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SANDERS'

UNION FOURTH READER:

EMBRACING A FULL EXPOSITION OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL READING;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE,

BOTH IN PROSE AND POETRY, VARIOUS IN STYLE, AND CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO THE PURPOSES OF TEACHING IN SCHOOLS OF EVERY GRADE.

By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIES OF SCHOOL READERS," "YOUNG LADIES' READER," "SPELLER, READER, AND ANALYZER," "ELOCUTIONARY CHART," ETC.

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N. TSUDZUKI.

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PREFACE.

THIS FOURTH READER is designed to pass the pupil from the comparatively easy ground occupied by the THIRD to the more difficult course embraced in THE UNION FIFTH READER, which is next higher in the series. It is, therefore, carefully graded to this intermediate position.

In one sense, however, it is the most important in the set; since the great mass of pupils, in our common schools, are drawn away from scholastic pursuits long before the proper time for entering upon any course of reading more advanced than that which is here presented. This consideration has had its full weight in the preparation of the following pages.

Every exercise will be found to bear the impress of that special adaptation to the purposes of teaching, without which no book of this kind can fully perform the office which it assumes. The labor expended in this direction, though all unseen by the casual observer, has been neither light nor brief. It can be duly appreciated by none but the experienced teacher.

All words in the exercises, requiring explanation, have been arranged, as regular lessons in spelling and definition. In these definitions, however, it must be kept in mind, that no attempt has been made to give *all the meanings of which a word is susceptible, but that only which it bears in the particular place in the exercise where it is found.* There is a special educational advantage in thus leading the mind of the pupil definitely to fix upon the *precise import* of a word, in some particular use or application of it.

All proper names occurring in the text, and at all likely to embarrass the learner, have been explained in brief, comprehensive notes. These notes involve many matters, Geographical, Bio-

graphical, and Historical, which are not a little interesting in themselves, aside from the special purpose subserved by them in the present connection.

All this has been done, and more, in order to secure that kind of interest in the exercises which comes of reading what is clearly understood; and because no perfect reading is possible, where the reader himself fails to perceive the meaning of what he reads.

In the selection and adaptation of the pieces, the highest aim has been to make and to leave the best moral impression; and this, not by dull and formal teachings, but by the pleasanter, and, therefore, more powerful, means of incidental and unexpected suggestion. Admonition is then most likely to be heeded, when it comes through the channel of events and circumstances.

The direct and ostensible aim of the book, however, has been kept steadily in view; which is to furnish the best possible exercises for practice in Rhetorical reading. To this end, the greatest variety of style and sentiment has been sought. There is scarcely a tone or modulation, of which the human voice is capable, that finds not here some piece adapted precisely to its best expression. There is not an inflection, however delicate, not an emphasis, however slight, however strong, that does not here meet with something fitted well for its amplest illustration. No tenderness of pathos, no earnestness of thought, no play of wit, no burst of passion, is there, perhaps, of which the accomplished teacher of Elocution may not find the proper style of expression in these pages, and, consequently, the best examples for the illustration of his art.

The book, thus briefly described, is, therefore, given to the public with the same confidence that has hitherto inspired the author in similar efforts, and with the hope that it may reach even a higher measure of usefulness, than that attained by any of its predecessors, in the long line of works which he has prepared for the use of schools.

New York, April, 1863.

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PART SECOND.

EXPLANATION OF THE PAUSES

.

The Period is the longest pause—a full stop. It marks the end of a sentence, and shows the sense complete; as, The sky is blue'. Pause the time of counting *six*, and let the voice fall.

?

The Interrogation is used at the end of a question; as, Is the sky blue'? If the question can be answered by *yes* or *no*, the voice rises; if not, it falls; as, Where is your map'? Pause the time of counting *six*.

!

The Exclamation denotes wonder, surprise, pain, or joy; as, O'! what a sweet rose'! Pause the time of counting *one*, after a single word, and let the voice rise; but after a complete sentence, pause the time of counting *six*, and let the voice fall.

:

The Colon is a pause shorter than the Period; as, The sky is clear': the sun shines. Pause the time of counting *four*, and let the voice fall.

;

The Semicolon is a pause shorter than the Colon; as, The rose is fair'; but it soon fades. Pause the time of counting *two*, and let the voice fall. Sometimes the voice should rise, as the sense may require.

,

The **Comma** is the shortest pause; as, Jane goes to school', and learns to read. Pause the time of counting *one*, and keep the voice up.

—

The **Dash** denotes a sudden pause or change of subject; as, I saw him—but what a sight! When the dash is used after any other pause, the time of that pause is doubled.

EXPLANATION OF OTHER MARKS.

'

The **Apostrophe** has the form of the comma. It denotes the possessive case; as, John's book; also, that one or more letters have been left out of a word; as, lov'd for loved.

" "

The **Quotation** includes a passage that is taken from some other author or speaker; as, John said: "See my kite."

( )

The **Parenthesis** includes words not properly a part of the main sentence; as, I like these people (who would not?) very much. The words within the parenthesis should be read in a lower tone of voice.

[ ]

The **Brackets** inclose words that serve to explain the preceding word or sentence; as, James [the truthful boy] went home.

^

The **Caret** shows where words are to be put in that have been omitted by mistake; as, Live in peace.

¨

The **Diæresis** is placed over the latter of two vowels, to show that they belong to two distinct syllables; as, aërial.

-

The **Hyphen** is used to connect compound words; as, Well-doing; or the parts of a word separated at the end of a line.

☞

The **Index** points to something special or remarkable; as, ☞ Important News!

**** . . . . or ——

The **Ellipsis** shows that certain words or letters have been purposely omitted; as, K——g, k. .g, or k——g, for king.

¶

The **Paragraph** denotes the beginning of a new subject. It is chiefly used in the Bible; as, ¶ The same day came to him, etc.

§

The **Section** is used to divide a book or chapter into parts; as, § 45.

⁂ † ‡

The **Asterisk**, the **Obelisk**, the **Double Dagger**, and sometimes other marks,* refer to notes in the margin.

* For instance: the Section mark, §, and the Parallel, ‖.

APPLICATION OF THE MARKS USED IN WRITING.

LINES

1 My Young Friends', never tell a falsehood'; but always
2 speak the truth'; this is pleasing to your Maker.
3 Do you read His holy word—the Bible'? O! remem-
4 ber, that He has there said: "He that speaketh lies, shall
5 not escape: he shall perish." * Remember, too, that the
6 All-seeing God knows all that we say or do.

7 ¶ Tho' wisdom's voice is seldom h[e]ard in k——g's
8 palaces,—there have been *wise* kings (*e. g.* Solomon,) who
9 were lov'd and obey'd by their subjects.†

10 Here, [*i. e.* in the U.S.,] we can not boast of our kings,
11 princes, lords, &c.; yet we have had a PRESIDENT, who,
12 in true greatness, surpass'ed them all; viz., the great
13 WASHINGTON.—☞ Washington fēared and hon-
14 ored God.

15 § Section, ‡ Double Dagger, and ‖ Paral'el, are also used
16 for reference to the margin.

* Proverbs xix. 5 and 9. † 1 Kings.

SANDERS'
UNION READER.

NUMBER FOUR.

PART FIRST.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of delivering written or extemporaneous composition with force, propriety, and ease.

It deals, therefore, with words, not only as individuals, but as members of a sentence, and parts of a connected discourse: including every thing necessary to the just expression of the sense. Accordingly, it demands, in a *special* manner, attention to the following particulars; viz., ARTICULATION, ACCENT, EMPHASIS, INFLECTION, MODULATION, and PAUSES.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the art of uttering distinctly and justly the letters and syllables constituting a word.

It deals, therefore, with the elements of words, just as elocution deals with the elements of sentences: the one securing the true enunciation of each letter, or combination of letters, the other giving to each word, or combination of words, such a delivery as best expresses the meaning of the author. It is the basis of all good reading, and should be carefully practiced by the learner.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
1.—[1]A	as in	*Ape.*
2.—[2]A	"	*Arm.*
3.—[3]A	"	*All.*
4.—[4]A	"	*At.*
5.—[5]A	"	*Care.*
6.—[6]A	"	*Ask.*
7.—[1]E	"	*Eve.*
8.—[2]E	"	*End.*
9.—[1]I	"	*Ice.*
10.—[2]I	"	*It.*
11.—[1]O	"	*Old.*
12.—[2]O	"	*Do.*
13.—[3]O	"	*Ox.*
14.—[1]U	"	*Use.*
15.—[2]U	"	*Up.*
16.—[3]U	"	*Pull.*
17.—OI	"	*Oil.*
18.—OU	"	*Out.*

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUB-TONICS.

19.—B	as in	*Bat.*
20.—D	"	*Dun.*

SUB-TONICS.

Element.		*Power.*
21.—G*	as in	*Gun.*
22.—J	"	*Jet.*
23.—L	"	*Let.*
24.—M	"	*Man.*
25.—N	"	*Not.*
26.—R	"	*Run.*
27.—V	"	*Vent.*
28.—W	"	*Went.*
29.—Y	"	*Yes.*
30.—[1]Z	"	*Zeal.*
31.—[2]Z	"	*Azure.*
32.—NG	"	*Sing.*
33.—'TH	"	*Thy.*

A-TONICS.

34.—F	as in	*Fit.*
35.—H	"	*Hat.*
36.—K	"	*Kid.*
37.—P	"	*Pit.*
38.—S	"	*Sin.*
39.—T	"	*Top.*
40.—CH	"	*Chat.*
41.—SH	"	*Shun.*
42.—TH	"	*Thin.*
43.—WH†	"	*When.*

* Soft G is equivalent to J; Soft C to S, and hard C and Q to K. X is equivalent to K and S, as in *box*, or to G and Z, as in *exalt*.

† WH is pronounced as if the H preceded W, otherwise it would be pronounced *W-hen*. R should be slightly trilled before a vowel. For further instructions, see Sanders and Merrill's Elementary and Elocutionary Chart.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE VOWEL ELEMENTS.

