general waded the cove to the main-land, and made the best of his way up the river. In the morning he was rejoined by his companion, and both, after exertions that exacted all their fortitude, gained the opposite shore of the Penobscot in safety. Their evasion is like a romance of the Bastille<sup>x</sup> in the days of Richelieu.<sup>N</sup>

S. A. DRAKE.

**Notes.**—*Fusée*, a small, light musket with a long, thin barrel. The name is from *fusil*, meaning a spindle.

*Blunderbuss*, a kind of short musket with a very wide bore, sufficient to take in several bullets at once. It is a destructive weapon at close quarters.

*Chevaux-de-frise* (shév'o-de-freez) is a defense constructed of wood or iron in such a way as to present an array of sharp,



ragged points toward an enemy. It is an impassable barrier to cavalry.

**Bastille** (bas'teel') was a famous French fortress, whose towers and cellars were used as prisons. The inmates of the dungeons of the Bastille were entirely shut off from hope of escape, and forgotten by the outside world.

**Richelieu** (Rī:h'eh loō) (1685-1642) was a famous French statesman.

**Language.**—*Nouns* or *pronouns* used as the subject of a sentence are said to be in the *nominative case*. Point out four examples of *nominative case* in the lesson.

—o-o-o—

### S S. — SNOW-BOUND.

pōr tēnt', <i>an omen; an indication.</i>	mīr'a elā, <i>a wonder; something contrary to the laws of nature.</i>
sphēr'ūlā (sfēr'ōbl), <i>orb.</i>	wān'ing, <i>declining.</i>
quēr'ū lqūs, <i>fretful; complaining.</i>	pēl'li elā, <i>crystal.</i>
līt'terā.l, <i>placed straw for beds.</i>	ēouch'ant, <i>lying down.</i>
	rh'ythm, <i>harmonious movement.</i>

The sun, that brief December day,  
 Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
 And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
 A sadder light than waning moon.  
 Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
 Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
 A portent seeming less than threat,  
 It sunk from sight before it set.  
 A chill, no coat, however stout,  
 Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
 A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
 Or life-blood in the sharpened face,  
 The coming of the snow-storm told.  
 The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
 Of Ocean on his wintry shore,

And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
 Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—  
 Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:  
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn:  
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
 Impatient down the stanchion rows  
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
 While, peering from his early perch  
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
 The cock his crested helmet bent,  
 And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
 The gray day darkened into night,—  
 A night made hoary with the swarm,  
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
 As zigzag wavering to and fro  
 Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:  
 And ere the early bedtime came  
 The white drift piled the window-frame,  
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:  
 The morning broke without a sun;  
 In tiny spherule traced with lines  
 Of Nature's geometric signs,  
 In starry flake, and pellicle,  
 All day the hoary meteor fell;  
 And, when the second morning shone,



We looked upon a world unknown,  
 On nothing we could call our own.  
 Around the glistening wonder bent  
 The blue walls of the firmament,  
 No cloud above, no earth below,—  
 A universe of sky and snow!  
 The old familiar sights of ours  
 Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and  
 towers  
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
 Or garden wall, or belt of wood;  
 A smooth, white mound the brush-pile showed,  
 A fenceless drift what once was road;  
 The bridle-post an old man sat  
 With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
 The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
 Of Pisa's<sup>N</sup> leaning miracle.

o o o o o o o o o o o

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
 The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank  
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—  
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-stick;  
 The knotty forestick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious art  
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
 We watched the first red blaze appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

o o o o o o o o o o o

Shut in from all the world without,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
 Content to let the north-wind roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,  
 While the red logs before us beat  
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
 And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,  
 The house-dog on his paws outspread,  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette<sup>N</sup> on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?  
 What matter how the north-wind raved?  
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



**Biography.**—For biographical sketch of John Greenleaf Whittier, see page 88.

**Notes.**—*Pisa's* (Pee'sa's) *leaning miracle*. At Pisa, Italy, there is a round, marble tower, 180 feet high, called the Leaning Tower, on account of its deviating fourteen feet from the perpendicular. Although this wonderful tower is apparently about to fall, it has stood firm for more than seven hundred years.

**Silhouette** (sil'oo et) is a shadow outline filled-in with a dark color. A hundred years ago, the profile silhouettes of individuals were cut out of black paper, and were kept as likenesses. Humorous illustrations of the silhouette order are now common in pictorial papers.

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

### 89.—THE RUBBER TREES OF THE AMAZON.

eon vól'vu lí, climbing plants with bell-shaped flowers.	mán'gróves, certain tropical trees.
ár'bo rēs'cent, tree-like.	ā'gūq, chills.
ā'rūms, lilies.	pre çisq'ly, exactly.
ěst'ū a ry, an arm of the sea.	eo āg'ū lātq, becomes thick.

Ascending the Mississippi from its mouth, one passes by four great tributaries—the Red, Arkansas, Ohio, and Missouri; the Missouri, in its turn, receives the Platte and Yellowstone, so that we can reckon altogether six branches which exceed seven hundred miles in length. This is a larger number than the Asiatic or African rivers possess.

The Niger has no large branches at all; the Nile has only three or four, which are almost dry during half of the year; the Yang-tse-kiang has no single branch as long as the Ohio; and so with the rest. In South America, the Parana receives the Uruguay and Paraguay, each as large as the Red River. So far, the comparison is favorable to the Mississippi.

Now glance at a map of the Amazon. There are at least sixteen tributaries that measure more than

seven hundred miles in length; the most of them exceed a thousand. Some of these great branches receive streams almost as large as themselves, and the lesser rivers that flow into the Amazon would count up a full hundred or more. King of rivers, the Amazon bears a princely train.

In studying the great valley of the Amazon, our first step will be to distinguish between the main-land and the flood-plain; we must separate these two in our minds as sharply as they are defined in nature. The main-land is always beyond reach of the floods, though it may be only a few inches above them; it has a foundation of older rock, which crops out in many places. The flood-plain, on the contrary, has clearly been formed by the river itself; its islands and flats are built up of mud and clay, with an occasional sand bank; but they are never stony, and only isolated points are a few inches above the highest floods.

Our first rambles will be among the islands and channels of the varzeas, or flood-plains, with their swampy forests, and great stretches of meadow, and half submerged plantations. Any one who is not blind must feel his soul moved within him by the marvelous beauty of the vegetation. Not a bit of ground is seen; straight up from the water the forest rises like a wall—dense, dark, impenetrable, a hundred feet of leafy splendor. And breaking out every-where from among the heaped-up masses are the palm-trees by thousands. For here the palms hold court: nowhere else on the broad earth is their glory unveiled as we see it. If palms, standing alone, are esteemed the most beautiful of trees, what shall we say when their numbers are counted,



not by scores, nor hundreds, but by thousands, and all in a ground-work of such forest as is never seen outside of the tropics?

The scene is infinitely varied: sometimes the palm-trees are hidden, but even then the great rolling mass is full of wonderful changes, from the hundred or more kinds of trees that compose it; and again the palms hold undivided sway, or only shrubs and low climbing vines soften their splendor. Down by the water's edge the flowering convulvi are mingled with shield-like leaves of the arborescent arums, and mangroves standing aloft on their stilt-like roots, where they are washed by the estuary tides.

The Indian pilot points out numbers of rubber-trees, and we learn to recognize their white trunks, and shining, bright-green foliage. This low tide-region is one of the most important rubber districts, and hundreds of natives are employed in gathering and preparing the crude gum. Occasionally we see their thatched huts along the shore, built on piles, and always damp, reeking, dismal, suggestive of agues and rheumatism; for the tide-lowlands, glorious as they are from the river, are sodden marshes within, where many a rubber gatherer has found disease and death.

The rubber-trees are scattered through marshy forests, where we clamber over logs, and sink into pools of mud, and leap the puddles; where the mosquitoes are blood-thirsty, and nature is damp and dark and threatening; where the silence is unbroken by beast and bird—a silence that can be felt.

In the early morning, men and women come

with baskets of clay cups on their backs, and little hatchets to gash the trees. Where the white milk drips down from the gash they stick their cups on the trunk with daubs of clay, molded so as to catch the whole flow. If the tree is a large one, four or five gashes may be cut in a circle around the trunk.

On the next day other gashes are made a little below these, and so on until the rows reach the ground. By eleven o'clock the flow of milk has ceased, and the natives come to collect the contents of the cups in calabash jugs. A gill or so is the utmost yield from each tree, and a single gatherer may attend to a hundred and twenty trees or more, wading always through these dark marshes, and paying dearly for his profit in fever and weakness.

A day's gathering will be a calabash of white liquid, in appearance precisely like milk. If left in this condition it coagulates after a while, and forms an inferior whitish gum. To make the black rubber of commerce the milk must go through a peculiar process of manufacture. Over a smoldering fire, fed with the hard nuts of the tucuma<sup>N</sup> palm, is placed a kind of clay chimney, like a wide-mouthed, bottomless jug; through this chimney the thick smoke pours in a constant stream. Now the rubber gatherer takes his mold—in this case a wooden one, like a round-bladed paddle—washes it with the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the liquid coagulates.

Then another coat is added—only now, as the wood is heated, the milk coagulates faster. It may take the gatherings of two or three days to cover the mold thickly enough. Then the rubber is



still dull white, but in a short time it turns brown, and finally almost black, as it is sent to the market. The mass is cut from the paddle and sold to traders in the village. Bottles are sometimes made by molding the rubber over a clay ball, which is then broken up and removed.

During the wet months, from February until June or July, this ground is under water, and the huts of the natives are wholly deserted. The floods would not entirely interrupt the gathering, were it not that the gum is then weak, and of comparatively little value. Besides, the trees need this period of rest to make up for the constant summer drain.

Rubber is almost the only product of these lowlands. The whole region is simply an endless succession of channels, small lakes, and swamps covered with forests, beautiful beyond thought from without, a dismal wilderness within.

HERBERT H. SMITH.

**Note.**—The *tucuma palm* is from thirty to forty feet high, and its stem is encircled with narrow rings of black spines arranged with beautiful regularity. Its fruit is about an inch long, and almost globular in shape.

**Language.**—Nouns or pronouns used to complete the meaning of a verb or participle, or the relation indicated by a preposition, are said to be in the *objective case*; as, "In a few days' *time* after leaving the *mouth* of the Arkansas *River*, we saw *New Orleans*."

The noun *New Orleans* completes the meaning of what word?—*mouth* completes the meaning of what word?—*time* and *river* complete the relations indicated by what words?

Select or compose a sentence illustrating the different uses of the objective case.

**composition.**—Select six parts suitable for the treatment of the subject—"A Visit to the Amazon," using the narrative order, and introducing the description of such scenes or objects of interest as will make the composition attractive, as well as instructive.

### 90. - ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

in i'q'ui ty (in ik'wī tī), *wrong; gross injustice.*

gūin'eas (gūn'es), *gold coins of England, valued at about \$5 each.*

at tēst', *affirm; prove.*

dis gūis'ed', *concealed.*

eāu'dor, *fairness; sincerity.*

plāint'iff, *one who begins an action to obtain a remedy for an injury.*

prīv'i legg, *advantage.*

ad dūc'ed', *offered.*

eoun'sel ors, *lawyers.*

ne fā'ri qūs, *wicked.*

A gentleman, who possessed an estate in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died; when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in his elder brother's favor, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

In the course of time the elder brother returned, but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief-Justice, in regard to it. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

The cause was tried at Chelmsford, in Essex. On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and, thus equipped, entered the county hall where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff, and, entering into conversation with him, inquired what were his pros-



pects; to which the plaintiff replied, "My cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life."

"Well, honest friend," replied the pretended miller, "will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right and privilege to take exception to any one jurymen through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power."

The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand, and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," he asked, "by taking exception to that gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord," said the plaintiff, "to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge had been highly bribed, and in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said: "Well, sir, whom do you wish to have in place of him you have challenged?"

After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, "My lord," said the plaintiff, "I will choose yonder miller, if you please." Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment and slipped ten golden

guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five.

"How much have you obtained?" whispered the miller to his next neighbor.

"Ten pieces," said the latter.

The miller said nothing further at that time. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence that could be adduced in his favor were brought forward.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed like the judge. The witnesses deposed that they were in the some country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The counselors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just."

They waited but a few minutes; and then supposing that all were determined in favor of the younger brother, the judge said, "Gentlemen, are you all agreed? and who shall speak for you?"

"We are, I believe, all agreed," replied one, "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed!"

"Why," said the judge, in a very surly tone, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is, they have given to all these



gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five, which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such penetration of judgment, such a knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

As the speaker was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?"

"I came from Westminster Hall,"<sup>n</sup> replied the miller, "my name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious business. I will come up this moment and try the cause over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat ~~on~~ began the trial anew, and subjected the testimony to the most searching scrutiny. He made the elder brother's title to the estate clear and manifest from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unraveled all the sophistry of the latter to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

**Notes.**—For biographical sketch of Sir Matthew Hale, see p. 293. *Westminster Hall*, London, was the building in which the "Court of the King's Bench" held its meetings.

**Language.**—In expressing thoughts, a verb with its subject will sometimes form only an incomplete sentence, and it becomes necessary (1) to use an *objective case*, (2) an *adjective*, or (3) a second *nominative case*, in order to make a complete sentence.

**Examples.**—(1.) "It astonished *the judge*." (2.) "We are *happy*." (3.) "My name is *Matthew Hale*."

In the first example, *astonished* is called a *transitive verb*, because it expresses an action that "goes over" (Latin, *transit*) and must have an object.

*Are* and *is* (2 and 3) are forms of the verb "to be," and simply "tie" words together. Any form of "to be" is therefore called a *copula* (tie).

### 91.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

ce les'tial (l'est'ial), heavenly.	ræk, ruin; destruction.
bäl'drie, girdle.	wél'kin, heavenly.
páll, black cover.	bél'lied, swelled out.

When Freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there;  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given



To guard the banner of the free,  
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
 To ward away the battle-stroke,  
 And did its blendings shine afar,  
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
 The sign of hope and triumph, high!  
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
 And the long line comes gleaming on,  
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
 And, as his springing steps advance,  
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
 And gory sabers rise and fall  
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
 Each gallant arm that strikes below  
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
 When death, careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush madly back  
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,

Each dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly  
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.  
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
 By angel hands to valor given,  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

**Biography.**—Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820) was a native of New York, and began his career as a poet at seven years of age. He was associated for a time with the poet Halleck (author of "Marco Bozzaris"); and in 1819, they together wrote the "Croaker Papers," which gave them a great reputation.

Drake's longest poem is "The Culprit Fay"; his most popular poem, "The American Flag."

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

Point out the *emphatic words* in the first stanza. What *inflections* are used in the last stanza?

**Language.**—What figures of rhetoric are used in stanzas two and three?

*Standard, flag, banner,* are what kind of words?

Words and phrases are sometimes used independently; as, "Majestic monarch of the cloud!" "Mr. Speaker." "John." *monarch, speaker, John,* are examples of what is called *independent case*.

All verbs not requiring an *object* to complete their meaning are called *intransitive*; as, We all *laughed*. They have *gone away*.

Point out an example of a *transitive verb*, an *intransitive verb*, and a *copula* in the lesson.

**Composition.**—Select parts for an analysis of the subject—"A Rainy Day."

**Suggestion.**—Parts of a narrative may be treated in letter form, particular attention being devoted to the use of punctuation marks and capital letters.



## 99.—SILK-WORMS.

eo eōn', case made by the silk-worm to hold its larvæ

chrys'ū līd, forms into which the worms pass before becoming perfect insects.

e jēt'ing, throwing out.

ex pānd'ed, spread out.

eō mā, deep sleep; lethargy.

tāq's, weights, each of one ounce and a third.

nōx'iqūs (nōk'shūs), injurious; hurtful.

dēft, apt; dextrous.

eōr re spōnds', agrees.

ār o mā'ie, fragrant.

dī miu'ū tivq, very small.

In endeavoring to give some account of the manufacture of silk, the most important branch of Chinese industry, the first point to be noticed is the mode in which the silk-worms are reared. Those who are engaged in this work select a certain number of male and female cocoons. They have no difficulty in distinguishing the sex, as the cocoon which contains the male is strong, very pointed at each end, and smaller than that which contains the female, which is thick, round, and soft.

At the end of a period of fifteen or twenty days, the moths come out of the cocoons. They free themselves by first ejecting a fluid which dissolves a portion of the cocoon. All moths, the wings of which are expanded at the time of their birth, are regarded as useful, whereas those which have crumpled wings, no eyebrows, and are without down, are considered useless, and at once destroyed.

After a day, the male moths are removed, and the females, each having been placed on a sheet of coarse paper, begin to lay their eggs. In the silk districts of the north, owing, I suppose, to the severity of the climate, pieces of cloth are used instead of sheets of paper. The number of eggs which one moth lays, is

generally five hundred, and the period required for her to perform so great a labor, is, I believe, about seventy-four hours. The females often die almost immediately after they have laid their eggs, and the males do not long survive them.

The egg of the silk-worm, which is of a whitish, or pale ash color, is not larger than a grain of mustard seed. When eighteen days old the eggs are carefully washed with spring water. The sheet of coarse paper or piece of cloth on which they were laid, and to which they adhere, is very gently drawn through spring water contained in a wooden or earthenware bowl. During the autumnal months the eggs are carefully kept in a cool chamber, the sheets of paper or pieces of cloth being suspended back to back from bamboo rods placed in a horizontal position.

In the tenth month of the Chinese year, which corresponds with our December, the sheets are rolled up, and then deposited in a room which is well swept, and free from all noxious influences. On the third day of the twelfth month the eggs are again washed, and then exposed to the air to dry.

In the spring of the year, the eggs being now ready to bring forth, the sheets are placed on mats, and each mat placed on a bamboo shelf, in a well-swept and well-warmed chamber containing a series of shelves arranged along the walls. The shelves are almost invariably made of bamboo, the wood of which emits no fragrance, aromatic wood being especially avoided as unsuitable for the purpose.

At the time of their birth the worms are black, and so small as scarcely to exceed a hair in breadth. Owing to their diminutive size, those in charge of



them cut the leaves of the mulberry-tree, on which they are fed, into very small pieces. This is done with very sharp knives, so that the leaves may not be bruised, and consequently retain as much sap as possible.

When the worms are quite young, they are fed not less than forty-eight times in twenty-four hours. In course of time their meals are reduced to thirty in twenty-four hours; and when they have attained to their full growth, they get only three or four in the day. Occasionally—that is, once or twice during the first month—the worms are fed with mulberry leaves well mixed with the flour of green pease,<sup>N</sup> that of black beans, and that of rice. This mixture is supposed to be cooling and cleansing to the worms, and to tend to the production of strong and glossy silk.

Like all other creatures, these insects have their seasons of rest, and to these seasons the Chinese give distinguishing names. The first sleep, which takes place on the fourth or fifth day after birth, is termed the "hair sleep," and lasts but one day. The second sleep takes place on the eighth or ninth day, and the third, on the fourteenth; the fourth and last sleep, which takes place on or about the twenty-second day, is styled, in consequence of its long duration, the "great sleep." On the near approach of each period the worm loses its appetite. It erects the upper part of its body, and sleeps in this position.

During each period of sleep it casts its skin, continuing in a state of repose until the new skin is fully matured. It relieves itself of the old skin by wriggling out at that part of it which covers

the head, and which is broken. Sometimes the worm dies in consequence of its inability to free the end of its body from the old skin. The skin being shed, the worm grows very quickly in size and strength.

Between the successive periods of rest, there are generally intervals of three or four days, during which these little creatures eat most voraciously. During the four or five days which immediately follow the "great sleep," they have a greater appetite for food than they have hitherto manifested. When they have reached the age of thirty-two days they are full grown, each being about two inches in length, and almost as thick as a man's little finger.

When the worms are gradually increasing in size they are separated periodically, into several lots so as to give them more room. Now that it is full grown, the worm, which before was of a whitish hue, assumes a tint resembling that of amber. At this period they cease to partake of food, and begin to spin the silk from their mouths on the frames or shelves on which they have been placed.

In spinning, they move the head first to one side and then to the other, and continue the operation until the whole body has been enveloped in a cocoon. The time which a worm requires to accomplish this labor is, I believe, from three to five days; and as soon as it has inclosed itself in the cocoon, it falls into a state of coma, casts its skin, and eventually becomes a chrysalis.

The attendants then place the bamboo shelves on which the cocoons lie, near a slow fire of charcoal or wood, in order that the chrysalids may



be destroyed by its heat, otherwise these would, in three weeks more, break from their prison and appear in the imago form—the last perfected state of insect life.

The chrysalids having been destroyed, the cocoons are removed from the frames and placed in baskets. Women and girls, carefully selected for the task, now unwind the cocoons—a process which they make easy by placing them in boiling water. These workers must be deft of hand, and expert in the business, fully capable of making the threads of equal size, and of producing them bright, clear, and glossy.

When the cocoons are put into boiling water, the outer layer, which is called the silk rind or shell, is first unwound. Another set of women or girls, who are equally expert, are then engaged to unwind the inner layers of the cocoon, called the silk pulp or flesh. In the course of a day one woman can unwind four taels of silk in weight. The most expert workers can not, I believe, turn off more than five or six taels' weight.

Industrious workers, who are masters of the business, will finish one season, or silk harvest, in the course of eighteen or nineteen days. Ordinary or second-rate workers will require twenty-four or twenty-five days to get through the same amount of work. From long, white, and shining cocoons a small and good thread of silk is obtained; from those which are large, dull in color, and not firm of texture, a coarse thread is produced. This coarse thread is used in making the stuffs with which dresses are lined. The chrysalids are eaten by the workers as food of an excellent kind.

**Biography.**—John Henry Gray, the author of this piece, was for many years a resident of China. His work entitled "China" is an accurate description of the customs and industries of the "Celestial Empire."

**Note.**—*Pease* is one of the plural forms of pea, and is used when no definite number is mentioned. We say two peas, three peas, etc., when the definite number is given.

**Language.**—Either the subject or predicate of a simple sentence may be compounded; as "Women and girls now unwind the cocoons." *Women and girls* together forming a **compound subject**. If we add to the sentence just given **and make them into thread**, the **predicate** will also be **compound**.

Select from the lesson two examples of **simple, compound, and complex sentences**.

Compose a **simple sentence** containing a **compound subject** and a **compound predicate**.

**Nouns** and **pronouns** are of the **first person** if they represent the speaker; of the **second person**, if they represent a person or thing spoken to; and of the **third person**, if they represent a person or thing spoken of.

### 63.—LATOUE D'AUVERGNE.

per pët'ü ä'ted, <i>caused to last ;</i>	to pög'ra phy, <i>exact features,</i>
<i>preserved.</i>	<i>appearance.</i>
än'nals, <i>records.</i>	pöst pön'q', <i>put off.</i>
mër'it ed, <i>deserved.</i>	grën'a diërs', <i>a company of</i>
as sã'qit', <i>attack.</i>	<i>tall, stout soldiers.</i>
dis tîng'tion, <i>renown.</i>	de tilç', <i>narrow passage.</i>

Heroic deeds of bravery have been handed down to us by writers of all ages and countries, and nearly every nation has thus perpetuated the name and fame of one or more fearless souls, who, by some marvelous act of courage and fortitude, became famous in the annals of history.

The name of Latour d'Anvergne, a member of a regiment of grenadiers in the army of Napoleon, is one which is regarded by the French nation



with pride, and which figures prominently in the history of its armies.

For many years after his death, his name was regularly called, when the companies of his old regiment paraded for their daily roll-call.<sup>N</sup>

Then it was that the ranking sergeant stepped forward, and, saluting the commanding officer, said with a loud voice, "Dead on the field of Honor!"

To a stranger, this daily incident could not but excite wonder, but to the soldiers of the army, and all others having knowledge of the circumstances which occasioned the strange proceeding, the words, "Dead on the field of Honor!" had a thrilling significance, and caused a momentary thought of veneration to flow back to the brave soldier who was thus proudly honored.

This honor was, however, well merited. Latour d'Auvergne entered the army, for which he was educated, in the year 1767. Serving with marked distinction, he was frequently named for promotion, but uniformly refused all such honors, being content to command a company of grenadiers, which appeared to be the extent of his ambition.

At one period in his career, when a number of companies of grenadiers were massed in one body, he was placed in command of eight thousand men, although he retained only the rank of captain. This caused him to be known as the "First Grenadier of France."

While on a visit to friends who lived in the vicinity of a future field of action, he busied himself in studying the topography of the surrounding country, with a view of making good use of the knowledge thus gained, should occasion require.

He had scarcely completed his observations, when, to his amazement, he learned that a part of the Austrian army was rapidly pushing forward with the intention of possessing a mountain pass, to prevent an important movement the French army was then on the march to accomplish.

Latour d'Auvergne knew that the Austrians were only a few hours distant, and that they would pass the point at which he was staying. He did not intend to be captured, and immediately started off for the pass. He knew that it was defended by a small garrison, consisting of about thirty men, who were stationed in a strong tower at the entrance of the pass, and his object was to give these men warning of their danger.

On arriving at the tower, he found that the garrison had fled upon hearing of the advance of the Austrians, and that they had left behind them thirty muskets, all in prime order.

Latour d'Auvergne was made furious by this discovery. Hastily searching about the building, he found that the cowardly soldiers had destroyed a large part of the ammunition before leaving, a fact which caused him a moment of intense anxiety, but then, with a countenance indicating fearless determination, he fastened the main entrance, and secured it with such heavy articles as were at hand.

He then proceeded coolly to load all the muskets, and place them with an ample supply of ammunition near the loop-holes which commanded the pass, and through which the enemy must march. Having some provisions with him, he ate heartily, and then calmly awaited events. He had actually



resolved to defend the tower alone against the Austrians.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy could advance only in double files, which would expose them to a direct fire from the tower. Patiently Latour d'Auvergne awaited their approach, but they were long in coming, and he at one time concluded that the expedition had been abandoned.

About midnight the practiced ear of the old soldier caught the sound of approaching troops. On they came, nearer and nearer, until he heard them entering the narrow pass. He immediately discharged two muskets into the darkness as a warning that some one at the tower knew their intentions; then he heard the officers giving hasty commands, and the troops appeared to be retiring from the defile.

He was not further disturbed until morning. The commander of the Austrians, assuming that the garrison had received information of his approach, and was prepared to resist him, concluded he could not capture the tower by surprise as he had intended, and thought it wise to postpone his attack until daylight.

Early in the morning he demanded the surrender of the garrison. A grenadier stepped forward to answer the messenger, and said, "Say to your commanding officer that this garrison will defend this pass to the last extremity."