For Long A.
- *ai* as in *sail.*
- *au* " *gauge.*
- *ay* " *lay.*
- *ea* " *great.*
- *ei* " *deign.*
- *ey* " *they.*

For Flat A.
- *au* " *daunt.*
- *ea* " *heart.*
- *ua* " *guard.*

For Broad A.
- *au* " *pause.*
- *aw* " *law.*
- *ea* " *George.*
- *oa* " *groat.*
- *o* " *horn.*
- *ou* " *sought.*

For Short A.
- *ai* " *plaid.*
- *ua* " *guaranty.*

For Intermediate A.
- *ai* " *hair.*
- *ea* " *bear.*
- *e* " *where.*
- *ei* " *their.*

For Long E.
- *ea* " *weak.*
- *ei* " *seize.*
- *eo* " *people.*
- *ey* " *key.*
- *ie* " *brief.*
- *i* " *pique.*

For Short E.
- *a* " *any.*
- *ai* " *said.*
- *ay* " *says.*
- *ea* " *dead.*
- *ei* " *heifer.*
- *eo* " *leopard.*
- *ie* " *friend.*
- *ue* " *guess.*
- *u* " *bury.*

For Long I.
- *ai* " *aisle.*
- *ei* " *sleight.*
- *ey* " *eye.*
- *ie* " *die.*
- *oi* " *choir.*
- *ui* " *guide.*
- *uy* " *buy.*
- *y* " *try.*

For Short I.
- *e* as in *English.*
- *ee* " *been.*
- *ie* " *sieve.*
- *o* " *women.*
- *u* " *busy.*
- *ui* " *build.*
- *y* " *symbol.*

For Long O.
- *au* " *hautboy.*
- *eau* " *beau.*
- *eo* " *yeoman.*
- *ew* " *sew.*
- *oa* " *boat.*
- *oe* " *hoe.*
- *ou* " *soul.*
- *ow* " *flow.*

For Long Slender O.
- *oe* " *shoe.*
- *ou* " *soup.*

For Short O.
- *a* " *was.*
- *ou* " *hough.*
- *ow* " *knowledge.*

For Long U.
- *eau* " *beauty.*
- *eu* " *feud.*
- *ew* " *dew.*
- *ieu* " *adieu.*
- *iew* " *view.*
- *ou* " *your.*
- *ue* " *cue.*
- *ui* " *suit.*

For Short U.
- *e* " *her.*
- *i* " *sir.*
- *oe* " *does.*
- *o* " *love.*
- *ou* " *young.*

For Short Slender U.
- *o* " *wolf.*
- *ou* " *would.*

For the Diphthong OI. *oy* " *joy.*

For the Diphthong OU. *ow* " *now.*

There is no pure Triphthongal sound in the language. *Buoy* is equivalent to *boy*, *U* being a consonant.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

F.	*gh*	as in	*laugh*.	[1]Z.	*c*	as in	*suffice*.
	ph	"	*sphere*.		*s*	"	*was*.
J.	*g*	"	*gem*.		*x*	"	*Xerxes*.
K.	*c*	"	*can*.	[2]Z.	*s*	"	*treasure*.
	ch	"	*chord*.		*z*	"	*azure*.
	gh	"	*hough*.		*si*	"	*fusion*.
	q	"	*quit*.		*zi*	"	*glazier*.
S.	*c*	"	*cent*.	NG.	*n*	"	*conch*.
T.	*d*	"	*faced*.	SH.	*ce*	"	*ocean*.
	phth	"	*phthisic*.		*ci*	"	*social*.
V.	*f*	"	*of*.		*ch*	"	*chaise*.
	ph	"	*Stephen*.		*si*	"	*pension*.
Y.	*i*	"	*valiant*.		*s*	"	*sure*.
					ss	"	*issue*.
					ti	"	*notion*.
CH.	*ti*	"	*fustian*.				

B, D, G, H, L, M, N, P, and R, have no substitutes.

The most common faults in ARTICULATION are

I. *The suppression of a syllable; as,*

cab'n	for	cab-in.	mem'ry	for	mem-o-ry.
cap'n	"	cap-*tain*.	jub'lee	"	ju-*bi*-lee.
barr'l	"	bar-rel.	trav'ler	"	trav-*el*-er.
ev'ry	"	ev-*e*-ry.	fam'ly	"	fam-*i*-ly.
hist'ry	"	his-to-ry.	vent'late	"	ven-*ti*-late.
reg'lar	"	reg-*u*-lar.	des'late	"	des-o-late.
sev'ral	"	sev-er-al.	prob'ble	"	prob-*a*-ble.
rhet'ric	"	rhet-o-ric.	par-tic'lar	"	par-tic-*u*-lar.

II. *The omission of any sound properly belonging to a word; as,*

read-in	for	read-ing.	pr'-tect	for	pro-tect.
swif-ly	"	swift-ly.	b'-low	"	be-low.
com-mans	"	com-*mands*.	p'r-vade	"	per-vade.
warm-er	"	*warm*-er.	srink-in	"	*shrink*-ing.
um-bla	"	*hum*-ble.	th'if-ty	"	thrif-ty.
ap-py	"	*hap*-py.	as-ter-is	"	as-ter-*isk*.
con-sis	"	con-*sists*.	gov-er-ment	"	gov-er-*n*-ment.
fa-t'l	"	fa-tal.	Feb-u-ary	"	Feb-*ru*-a-ry.

III. *The substitution of one sound for another; as,*

uf-ford	for	*af*-ford.	mod-*ist*	for	mod-*est*.
wil-*ler*	"	wil-*low*.	*up*-prove	"	*ap*-prove.
sock-*it*	"	sock-*et*.	*win*-e-gar	"	*vin*-e-gar.
fear-*less*	"	fear-*less*.	*sep*-e-rate	"	*sep*-*a*-rate.
cul-ter	"	cult-*ure*.	tem-per-*it*	"	tem-per-*ate*.
prod-*ur*	"	prod-*ucts*.	croc-er-dile	"	croc-o-dile.
judg-*ment*	"	judg-ment.	tob-ac-*cur*	"	to-bac-co.
chil-*drin*	"	chil-dren.	com-prum-ise	"	com-pro-mise.

IV. Produce the sounds denoted by the following combinations of consonants:—

Let the pupil first produce the sounds of the letters, and then the word or words in which they occur. Be careful to give a clear and distinct enunciation to every letter.

1. *Bd*, as in rob'*d*; *bdst*, prob'*dst*; *bl*, *bl*and, a*bl*e; *bld*, hum-*bl*'*d*; *bldst*, troub*l*'*dst*; *blst*, troub*l*'*st*; *blz*, crum*bles*; *br*, *br*and; *bz*, ri*bs*.

2. *Ch*, as in *ch*urch; *cht*, fetch'*d*.

3. *Dj*, as in e*dge*; *djd*, hedg'*d*; *dl*, bri*dle*; *dld*, ridd*l*'*d*; *dlst*, hand*l*'*st*; *dlz*, bun*dles*; *dn*, har*d*'*n*; *dr*, *dr*ove; *dth*, wi*dth*; *dths*, brea*dths*; *dz*, o*dds*.

4. *Fl*, as in *fl*ame; *fld*, rif*l*'*d*; *flst*, stif*l*'*st*; *flz*, rif*les*; *fr*, *fr*om; *fs*, quaf*fs*, laugh*s*; *fst*, laugh'*st*, quaff'*st*; *ft*, ra*ft*; *fts*, wa*fts*; *ftst*, graf*t*'*st*.

5. *Gd*, as in begg'*d*; *gdst*, bragg'*dst*; *gl*, *gl*ide; *gld*, strugg*l*'*d*; *gldst*, hagg*l*'*dst*; *glst*, strangl'*st*; *glz*, ming*les*; *gr*, *gr*ove; *gst*, begg'*st*; *gz*, fi*gs*.

6. *Kl*, as in u*ncle*, a*nkle*; *kld*, trick*l*'*d*; *kldst*, truck*l*'*dst*; *klst*, chuck*l*'*st*; *klz*, wrin*kles*; *kn*, black'*n*; *knd*, reck'*n*'*d*; *kndst*, reck'*n*'*dst*; *knst*, black'*n*'*st*; *knz*, reck'*ns*; *kr*, *cr*ank; *ks*, chee*ks*; *kt*, a*ct*.

7. *Lb*, as in bu*lb*; *lbd*, bulb'*d*; *lbs*, bul*bs*; *lch*, fi*tch*; *lcht*, be*tch*'*d*; *ld*, hol*d*; *ldst*, fold'*st*; *ldz*, hol*ds*; *lf*, sel*f*; *lfs*, gul*fs*; *lj*, bul*ge*; *lk*, el*k*; *lks*, silk*s*; *lkt*, milk'*d*; *lkts*, mul*cts*; *lm*, el*m*; *lmd*, whelm'*d*; *lmz*, film*s*; *ln*, fall'*n*;

lp, help; *lps*, scalps; *lpst*, help'st; *ls*, false; *lst*, call'st; *lt*, melt; *lth*, health; *lths*, stealths; *lts*, colts; *lv*, delve; *lvd*, shelv'd; *lvz*, elves; *lz*, halls.

8. *Md*, as in doom'd; *mf*, triumph; *mp*, hemp; *mpt*, tempt; *mpts*, attempts; *mst*, entomb'st; *mz*, tombs.

9. *Nch*, as in bench; *ncht*, pinch'd; *nd*, and; *ndst*, end'st; *ndz*, ends; *ng*, sung; *ngd*, bang'd; *ngth*, length; *ngz*, songs; *nj*, range; *njd*, rang'd; *nk*, ink; *nks*, ranks; *nkst*, thank'st; *nst*, winc'd; *nt*, sent; *nts*, rents; *ntst*, went'st; *nz*, runs.

10. *Pl*, as in plume; *pld*, ripp'l'd; *plst*, ripp'l'st; *plz*, apples; *pr*, prince; *ps*, sips; *pst*, rapp'st; *pt*, ripp'd.

11. *Rb*, as in herb; *rch*, search; *rcht*, church'd; *rbd*, orb'd; *rbdst*, barb'dst; *rbst*, disturb'st; *rbz*, orbs; *rd*, hard; *rdst*, heard'st; *rdz*, words; *rf*, turf; *rft*, scarf'd; *rg*, burg; *rgz*, burgs; *rj*, dirge; *rjd*, urg'd; *rk*, ark; *rks*, arks; *rkst*, work'st; *rkt*, dirk'd; *rktst*, embark'dst; *rl*, girl; *rld*, world; *rldst*, hurl'd'st; *rlst*, whirl'st; *rlz*, hurls; *rm*, arm; *rmd*, arm'd; *rmdst*, harm'dst; *rmst*, arm'st; *rmz*, charms; *rn*, turn; *rnd*, turn'd; *rndst*, earn'dst; *rnst*, learn'st; *rnz*, urns; *rp*, carp; *rps*, harps; *rpt*, warp'd; *rs*, verse; *rsh*, harsh; *rst*, first; *rsts*, bursts; *rt*, dart; *rth*, earth; *rths*, births; *rts*, marts; *rtst*, dart'st; *rv*, curve; *rvd*, serv'd; *rvdst*, curv'dst; *rvst*, swerv'st; *rvz*, nerves; *rz*, errs.

12. *Sh*, as in ship; *sht*, husk'd; *sk*, scan, skip; *sks*, tusks; *skst*, frisk'st; *slt*, risk'd; *sl*, slow; *sld*, nestl'd; *slz*, wrestles; *sm*, smile; *sn*, snag; *sp*, sport; *sps*, lisps; *spt*, clasp'd; *st*, stag; *str*, strike; *sts*, rests; *sw*, swing.

13. *Th*, as in thine, thin; *thd*, breath'd; *thr*, three; *thst*, breath'st; *thw*, thwack; *thz*, writhes; *tl*, title; *tld*, settl'd; *tldst*, settl'dst; *tlst*, settl'st; *tlz*, nettles; *tr*, trunk; *ts*, fits; *tw*, twirl.

14. *Vd*, as in curv'd; *vdst*, liv'dst; *vl*, driv'l; *vld*, grov'l'd; *vldst*, grov'l'dst; *vlst*, driv'l'st; *vn*, driv'n; *vst*, liv'st; *vz*, lives.

15. *Wh*, as in when, where.

16. *Zd*, as in muz'd; *zl*, dazzle; *zld*, muzzl'd; *zldst*, dazzl'dst; *zlst*, dazzl'st; *zlz*, muzzles; *zm*, spasm; *zmz*, chasms; *zn*, ris'n; *znd*, reas'n'd; *znz*, pris'ns; *zndst*, impris'n'dst.

V. Avoid blending the termination of one word with the beginning of another, or suppressing the final letter or letters of one word, when the next word commences with a similar sound.

EXAMPLES.

His small eyes	instead of	His small lies.
She keeps pies	"	She keeps spies.
His hour is up	"	His sour is sup.
Dry the widow's tears	"	Dry the widow steers.
Your eyes and ears	"	Your rise sand dears.
He had two small eggs	"	He had two small legs.
Bring some ice cream	"	Bring some nice scream.
Let all men praise Him	"	Let tall men pray sim.
He was killed in war	"	He was skilled in war.
Water, air, and earth	"	Water rare nand dearth.
Come and see me once more	"	Come mand see me one smore.

NOTE.—By an indistinct Articulation the sense of a passage is often liable to be perverted.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will he attempt to conceal his *acts*?
   Will he attempt to conceal his *sacks*?

2. The man had oars to row her over.
   The man had *doors* to row her *rover*.

3. Can there be an aim more lofty?
   Can there be *a* name more lofty?

4. The judges ought to arrest the culprits.
   The judges sought to arrest the culprits.

5. His ire burned when she told him her *age*.
   His sire burned when she told him her *rage*.

6. He was awed at the works of labor and art.
   He was sawed at the works of labor an dart.

7. He was trained in the religion of his fathers.
   He was strained in the religion of his fathers.

MISCELLANEOUS EXAMPLES.

1. *Bravely o'er the boisterous billows,*
His gallant bark was borne.

2. *Can craven cowards expect to conquer the country?*

3. *Click, click, goes the clock; clack, clack, goes the mill.*

4. *Did you desire to hear his dark and doleful dreams?*

5. *"Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,*
Still as the breeze; but dreadful as the storm."

6. *The flaming fire flashed fearfully in his face.*

7. *The glassy glaciers gleamed in glowing light.*

8. *How high his honors heaved his haughty head!*

9. *He drew long, legible lines along the lovely landscape.*

10. *Masses* of immense magnitude move majestically through *the vast* empire of *the* solar system.

11. *Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.*

12. *The stripling stranger strayed straight toward the struggling stream.*

13. *She uttered a sharp, shrill shriek, and then shrunk from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.*

14. *For fear of offending the frightful fugitive, the vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable veteran.*

15. *Amidst the mists, with angry boasts,*
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

16. Peter Prangle, the prickly prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly prangly pears, from the prangly pear trees, on the pleasant prairies.

17. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

18. We travel *sea* and *soil*; we *pry*, we *prowl*;
We *progress*, and we *prog* from *pole* to *pole*.

SECTION II.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

ACCENT and EMPHASIS both indicate some special stress of voice.

ACCENT is that stress of voice by which one *syllable* of a word is made more prominent than others; EMPHASIS is that stress of voice by which one or more *words* of a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

ACCENT.

The accented syllable is sometimes designated thus: (′); as, *com-mand′-ment.*

NOTE I.—Words of more than two syllables generally have two or more of them accented.

The more forcible stress of voice, is called the *Primary Accent*; and the less forcible, the *Secondary Accent.*

EXAMPLES OF PRIMARY AND SECONDARY ACCENT.

In the following examples the Primary Accent is designated by double accentual marks, thus:

Ed′′-u-cate′, ed′-u-ca′′-tion, mul′′-ti-ply′, mul′-ti-pli-ca′′-tion, sat′′-is-fy′, sat′-is-fac′′-tion, com′-pre-hend′′, com′-pre-hen′′-sion, rec′-om-mend′′, rec′-om-mend-a′′-tion, mo′′-ment-a′-ry, com-mu′′-ni-cate′, com′-pli-ment′′, al, in-den′-ni-fi-ca′′-tion, ex′-tem-pa-ru′′-ne-ous, coun′-ter-rev′-o-lu′′-tion-a-ry.

NOTE II.—The change of accent on the same word often changes its meaning.

EXAMPLES.

col′-league, a partner.	*col-league′, to unite with.*
con′-duct, behavior.	*con-duct′, to lead.*
des′-cant, a song or tune.	*des-cant′, to comment.*
ob′-ject, ultimate purpose.	*ob-ject′, to oppose.*
in′-ter-dict, a prohibition.	*in-ter-dict′, to forbid.*
o′-ver-throw, ruin; defeat.	*o-ver-throw′, to throw down.*

NOTE III.—Emphatic words are often printed in *Italics*. When, however, different degrees of emphasis are to be denoted, the higher degrees are designated by the use of Capitals, LARGER or SMALLER, according to the degree of intensity.

EXAMPLES.

1. Our motto shall be, *our country*, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, and NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.

2. *Thou Child of Joy!* SHOUT round me: let me HEAR *thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd Boy!*

3. Freedom calls you! *quick*, be ready,
Think of what your sires have done;
Onward, ONWARD! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den;
ON, and let the watchword be,
Country, HOME, and LIBERTY.

NOTE IV.—Emphasis, as before intimated, varies in degrees of intensity.

EXAMPLES OF INTENSIVE EMPHASIS.

1. He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted: "VICTORY!
Charge, Chester, CHARGE! *On*, Stanley, ON!"

2. A *month!* O, for a single WEEK! I ask not for *years'*, though an AGE were *too little* for the *much* I have to do.

3. *Now* for the FIGHT! *now* for the CANNON PEAL!
ONWARD! through *blood*, and *toil*, and *cloud*, and *fire!*
Glorious—the SHOUT, the SHOCK, the CRASH of STEEL,
The VALLEY'S ROLL, the ROCKET'S BLAZING SPIRE!

4. Hear, O HEAVENS! and give ear, O EARTH!

NOTE V.—Emphasis sometimes changes the seat of accent from its ordinary position.

EXAMPLES.

There is a difference between *pos'*sibility and *prob'*ability.

And behold, the angels of God *as'*cending and *de'*scending on it.

For this corruptible must put on *in'*corruption, and this mortal must put on *im'*mortality.

Does his conduct deserve *ap'*probation, or *rep'*robation?

NOTE VI.—There are two kinds of Emphasis:—*Absolute* and *Antithetic*. ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is used to designate the important words of a sentence, without any direct reference to other words.

EXAMPLES OF ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS

1. On, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and *say*: "PEACE, BE STILL!"

2. The UNION, it MUST and SHALL BE PRESERVED!

3. HUSH! *breathe it not aloud,*
The wild winds must not hear it! Yet, again,
I tell thee—WE ARE FREE! KNOWLES.

4. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, THEN and not TILL then, let my epitaph be written. EMMETT.

5. If you are MEN, *follow* ME! STRIKE DOWN *yon guard, and gain the mountain passes.*

6. OH! *shame on us*, COUNTRYMEN, SHAME ON US ALL,
If we CONSENT to so dastard a race.

7. This doctrine *never was received*; it NEVER CAN, *by any* POSSIBILITY, BE RECEIVED; and, if admitted at ALL, it *must be by* THE TOTAL SUBVERSION OF LIBERTY!

8. Are you *Christians*, and, by upholding duelists, will you *deluge the land with blood*, and *fill it with widows and orphans?* BEECHER.

9. LIBERTY *and* UNION, NOW *and* FOREVER, ONE *and* INSEPARABLE. WEBSTER.

10. *Treason!* cried the speaker; *treason*, TREASON, TREASON, re-echoed from *every* part of the house.

11. The *war* is *inevitable*,—and LET IT COME! I repeat it, SIR,—LET IT COME! PATRICK HENRY.

12. Be we MEN,
And suffer such dishonor? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in BLOOD? MISS MITFORD.

13. O SACRED FORMS! how *proud* you look!
How *high* you lift your heads into the sky!
How *huge* you are! how *mighty* and how *free!* KNOWLES.

14. I shall know but *one* country. The ends *I* aim at, shall be "My COUNTRY'S, my GOD'S, and TRUTH'S." WEBSTER.

NOTE VII.—ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is that which is founded on the contrast of one word or clause with another.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. The faults of *others* should always remind us of our own.
2. He desired to *protect* his friend, not to *injure* him.
3. But *yesterday*, the word of Cæsar might
   Have stood against the world; *now* lies he there,
   And none so poor to do him reverence. SHAKESPEARE.
4. A *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches*. BIBLE.
5. We can do nothing *against* the truth; but *for* the truth. BIBLE.
6. He that is *slow to anger*, is better than the *mighty*; and he that *ruleth his spirit*, than he that *taketh a city*. BIBLE.

NOTE VIII.—The following examples contain two or more sets of Antitheses.

1. *Just men* are only *free*, the *rest* are *slaves*.
2. *Beauty* is like the *flower of spring*; *virtue* is like the *stars of heaven*.
3. *Truth* crushed to earth shall *rise* again,
   The eternal years of God are hers;
   But *error*, wounded, *writhes* in pain,
   And *dies* amid her worshipers. BRYANT.
4. A *false balance* is *abomination to the Lord*; but a *just weight* is *his delight*. BIBLE.
5. A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity*; and an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity*.
6. It is my *living sentiment*, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying sentiment*; INDEPENDENCE NOW, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER. WEBSTER.
7. We live in *deeds*, not *years*,—in *thoughts*, not *breaths*,—in *feelings*, not in *figures on a dial*. We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He most *lives*, who THINKS THE MOST,—FEELS THE NOBLEST,—ACTS THE BEST.
8. *You* have done the *mischief*, and *I* bear the *blame*.
9. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.
10. We must hold *them* as we hold the *rest* of mankind—*enemies* in *war*,—in *peace*, *friends*. JEFFERSON.

NOTE IX.—The sense of a passage is varied by changing the place of the emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

1. Has *James* seen his brother to-day? No; but *Charles* has.
2. Has James *seen* his brother to-day? No; but he has *heard* from him.
3. Has James seen *his* brother to-day? No; but he saw *yours*.
4. Has James seen his *brother* to-day? No; but he has seen his *sister*.
5. Has James seen his brother *to-day*? No; but he saw him *yesterday*.

REMARK.—To determine the emphatic words of a sentence, as well as the *degree* and *kind* of emphasis to be employed, the reader must be governed wholly by the *sentiment* to be expressed. The idea is sometimes entertained that emphasis consists merely in *loudness* of tone. But it should be borne in mind, that the most *intense* emphasis may often be effectively expressed, even by a whisper.

SECTION III.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, made in reading or speaking: as, Will you go to New York, or to Boston?

All the various sounds of the human voice may be comprehended under the general appellation of *tones*. The principal modifications of these tones are the MONOTONE, the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

The Horizontal Line (—) denotes the Monotone.
The Rising Slide (/) denotes the Rising Inflection.
The Falling Slide (\) denotes the Falling Inflection.
The Curve (⌣) denotes the Circumflex.

The Monotone is that sameness of sound, which arises from repeating the several words or syllables of a passage in one and the same general tone.

Remark.—The Monotone is employed with admirable effect in the delivery of a passage that is solemn or sublime.

EXAMPLES.

1. O thŏu thăt rŏllĕst ăbŏve, rŏŭnd ŭs thĕ shiēld ŏf mў fāthĕrs: whĕnce ăre thў bēams, O sŭn, thў ĕvĕrlāsting light? OSSIAN.

2. 'Tis mĭdnight's hŏly hōŭr, ănd sĭlĕnce nŏw
Is brōōding, like ă gēntlĕ spĭrit, ŏ'ĕr
Thĕ still ănd pēaclĕss wŏrld. Hŭsh! ōn thĕ wĭnds,
Thĕ bēlls' dēēp tōnes ăre swēlling; 'tis thĕ knĕll
Of thĕ dēpārtĕd yĕar. PERCIVAL.

3. Gŏd căme frŏm Tēmăn, ănd thĕ Hŏly Ŏne frŏm Mŏŭnt Pārăn. Sēlăh. His glŏry cŏvĕred thĕ hĕavens, ănd thĕ ĕarth wăs fŭll ŏf His prăise.

4. Bĕfŏre Him wĕnt thĕ pēstĭlĕnce, ănd bŭrning cŏals wĕnt fŏrth ăt His fēĕt. Hĕ stŏŏd ănd mĕăsŭred thĕ ĕarth: Hĕ bĕhĕld, ănd drŏve ăsŭndĕr thĕ năt'ions; ănd thĕ ĕvĕrlăsting mŏuntains wĕre scăttĕred, thĕ pĕrpĕtŭăl hills did bŏw: His wăys ăre ĕvĕrlăsting. HABAK.