The bearer of the flag of truce returned, and, shortly after, a piece of artillery<sup>n</sup> was wheeled into the pass. In order to get a correct aim on the tower, it was necessary to place it in front, and



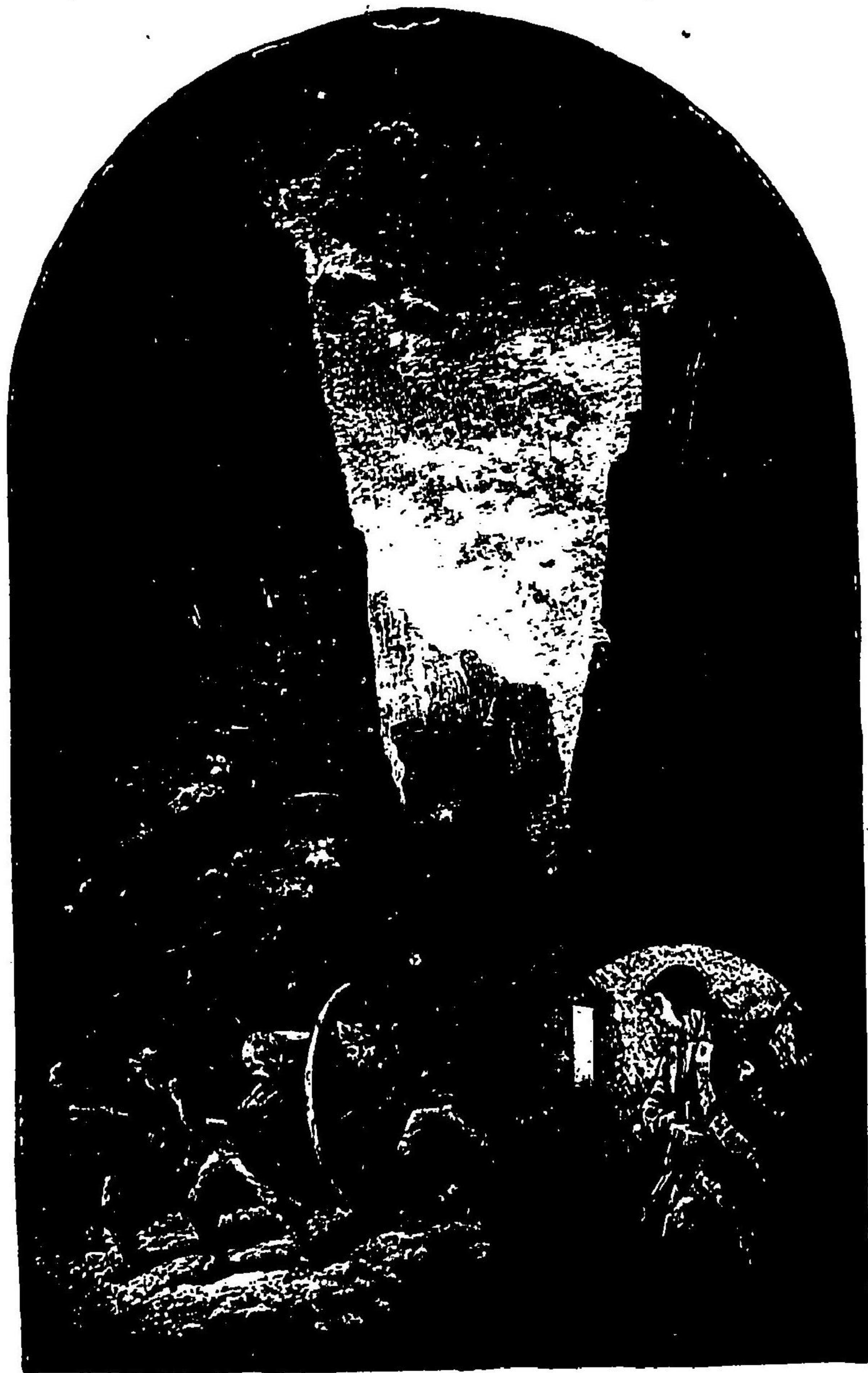
directly within easy musket range. No sooner had it been put in position, than rapid firing from the tower opened on the artillerymen, and was continued with such deadly precision that the cannon was hauled off after two or three discharges, with a loss of five men.

Finding that the artillery could not be used effectively, the Austrian commander determined upon an assault. As the troops entered the pass, the firing from the tower opened again, with such vigor and accuracy that fifteen men fell, killed or disabled, before half the distance was reached.

In like manner, three more assaults were repulsed, and ere sunset the enemy had lost forty-five men in killed and wounded. The Austrian commander noticed that the firing from the tower had been unusually rapid and accurate, and what was strange, every shot appeared to come from one particular point. For a time this puzzled him, but he finally concluded that there were several loopholes near together, and so situated in the tower as to bear directly on the defile.

As night approached, the Austrian commander again demanded the surrender of the garrison. This time he received a favorable reply. The garrison proposed to surrender in the morning, provided they were permitted to march out with their arms, and proceed to the French army without interruption. The terms were agreed to.

Latour d'Auvergne had passed a day of great anxiety. He began the fight with his thirty muskets, all loaded and ready for use. His fire had been rapid and accurate, for he was one of those efficient soldiers who seldom waste a shot,



"As the troops entered the pass, the firing from the tower opened again." (See page 417.)



A worthy object had caused him to bravely defend the tower, and that was, to hold the position long enough to enable the French army to accomplish its maneuver. This completed, he knew the pass would be of no use to the Austrians.

At sunrise the next morning, the Austrian troops were ranged in line on both sides of the pass, leaving a space between them for the garrison to march out. The massive door of the tower opened, and directly the brave old grenadier, almost staggering under his load of muskets, marched out, and passed along between the lines of soldiers. To the intense amazement of the Austrians, he was alone.

The Austrian commander, in surprise and astonishment, rode up to him and inquired why it was that the garrison did not follow him.

"I am the garrison, colonel," said the grenadier, proudly.

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you alone defended the tower against my forces?"

"I have that honor, colonel," was the calm reply.

"How came you to make such a bold attempt, grenadier?" inquired the colonel.

"Because, sir, the honor of France was in peril," replied the noble old soldier.

The colonel stood for a moment viewing the soldier with evident admiration. Then raising his cap, he said with much feeling, "Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer then gave orders to have all the

muskets which Latour d'Auvergne could not carry, sent with him into the French camp, and then wrote a letter to the French commander, relating the circumstances. When Napoleon learned the particulars of the affair, he desired to promote Latour d'Auvergne, but the latter preferred to remain a grenadier.

The brave old soldier was killed at the battle of Oberhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple and expressive scene at the daily roll-call of his regiment was ordered and continued by the great and appreciative Napoleon.

**Notes.**—*Roll-call* refers to the practice of assembling soldiers by tapping loudly upon a drum, and then calling over their names to find out whether or not all are present. The compliment to d'Auvergne consisted in keeping his name on the roll of the grenadiers after his death and having him accounted for daily as one whose deeds made him worthy of perpetual remembrance.

A *piece of artillery* is a single cannon, mortar, or howitzer. A battery of *ten pieces*, means a body of artillery containing ten pieces of ordnance—cannons, mortars, or howitzers.

**Language.**—What are the essential parts of every sentence? What are the uses of adjectives and adverbs? What words are employed to connect sentences? Why are personal pronouns used instead of proper names?



#### 94.—THE DEAD GRENADIER.

de fi'ant, bold; daring.		dig'ni ty, true worth.
mi'ter, head-covering of a bis- hop.		für'lough, leave of absence.

On the right of the battalion a grenadier of France,  
Struck through his iron harness by the lightning of a lance,  
His breast all wet with British blood, his brow with British  
breath,  
There fell defiant, face to face with England and with death.



They made a miter of his heart—they cleft it through and through—

One half was for his legion, and the other for it too!  
The colors of a later day prophetic fingers shed,  
For lips were blue and cheeks were white and the fleur-de-lis<sup>N</sup>  
was red!

And the bugles blew, and the legion wheeled, and the grenadier  
was dead.

And then the old commander rode slowly down the ranks,  
And thought how brief the journey grew, between the battered  
flanks;

And the shadows in the moonlight fell strangely into line  
Where the battle's reddest riot pledged the richest of the wine,  
And the camp fires flung their phantoms,—all doing what they  
could

To close the flinty columns up as old campaigners would!  
On he rode, the old commander, with the ensign in advance,  
And, as statued bronzes brighten with the smoky-torch's glance,  
Flashed a light in all their faces, like the flashing of a lance;  
Then, with brow all bare and solemn, "For the King!" he  
grandly said,

"Lower the colors to the living—beat the ruffle<sup>N</sup> for the dead!"  
And thrice the red silk flickered low its flame of royal fire,  
And thrice the drums moaned out aloud the mourner's wild  
desire.

Ay, lower again, thou crimson cloud—again ye drums lament—  
'Tis Rachel<sup>N</sup> in the wilderness and Ramah<sup>N</sup> in the tent!

"Close up! Right dress!" the captain said, and they gathered  
under the moon,

As the shadows glide together when the sun shines down at  
noon—

A stranger at each soldier's right—ah, war's wild work is grim!—  
And so to the last of the broken line, and Death at the right  
of him!

And there, in the silence deep and dead, the sergeant called the  
roll,

And the name went wandering down the lines as he called a  
passing soul,

O, then that a friendly mountain that summons might have  
heard,  
And flung across the desert dumb the shadow of the word,  
And caught the name that all forlorn along the legion ran,  
And clasped it to its mighty heart and sent it back to man!

There it stood, the battered legion, while the sergeant called the  
roll,  
And the name went wandering down the lines as he called for  
a passing soul.

Hurra for the dumb, dead lion! And a voice for the grenadier  
Rolled out of the ranks like a drum-beat, and sturdily answered  
"HERE!"

"He stood," cried the sons of thunder, and their hearts ran over  
the brim,

"He stood by the old battalion, and we'll always stand by him!  
Ay, call for the grand crusader, and we'll answer to the name."

"And what will ye say?" the sergeant said.

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF FAME!"

And dare ye call that dying? The dignity sublime  
That gains a furlough from the grave, and then reports to Time?  
Doth earth give up the daisies to a little sun and rain,  
And keep at their roots the heroes while weary ages wane?

Sling up the trumpet, Israfeel!<sup>N</sup> Sweet bugler of our God,  
For nothing waits thy summons beneath this broken sod;  
They march abreast with the ages to the thunder on the right,  
For they bade the world "Good-morning!" when the world had  
said "Good-night!"

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

**Biography.**—For biographical sketch of Benjamin Franklin  
Taylor, see page 204.

**Notes.**—*Fleur-de-lis* (flur-de-lis'), the royal insignia or badge  
of France. It represents a lily, or, as some insist, the head of a  
javelin.

*Beat the ruffle* means beat a low, vibrating sound on a drum,  
not so loud as a roll-call.

*Ra'chel*, the youngest daughter of La'ban and wife of Jacob.  
She was the mother of Joseph and Benjamin,



**Ramah** was one of the cities of Benjamin; by metonymy it here means the soldiers of Ramah.

**Israfeel:**—In heaven a spirit doth dwell  
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute;"  
 None sing so wildly well  
 As the angel Israfeel,  
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)  
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
 Of his voice, all mute.

E. A. POE.

95.—SCENE FROM "KING JOHN."

rhym, thin fluid secreted by glands.	spies, persons sent into an enemy's camp to find out their strength.
arras, curtain; hangings woven with figures.	prate, talk.
seru'ples, doubts.	craft'y, artful; sly.
wau'ton ness, sport; gayety.	winch, shrink.
	mal'ice, ill-will; evil.

**Scene**—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.*

**Hub.** Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand.

Within the arras. when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth  
 And bind the boy which you will find with me  
 Fast to the chair: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

*First Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

**Hub.** Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Young lad, come forth: I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

**Arth.** Good-morrow, Hubert.

**Hub.** Good-morrow, little prince.

**Arth.** As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

**Hub.** Indeed, I have been merrier.

**Arth.** Meroy on me,  
 Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:  
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
 Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I should be as merry as the day is long;  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practices more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, 'tis not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

**Hub.** (*aside*). If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

**Arth.** Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

**Hub.** (*aside*). His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur.

*[Showing a paper]*

*(Aside.)* How now, foolish rheum!

Turning despiteous<sup>n</sup> torture out of door!

I must be brief; lest resolution drop

Out of mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?<sup>n</sup>

**Arth.** Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:



Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
And I did never ask it you again;  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;  
Saying "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your  
grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do  
it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation  
Even in the matter of mine innocence;  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye,

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?  
And if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believed him. No tongue but  
Hubert's—

*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.

*Re enter Attendants, with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are  
out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-  
rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such  
a deed. [Exeunt Attendants.

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid<sup>n</sup> away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven! that there were but a mote in  
yours,



A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous  
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? Go to, hold your  
tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth,<sup>N</sup> the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with  
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it  
blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre<sup>N</sup> him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine  
eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this  
while.

You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace. no more. Adieu;

Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more; go closely in with me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

**Biography.**—William Shakspeare (1564-1616), the greatest of  
English poets and dramatists, was born at Stratford-on-Avon,  
England.

Very little is known in regard to his early life, and the man-  
ner of his education must remain matter for conjecture. At the  
age of twenty-two he went to London, and soon came into notice  
as a writer of plays. It is not possible here to go into the details  
of his success or to speak of his marvelous genius. His first  
drama was written in 1590 and the last in 1613; in all they  
number thirty-five.

**Notes.**—*Dispiteous* is made up of the prefix *dis* and the  
stem *piteous*, and means without pity, cruel. The word is now  
obsolete.

*Fair writ* means well written, hence easily read and under-  
stood.

*Go'e unt* is a Latin word, meaning they go forth, depart.

*Chid* (for chidden) *away*, means driven away by reproaches.

*Troth* is the same as truth. *By my troth* means nearly the  
same as "on my honor."

*Tarre* (tär) means drive, drive with a whip (obsolete).



## 96.—THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

(A. D. 1759.)

in trēnch dīl', surrounded with a ditch; fortified.	re doubt', outwork placed with- in another outwork.
skīr' mish eis, light troops sent in advance to discover the streng- th and movements of an enemy.	ō' en fōrçē'ments, additional forces.
es eōrt'ed, accompanied.	a lāc' ri ty, readiness; a cheerful willingness.
en dūr'ançə, fortitude.	çhīv'al rōūs, gallant.
eār'nagə, slaughter.	flo tī'lā, fleet of small vessels.
in ēv'i ta blə, unavoidable.	ēl'e gy, sorrowful poem.

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the Battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were already men of honorable fame.

France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife, stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man—mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. That portion

of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided to secretly lead his whole army, and make the plains his battleground.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were all kept secret.