5. Thĕ hĕavens dĕclāre thĕ glŏry ŏf Gŏd, ănd thĕ firmămĕnt shŏwĕth His hăndў wŏrk. Dăy ŭntō dăy ŭttĕrĕth spēēch, ănd nĭght ŭntō nĭght shŏwĕth knŏwlĕdge. Thĕre ĭs nō spēēch nŏr lănguăge, whĕre thĕir vŏice ĭs nŏt hĕard. ID.

6. Hŏw brĭēf ĭs lĭfe! hŏw pāssing brĭēf!
Hŏw brĭēf its jŏys ănd cārcs!
It sēēms tŏ bē in lĕăgue with time,
And lēaves ŭs ŭnawārcs.

7. Thĕ thŭndĕr rŏlls: hĕ hŭshed thĕ prōstrāte wŏrld,
While clōŏd tŏ clōŏd rĕtūrns thĕ sŏlĕmn hўmn. THOMSON.

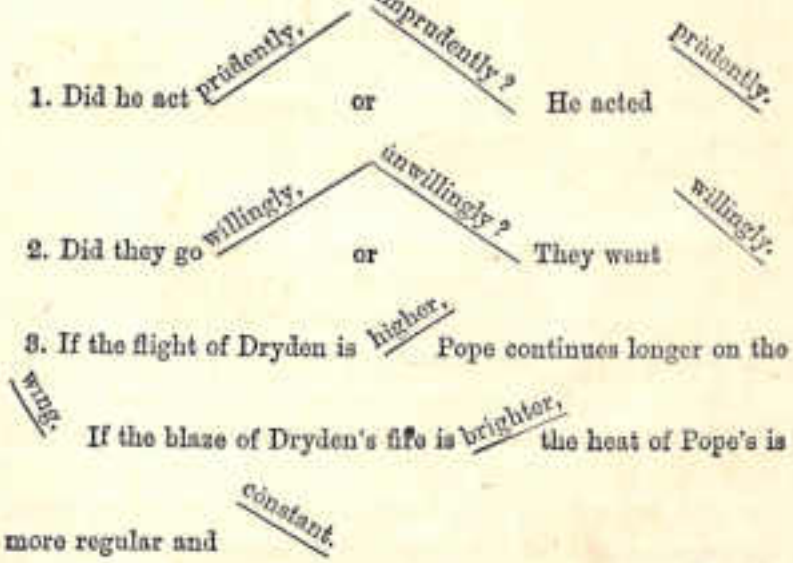
Remark.—The inappropriate use of the monotone,—a fault into which young people naturally fall,—is a very grave and obstinate error. It is always tedious, and often even ridiculous. It should be studiously avoided.

The Rising Inflection is an upward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, Are you prepared to recite your lessons?

The Falling Inflection is a downward turn, or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, What are you doing?

In the falling inflection, the voice should not sink below the *general pitch*; but in the rising inflection, it is raised above it.

The two inflections may be illustrated by the following diagrams:



4. Is homer's lofty soul forever fled'?
Is virtue lost'? Is martial ardor dead'?
Is there no heart where worth and valor dwell'?
No patriot WALLACE'? No undaunted TELL'?
Yes\, Freedom, yes\! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand\.

REMARK.—The same *degree* of inflection is not, at all times, used, or indicated by the notation. The due degree to be employed, depends on the *nature* of what is to be expressed. For example; if a person, under great excitement, asks another:

Are you in earnest? the degree of inflection would be much greater, than if he playfully asks: Are you in earnest? The former inflection may be called *intensive*, the latter, *common*.

RULES FOR THE USE OF INFLECTIONS.

RULE I.

Direct questions, or those which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the rising inflection; but their answers, generally, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you meet me at the depot'? Yes\; or, I will\.
2. Did you intend to visit Boston'? No\; or, I did not\.
3. Can you explain this difficult sentence'? Yes\; I can.
4. Are they willing to remain at home'? They are\.
5. Is this a time for imbecility and inaction'? By no means\.
6. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets'? I know that thou believest\.
7. Were the tribes of this country, when first discovered, making any progress in arts and civilization'? By no means\.

8. To purchase heaven has gold the power'?
Can gold remove the mortal hour'?
In life, can love be bought with gold'?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold'?
No\; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.

9. What would content you\'? Talents'? No\. Enterprise'? No\. Courage'? No\. Reputation'? No\. Virtue'? No\. The man whom you would select, should possess not one, but all of these\.

NOTE I.—When the direct question becomes an appeal, and the reply to it is anticipated, it takes the intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Is*\' he not a bold and eloquent speaker\'?
2. *Can*\' such inconsistent measures be adopted\'?
3. *Did*\' you ever hear of such cruel barbarities\'?
4. *Is* this reason\'? *Is* it law\'? *Is* it humanity\'?
5. *Was*\' not the gentleman's argument conclusive\'?

RULE II.

Indirect questions, or those which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually take the *falling* inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. How far did you travel yesterday\'? Forty miles\.
2. Which of you brought this beautiful bouquet\'? Julia\.
3. Where do you intend to spend the summer\'? At Saratoga\.
4. When will Charles graduate at college\'? Next year\.
5. What is one of the most delightful emotions of the heart\'? Gratitude\.

NOTE I.—When the indirect question is one asking a repetition of what was not, at first, understood, it takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. When do you expect to return? Next week.
When did you say'? Next week.
2. *Where* did you say William had gone'? To New York.

NOTE II.—Answers to questions, whether direct or indirect, when expressive of indifference, take the *rising* inflection, or the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you admire his discourse? Not much′.
2. Which way shall we walk? I am not particular′.
3. Can Henry go with us? If he chŏoses′.
4. What color do you prefer? I have no particular choice′.

NOTE III.—In some instances, direct questions become indirect by a change of the inflection from the rising to the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you come to-morrow′ or next day′? Yes.
2. Will you come to-morrow,′ or next day\? I will come to-morrow.

REMARK.—The first question asks if the person addressed will *come* within the two days, and may be answered by *yes* or *no*; but the second asks on *which* of the two days he will come, and it can not be thus answered.

RULE III.

When questions are connected by the conjunction *or*, the first requires the *rising*, and the second, the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Does he study for amusement′, or improvement\?
2. Was he esteemed for his wealth′, or for his wisdom\?
3. Sink′ or swim\, live′ or die\, survive′ or perish\, I give my hand and heart to this vote. WEBSTER.
4. Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath-days′, or to do evil\? to save life′, or to kill\? BIBLE.
5. Was it an act of moral courage′, or cowardice\, for Cato to fall on his sword\?

RULE IV.

Antithetic terms or clauses usually take opposite inflections; generally, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores′, but to diminish his desires\.

2. They have mouths′,—but they speak not\:
Eyes have they′,—but they see not\:
They have ears′,—but they hear not\:
Noses have they′,—but they smell not\:
They have hands′,—but they handle not\:
Feet have they\,—but they walk not\. BIBLE.

NOTE I.—When one of the antithetic clauses is a *negative*, and the other an *affirmative*, generally the negative has the *rising*, and the affirmative the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I said an elder soldier\, not a better′.
2. His acts deserve punishment\, rather than commiseration′.
3. This is no time for a tribunal of justice′, but for showing mercy\; not for accusation′, but for philanthropy\; not for trial′, but for pardon\; not for sentence and execution′, but for compassion and kindness\.

RULE V.

The Pause of Suspension, denoting that the sense is incomplete, usually has the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom′, neither shall fruit be in the vine′; the labor of the olive shall fail′, and the fields shall yield no meat′; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold′, and there shall be no herd in the stalls′; yet will I rejoice in the Lord\, I will joy in the God of my salvation\. BIBLE.

NOTE I.—The ordinary direct address, not accompanied with strong emphasis, takes the *rising* inflection, on the principle of the pause of suspension.

EXAMPLES.

1. Men′, brethren′, and fathers′, hear ye my defense which I make now unto you. BIBLE.

2. Ye living flowers′, that skirt the eternal frost′!
Ye wild goats′, sporting round the eagle's nest′!
Ye eagles′, playmates of the mountain storm′!
Ye lightnings′, the dread arrows of the clouds′!
Ye signs′ and wonders′ of the elements′!
Utter forth God\, and fill the hills with praise\′! COLERIDGE.

NOTE II.—In some instances of a pause of suspension, the sense requires an intense *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLE.

1. The prodigal, if he does not become a *pauper*\, will, at least, have but little to bestow on others.

REMARK.—If the *rising* inflection is given on *pauper*, the sense would be perverted, and the passage made to mean, that, in order to be able to bestow on others, it is necessary that he should become a pauper.

RULE VI.

Expressions of tenderness, as of grief, or kindness, commonly incline the voice to the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Mother′,—I leave thy dwelling′;
Oh! shall it be forever′?
With grief my heart is swelling′,
From thee′,—from thee′,—to sever′.

2. O my son Absalom′! my son′, my son Absalom′! Would God I had died for thee′, Absalom′, my son′, my son′! BIBLE.

RULE VII.

The Penultimate Pause, or the last but one, of a passage, is usually preceded by the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Diligence\, industry\, and proper improvement of time′, are material duties of the young.\

2. These through faith subdued kingdoms\, wrought righteousness\, obtained promises\, stopped the mouths of lions\, quenched the violence of fire\, escaped the edge of the sword\, out of weakness were made strong\, waxed valiant in fight′, turned to flight the armies of the aliens\.

REMARK.—The rising inflection is employed at the penultimate pause in order to promote variety, since the voice generally falls at the end of a sentence.

RULE VIII.

Expressions of strong emotion, as of anger or surprise, and also the language of authority and reproach, are expressed with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. On YOU\, and on your CHILDREN\, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day\.

2. What a piece of workmanship is MAN\! How noble in REASON\! How infinite in FACULTIES\!

3. O FOOLS\! and *slow of heart* to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me\! BIBLE.

4. HENCE\, HOME\, *you idle creatures*, GET YOU HOME\.
YOU BLOCKS\, YOU STONES\, YOU WORSE THAN USELESS THINGS\!

5. Avaunt\! and quit my sight\! let the earth hide thee\! Thy bones are marrowless\; thou hast no speculation in thine eyes which thou dost glare\ with. SHAKSPEARE.

6. Slave, do thy office\! Strike,\ as I struck the foe\!
Strike\, as I would have struck the tyrants\!
Strike deep as my curse\! Strike\, and but once\! ID.

RULE IX.

An emphatic succession of particulars, and emphatic repetition, require the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Beware*^ what earth calls happiness; BEWARE^
All joys but joys that never can expire^.

2. A great mind^, a great heart^, a great orator^, a great career, have been consigned to history^. BUTLER.

REMARK.—The stress of voice on each successive particular, or repetition, should gradually be increased as the subject advances.

The CIRCUMFLEX is a union of the two inflections on the same word, beginning either with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, or with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*; as, If he goes to Ro me, I shall go to Pa ris.

The circumflex is mainly employed in the language of irony, and in expressing ideas implying some condition, either expressed or understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. Yŏŭ, a beardless youth, pretend to teach a British gĕneral.
2. Whăt! shear a wŏlf? a prowling wŏlf?
3. Mў father's trĭcks? ah, really, that's too bad!
   Mў father's trĭcks? Why, blockhead, are you măd?
   My father, sir, did never stŏop so low,—
   Hĕ was a gĕntleman, I'd have you know.
4. Whăt! confer a crŏwn on the author of the pub'ic calămities?
5. But yŏŭ are very wīse men, and deeply learned in the trŭth; wĕ are wĕak, contĕmptible, mĕan persons.
6. They pretend they come to improve our stăte, enlărge our thŏughts, and frĕe us from ĕrror.
7. But youth, it seems, is not my ŏnly crime; I have been accused of acting a theătrical part.
8. And this man has become a gŏd, and Cæsius a wrĕtched creature.

SECTION IV.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies those variations of the voice, heard in reading or speaking, which are prompted by the feelings and emotions that the subject inspires.

EXAMPLES.

EXPRESSIVE OF COURAGE AND CHIVALROUS EXCITEMENT.

FULL TONE. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

MIDDLE TONE. In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility;

SHORT AND QUICK. But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage.

HIGH AND LOUD. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

QUICK, AND VERY LOUD. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirits, and, upon this charge,
Cry—HEAVEN FOR HARRY! ENGLAND! AND ST. GEORGE!

SHAKSPEARE.

REMARK.—To read the foregoing example in one dull, monotonous tone of voice, without regard to the sentiment expressed, would render the passage extremely insipid and lifeless. But by a proper modulation of the voice, it infuses into the mind of the reader or hearer the most animating and exciting emotions.

The voice is modulated in *three* different ways. *First*, it is varied in PITCH; that is, from *high* to *low* tones, and the reverse. *Secondly*, it is varied in QUANTITY, or in *loudness* or *volume* of sound. *Thirdly*, it is varied in QUALITY, or in the *kind* of sound expressed.

PITCH OF VOICE.

PITCH OF VOICE has reference to its degree of elevation.

Every person, in reading or speaking, assumes a certain pitch, which may be either *high* or *low*, according to circumstances, and which has a governing influence on the variations of the voice, above and below it. This degree of elevation is usually called the KEY NOTE.

As an exercise in varying the voice in pitch, the practice of uttering a sentence on the several degrees of elevation, as represented in the following scale, will be found beneficial. First, utter the musical syllables, then the vowel sound, and lastly, the proposed sentence,—ascending and descending.

——————8.—do—o—e-in-me.—Virtue alone survives.——
7. si o i in die. Virtue alone survives.
——————6.—la—o—o-in-do.—Virtue alone survives.——
5. sol o o in no. Virtue alone survives.
——————4.—fa—o—a-in-at.—Virtue alone survives.——
3. mi o a in ate. Virtue alone survives.
——————2.—re—o—a-in-far.—Virtue alone survives.——
1. do o a in all. Virtue alone survives.

Although the voice is capable of as many variations in speaking, as are marked on the musical scale, yet for all the purposes of ordinary elocution, it will be sufficiently exact if we make but *three* degrees of variation, viz., the *Low*, the *Middle*, and the *High*.

1. THE LOW PITCH is that which falls below the usual speaking key, and is employed in expressing emotions of *sublimity, awe,* and *reverence.*

EXAMPLE.

Silence, how dead! darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,—
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. YOUNG.

2. THE MIDDLE PITCH is that usually employed in common conversation, and in expressing *unimpassioned thought* and *moderate emotion.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It was early in a summer morning, when the air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay, that I lately walked in a beautiful flower garden, and, at once, regaled the senses and indulged the fancy. HENRY.

2. "*I love to live,*" said a prattling boy,
As he gayly played with his new-bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

3. THE HIGH PITCH is that which rises above the usual speaking key, and is used in expressing *joyous* and *elevated feelings.*

EXAMPLE.

Higher, *higher*, EVER HIGHER,—
Let the watchword be "ASPIRE!"
Noble Christian youth;
Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
Try to do that duty best,
In the strength of Truth. E. P. TUPPER.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY is two-fold;—consisting in FULLNESS OR VOLUME of sound, as *soft* or *loud;* and in TIME, as *slow* or *quick.* The former has reference to STRESS; the latter, to MOVEMENT.

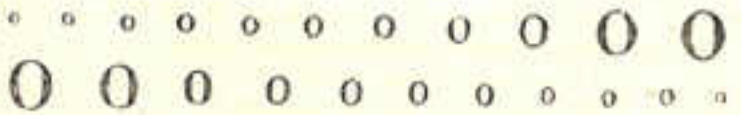
The degrees of variation in quantity are numerous, varying from a slight, soft whisper to a vehement shout. But for all practical purposes, they may be considered as *three*, the same as in pitch;—the *soft*, the *middle*, and the *loud.*

For exercise in quantity, let the pupil read any sentence, as,

"Beauty is a fading flower,"

first in a slight, soft tone, and then repeat it, gradually increasing in quantity to the full extent of the voice. Also, let him read it first very slowly, and then repeat it, gradually increasing the movement. In doing this, he should be careful not to vary the pitch.

In like manner, let him repeat any vowel sound, or all of them, and also inversely. Thus:



REMARK.—Quantity is often mistaken for Pitch. But it should be borne in mind that quantity has reference to *loudness* or *volume* of sound, and pitch to the *elevation* or *depression* of a tone. The difference may be distinguished by the slight and heavy strokes on a bell:—both of which produce sounds alike in *pitch*; but they differ in *quantity* or *loudness*, in proportion as the strokes are light or heavy.

RULES FOR QUANTITY.

1. SOFT, OR SUBDUED TONES, are those which range from a whisper to a complete vocality, and are used to express *fear, caution, secrecy, solemnity*, and all *tender emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. HOOD.

2. Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly,
On her young breast. D. M. GOODMAN.

3. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,—"No."

2. A MIDDLE TONE, or medium loudness of voice, is employed in reading *narrative, descriptive*, or *didactic sentences*.

EXAMPLE.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

3. A LOUD TONE, or fullness and stress of voice is used in expressing *violent passions* and *vehement emotions*.

EXAMPLES.

1. STAND! *the ground's your own*, my braves,—
Will ye give it up to *slaves?*
Will ye look *for greener graves?*
Hope ye *mercy still?*
What's the mercy *despots* feel?
Hear it in that *battle-peal*,—
Read it on you *bristling steel*,—
Ask it—*ye who will!* FIELDPOST.

2. "HOLD!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply: "INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH!"

QUALITY.

QUALITY has reference to *the kind of sound* uttered.

Two sounds may be alike in quantity and pitch, yet differ in quality. The sounds produced on the clarinet and flute, may agree in pitch and quantity, yet be unlike in quality. The same is true in regard to the tones of the voice of two individuals. This difference is occasioned mainly by the different positions of the vocal organs.

The qualities of voice mostly used in reading or speaking, and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*.

RULES FOR QUALITY.

1. The Pure Tone is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, usually accompanied with the middle pitch of voice, and is adapted to express emotions of *joy, cheerfulness, love,* and *tranquillity.*

EXAMPLE.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring,
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

2. The Orotund is a full, deep, round, and pure tone of voice, peculiarly adapted in expressing *sublime* and *pathetic emotions.*

EXAMPLE.

It thunders! Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:
Almighty! trembling, like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice. Alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

3. The Aspirated Tone of voice is not a pure, vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, and is used to express *amazement, fear, terror, anger, revenge, remorse,* and *fervent emotions.*

EXAMPLE.

Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou affright me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight;
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

4. The Guttural Quality is a deep, aspirated tone of voice, used to express *aversion, hatred, loathing,* and *contempt.*

EXAMPLE.

Tell me I *hate* the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
I *loathe,* ARBON, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell.

NOTATION IN MODULATION.

(°) high.	(*p.*) soft.
(° °) high and loud.	(*pp.*) very soft.
(o) low.	(*f.*) loud.
(o o) low and loud.	(*ff.*) very loud.
(=) quick.	(*pl.*) plaintive.
(") short and quick.	(<) increase.
(*sl.*) slow.	(>) decrease.

EXAMPLES FOR EXERCISE IN MODULATION.

(*p.*) Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And! the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
(*f.*) But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

(*sl.*) When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
(—) Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main. POPE

(=) Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
(*ff.*) Shout "Freemont" till your lisping ones
Give back the cradle shout. WHITTIER.

(*pl.*) "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!—
And thy dark eye!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee!
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!" WILLIS.

(*sl.*) The sun hath set in folded clouds,—
Its twilight rays are gone,
(,) And, gathered in the shades of night,
The storm is rolling on.
(*pl.*) Alas! how ill that bursting storm
(>) The fainting spirit braves,
(*p.*) When they,—the lovely and the lost,—
(*pl.*) Are gone to early graves!

(*) On! onward still! o'er the land he sweeps,
(>) With wreck, and ruin, and rush, and roar,
Nor stops to look back
On his dreary track,
(") But speeds to the spoils before. MISS J. H. LEWIS.

From every battle-field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—(*f.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." (<) From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up, like the sound of many waters, (*ff.*) "THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED." BANCROFT.

(*p.*) Hark!
(*sl.*) Along the vales and mountains of the earth
(.) There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
(=) Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
(<) And hurries onward, with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM,—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
(<) From every hill-top of her western home;
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,—
(") And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations, starting from the spell of years. C. S. PRENTICE.

(>) The thunders hushed,—
The trembling lightning fled away in fear,—
(*p.*) The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest,—
The raging winds grew still,—
(*pp.*) There was a calm.

(",") "Quick! Man the boat!" (=) Away they spring
The stranger ship to aid,
(*f.*) And loud their hailing voices ring,
As rapid speed they made.

(*p.*) Hush! lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps;
I've watched, suspending e'en my breath, in fear
To break the heavenly spell. (*pp.*) Move silently.

Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?
(<) Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? (*<) Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds? YOUNG.

(=) Away! away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
(") Away! away to the vale below,
Where the streams are gently laving.

An hour passed on;—the Turk awoke;—
That bright dream was his last;—
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
(") "To arms! they come! (*ff.*) THE GREEK! THE GREEK!"
(*pl.*) He woke—to die, midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;—
(") "*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!" CALLECK.

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
(*sl.*) Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
(*pp.*) Still as the breeze, (..) but dreadful as the storm!
(*p.*) Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
(*ff.*) REVENGE, or DEATH!—the watchword and reply;
(") Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
(*f.*) And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! CAMPBELL.

(*sl.*) His speech was at first low-toned and slow. Sometimes his voice would deepen, (..) like the sound of distant thunder; and anon, (") his flashes of wit and enthusiasm would light up the anxious faces of his hearers, (<) like the far-off lightning of a coming storm.

(>) Receding now, the dying numbers ring
(p.) Fainter and fainter, down the rugged dell:
(pp.) And now—'tis silent all—enchantress, fare thee well.

(=) Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,
When the nations to freedom awake,
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
And monarchs with terror shake!
Over the walls of majesty,
"Upharsin" is writ in words of fire,
And the eyes of the bondmen, wherever they be,
Are lit with their wild desire.
(<) Soon, soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurl'd,
And the world roll on, like a hurricane's breath,
Till the farthest nation hears what it saith,—
(ff.) "ARISE! ARISE! BE FREE!" T. B. READ

(p.) Tread softly—bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,—
(pl.) Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now. MRS. SOUTHEY.

(>) SPEAK OUT, my friends; would you exchange it for the DEMON'S DRINK, (ff) ALCOHOL? A *shout*, like the *roar* of a tempest, answered, (") NO!

(") The combat deepens! (ff.) ON! YE BRAVE!
(=) Who rush to GLORY, (p.) or the GRAVE!
(ff.) WAVE, *Munich*, all thy banners WAVE!
And CHARGE with all thy CHIVALRY!
(pl.) Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
(p.) And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher! CAMPBELL.

(sl.) At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks,
(") "LAND! LAND!" cry the sailors; (ff.) "LAND! LAND!"—he awakes,—
(") He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight!
THE LAND! *O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!*

SECTION V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

RHETORICAL PAUSES are those which are frequently required by the voice in reading and speaking, although the construction of the passage admits of no grammatical pause.