At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, 1,600 strong, silently embarked in flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits. Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide in the friendly shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterward related, repeated, in a low voice, to the officers by his side, this stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard:"

"The boast of heraldry,<sup>N</sup> the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus gave vent to the intensity of his feeling, in the poet's words, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the



heights under which he was hurrying. At length he recognized the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had, in the meantime, been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half of the ascent was already won, when, for the first time, "Qui vive?" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in a panic. The captain, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for re-enforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path; and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed, and they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not placed in position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general. It was still left him, however, to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless



endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck

him in the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed.

"Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way every-where."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe;



"tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat."<sup>N</sup> His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle bravely.

WARBURTON.

**Biography.**—William Warburton (1698-1779), commonly known as Bishop Warburton, was a distinguished English divine, whose services to the literature of his time are universally admitted.

**Notes.**—*Heraldry* in the lesson means "proud name," or "old and titled family," since *heraldry* is the science that relates to deciphering the meaning of the various devices and designs used as emblems by the old and titled families in kingdoms.

"God be praised! I die happy," according to another authority, were Wolfe's last words.

**Elocution.**—Pronounce in a whisper the following lines, as an exercise in articulation—

"In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard."

Point out the words that are most difficult to pronounce in the first sentence of the second paragraph. Whisper them.

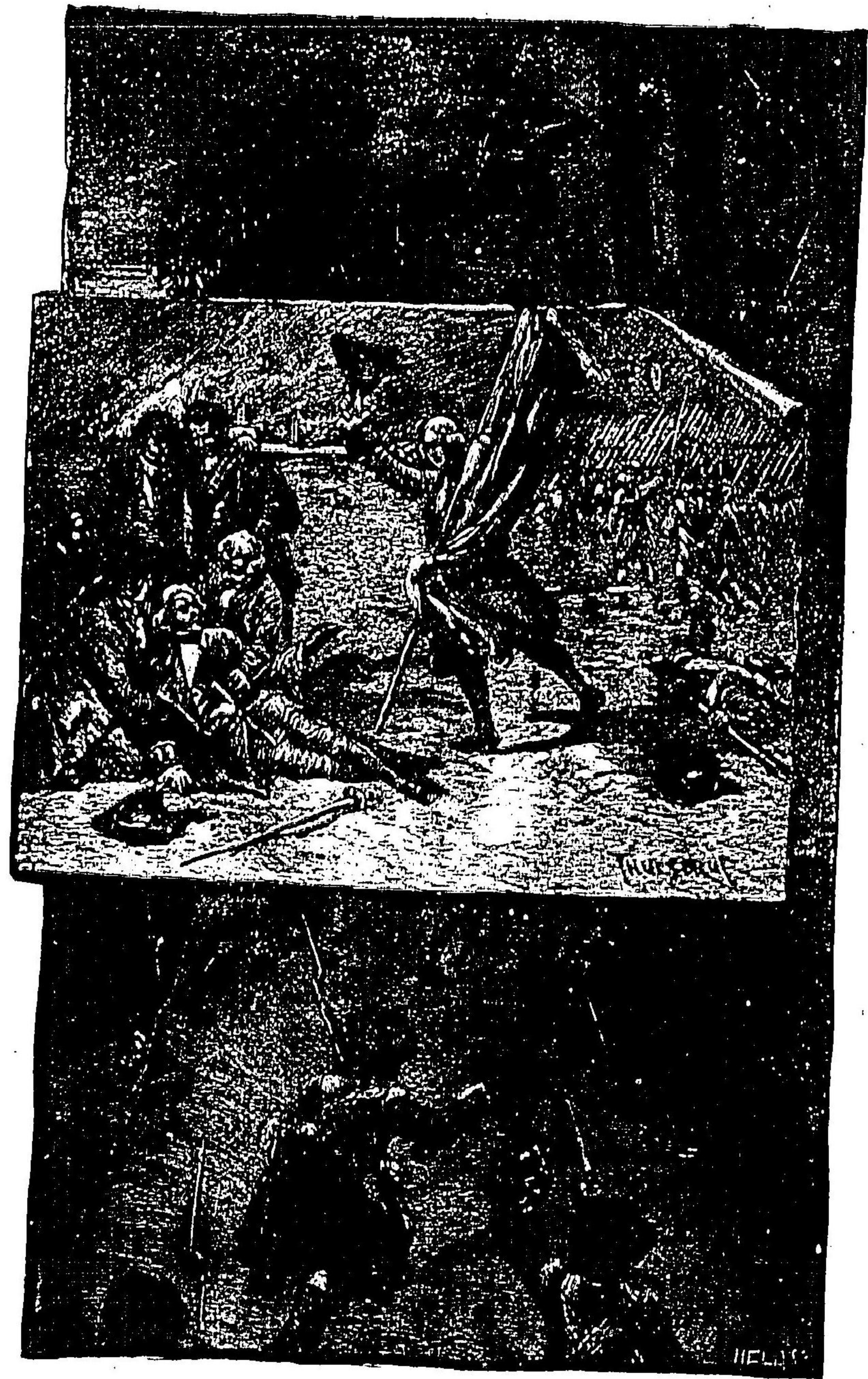
**Language.**—Explain the difference in meaning of the following words:—chief, commander, leader, general.

Compose a sentence in which any one of them could be correctly used; and then, if possible, compose two sentences in which the words can not be interchanged.

Select from the lesson two words which are synonymous.

**Composition.**—In considering the question of merit in regard to a composition, we may ask the following questions—

1. Does the treatment bear altogether upon the subject?
2. Is the treatment complete?
3. Is the language in keeping with the subject?



"God be praised! I die happy." (See page 404.)



07.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

<p>ān'them, <i>church music adapted to passages from the Scriptures.</i></p> <p>ċir'eum serib'q l', <i>bounded ; limited.</i></p> <p>eōu'tem plā' tion, <i>reflection ; musing.</i></p> <p>ig nō'bl'q, <i>mean ; base.</i></p> <p>mēl'an eħōl'y, <i>grief ; gloom.</i></p>	<p>ĕp'i tāph (ĕp'ī tāf), <i>a writing on a tombstone in memory of the dead.</i></p> <p>in ġen'ū dūs, <i>noble ; frank.</i></p> <p>jōe'und, <i>merrily.</i></p> <p>im pāt'q', <i>charge ; attribute.</i></p> <p>prĕġ'nant, <i>teeming ; filled.</i></p> <p>uu fāth'om'q l, <i>unmeasured.</i></p>
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The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy  
 stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour:—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
 vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:—

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden,<sup>N</sup> that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
 Some mute, inglorious Milton<sup>N</sup> here may rest,—  
 Some Cromwell,<sup>N</sup> guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
 fined;—

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
 Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
 decked,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered  
 Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply;  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned;  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,—  
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
 Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 borne;—  
 Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery,—all he had—a tear;  
 He gained from Heaven,—'twas all he wished—a friend*

*No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—  
 There they alike in trembling hope repose—  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

THOMAS GRAY.



**Biography.**—Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was a native of London and a graduate of Cambridge University.

After visiting foreign countries, Gray returned to Cambridge, and remained there during the rest of his life. His "Ode to Eton College" was published in 1747 and his "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," in 1749. Although many of his poems are devoid of interest to the general public, his "Elegy" more than compensates for the rest. On the death of the poet Colley Cibber, he was offered the post of poet laureate, but declined the honor.

**Notes.**—John Hampden (Hämp'den) (1594-1643) was regarded as a hero by the English people, on account of his determined stand against unjust taxation.

John Milton (1608-1674), the author of "Paradise Lost," is referred to.

**Oliver Cromwell.** See note, page 212.

**Elocution.**—Give full particulars in regard to the proper manner of reading this poem.

**Language.**—Notice the number of different ways in which the words composing the third line of the first stanza may be arranged.

## 98.—THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

### PART I.

mār'shal ing, <i>arranging; leading.</i>	sä'traps, <i>governors of provinces.</i>
chër'ishäd, <i>nurtured with care; dear.</i>	frëä'böö't'ing, <i>robbing; plundering.</i>
ën'voys, <i>messengers.</i>	ab hör'rë't', <i>hated.</i>
de filäd', <i>soiled; rendered foul.</i>	pö'tent atä, <i>ruler.</i>
	öb'së quë's, <i>funeral services.</i>

There was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion.

"All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skillful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted active, native, Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortals.

His many capitals—Babylon the great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court.

And the lord of this enormous empire was about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men, but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire; they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell in their way. Death and desola-



tion were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new king, Xerxes, was gathering such myriads of men as would crush the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his; but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of submission.

A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and was attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast around the shores of the Ægean sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southward into Greece.

The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and

a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look on your map of Greece for the great island of Negropont, or for its old name, Eubœa.

It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it. Between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Cæta rose up and barred their way.

Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the sea-shore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side.

These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space. In this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates.

A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with each other; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep, narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory



to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the farther side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had recently become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all others in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers, dreading death infinitely less than shame.

Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the Temple at Delphi<sup>2</sup> that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed.

These Spartans, with their slaves, made up his own share of the number, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them

by the enemy, since it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed.

Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or to hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the King of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle with their shield, or on it—either carrying it victoriously, or borne upon it as a corpse.

**Note.**—The *Temple at Delphi*, situated in Phocis, Greece, was renowned in ancient times on account of its oracle. The chief magistrates and priests of the temple were selected from the Delphian nobles, while the Pythia (pīth'ia), or female who delivered the oracle, was selected from some family of poor country people. So correct were the responses of the oracle supposed to be, that long journeys were made for the purpose of consulting it.

**Elocution.**—An easy style of reading should be cultivated, and the best directions that can be given for acquiring it are—

1. To study carefully what we are to read, so as not to be hindered by any difficulties in meaning.
2. To practice frequently reading aloud, so as to gain perfect control over the organs of speech.

**Language.**—Distinguish the meaning of the following words: trembling, shaking, quivering.

Mention three prefixes and two suffixes, and give examples of their use.

When words keep their regular meaning, they are said to be used in a *literal* sense.

In the first sentence of the second paragraph on page 443, are the words employed in a *literal* or *figurative* sense?

State what kinds of sentences are used in the first paragraph. Select a complex sentence for analysis, and point out the subject and predicate, and divide each into its simplest parts.



## 88.—THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

## PART II.

hūs'band ed, economized; used carefully.	in'ex hāst'iblə (ēgz hawst'), unfailing.
shīm'mer ing, gleaming; glist- ening.	brānd'ed, burnt by a hot iron.
al liəd', united.	fēqr, prophet.
re dēqməd', recovered; regain- ed.	bōd'ed, indicated; foreshowed. sekūrjəd (skūrjd), lashed; beat.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Ceta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side, assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponnesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports,

and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen.

Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan Prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would not believe, however, that so petty a force intended to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backward; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named



Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside.



"Battle of Thermopyles."

In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was

discharged at them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, the morning light disclosed to the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened; it was not the sparkle of water, but the sheen of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears.

Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Leonidas ordered him to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary person in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open.

As for himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.



All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycenæ and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two millions of enemies, were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the slaves or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each.

Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that he had come to fight, not to carry letters; and the other, that his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know.

Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade."

Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his slave to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now

desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began.

The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain.

Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus inclosed on all sides.

The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they went toward the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The slaves probably at this time escaped into the mountains; while the small desperate band stood side by side on the hill, still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others, even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain bristling with arrows



Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were eight thousand. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared oppose him, and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight.

The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and shunned by all his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the fore-front of the battle of Plataea, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. Pillars were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number who had for two days resisted the attacks of the Persians. The inscription was as follows—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land  
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column—

"Go, traveler, to Sparta; tell  
That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the Lion-like.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Ceta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas.

Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast-road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylae, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

**Elocution.**—The slight changes of pitch occasioned by emphasis, inflection, and pauses, render reading agreeable. A rapid utterance is unpleasant both on account of the difficulty of understanding what is spoken, and the monotony occasioned by the absence of any variations in sound.

**Monotonous** reading may be corrected by cultivating a more deliberate manner of speaking and by strict attention to emphasis and inflection.

Point out the inflections used in reading the last paragraph.

**Language.**—Explain the difference in the meaning of the following words:—strong, powerful, vigorous.

**Composition.**—Select eight or more parts for an analysis of Lessons 98 and 99, and show that their treatment would include all the chief points of "The Battle of Thermopylae."

Give rules for the marks of punctuation employed in the third paragraph.



## 100.—THE RAVEN.

rě'və van cy, *fitness; suitable-  
ness.*

eě'a phīm (fīm), *angels of the  
highest order.*

lōrā, *knowledge; wisdom.*

sur çāshā', *cessation; stop*

nə pěn'the, *an Egyptian drug  
which lulled sorrow for the  
day.*

rēs'pītā, *rest.*

de eš'rum, *dignity.*

dē'mon, *an evil spirit.*

miōn (meen), *look; appearance.*

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the  
door;

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering/  
fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream be-  
fore;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Le-  
nore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Le-  
nore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lat-  
tice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—  
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and  
flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed  
he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—

Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure  
no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly  
shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore:



For we can not help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown  
 before—  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—  
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,  
 Of—Never—Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,  
 and door;  
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of  
 yore  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet, violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
 She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
 censer  
 Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he  
 hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or  
 devil!  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here  
 ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or  
 devil!  
 By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,  
 Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,  
 upstarting—  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian  
 shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off  
 my door!"  
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on  
 the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the  
 floor

Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

EDGAR A. POE.



**Biography.**—Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston February 19th, 1809, and died in Baltimore in 1849.

At an early age, he was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Allan, and attended school in England. Returning to America in 1822, he finished his school-days in Richmond, Virginia, and then continued his studies at the University of Charlottesville. He published a small volume of his poems in 1829, which was well received. From that time, Poe made a number of attempts to gain a livelihood as an editor, all of which proved unsuccessful on account of his unfortunate temperament and his dissolute habits. He died in Baltimore at the early age of forty.