These pauses are as manifest to the ear, as those which are made by the comma, semicolon, or other grammatical pauses, though not commonly denoted in like manner by any visible sign. In the following examples they are denoted thus, (‖).

EXAMPLES.

1. In slumbers of midnight‖ the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose‖ at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary,‖ his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness‖ danced o'er his mind. DIMOND.

2. There is a land,‖ of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven‖ o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns‖ dispense serener light,
And milder moons‖ imparadise the night.
O, thou shalt find,‖ howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country,‖ and that spot thy home!

This pause is generally made before or after the utterance of some important word or clause, on which it is especially desired to fix the attention. In such cases it is usually denoted by the use of the dash (—).

EXAMPLES.

1. God said—"*Let there be light!*"
2. All dead and silent was the earth,
In deepest night it lay;
The Eternal spoke creation's word,
And called to being—Day!

No definite rule can be given with reference to the length of the rhetorical, or grammatical pause. The correct taste of the reader or speaker must determine it. For the voice should sometimes be suspended much longer at the same pause in one situation than in another; as in the two following.

EXAMPLES.

LONG PAUSE.

Pause a moment. I heard a footstep. Listen now. I heard it again; but it is going from us. It sounds fainter,—still fainter. It is gone.

SHORT PAUSE.

John, be quick. Get some water. Throw the powder overboard. "It can not be reached." Jump into the boat, then. Shove off. There goes the powder. Thank Heaven. We are safe.

REMARKS TO TEACHERS.

It is of the utmost importance, in order to secure an easy and elegant style in reading, to refer the pupil often to the more important principles involved in a just elocution. To this end, it will be found very advantageous, occasionally to review the rules and directions given in the preceding pages, and thus early accustom him to apply them in the subsequent reading lessons. For a wider range of examples and illustrations, it is only necessary to refer to the numerous and various exercises which form the body of this book. They have been selected, in many cases, with a special view to this object.

PART SECOND.

LESSON I.

Her' o ism, bravery; courage.	Res' cu ed, saved; preserved.
Ma lic' ious, ill-disposed; resent-	Dis as' ter, calamity.
Am bi' tion, eager desire. [ful.	In clin' ed, disposed.
Sar cas' tic, severe; cutting.	Sym' pa thy, fellow-feeling.
De ris' ion, ridicule.	Ten' der ed, offered.
Con fer' red, bestowed.	A pol' o gy, excuse.

TRUE HEROISM.

Osgood.

1. I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, while attending an Academy. Among my schoolmates were Hartly and Vincent. They were both older than myself, and Vincent was looked up to, as a sort of leader in matters of opinion, and in directing our sports.

2. He was not, at heart, a malicious boy; but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic; and he made himself feared by a habit of turning things into ridicule. He seemed to be constantly looking out for something to occur, which he could turn into derision.

3. Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward the pasture. A group of boys, among whom was Vincent, met him as he was passing.

4. "Now," said Vincent, "let us have a little sport with our country rustic." So saying, he exclaimed: "Halloo,

Jonathan!* what is the price of milk? What do you feed her on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

5. Hartly waved his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and, driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail-fence, saw her safely in the pasture, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow, and drove her away, none of us knew where. Every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

6. The boys who attended the Academy, were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were foolish enough to look down, with a sort of disdain, upon a scholar who had to drive a cow to pasture; and the sneers and jeers of Vincent were often repeated.

7. One day, he refused to sit next to Hartly in school, on a pretense that he did not like the odor of the barn. Sometimes he would inquire of Hartly after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some people.

8. Hartly bore all these silly attempts to wound his feelings and annoy him, with the utmost good nature. He never once returned an angry look or word. One time, Vincent said: "Hartly, I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you."

9. "Why not?" said Hartly. "Oh, nothing," said Vincent; "only do not leave much water in the cans after rinsing them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear; if I ever rise to be a milkman, I will give *good measure* and *good milk* too."

10. A few days after this conversation, there was a public

* A title frequently applied to the Yankees by the English.

exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city, was present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of the Academy, and Hartly and Vincent each received one, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal.

11. After the prizes were distributed, the Principal remarked that there was *one prize*, consisting of a medal, which was *rarely* awarded, not so much on account of its great value, as because the instances are *rare* that merit it. It is THE PRIZE FOR HEROISM. The last boy on whom it was conferred, was Master Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

12. The Principal then said, "With the permission of the company, I will relate a short story. Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by, on his way to mill. The horse took fright, and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined for some weeks to his bed.

13. "None of the boys who had caused the disaster, followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, and went to render what service he could. He soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose only support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow, of which she was the owner.

14. "Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now sick and helpless. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy, 'I can drive your cow.' With thanks, the poor widow accepted his offer.

15 "But the boy's kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to purchase medicine. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots,' said the boy; 'but I can do without them for the present.'

16. "'Oh, no!' said the old lady, 'I can not consent to

that; but here is a pair of cowhide boots that I bought for Henry, who can not wear them. If you will buy them, giving me what they cost, I can get along very well.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

17. "When the other boys of the Academy saw this scholar driving a cow to the pasture, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His thick cowhide boots, in particular, were made matters of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, driving the widow's cow to the pasture, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was *doing right*, not caring for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered.

18. "He never undertook to explain why he drove the cow; for he was not inclined to display his charitable motives, and besides, in heart, he had no sympathy with the false pride that looks with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by *mere accident*, that his course of conduct and self-denial, was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

19. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not *true heroism* in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not steal out of sight behind the blackboard! You were not ashamed of *ridicule*—you must not shun *praise*. *Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!*"

20. As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, the whole company greeted him with a round of applause for his *heroic conduct*. The ladies stood upon benches, and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men clapped their hands, and wiped the moisture from the corners of their eyes. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed prouder ornaments, than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him, amid the applause of the whole company.

21. Vincent was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured sneers, and, after the school was dismissed, he went, with tears in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill manners. "Think no more about it," said Hartly; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods, before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Vincent's example, and then, with shouts and huzzas, they all set forth into the woods—a happy, cheerful group.

QUESTIONS.—1. In what way did Vincent try to make derision of Hartly? 2. How did Hartly receive it? 3. For what did Hartly receive a prize from his teacher? 4. How did the spectators manifest their approbation of Hartly's conduct?

LESSON II.

A VERT' ED, turned aside.
RE PENT' ANT, contrite; sorrowful.
SIN CERE', honest; true-hearted.
SE VERE', harsh; rigid.
TAUNTS, scoffs; insults.
PLATE, dishes of gold or silver ware.
DE SERT', forsake; abandon.
FAIL' URE, want of success.
SYM' PA THY, taking part.
TYR' AN NY, oppression; cruelty.

YOU AND I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Who would scorn his humble fellow
   For the coat he wears?
   For the poverty he suffers?
   For his daily cares?
   Who would pass him in the foot-way
   With averted eye?
   Would *you*, brother? No',—you *would* not.
   If *you* would,—not *I*.

2. Who, when vice or crime repentant,
   With a grief sincere,
   Asked for pardon, would refuse it,
   More than heaven severe?

Who, to erring woman's sorrow,
Would with taunts reply?
Would *you*, brother'? No',—you *would* not.
If *you* would,—not *I*.

3. Would you say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state'?
Or, that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate'?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would *you*, brother'? No',—you *would* not.
If *you* would,—not *I*.

4. Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause is strong;
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong'?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would *you*, brother'? No',—you *would* not.
If *you* would,—not *I*.

5. Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right'?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light'?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny'?
Would *you*, brother'? No',—you *would* not.
If *you* would,—not *I*.

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the rising and falling inflections, first verse? See page 28. 2. Repeat the rule. 3. What rule for the falling inflections, fifth verse? See page 29. 4. Repeat the rule. What is the meaning of the suffix *en*, in the words *strengthen, blacken*? See SANDERS and MCELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS. p. 132, Ex. 174.

LESSON III.

WAR' FARE, conflict; struggle.
CLUTCH' ES, paws; firm grasp.
DO MIN' ION, rule; sway.
PIN' ION, wing; as of a bird.
PRE'' CIOUS, costly; valuable.
SCOFF' ER, scorner.
VA' RI ED, changing; different.
WAVES, moves to and fro.
PRO PHET' IC, (*ph* like *f*.) foretelling.
DE SPISE', scorn; disdain.
GOAL, the mark that bounds a race.
BECK' ON, motion; invite with the hand.

LIFE'S WORK.

1. *Life is onward:* use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly: choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

2. *Life is onward:* never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion;
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

3. *Life is onward:* try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue: buy it
At whatever cost.
If the World should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

4. *Life is onward:* heed it,
In each varied dress;
Your own *act* can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.

5. *Life is onward:* prize it,
In sun-shine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

QUESTIONS.—1. What do *it* and *them* refer to, third verse, last line? 2. Repeat the word *sunshine* several times in quick succession.

LESSON IV.

AC CUS' TOM ED, used; habituated.
PLAN TA' TIONS, settlements.
PRO TEC' TION, safety; defense.
RE PROACH' FUL, reproving.
CAP' TUR ED, taken prisoners.
DE CID' ED, concluded.
COR' O NET, little crown.
SA LŪT' ED, greeted.
MON' ARCH, sovereign; ruler.
CON CEAL' ED, hid; secreted.
RE STOR' ED, brought back.
VI' O LENCE, outrage; wrong.
RE BUK' ED, reproved.
LEAGUE, compact; alliance.
TER' RI BLE, fearful; dreadful.
AT TEND' ANT, waiter; servant.

THE YOUNG CAPTIVES.

1. Many years ago, during the early settlements in New England, the children were accustomed to gather large quantities of nuts, which grew in great abundance in the forests that surrounded their little plantations.

2. In one of these nut-gatherings, a little boy and girl, the one eight and the other four years of age, whose mother was dead, became separated from their companions. On their way home, they came across some wild grapes, and were busily engaged in gathering them, till the last rays of the setting sun were fading away.

3. Suddenly they were seized by two Indians. The boy struggled violently, and his little sister cried to him for protection; but in vain. The Indians soon bore them far beyond the bounds of the settlement. Night was far advanced before they halted. Then they kindled a fire, and offered the children some food.

4. The heart of the boy swelled high with grief and anger, and he refused to eat. But the poor little girl took some parched corn from the hand of the Indian who held her on his knee. He smiled as he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face with a wondering, yet reproachful eye. Then they lay down to sleep in the dark forest, each with an arm over his little captive.

5. Great was the alarm in the colony when these children did not return. Every spot was searched, where it was thought possible they might have lost their way. But when, at length, their little basket was found, overturned in a tangled thicket, they came to the conclusion that they must have been captured by the Indians.

6. It was decided that before any warlike measures were adopted, the father should go peacefully to the Indian king, and demand his children. At the earliest dawn of morning, he departed with his companions. They met a friendly Indian pursuing the chase, who consented to be their guide.

7. They traveled through rude paths, until the day drew near a close. Then, approaching a circle of native dwellings, in the midst of which was a tent, they saw a man of lofty form, with a coronet of feathers upon his brow, and sur-

rounded by warriors. The guide saluted him as his monarch, and the bereaved father, bowing down, thus addressed him:

8. "King of the red men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his lost children. He has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. So he trusts himself fearlessly among you. The king of our own native land, who should have protected us, became our foe. We fled from our dear homes—from the graves of our fathers.

9. "The ocean wave brought us to this New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness, save two little buds, from a broken, buried stem.

10. "Last night, sorrow entered into my soul, because I found them not. Knowest thou, O king, if thy people have taken my children'? Knowest thou where they have concealed them'? Cause them, I pray thee, to be restored to my arms. So shall the Great Spirit bless thy own tender plants, and lift up thy heart when it weigheth heavily on thy bosom."