The wonderful music of his verses and the originality of his style, have given Poe a high place among poets. The "Raven" and the "Bells" are two of his most popular pieces. His prose writings are remarkable for their weird character and for a gloominess of sentiment that impresses the reader unfavorably.

**Notes.**—Aidenn (A'den) is an Anglicized spelling of the Arabic form of the word Eden, and refers to Paradise, the place where spirits dwell after death.

**Elocution.**—What is the general sentiment of the poem? What then should be the manner of reading it?

What words are emphatic in the first stanza?

The dash used in the last line of the poem is to mark a long pause for the purpose of making the following word very emphatic.

Mark the caesura in the fourth stanza.

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

**Language.**—What is the meaning of the words—"the pallid bust of Pallas"?

## GOLD DUST.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in every body's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

COLERIDGE.

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

SHAKESPEARE.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot;  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

HOLMES.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

BEECHER.

Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

CHESTERFIELD.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

BRYANT.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.

EMERSON.

If you can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.

BURKE.



The Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

LONGFELLOW.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON.

The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring,  
And ever upon old decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His hope with all.

WHITTIER.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

CHANNING.

Whoever can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.

SWIFT.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good:  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.

EMERSON.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine  
The constant creaking of a country sign.

COWPER.

The base wretch who hoards up all he can  
Is praised and called a careful, thrifty man.

DRYDEN.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

LONGFELLOW

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery's the food of fools,  
Yet now and then you men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

SWIFT.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out; on a second interview we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.

COLTON.

O many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant,  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

SCOTT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him.

FRANKLIN.

Good name, in man or woman,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.



Absence of occupation is not rest;  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

COWPER.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,  
"Be bold! Be bold!" and every-where—"Be bold;  
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess  
Than the defect; better the more than less;  
Better like Hector on the field to die,  
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

LONGFELLOW.

Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

KINGSLEY.

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Effort, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Education, briefly, is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves, also makes them most serviceable to others.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.

LONGFELLOW.

## DEFINITIONS

OF NEW WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK, THAT DO NOT  
APPEAR AT THE HEADS OF THE LESSONS.

### A

a bîdž', remain; stay.

ab sîrd'ly, foolishly; inconsistently.

a eâ'ci a (a kâ'shî â), a tropical shrub.

a eâd'emy, a school of high grade; an institution for the promotion of the fine arts.

a dižâ', good-by; farewell.

ad jûdžâd', decreed; awarded; determined.

âd'mi ra blâ, excellent; worthy of admiration.

âd'vërse, acting against; opposing.

âg'i tâ'ted, disturbed; excited.

a glôž', glowing; heated.

âlîž, a passage in a church.

a lăek', an exclamation of sorrow.

âl'pen stöek, a staff used in traveling among the Alps.

a lă'mi nüm, a white metal with a bluish tinge.

âm'mu nî'tion (am mu nîsh'un), materials for charging firearms.

ând'i rong (i'ürnz), utensils for supporting wood in a fire place.

ân i mât'ion, liveliness; ardor; vigor.

an nojâ l', disturbed; molested.

ân'nu al, yearly; occurring once a year.

a nõn', in a short time; quickly.

ân'te lõpâ, an animal resembling the deer.

ân'ties, odd actions or gesticulations.

ân'ti mo ny, a brittle metal of a silvery white color.

ân'vilž, iron blocks upon which metals are hammered.

ap prižâd', informed; gave notice.

ârchâd, curved.

ârch'er, one who shoots with a bow and arrow.

âr'id, dry; parched with heat.

âr'ma ment, a force equipped for war.

âr'mor, defensive clothing made of metal.

âr til'ler y, cannon; great guns.



ärt'less, simple in manners ; honest.

as pir'ants, those who seek or strive eagerly.

aspis, small poisonous serpents.

as sä'ing, testing ore to determine the amount of a particular metal in it.

as pém'bly, a company of persons.

as sö'ci äts (shí äts), companions ; mates.

as trón'o mers, those skilled in a knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

a sy'lum, a place of retreat and security.

äth'létas, wrestlers ; those who engage in muscular exercise.

št'om, a minute particle.

at tënd'ant, one who accompanies.

at tir'ed, dressed ; arrayed.

ä'ä'di ençä, an assembly of hearers.

ä'ä'ght, any thing.

ä'ä'thór'i ty, legal or rightful power.

a väil', benefit ; assist or aid.

a väng'ä, vindicate by punishment.

### B

bäg'gä'gä, tents, clothing, and other necessities of an army ; trunks, valises, etc., carried by travelers.

bäh, an expression of contempt.

bäld, destitute of hair ; unadorned.

bal lööng, bags filled with gas or hot air, so as to float in the atmosphere.

bälm, any thing which heals or soothes ; a plant.

bär bär'ri äng, uncivilized persons.

bärgä, a boat for the conveyance of passengers or goods.

bärk, the rind of a tree ; a kind of vessel ; the noise of a dog.

bär'raeks, buildings to lodge soldiers ; huts ; cabins.

bär'ri er, obstruction ; boundary.

bär'teräd, exchanged ; gave in exchange.

bäsä'ment, the lower story of a building.

bäsä, lie in warmth ; exposed to genial heat.

bat tä'l'ions (yüng), divisions of the infantry in an army.

bät'ter äng, bodies of cannon used for attack or defense.

be eöm'ing, appropriate ; suitable.

bë'ätläs, insects having horny wing covers.

be fëä'th'eräd, covered with feathers.

be gä'il'ing, deluding by artifice or craft.

be häv'ior (häv'yür), conduct ; deportment.

be stö'vä'd, applied ; imparted.

bë'täl, a species of pepper the leaves of which are chewed by the inhabitants of the East Indies.

be wig'gä'd, furnished or covered with a wig.

bidä, stay ; remain.

biër, a frame-work used for carrying the dead.

bight, a bend in the sea-coast.

bländ, mild ; gentle ; courteous.

bläak, cold ; cheerless.

blight, any thing nipping or biting ; to injure by blight.

blis's'ful, full of joy or happiness.

blün'der büsä, a short gun with a large bore ; a blunderer.

bois'terüüs, loud ; noisy ; stormy.

bow'er (bou'er), an anchor carried at the bow of a ship ; a shady recess.

bö'vä'knifä, a long knife used as a weapon.

bö'vä'ders, large stones, or masses of rock.

brä'çes, the ropes rove through blocks at the ends of yards on a vessel ; props ; supports.

bräg'gart, a boaster.

brän'dy, a spirituous liquor.

brä'y'ing, making a harsh noise.

brä'zen, made of brass.

bréd, trained ; instructed ; educated.

brübä'd, corrupted by a reward.

brid'al, pertaining to a bride, or to a wedding.

brönzä, a metal composed of tin and copper.

brööl, the number hatched at once.

browsä, feed on tender branch-

es or shrubs.

bry'tal, cruel ; savage.

büek'lers, pieces of defensive armor.

büllb, an expansion or protuberance on a stem, as on a retort or thermometer.

bü'ly'y, quarrelsome person ; noisy, blustering fellow.

bümp'ers, drinking glasses filled to the brim.

büst, the upper part of the human figure, including the head, shoulders, and breast.

büz'zards, birds of prey.

### C

cä'hlä, a large rope or chain.

cäe'tus, a very prickly tropical plant.

ea läm'i ty, accident ; mishap ; disaster.

ea päç'i ty, ability ; talent.

cäp'tors, those who capture.

cär'di nal, principal ; chief ; as, the cardinal points.

cär'ol, the song of a bird ; a song of joy.

cäs'sa vä, a tropical plant from which tapioca is made.

cät'a lögä, list ; register.

ca thë'drals, large churches.

cä'ä'tiqüs (shüs), careful ; prudent.

cäv'a liër, an armed horseman ; a knight.

cëi'ä l, had the ceiling covered.

cëi'e brä'ted, well-known ; distinguished.

chälä, wears by action.



chāisq, a two wheeled carriage.  
 chār'i ots, ancient vehicles or  
 war cars  
 chār'i ta blq, intended for cha-  
 rity; benevolent.  
 chāsīq, pure.  
 ehēm'ie als, substances used  
 for chemical effects.  
 chīst'ain, a commander or  
 leader.  
 chīs'e'q l, cut; engraved.  
 chōrs, small jobs of work.  
 çiu ehō'nā, a Peruvian tree,  
 and its bark.  
 elād, clothed.  
 elām'or, noise of the voice; out-  
 cry.  
 elāsh'ing, striking together with  
 noise; interfering.  
 elēt, split open or off; riven.  
 elimq, climate.  
 elōd, mass of earth or turf.  
 elū'h, gripe; power.  
 eō'bra, a poisonous serpent.  
 eo lō'ni al, belonging or pertai-  
 ning to colonies.  
 eōm'bat, a struggle; contest by  
 force.  
 eom mēr'cial (shāl), pertaining  
 to commerce or trade; merca-  
 ntile.  
 eom mīs'sion (mīsh'ūn), certi-  
 ficate of rank.  
 eom mīt'teq, a number of pers-  
 ons appointed to manage any  
 matter.  
 eom.pār'a tivq ly, relatively.  
 eom plāint', expression of ce-  
 nsure or regret.  
 eom plēx'ion (plēk'shūn), color

or hue of the skin, especially  
 of the face.  
 eom pli'anq, act of comply-  
 ing; concession.  
 eōm'pli ment, expression of ci-  
 vility.  
 eōm'rādq, companion; associa-  
 te.  
 eōn, study over.  
 eon dūet', lead; guide; escort.  
 eōn fēs'ors, those who confess.  
 eon found', mix; perplex.  
 eon sēt'ed, gave assent; comp-  
 lied.  
 eon sti tu'ted, made up; establ-  
 ished; formed.  
 eon sūmē', destroy, as by fire;  
 expend; waste.  
 eou tēud'ing, struggling; striv-  
 ing.  
 eon trōl', direction; command.  
 eon vēx' (kōn vā'), carry; tra-  
 nsport; transmit.  
 eōrd'āq, any thing made of  
 rope or cord.  
 eōrpsq, the dead body of a hu-  
 man being.  
 eōr'sārs, pirates.  
 eōrsq'lets, light breast-plates.  
 eouch'es, places for rest or sl-  
 eep.  
 eoun'sel, advice; opinion; one  
 who gives advice.  
 eoun'te nanq, the expression  
 of the face.  
 eou rā'gqūs (kūrā'jūs), brave;  
 daring.  
 eōq'ri er, a messenger.  
 eōrt'iers (yērs), members of a  
 princely court,

eōrt'ly, court-like; high bred;  
 dignified.  
 eōvq, a bay or inlet.  
 eow'ard Iq, lack of courage.  
 eōx'eōmh, a vain, showy fel-  
 low; a fop.  
 eōst, handiwork.  
 eōsqs, rough, steep rocks.  
 eōmpōd, restrained from free  
 action.  
 eōāvq, entreat.  
 ere ātq', to form out of nothing;  
 cause to exist.  
 erēd'it orq, those to whom mo-  
 ney is due.  
 erēv'iqes, narrow openings;  
 fissures; clefts.  
 erīnk'lq, wrinkles.  
 eri'sis, decisive moment; turn-  
 ing point.  
 erit'ie al, dangerous.  
 erō'o dīlq, an animal of the  
 lizard tribe; an alligator.  
 eōs'q-qucstion, cross-exam-  
 ine.  
 eru'çi blq, a chemical vessel or  
 melting-pot.  
 erudq, in its natural state; un-  
 refined; unfinished.  
 euek'ō, a bird which derives  
 its name from the note it utters.  
 eūrh, bend to one's will; restrai-  
 n; confine.  
 eūs'tom a ry, usual; according  
 to custom.

**D**

dain'ty, over-nice; hard to ple-  
 ase.  
 dāp'glq (dāng'gl), hang loosely.

dānt'ed, checked by fear.  
 dāw, begin to appear.  
 de çēasēd', dead.  
 de fēnd'ant, one who defends.  
 de fiqd', challenged; dared.  
 dē'ity, God.  
 dēl'ie çiqs, those things pleas-  
 ing to the senses, especially  
 that of taste.  
 de l'icū's (līsh'ūs) most agree-  
 able to the taste.  
 dēm oerāt'ie, pertaining to go-  
 vernment by the people.  
 dēp'ū tīqs, assistants.  
 de si gn' (or de si gn'), purpose.  
 de si'qūs, anxious.  
 dēs'o lāt ing, destroying.  
 de spiēq', scorn; disdain.  
 de spītq', in spite of.  
 de spōnd'en çy, permanent dis-  
 couragement.  
 des pōt'ie, absolute in power.  
 dēs'ti tūq, deficient; lacking.  
 de tāinqd', kept back.  
 dē'vi ā'tion, turning aside.  
 de vō'ed, applied; gave up to.  
 dīl'ie gēntly, carefully.  
 dīrē, dreadful.  
 dis bānd'ing, dispersing; break-  
 ing up.  
 dis chārgē', release from duty.  
 dis elōsēd', made known.  
 dīs'eord, dissension.  
 dis eūs', debate; examine.  
 dis dāinqd', despised; scorned.  
 dis grāçq', dishonor.  
 dis mās'ted, deprived of mast.  
 dis pāth', message.  
 dis pēllēd', banished; drove-  
 away.



dis pǎrsǎ', scatter.  
 dis pít'ó hūs, *having no pity.*  
 dís pǒ sǐ'tion (zǐsh' ün), *manner of being disposed.*  
 dis lítls, *falls in drops.*  
 dis tíng'guishǎd (ǧwǐshǐt), *celebrated.*  
 dí vǔrt'ed, *turned aside.*  
 dí vǐn'í ty, *state of being divine.*  
 dǒek, *wharf.*  
 dǒl'phǐns (fǐng), *kind of fish.*  
 dǒdmǎd, *destined.*  
 dǒül'let, *a waistcoat or vest.*  
 dǒzǎd, *slept.*  
 drǎg'onǎ, *fabulous winged serpents.*  
 dí ó íg, *moving slowly; living idly.*  
 dú'ra blǎ, *lasting.*  
 dú'ri ó, *a Malay fruit tree.*  
 dúwǐn'dlǎ, *become less; diminish.*  
 dýǎ, *colors.*