11. The Indian monarch, fixing on him a piercing glance, said: "Knowest thou me'? Look in my eyes'! Look'! Answer me'! Are they the eyes of a stranger'?" The bereaved father replied that he had no recollection of having ever before seen his countenance.

12. "Thus it is with the white man. He is dim-eyed. He looketh on the *garments* more than on the *soul*. Where your plows turn up the earth, oft have I stood watching your toil. There was no coronet on my brow. But I was king. And you knew it not.

13. "I looked upon your people. I saw neither pride nor violence. I went an *enemy*, but returned a *friend*. I said to my warriors, 'Do these men no harm. They do not hate

Indians.' Then our white-haired prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He bade me make no league with the pale faces, lest angry words should be spoken of me, among the shades of our buried kings.

14. "Yet, again, I went where thy brethren have reared their dwellings. Yes; I entered thy house. *And thou knowest not this brow'!* I could tell *thine* at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the clouds. My ear would know *thy* voice, though the storm was abroad with all its thunders.

15. "I have said that I was king. Yet I came to thee hungry, and thou gavest me bread. My head was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me lie down on thy couch, and thy son, for whom thou mournest, covered me.

16. "I was sad in spirit, and thy little daughter, whom thou seekest with tears, sat on my knee. She smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. My heart was comforted, for I saw that she did not hate Indians.

17. "Turn not on me such a terrible eye. I am no stealer of babes. I have reproved the people who took thy children. I have sheltered them for thee. Not a hair of their head is hurt. Thinkest thou that the red man can forget kindness'? They are sleeping in my tent. Had I but a single blanket, it should have been their bed. Take them, and return unto thy people."

18. He waved his hand to an attendant, and, in a moment, the two children were in the arms of their father. The white men were kindly sheltered for that night, and, the next day, they bore the children to their home, and the people rejoiced at their safe return.

QUESTIONS.—1. By whom were these children taken captive? 2. Who went in search of them? 3. What did he say to the king of the tribe? 4. What reply did the Indian monarch make? 5. Were the children restored to their father? 6. What is meant by *New World*, 9th paragraph? 7. What by *two little buds, from a broken, buried stem*, same paragraph?

LESSON V.

IM' AGE, form; likeness.
E LAPS' ED, glided away.
WAY' WARD NESS, perverseness.
SHUD' DER ING, chilling tremor.
PAS' SION ATE, easily excited to anger.
HEAD' STRONG, stubborn; obstinate.
MIS' TER Y, rule; sway.
UN DER WENT', experienced.
AF FEC' TION, love; attachment.
THRESH' OLD, entrance.
ANX I' E TY, care; solicitude.
PER PET' U AL, continual.

MY MOTHER'S LAST KISS.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

1. I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as fresh in my mind, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her, as a pale, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I had erred, (for I was a wild, thoughtless child,) there was a mild and tender earnestness in her reproofs, that always went to my little heart.

2. Methinks I can now see her large, blue eyes moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat: "My child, how can you grieve me so?" She had, for a long time, been pale and feeble, and sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father, and be kind to him; for he would have no one else to love.

3. I recollect she was ill all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night, they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always had done before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and

placing my lips close to hers, whispered: "Mother, dear mother, won't you kiss me?"

4. Her lips were very cold, and when she put her hand upon my cheek, and laid my head on her bosom, I felt a cold shuddering pass all through me. My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while thinking; I feared my mother would, indeed, die; for her cheek felt cold, as my little sister's did when she died, and they carried her little body away where I never saw it again. But I soon fell asleep.

5. In the morning I rushed to my mother's room, with a strange dread of evil to come upon me. It was just as I feared. A white linen covered her straight, cold form. I removed it from her face: her eyes were closed, and her cheeks were hard and cold. But my mother's dear, dear smile was there, or my heart would have broken.

6. In an instant, all the little faults, for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me. I longed to tell her how, in all time to come, her words would be a law to me. I would be all that she had wished me to be.

7. I was a passionate, headstrong boy; and never did this frame of temper come upon me, but I seemed to see her mild, tearful eyes full upon me, just as she used to look in life; and when I strove for the mastery over my passions, her smile seemed to cheer my heart, and I was happy.

8. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit seemed to be always with me, *to aid the good* and *root out the evil* that was in me. I felt it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I *could not, would not*, do so.

9. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had

prayed and wept over me; and that even on the threshold of the grave, her anxiety for my welfare had caused her spirit to linger, that she might pray once more for me. I never forgot my mother's last kiss. It was with me in sorrow; it was with me in joy; it was with me in moments of evil, like a perpetual good.

QUESTIONS.—1. What was the age of the person represented in this piece? 2. What, when his mother died? 3. What did he say of himself when a child? 4. Had he ever grieved his mother? 5. What did he say of his *faults*, after his mother's death? 6. What did he desire to tell her? 7. How ought you to treat your mother, in order to avoid the reproaches of your own conscience?

LESSON VI.

SUR PRISE', amazement.
PER'ISH ED, died.
STUNT' ED, small of size.
STERN, severe; harsh; rigid.
LOI'TER ED, linger; tarry.
STAG'GER ED, reeled to and fro.
FORD' ED, waded.
ES CAPE' ED, fled from.

THE DEAD CHILD'S FORD.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

1. "Dear mother, here's the *very* place
Where little John was found,
The water covering up his face,
His feet upon the ground.
Now won't you tell me *all about*
The death of little John'?
And how the woman sent him out
Long after sun was down'?
And tell me *all about the wrong*,
And *that* will make the story long."

2. I took the child upon my knee,
Beside the lake so clear;
For *there* the tale of misery
Young Edward begged to hear.
He looked into my *very* eyes,
With sad and earnest face,
And caught his breath with wild surprise,
And turned to mark the place
Where *perished*, years agone, the child
Alone, beneath the waters wild.

3. "A weakly orphan boy was John,
A barefoot, stinted child,
Whose work-day task was never done,
Who wept when others smiled.
Around his home the trees were high,
Down to the water's brink,
And almost hid the pleasant sky,
Where wild deer came to drink."
(") "And did they come, the pretty deer'?
And did they drink the water here'?"

4. Cried Edward, with a wondering eye:
"Now, mother, tell to me,
Was John about as *large* as I'?
Pray tell, how *big* was he'?"
"He was an *older* boy than *you*,
And *stouter* every way;
For, water from the well he drew,
And hard he worked all day.
But then poor John was sharp and thin,
With sun-burnt hair and sun-burnt skin.

5. "His mother used to spin and weave;
From farm to farm she went;
And, though it made her much to grieve,
She John to service sent.
He lived with one, a woman stern,
Of hard and cruel ways;
And he must bring her wood to burn,
From forest and highways;
And then, at night, on cold, hard bed,
He laid his little, aching head.

6. "The weary boy had toiled all day
With heavy spade and hoe;
His mistress met him on the way,
And bade him quickly go
And bring her home some sticks of wood,
For she would bake and brew;
When he returned, she'd give him food;
For she had much to do.
And then she charged him not to stay,
Nor loiter long upon the way.

7. "He went; but scarce his toil-worn feet
Could crawl along the wood,
He was so spent with work and heat,
And faint for lack of food.
He bent his aching, little back
To bear the weight along,
And staggered then upon the track;
For John *was never* strong;
His eyesight, too, began to fail,
And he grew giddy, faint, and pale.

8. "The load was small, *quite* small, 'tis true,
But John could bring no more;
The woman in a rage it threw,—
She stamped upon the floor.
(*f.*) 'No supper you shall have to-night;
So go along to bed,
You good-for-nothing, ugly fright,
You little stupid-head!'"
Said Edward: "*I* would *never* go;
She wouldn't *dare* to serve *me* so!"

9. "The moon-beams fell upon the child
As, weeping, there he lay;
And gusty winds were sweeping wild
Along the forest way,
When up rose John, at dead of night;
For he would see his mother;
She loved her child, although *he* might
Be *nothing* to another.
That narrow creek he forded o'er,—
'Tis nearer than around the shore.

10. "But here the shore is rough, you see;
The bank is high and steep;
And John, who climbed on hands and knee,
His footing could not keep.
He backward fell, all, all alone;
Too weak was he to rise;
(*pl.*) And no one heard his dying moan,
Or closed his dying eyes.
How still he slept! And grief and pain
Could never come to him again.

11. "A stranger, passing on his way,
Found him, as you have said;
His feet were out upon the clay,
The water o'er his head.
And then his foot-prints showed the path
He took, adown the creek,
When he escaped the woman's wrath,
So hungry, faint, and weak.
And people now, as you have heard,
Do call the place, THE DEAD CHILD'S FORD."

QUESTIONS.—1. Was John an orphan, or half orphan? 2. Was he drowned at night, or in the daytime? 3. By whom was he found? 4. What is the place called where he was drowned? 5. Give the rule for the rising inflections, as marked in the 1st, 2d, and 4th verses. 6. Why are there no quotation marks at the beginning of the 2d verse? 7. Why are half quotations used in the 3d and 8th verses? 8. How should a part of the 8th and 10th verses be read, according to the notation marks? See page 41.

LESSON VII.

EX CLAIM' ED, cried out.
DE MAND' ING, asking; requiring.
A MISS', wrong; improperly.
AC CÛS' ED, charged with.
INFRAUD, violation.
VIS' ION, sight; view.
DE SCRIP' TION, account.
SLUG' GARD, lazy person.

LAME AND LAZY.—A FABLE.*

1. Two beggars, LAME and LAZY, were in want of bread. *One* leaned on his crutch, the *other* reclined on his couch. Lame called on Charity, and humbly asked for a *cracker*. Instead of a cracker, he received a *loaf*.

2. Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed: "What! ask a *cracker* and receive a *loaf*? Well, I will ask a loaf." Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. "Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a *loaf*-er. You are of that class and character who *ask* and *receive not*; because you ask amiss."

3. Lazy, who always found fault, and had rather whine than work, complained of *ill-treatment*, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise: "Ask, and ye shall receive."

4. Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters. He noticed that her right hand held a pot of honey, which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

5. "I do not understand it," said Lazy. Charity replied: "It means that Charity *feeds* the lame, and *flogs* the lazy." Lazy turned to go. "Stop," said Charity, "instead of *coin*, I will give you *counsel*. Do not go and live on your poor mother; I will send you to a *rich aunt*."

6. "*Rich aunt!*" echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?" "You will find a description of her," replied Charity, "in Proverbs, sixth chapter, sixth, seventh, and eighth verses, which read as follows: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.'"

7. MORAL. Instead of waiting and wishing for a rich UNCLE *to die*, go and see how a rich ANT *lives*.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where is the quotation in the 3d paragraph to be found? Answer. John, 16th chapter, 24th verse. 2. Where, the quotation in the 6th paragraph? 3. Why does it commence with a half quotation? Answer. Because it denotes a quotation within a quotation.

*For an explanation of the term *fable*, see page 236

LESSON VIII.

HAUGH' TY, proud; disdainful.
PAR TIC' U LAR LY, especially.
TRANS ACT', do; perform.
A BASH' ED, confused.
DIS CŌV' ER, find out.
EX AM' INE (*egz ăm' in*), look over; inspect.
REC' TI FY, correct; make right.
REC' OM PENSE, reward.
DE SERVES', merits.
DE CLIN' ING, falling.
PRE VENT' ED, hindered.
AP PRO BA' TION, approval.
PRE' CEPTS, instructions; counsels.
BEN E FAC' TOR, friend; one that benefits.
A SSEM' BLED, gathered.
A DAPT' ED, suited.
CON FI DEN' TIAL, trusty; trusted.
IN TEG' RI TY, honesty.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

ELIZA A. CHASE.