## E

ǎǎ'ǧlets, *young eagles.*  
 ǎǎrl, *a nobleman.*  
 ǎǎr'nest, *a pledge; a promise.*  
 ǎǎ'óny, *a hard wood from Madagascar and Ceylon.*  
 ǎǎ'stǎ sy, *excessive joy; rapture.*  
 ǎǎ'dǐǎǧ, *currents of water moving in a circular direction; whirlpools.*  
 ǎǎ'fǎet'ǎ al ly, *producing the desired effect.*  
 ǎǎ'fǐ ǧy, *a likeness in sculpture, painting, or drawing.*  
 ǎǎ'lǎǎ'trie al, *occasioned by, or*

*pertaining to, electricity.*  
 ǎǎ'ó quent (kwǎnt), *expressed with fluency and power.*  
 em bǎrkǎd', *went on board a vessel.*  
 ǎǎ'm'ber, *a lighted coal smoldering in ashes.*  
 ǎǎ'm'blemǎ, *types; signs; symbols.*  
 en ǎǎ'r'ǎǎd, *formed a ring or circle about.*  
 en eǔm'branǎǎ, *that which hinders or burdens.*  
 ǎǎn dǎǎv'oring, *attempting; trying.*  
 en súǎd', *succeeded; followed as a consequence.*  
 en tǎǎ'ǧlǎd (tǎǎ'ǧld) *twisted or caught.*  
 en trǎǎt', *make an earnest request.*  
 ǎǎ'sǎnǎǎ, *solution in spirits of an essential oil; as, essence of mint.*  
 ǎǎ'sǎn'tǎl (shǎl), *absolutely necessary; indispensable.*  
 e tǎǎ'nal, *without beginning or end; everlasting.*  
 ǎǎ'ther, *supposed matter above the air; the air itself.*  
 e vǎ'ǧion, *act of avoiding; prevarication.*  
 e vǎnt'ǎlly, *ultimately; finally.*  
 ex ǎǎ'l', *go beyond; surpass.*  
 ex ǎǎ'sǎ', *that which exceeds what is usual or proper.*  
 ǎǎ'e ǎǎ'ted, *carried into effect; accomplished.*  
 ǎǎ'e ǎǎ'nt (Latin), *they go out; they retire.*

ǎǎ'plǎ'ǧionǎ (zhǎǎnz), *burstings with loud noise.*  
 ex pǎrt'ed, *sent out of the country.*  
 ex trǎm'í ty, *the farthest point.*  
 ǎǎ'nl tǎ'tion (ǎǎz ǎlt), *joy over success; triumph.*

## F

fǎ'hǎǎ, *a fictitious story intended to teach some useful lesson.*  
 fǎb'rie, *a manufactured article, as cloth.*  
 fǎin, *glad.*  
 fǎme, *reputation; celebrity.*  
 fǎrǎd, *was supplied with bodily comforts.*  
 fǎrǎ wǎll', *good-by; adieu.*  
 fǎ'íǧǎǎd' (tǎǎd), *wearied.*  
 fǎ'wǎ, *a young deer.*  
 fer mǎnt'ed, *having undergone the process of fermentation.*  
 fǎs'tǎ val, *religious anniversary; festive celebration.*  
 fǎs'tǎǎǎ', *garlands or wreaths hanging in depending curves.*  
 fǎt'ters, *binds.*  
 fǎǎ, *an exclamation denoting dislike or blame.*  
 fǎǎnds, *blood-thirsty foes.*  
 fǎǎ, *musical instrument.*  
 fǎrǎ'lǎǎk, *old-fashioned musket.*  
 fǎt'ǎl ly, *irregularly.*  
 fǎǧ'ǧing, *hanging loosely.*  
 fǎ mǐǧ'ǧo, *a wading bird of a bright red color.*  
 fǎt'ters, *praises falsely.*  
 fǎǎnt'ing, *waving; making a showy display.*  
 fǎǎt, *a number moving or sail-*

*ing together; a squadron of ships.*  
 flǎǎ, *an extensive field of ice floating in the ocean.*  
 flǎǧ, *whip; chastise.*  
 flǎǎd'-tǎǎ, *the rising tide.*  
 foilǎd, *defeated.*  
 fǎrǎbǎd'ing, *inward conviction, as of approaching trouble.*  
 fǎrǎ'eǎs ǎǎ (kǎs sl), *fore part of a ship, above or below the deck.*  
 fǎrsǎk'ǎn, *left alone; abandoned.*  
 fǎr'tǎ tǎǎ, *resolute endurance.*  
 found'erǎd, *filled with water, and sunk.*  
 frǎil, *weak; fragile.*  
 frǎil'tǎǎ, *weaknesses.*  
 frǎǧk'ly, *freely; openly.*  
 frǎǎ'tion (shǎǎ), *rubbing.*  
 frǎnt'ǎǎr, *border; extreme part.*  
 fǎn'nel, *a vessel shaped like an inverted cone, for conveying liquids into close vessels.*  
 fǎr'rǎw, *channel; groove.*  
 fǎ ǧǎǎ', *musket; firelock.*

## G

ǧǎl'lǎnt, *splendid; magnificent.*  
 ǧǎm'bolǎ, *skippings; leapings.*  
 ǧǎrb, *dress; clothes.*  
 ǧǎr'landǎ, *wreaths of flowers.*  
 ǧǎs'tro nǎmǎ, *one fourth of good living.*  
 ǧǎǎz'y, *thin, like gauze.*  
 ǧǎ ǎm'e try, *the science of quantity and mensuration.*  
 ǧǎl'dy, *light-headed; wild.*  
 ǧǎll, *the fourth part of a pint,*



gim'let, an implement for boring.  
 glá'ciér (glá'sér), great mass of ice moving slowly down a mountain slope.  
 glád'i á'tors, sword-players; prize-fighters.  
 gléba, turf; soil; land belonging to a parish church.  
 glim'mer ing, shining faintly.  
 glimpsé, a short, hasty view.  
 glyç'er iné, a sweetish liquid obtained from fat.  
 gnát, a small, blood-sucking fly.  
 gold'finch, a singing bird.  
 górg'es, fills greedily.  
 górg'et, armor to defend the throat.  
 gó'ry, covered with blood; bloody.  
 gó'rmánd, greedy eater; glutton.  
 grá'ciús (shüs), favorable; condescending; kind.  
 gráph'ie (gráf), clear; well delineated.  
 grát'ed, furnished with a grate; as, grated windows.  
 grát'i fy, indulge; please; humor.  
 gró'ss, coarse.  
 gül'líes, channels worn by water.  
 gym'nás'ties, muscular exercises for the health.

**H**

häg'gard, pale; thin; wasted by want or suffering.  
 háir-tríg'ger, a trigger that discharges a fire arm by a

very slight pressure.  
 hált, stop, in marching or traveling.  
 hám'let, a small village.  
 hánd'eüffél, having the hands confined by fetters or handcuffs.  
 há'rú, a small timid animal; a kind of rabbit.  
 há'rsh'ly, in a harsh or rude manner.  
 há'zy, misty; foggy.  
 héad'land, a high or mountainous cape.  
 hé'ght'quél, made better; increased.  
 hélm, the instrument by which a vessel is steered.  
 hé'r'ald ry, the art or office of a herald.  
 hé'r'on, a large wading bird.  
 hé'r'ringé, small fish.  
 hí'l'ock, a little hill.  
 hó'ary, white or whitish.  
 hó'l'i dáx, day of joy and gaiety.  
 hóm'q'ly, plain.  
 hóm'q'spun, spun or woven at home; coarse; rude.  
 hóv'elé, small mean houses; open sheds.  
 hóv'eréd, remained in flight over or about.  
 húb'blé-húb'blé, a tobacco-pipe so arranged that the smoke passes through water.  
 hú's, colors; tints.  
 hüm'drüm, dull; stupid.  
 hüm'moek, a rounded knoll or hillock.

hüs'band ry, care of domestic affairs.  
 hüs'ky, rough in tone; hoarse.

**I**

í'dol, an image of any thing which is worshiped.  
 il lú'mi ná'ted, made bright by light; illustrated.  
 im pás'si blé, incapable of passion or pain.  
 im pér'ish a blé, not perishable; indestructible.  
 im'pi qüs, very profane; irreverent.  
 im pórt'ed, brought from another country.  
 im pry'dençé, rashness; lack of prudence.  
 in ád'é quáté, not equal to the purpose; insufficient.  
 in'dex, that which points out or shows.  
 in'dig ná'tion, anger mingled with contempt.  
 in'di go, a blue coloring matter.  
 in dúlgéd', cherished.  
 in fè'ri or, of less importance or value.  
 in flám'q', excite to an excessive degree.  
 in'flu é'n'tiál (shál), having influence; powerful.  
 in í'ri á ted, greatly enraged.  
 in'got, a bar of metal cast in a mold.  
 in í'tials (ish'álz), the first letters of words.  
 iné, a public house; a hotel.

in nú'mer a blé, more than can be numbered.  
 in töx'i eá'tion, excessive rapture; drunkenness.  
 im párt', give; grant.  
 in séu'si bly, not felt or perceived.  
 in sölv'ent, unable to pay debts.  
 in'ter mít', to cease for a time.  
 in'ti mät'q, near; close.  
 in väd'é, enter with hostile intentions.  
 in väl'ü a blé, precious beyond estimation.  
 í'let (í'let), a little island.

**J**

jäg'ged, notched; uneven; rough.  
 já'q'ly, airy; showy.  
 jáv'lin, a kind of spear.  
 jéa'l'qüs, anxiously careful; suspicious.  
 jé'q'el, scoffed; mocked.  
 jib, foremost sail of a ship.  
 joists, small timbers.  
 ju dí'ciús (dísh'üs), prudent; wise.  
 jümp'er, a fur under-jacket.

**K**

kín'dred, relations; kinsmen.  
 kíln, a pile of brick constructed for burning.  
 kíng'bólt, a bolt which connects the forward axle of a vehicle to the other parts.  
 kíght'hóól, the character or dignity of a knight.

**L**



lǎb'y rǐnth, *place full of windings.*  
 lǎ'dǎn, *loaded.*  
 lǎgs, *moves slowly; delays.*  
 lǎrd'er, *room where provisions are kept.*  
 lǎt'tǐqǎ, *a net-work of wood or iron.*  
 lǎt'rel, *an evergreen shrub.*  
 lǎa, *meadow or sword land.*  
 lǎads'man, *one who heaves the lead.*  
 lǎav'ǎn, *change for the better.*  
 lǎlg'er, *a book containing a summary of accounts.*  
 lǎ'gion (lǎ'jǔn), *a military force.*  
 lǎ'a bil'i-tǐqǎ, *financial obligations.*  
 lǎb'er ǎ'ted, *released; set free.*  
 lǎqǎ tǎ'ǎnt, *a military officer.*  
 lǎst'lesǎ, *indifferent; inattentive.*  
 lǎt'ter, *a light bed on which a person may be carried.*  
 lǎ'ter al ly, *strictly according to the letter.*  
 lǎ'ter a ry, *versed in literature; pertaining to literature.*  
 lǎ'mǎ, *an animal of South America.*  
 lǎath, *unwilling.*  
 lǎathǎd, *detested; hated.*  
 lǎ'ǎol, *limited to a place.*  
 lǎ'ǎust, *an insect similar to the grasshopper.*  
 lǎll'ing, *reclining; leaning.*  
 lǎll, *quiet, after storm or confusion.*  
 lǎs'ter, *brightness; splendor.*  
 lǎyre, *a stringed, musical instrument.*

## M

mǎg'nǎtǎs, *persons of rank or distinction.*  
 ma guey' (ma gwǎ'), *the Mexican aloe.*  
 ma hǎg'a ny, *a tropical tree whose wood is highly valued for cabinet purposes.*  
 mǎimǎl, *crippled; disabled.*  
 mǎizǎ, *Indian corn.*  
 ma jǎs'tie al ly, *with a dignified appearance.*  
 mǎl'let, *a wooden hammer.*  
 ma nǎu'ver, *dexterous movement.*  
 mǎn'grǎvǎ, *a tree of the East and West Indies.*  
 mǎn'tǐqǎ, *a loose over-garment.*  
 mǎr, *injure or deface.*  
 mǎs'tie, *a gum from the mastic tree.*  
 ma tǎrǎl', *perfected; completed.*  
 mǎǎ'ger, *scanty; defective.*  
 mǎ lǎq' (mǎ lǎ'), *a confused hand-to-hand conflict.*  
 mǎsh'ǎs, *spaces inclosed between threads of a fabric.*  
 mǎs'sǎn ger, *one who bears a message.*  
 mewǎd (mǎd), *shut up; confined.*  
 mǎd'ship man, *a naval cadet or young officer.*  
 mǎth'od, *mode of action.*  
 mǎn'i a tǎrǎ, *small; on a small scale.*  
 mǎn'strel, *singer; musician.*  
 mǎnt, *place where money is coined.*

mǎr'ror, *looking glass.*  
 mǎb, *a riotous crowd.*  
 mǎekǎd (mǎkt), *tantalized; derided.*  
 mǎdǎ, *manner.*  
 mǎld'er ing, *wasting away; crumbling.*  
 mǎnk'ǎy-wǎrǎnch, *a wrench having a movable jaw.*  
 mo nǎt'o nǎqǎs, *unvaried.*  
 mo rǎsǎ', *soft, wet ground; marsh.*  
 mowǎ (mowǎ), *masses of hay or grain stowed in a barn.*  
 mǎl'ti tǎ'di nǎqǎs, *having the appearance of a multitude.*  
 mǎm'blǎd, *uttered in a low tone.*  
 mu ŝ'cian (zǎsh'ǎn), *one skilled in music.*  
 mǎs'ter, *summon up; command.*  
 mys tǎ'ri qǎs, *difficult to understand.*

## N

nǎtǎght (nawt), *nothing.*  
 nǎ'vy, *a fleet of war ships.*  
 nǎs'tǎ lie close; *move restlessly.*  
 nǎ'ta ry, *an officer who attests writings.*  
 nǎqǎr'ishǎd, *supported with food.*  
 nǎz'zǎ, *nose, or projecting part.*

## O

ǎb'li gǎ'tion, *the state of being indebted for acts of kindness.*

ǎb'sta ǎlǎ, *that which hinders.*  
 ǎ'eher, *kind of clay, used for painting.*  
 ǎb trǎd'ed, *thrust upon, against the will.*  
 ǎ'dor, *perfume; smell.*  
 ǎp prǎs'ivǎ, *unjustly severe; burdensome.*  
 ǎrbǎl, *circular; round.*  
 ǎ'ri ent, *eastern.*  
 ǎ'ri ǎlǎ, *bird of the thrush family.*  
 ǎr'to lan, *a small European bird, which is esteemed delicious food.*  
 ǎt'to mang, *stuffed seats.*  
 ǎ'ver-tǎskǎd', *over-worked.*

## P

pǎngǎ, *agonies.*  
 pǎr'lay, *discussion.*  
 pǎrǎd, *looked anxiously.*  
 pǎl'i ǎan, *a large water-fowl.*  
 pǎn'al ty, *punishment.*  
 pǎn'qǎlǎd, *drew with a pencil.*  
 pǎn'i tenǎ, *sorrow for wrong done.*  
 pǎr chǎnǎqǎ', *perhaps.*  
 pǎr'ti nent, *appropriate.*  
 pǎt'ty, *small; trifling.*  
 pǎlǎs, *large timbers driven into the ground.*  
 pǎl'lagǎ, *plunder.*  
 pǎn'ing, *longing.*  
 pǎ'rǎtǎs, *sea robbers.*  
 pǎlǎ'id, *calm; quiet.*  
 pǎlǎit'ed, *folded.*  
 pǎlǎnt'ǎln, *a tropical tree and its fruit.*  
 pǎlǎl, *went regularly to and fro.*



plūek, perseverance.  
 plu' magh, feathers.  
 pōmp, showy parade.  
 pōn' der dūs, weighty.  
 pōr' ing, carefully reading;  
 studying attentively.  
 pōr' tal, gate or entrance.  
 pōr' ti eōh, piazzas.  
 prē' cipe'ts, location.  
 prē' tēxt' (or prē' tēxt), pretense;  
 excuse.  
 prōph' et, one who foretells.  
 pro' tryd' ing, being thrust out.  
 prōv' erb, adage; maxim.  
 prōv' in çes, divisions of a coun-  
 try.  
 pūb' li ean, ancient tax-gatherer.  
 pūlp, soft mass.  
 pur' sūits', occupations.

## Q

quāff, drink.  
 quār' ry, cavern or pit where  
 stones are cut from the earth.  
 quār' ter-dēek, the after-deck  
 of a vessel.  
 quēst, search.  
 quī' nīnā (or quī nīnē'), a sub-  
 stance obtained from the cin-  
 chona tree.

## R

rā' di ūs, half the diameter of a  
 circle.  
 rām' pārt, bulwark; defense.  
 rāv' a gēs, devastations; wastes.  
 rēalm, province; domain.  
 rē bākā', reproof.  
 rēek' less, careless.  
 rē finād', polished; polite.

re' fōrm', return to good habits.  
 rē' gal, royal.  
 rēg' i ment' als, uniform of a  
 regiment; military outfit.  
 rēn' dēz vōhā (dē vōō), place  
 appointed for meeting.  
 re' pāst', meal; victuals.  
 re' pū'tā', reputation.  
 rēs' er vōirs' (vwōrz), basins or  
 places where water is col-  
 lected and kept for use.  
 re' sō' rē' q', resort; dependence.  
 re' tōrt' ed, replied sharply.  
 re' vēngā', return of injury.  
 rhymēs, verses; poetry.  
 rīb' bing, furnishing with ribs;  
 giving the appearance of  
 ribs.  
 rīg' id, stiff; unyielding.  
 rīg' or, severity.  
 rī' ot, uproar; tumult.  
 rī' vals, equals or excels.  
 rōgā' hēs, knaves; dishonest per-  
 sons.  
 ru' mors, flying stories.  
 ru' ral, country; rustic.  
 rū's' set, of a reddish brown  
 color.

## S

sā' ber, a short sword.  
 sā' lly, leap or rush out; go  
 out.  
 sāne' ti ty, purity; holiness.  
 sānā, of sound mind.  
 seāl' fold, a staging for work-  
 men, or for the execution of a  
 criminal.  
 seālp, deprives of the skin of the  
 top of the head.

seāmp, a knavish fellow; a  
 rogue.  
 seōr' pi ons, small reptiles that  
 have a sting.  
 seouts, those sent out to dis-  
 cover; spies.  
 serū' ti ny, close search.  
 sēythēs, instruments for mov-  
 ing grass.  
 se' erētā', conceal; hide.  
 sēn' try, a soldier on guard.  
 se' rēn' i ty, state of being calm  
 or peaceful.  
 shād' ō' rād, faintly represent-  
 ed; shaded.  
 shīrkād, sought to avoid duty.  
 shōāls, shallow places; sand  
 bars.  
 shiēds, small pieces.  
 shroud, dress of a corpse; wind-  
 ing-sheet.  
 sīē' k' lē, reaping-hook.  
 slūgād, slightly burned.  
 skiff, a small boat.  
 sūlv' āl ing, crying; whining.  
 sōi' stīçā, the point in the ecliptic  
 where the sun is farthest from  
 the equator.  
 sōm' ber, dark; gloomy.  
 sōv' er āign, supreme ruler.  
 spā' cīōūs (shūs), large in extent;  
 roomy.  
 spē' tā elā, sight.  
 spērā, a steeple.  
 spē' tēd, put on an iron prong  
 to be roasted.  
 spērn, to reject with disdain.  
 stāg' nant, motionless; dull.  
 stān' çhion (shūn), prop or sup-  
 port

stārē, stiff; rigid.  
 stēer' āgā, act of steering.  
 stīm' ā lātā, animate; excite.  
 sty, a pen for swine.  
 sūē' eor, help.  
 sūr' ly, cross; crabbed.  
 sur' rēn' derād, yielded; gave up.  
 sur' viv' ing, living; outliving.  
 sus' pī' cion (pīsh' ūn), mistrust;  
 doubt.  
 swāin, a rustic; a country gal-  
 lant.  
 swārth' y, of a dark color, as, a  
 swarthy complexion.  
 swāx, command; influence.  
 swōōn, faint; a fainting fit.  
 sūmp' tōūs, signs or indications.

## T

tāek, change course.  
 tāl' ons, claws of a bird of prey.  
 tā' pīrs, tropical animals.  
 tāp' pan, a tropical tree.  
 tēāns, years between twelve and  
 twenty.  
 tēl' e grām, a message sent by  
 telegraph.  
 tēr' ra pīns, large turtles.  
 tiērs, rows, one above another.  
 tīt' tle, a very small part.  
 tōd' dīād, walked with short  
 steps.  
 tō' gāā, loose outer garments  
 worn by the ancient Romans.  
 tōlls, rings with slow strokes.  
 tōm' ā hā' k, an Indian war  
 hatchet.  
 tor' nā' do, violent storm of  
 wind; hurricane.  
 tōt' ter ing, shaking.



tōwəd, drawn through the water by a rope.

trāi'tor, one that betrays his country.

trānçə, state of insensibility; catalepsy.

trāp'quil (trank'wil), peaceful; quiet.

trēs's'es, locks or ringlets of hair.

trib'a tā riçs, branches.

tri'dent, a scepter or spear, having three prongs.

trig'ger, the lever used to discharge a gun or pistol.

trip'le, threefold.

trō'phies (fiz), things captured in battle.

trōth, truth; veracity.

trūçə, temporary stoppage of battle or contest.

trūd'gəd, traveled on foot.

tūn'nies, fishes of the mackerel family.

tūsks, long, protruding teeth, as of the elephant, the wild boar, etc.

twain, two.

twēd, light, cotton goods.

## U

ūn'der tōnə, a low tone.

ūn gāin'ly, awkward, clumsy.

ūn'i fōrm'i ty, sameness; consistency.

ūn pā'ul leləd, having no equal; matchless.

ūn're mil'ting, without ceasing; persevering.

ūn tir'ing, not tiring; patient.

## V

vāg'ə, indefinite; unsettled.

vālçs, valleys.

vā lish', a traveling satchel.

vānçs, weather-cocks.

vāunt'ed, boasted.

vērçəd, turned aside; changed.

vēng'ənçə, infliction of pain in return for an injury.

vēnt'ed, let out; emitted.

vī brātə, sound; move to and fro.

vī çin'i ty, neighborhood.

vī t'çal (vit'l), supply with provisions.

vī çl, strove; attempted to equal or surpass.

vī'lə, a country residence.

vī'v'id, bright; sharp; active.

vōl'lçy, discharge of many fire-arms at once.

## W

wāist'çot, a garment worn under the coat.

wān (wōn), pale.

wārd'ers, keepers; guards.

wārd'rōbç, wearing apparel; a closet for clothes.

wā'r'rānt (wōr'rānt), guarantee; maintain.

wāçh'-tōw'ers, towers for sentinels.

wā'ter-spouts, whirling columns of water at sea.

wā'verçd, moved to and fro; fluctuated.

wāç'ing, increasing; becoming.

wēal, happiness; prosperity.

wēçz'ing, breathing hard.

wēr'ries, light, shallow boats.

wig'wāms, Indian huts.

whīn'ny ing, neighing, as of a horse.

wīçk'er, made of twigs.

wīçh'ing, fascinating; bewitching.

wīld'-firç, a substance very hard to quench when on fire.

wōç, sorrow; grief.

wōnt'ed, accustomed.

wōçəd, made love to; courted.

wōrst'ed (wūrst), defeated.

wrēçthəd, twisted; entwined.

wrē-t'ed, took by force.

wrēçh, a vile knave; a miserable person.

wrīth'ing, twisting.

## Z

zēph'yr, a gentle breeze; the west wind.

zīg'zāg, having frequent short, sharp turns.

### NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES USED IN THIS BOOK, WITH THEIR PRONUNCIATION.

A'bra ham

A dōr'no

Æ gæ'us

(ə gē'ūs)

Æ'sop

(c'söp)

A lād'din

Al èx'is

Al gō'ri a

Al'len

A lōn'zo

Am'a zon

A ris'to dō'mus

Ar'kän sçç' (saw')

Ar'thur

A'si a

(a'shī a)

Ast'lçy

At'ti ea

Aus'tri an

Bäb'y lon

Bag a dū'cə

Bä'ker

Bēllç

Bēn'ja min

Ben W'y'vis

Blākç

Bōl'ler manç

Bōnç

Bōn'sall

Boyd

Bräu'den burg

Brandt

Brin'dlç

Brit'onç

Brōçks

Bruhç

Bûr goynç'

Bûr'ton

Çaç'sar

Çamp'bell

(käm'el)

Çärç

Çärs'ten

Çäs'pi an

Ças til'ian

Çaç'ea sus

Çaç'dle

Çäv'li er'

(käv'le ə')

Çäl dē'an

Çēs'a pēakç

Çēlmç'ford

Çhi nēsç'

Çhrist

Çim mē'ri an

Ço lōgnç'

Ço lūn'bi a

Çōn'rad



Ööp'per fiëld	Gër'ma ny	I ö'ni ang
Öo ri ean'cha	Gil'e ad	I ñ'land
Öör'inth	Gilës	Is'abel
Öröm'well	Glën eöð'	Is'ra el ite
Öüs'ter	Glouces'ter	Is'ra fëal
Öuz'eo	(glös'ter)	I vän'
(koos'ko)	Göil'fray	
	Go me'rü	Jä'eob
Dä'cian	(gö mä'rä)	Jä'li
(dä'shän)	Gör'go	Jäp'an ësë
Dän'ubë	Göth'ie	Jäs'per
Dëm'a rá'tus	Grë'çë	Jëm'mië
Dëv'on shirë	Greë'u'wich	Je ru'sa lem
Dī en'I cës	(grīn'ij)	
Dol'go ru'ki	Häm'burg	Ken tüek'y
(dol'go rō'ke)	Hämp'den	Kört
Dø'the boys	Hän'eöek	Kër'lië
Dy'akë	Häns	Läb'ra dö'r
	Häx'den	Lä Chīnë
Eb en ö'zer	Häyë	(lä sheen')
E'den	Häx'lay	Lä Rie'ea
E li'jäh	Hëe'la	Lä Sällë
E liz'a beth	Hël'les pönt	Latour'd'Au vergne'
Eph i al'tës	Hën'der son	(lä toor'do vārn')
E thi ö'pi an	Hën'ne pin	Lë nörë'
Eu bës'a	Hër'eu lës	Le ö'n'i das
Eu'genë or	Hi'ram	Lip'eoln (līnk'on)
Eu gëuë'	Hör'gärth	Lō'gan
Eu'ry tus	Hör'eb	Lōngue'villë
	Hür'bert	(lōng'vil)
Fën'no	Hug gä'ri an	Mae dö'n'ald
För'di nand	(hung gä'ri an)	Ma lä x'
För'ro	Hüns'don	Ma'li bran'
Flö'ri an	Hy dār'nës	(mä'le brōn')
Fränk'lin		Mär'a thon
Fröu'te næ	I'da ho	Mär'tin
	Il li noig'	Me Gä'ry
Gä'bri el	(noig) or (noi)	Me gis'ti as
Gën'o a	In'eas	
Gëü'frëy		

Mem brë'	Pa çif'ie	Rä'chel
(möm brä')	Päl'las	Rä'lälgk
Miçh' i gan	Pär'a disë	Rä'mah
Mil'ton	Pä rä guä x'	Räx'mi
Mis eö'ri	Pä rä nä'	Räil'ly
M'ohä'xk	Pär'ma	Ri bourde'
Möpek'ton	Päsque	(re boord')
Mönt eälm'	(päsk)	Ril'ly
Mon te zu'mas	Pë'leg	Röd'ri go
Mont göm'er y	Pe li'des	Rësah'en
Mont're al'	Pel'o pon nës'sus	Ro mä'noff
Mör'gan	Pë'lops	Röq'en
Mör'gan town'	Pën'ning ton	Rüg'by
Mör'ris town'	Pe nöb'seot	
Mör'ton	Për'lay	St. An'drew
Mün'son	Per söp'o lis	(än'drū)
Mür'ray	Pe ru'	St. El'mo
(mür'I)	Pë'ter sen	St. Gäörgh
Müsë	Phä'ra öh	St. Läj'rençë
My çä'ö'næ	Phil'a dël'phi a	St. Swith'in
	Phö'çi anë	San Säl vä dö'r'
Nëg ro pont'	Phö'bus	Sar a tö'ga
New Or'le anë	Phö nī'çian (nīsh'än)	Sär'dis
Nieh'o las	Pi erre'	Sä vān'nah
Niek'lq by	(pë är')	Seöt'tish
Ni'ger	Pin'na eily Bërg	Sëa'ton
Nī'na	Pip'chin	Së'lim
(neen'ya)	Pin'tä	Sën'e ea
Nör'ë	Pin'zon	Shän'non
Nör'wäx	Plät'ë	She wä'nëë
Nor wë'gi an	Pla tæ'a	Smikë
	Plü'to	Sön'tag
O ber hau'sen	Pör'tu ghesë	Späin
Ö'ta	Po to'mæ	Spän'iardë
Öh'sen	Pröv'i dençë	(spän'yards)
O'man	Prus'sian	Spän'ish
On'on dägä	(prüsh'an or prü'shan)	Spär'ta
Or'phe üs		Spëek'lë
O si'ris	Que bës'	Spring'fiëld
Ow'en		Squëëë



Stăn'ly  
Strôs'ser  
Sû'ga  
Sû'si  
Sûs'sex  
Swiv'el er

Têm'pe  
Ten'nes sê'  
Thames (têmz)  
Thô'bang  
Thês'pi ang  
Thes sâ'li ang  
Thês'sa ly

Thôm'as  
Thôm as ton  
Thôth'mês  
Tim'mer manh  
Ti môr'  
Tit i câ'eâ  
Tôn'ty  
Trâ'cy  
Trên'ton  
Tû'nis

U bër'to  
Un'der wôod  
U'ru guây

Vâl pa râ'su  
Vên'iqh  
Vir gin'i us

Wads'wôrth  
Wal'ter  
West Point'  
Whip'plê  
Wil'son  
Wolfe

Xêrx'es (zêrx'êg)  
Yâng'tse Ki âng'

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明治卅五年三月五日發行

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積善館支店

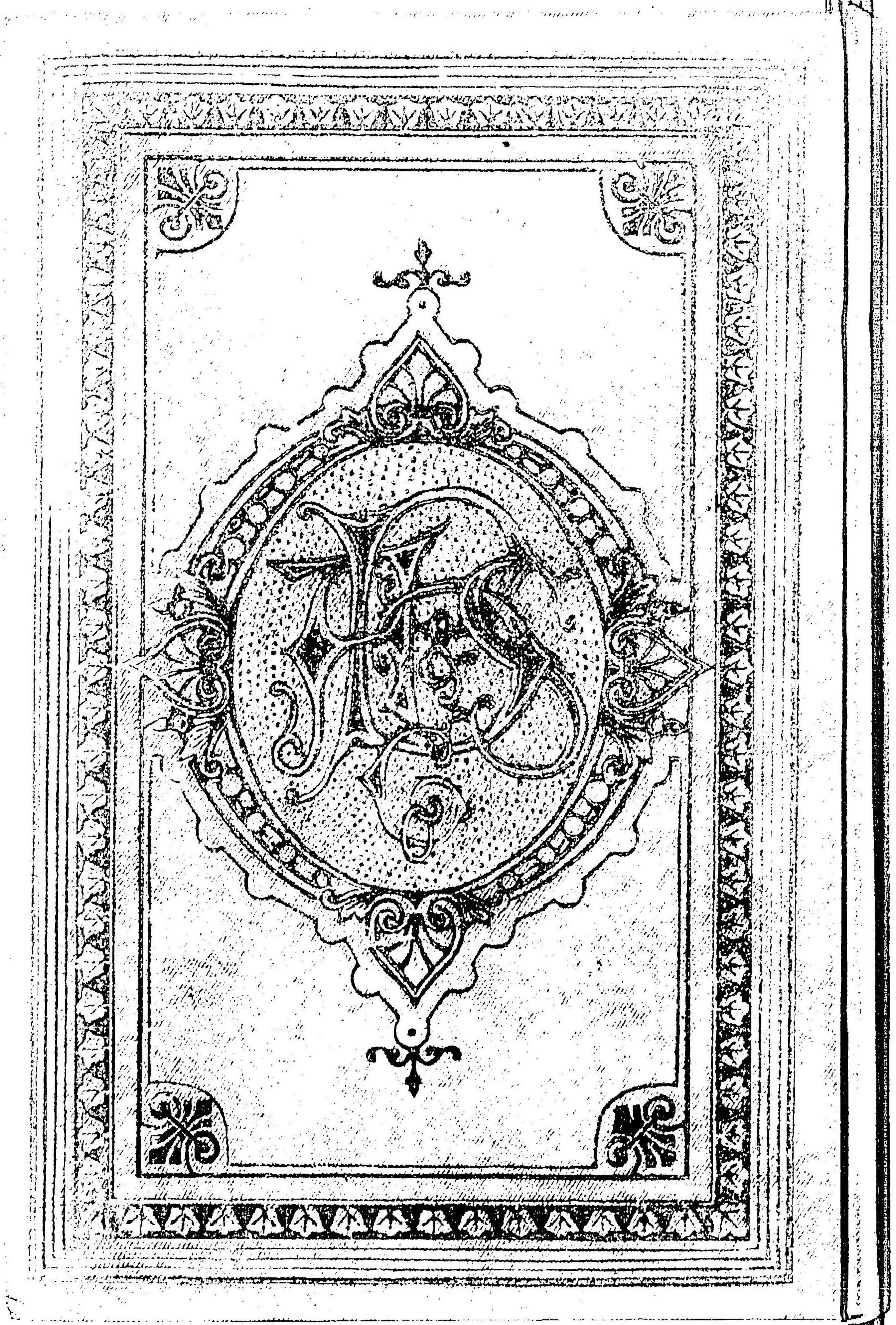
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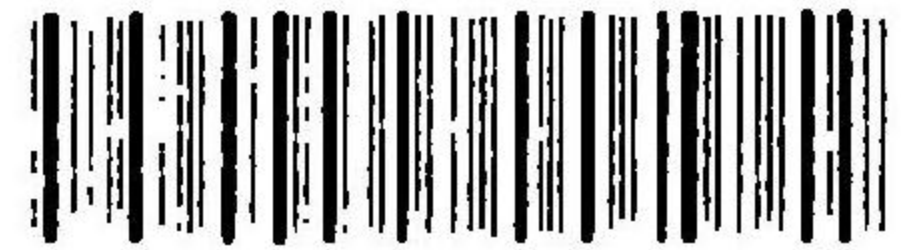
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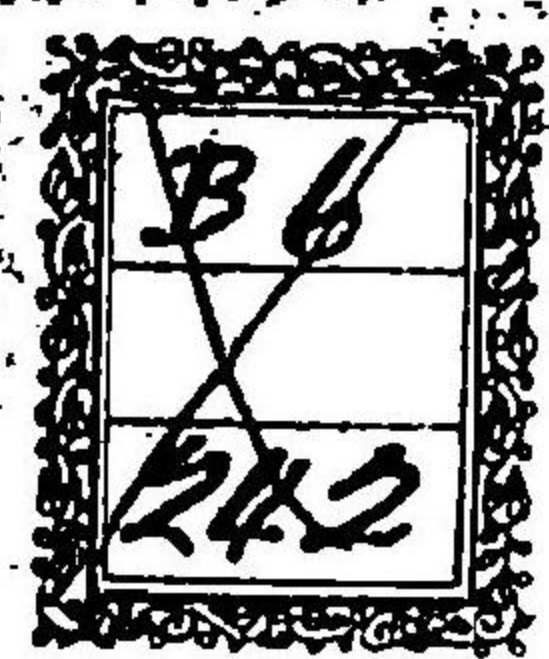
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"tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle bravely.

WARBURTON.

**Biography.**—William Warburton (1698-1779), commonly known as Bishop Warburton, was a distinguished English divine, whose services to the literature of his time are universally admitted.

**Notes.**—*Heraldry* in the lesson means "proud name," or "old and titled family," since *heraldry* is the science that relates to deciphering the meaning of the various devices and designs used as emblems by the old and titled families in kingdoms.

"God be praised! I die happy," according to another authority, were Wolfe's last words.

**Elocution.**—Pronounce in a whisper the following lines, as an exercise in articulation—

"In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard."

Point out the words that are most difficult to pronounce in the first sentence of the second paragraph. Whisper them.

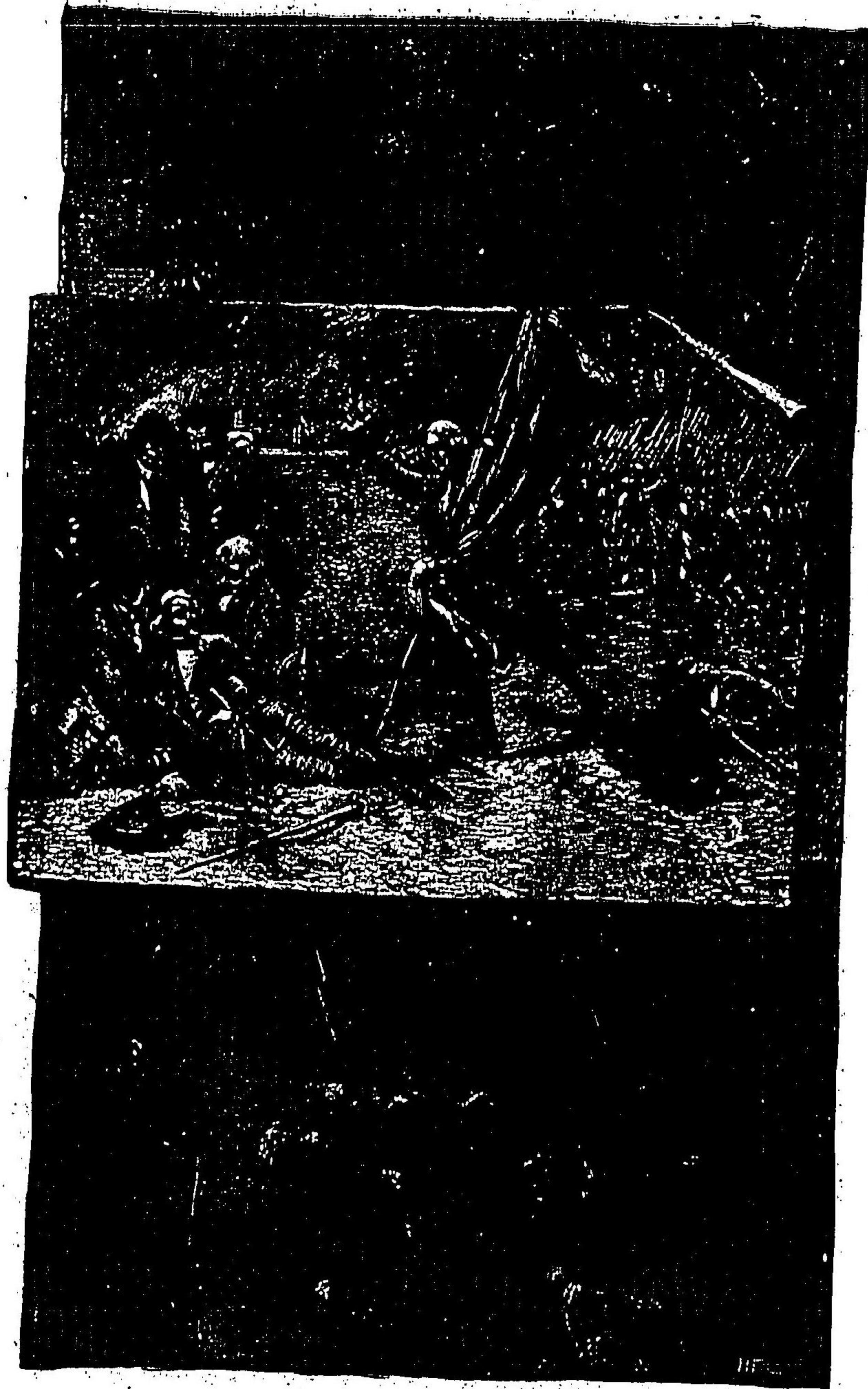
**Language.**—Explain the difference in meaning of the following words:—chief, commander, leader, general.

Compose a sentence in which any one of them could be correctly used; and then, if possible, compose two sentences in which the words can not be interchanged.

Select from the lesson two words which are synonymous.

**Composition.**—In considering the question of merit in regard to a composition, we may ask the following questions—

1. Does the treatment bear altogether upon the subject?
2. Is the treatment complete?
3. Is the language in keeping with the subject?



"God be praised! I die happy." (See page 434.)