1. "Is Mr. Harris in'?" inquired a plainly, but neatly dressed boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, of a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large bookstore.

The clerk regarded the boy with a haughty look, and answered: "Mr. Harris is in; but he is engaged."

2. The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said: "If he is not particularly engaged, I would like to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, *I* can attend to it," replied the clerk. "Mr. Harris can not be troubled with boys like you."

3. "What is this, Mr. Morley?" said a pleasant-looking man, stepping up to the clerk; "what does the boy want?"

"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

4. "And what do you wish to see me about, my lad?" inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and, meeting the scornful glance of the clerk, said timidly: "I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here, about three months since. There is a mistake in it, which I wish to correct."

5. "Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris; "you have *overpaid* us, I suppose!"

"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are *not charged* in the bill, and I have called to pay for them."

6. Mr. Harris looked at the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked: "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the boat would leave before I could reach it, and I did not examine the bill."

7. "Why did you not return before, and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman, in a tone slightly altered.

"Because, sir, I live some distance from the city, and have not been able to return till now."

8. "My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have *acted nobly* and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense," returned the boy. "*I have done nothing but my duty*—a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward, but itself."

9. "May I ask who taught you such noble principles?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.

10. "Blessed is the child who has such a mother," said Mr. Harris, "and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Alas, sir," said the boy, "my mother is dead! It was

her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

11. What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward Delong."

"Have you a father living'?"

"No, sir. My father died when I was an infant."

12. "Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from this city."

"Well, my boy, what are the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus and a Latin Dictionary."

13. "Let me see the bill. Ha! signed by A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley!" called Mr. Harris; but the clerk was busily engaged in waiting on a customer at the opposite side of the store, bowing and smiling in the most attentive manner.

14. "Edward," continued Mr. Harris, "I am not going to *reward* you for what you have done; but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner, as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my store any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the two you had before, shall be a *present* to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember and not 'despise the day of small things.' If ever you need a friend, call on me, and I will assist you."

15. The grateful boy thanked his kind benefactor, and, with tears in his eyes, bowed and left the store.

Edward Delong wished for knowledge, and, though the scanty means left him by his mother, could hardly satisfy his desire, by diligence and economy he had advanced far beyond most boys of his age. By working nights and mornings for a neighbor, he had amassed, what seemed to him, a large sum of money, and this was expended in books.

16. Edward's home was now with a man who regarded money as the chief end and aim of life, and severe and constant physical labor as the only means of obtaining that end. For two years Edward struggled with his hopeless condition, toiling early and late to obtain a livelihood.

17. Edward now resolved to go to the city, to seek some employment, better adapted to promote his education. He entered the same store where he purchased the books, and inquired for Mr. Harris.

"He is engaged," replied the polite clerk. "If you will wait a moment, he will be at liberty."

18. "Did you wish to see me?" asked Mr. Harris of the boy, whose thoughts were so intense that he had not noticed the approach of his friend.

"Mr. Harris!" exclaimed Edward, and it was all he could say. For the remembrance of past favors bestowed on him by his kind benefactor, so filled his heart with gratitude, that further utterance was denied.

"My noble Edward!" said the old gentleman. "And so you needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."

19. Five years from that time, Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and, in three more, a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose, which first won the regard of his benefactor, was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart,—the never-failing result of *faithfulness in little things*.

QUESTIONS.—1. Why did Edward Delong wish to see Mr. Harris? 2. Had he overpaid for the books he purchased? 3. What did he say when Mr. Harris told him he deserved a recompense? 4. What books were not charged in the bill? 5. In what way did Mr. Harris manifest his approval of Edward's conduct? 6. How long after this, before he again called on Mr. Harris? 7. Why could he not, at first, talk with Mr. Harris? 8. What did Edward finally become?

LESSON IX.

GRACE' FUL LY, beautifully.
PROUD' LY, splendidly.
FOR' EIGN (*for' en*), distant.
CLIMES, countries; regions.
SYM' BOL, sign; emblem.
FEAR' FUL, dreadful; terrible.
CAN' NON RY, discharge of cannon.
JU' BI LEE, season of public joy.
WIT' NESS ED, seen; beheld.
NA' TIVE, birth-giving.
BOON, gift; blessing.
PAR' A DISE, blissful abode.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

SON.

FATHER, look up, and see that flag!
How gracefully it flies!
Those pretty stripes, they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies.

FATHER.

It is your country's flag my boy,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

SON.

Father, what fearful noise is that,
Now thundering in the clouds?
Why do they, cheering wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?

FATHER.

It is the voice of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day of memory,
'Tis FREEDOM'S JUBILEE!

SON.

I wish that *I* was now a man,
I'd free my country too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest;
But, father, why don't *you*?

FATHER.

I'm getting old and weak; but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this,
Shout you aloud, my boy!

SON.

(") HURRAH, FOR FREEDOM'S JUBILEE,
God bless our native land!
And may *I* live to hold the boon
Of *freedom* in my hand.

FATHER.

Well done, my boy, grow up, and love
The land that gave you birth,—
A land where Freedom loves to dwell,—
A paradise on earth.

QUESTIONS.—1. Of what is our flag a symbol? 2. What is meant by *Freedom's jubilee*? 3. What is the use of the apostrophes in the words *I'd, I'm, I've*, &c.

LESSON X.

BIL' LOWS, waves; surges.
DE LIGHT', joy, pleasure.
DOOM, fate; end.
TWINK' LES, sparkles.
GLĀDE, bright, dazzling light.
EX PANSE', surface, extent.
SWEEP, pass or drive over.
RIFE, filled; abounding.
VOY' AGE, passage: journey.
AN' CHOR ED, moored; fixed.
HA' VEN, harbor.
PEACE' FUL LY, quietly; calmly.

THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG.

WRITTEN BY A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

1. (") Oh! the sea, the sea
Is the place for me,
With its billows blue and bright;
I love its roar,
As it breaks on the shore,
And its danger to me is delight.

2. Oh! I love the wave,
And the sailor brave,
Who often meets his doom
On the ocean vast,
And sleeps his last
In a shell and coral tomb.

3. And, in the night,
The moon's soft light
Smiles sweetly on the foamy billow;
And many a star,
As it twinkles afar,
Seems to rise from a watery pillow.

4. In the noontide glare,
Oh! bright and fair
Is the wide expanse of ocean;
In the morn's first light
'Tis a glorious sight,
So full of life and motion.

5. When the tempests sweep
The rolling deep,
And the angry billows swell,
I mind not the strife,
Which to me is rife
With thoughts that I can not tell.

6. When life's voyage is o'er,
And I sail no more
On the ocean's troubled breast,
Safe anchored above,
In the haven of love,
May the sailor boy peacefully rest!

QUESTIONS.—1. What is meant by *coral tomb*, 2d verse? 2. What, by *watery pillow*, third verse.

LESSON XI.

FOCH DA' TION, commencement.
DO MES' TI CA TED, tamed.
FA' VOR ITE, one specially favored.
CA RESS' ED, fondled; petted.
GAM' BOL ING, skipping; frolicking.
IM' PULSE, feeling of excitement.
DI LĀT' ED, distended.
SPEC TA' TORS, observers; lookers on.
EN DEAV' OR ED, tried; attempted.
ANX' IOUS, very desirous.
IN TER CEPT', (INTER, *between*; CEPT, *to take or seize*;) to stop on the way.
RE VEAL' ED, showed; disclosed.
RE STRAIN' ED, held back; checked.
COW' ED, depressed with fear.
EN GRĀV' ED, cut; inscribed.

In this lesson every pause is marked with its appropriate inflection.

CHASE OF THE PET FAWN.

Miss Cooper.

1. Within twenty years from the foundation of our village',* the deer had already become scarce', and', in a brief period later', they had almost entirely fled from the country'. One of the last of these beautiful creatures', a pretty little

* Cooperstown, New York.

fawn', had been brought in from the woods', when it was very young', and had been nursed and petted by a young lady in the village', until it became completely domesticated'.

2. It was graceful', as those little creatures always are', and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite'. Following the different members of the family about', it was caressed and welcomed everywhere'. One morning', after gamboling about as usual', until weary', it threw itself down in the sunshine', at the feet of one of its friends', upon the door-step of a store'.

3. There came along a countryman', who', for several years', had been a hunter by pursuit', and who still kept several hounds', one of which came to the village with him', on this occasion'. The dog', as it approached the place where the fawn lay', suddenly stopped'; the little animal saw him', and darted to its feet'.

4. It had lived more than half its life among the villagers', and had apparently lost all fear of them'; but it now seemed to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand'. In an instant', its whole character and appearance seemed changed'; all its past habits were forgotten'; every wild impulse was awake'; its head erect', its nostrils dilated', its eyes flashing'.

5. In another instant', before the spectators had thought of the danger', and before its friends could secure it', the fawn was leaping wildly through the street,' and the hound in full chase'. The by-standers were eager to save it'; several persons instantly followed its track'; the friends who had long fed and fondled it', were calling the name it had hitherto known'; but', in vain'.

6. The hunter endeavored to call back his dog'; but', with no better success'. In half a minute', the fawn had turned the first corner', dashed onward toward the lake', and thrown

itself into the water'. But', if', for a moment', the startled creature believed itself safe in the lake', it was soon undeceived'; for the hound followed in hot and eager chase', while a dozen village dogs joined in the pursuit'.

7. A large crowd collected on the bank'—men', women', and children',—anxious for the fate of the little animal'. Some threw themselves into boats', hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey'. But the splashing of the oars', the voices of men and boys', and the barking of the dogs', must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish'; as if every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled', had suddenly turned into a deadly foe'.

8. It was soon seen that the fawn was directing its course across a bay', toward the nearest—borders of the forest'. Immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge', ran at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed'. On swam the fawn', as it had never swam before'; its delicate head scarcely seen above the water', but leaving a disturbed track which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies'.

9. As it approached the land', the interest became intense'. The hunter was already on the same side of the lake', calling loudly and angrily to his dog'; but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit'. The fawn touched the land'; in one leap', it had crossed the narrow piece of beach', and', in another instant', it would reach the cover of the woods'.

10. The hound followed true to the scent', aiming at the same spot on the shore'. His master', anxious to meet him', had run at full speed', and was now coming up at the same critical moment'. Would the dog listen to his voice'? Could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him'? A

shout from the spectators proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest'. At the same instant', the hound', as he touched the land', felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck'.

11. The worst was believed to be over'; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side', and its enemy restrained'. The other dogs', seeing their leader cowed', were easily managed'. A number of men and boys dispersed themselves through the wood in search of the little creature'; but', without success'. They all returned to the village', reporting that the animal had not been seen by them'. Some persons thought that', after its fright had passed over', it would return of its own accord'.

12. It wore a pretty collar with its owner's name engraved upon it', so that it could be easily known from any other fawn', that might be straying about the woods'. Before many hours had passed', a hunter presented himself before the lady', whose pet the little creature had been', and showed a collar with her name upon it'. He said that he was out hunting in the morning', and saw a fawn in the distance'. The little creature', instead of bounding away as he expected', moved toward him'. He took aim', fired', and shot it to the heart'.

13. When he found the collar about its neck', he was very sorry he had killed it'. One would have thought that that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man'; but no', *it forgot the evil'*, and *remembered the kindness only'*; and came to meet', as a friend', the hunter who shot it'. It was long mourned by its best friend'.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where did the lady reside who kept this pet fawn? 2. Is there a lake near that village? 3. What river rises in that lake? 4. Describe the chase of the pet fawn. 5. How came it to be shot? 6. What did it forget, and what remember?

LESSON XII.

IN' FLU ENCE, moral power.
DROOP' ED, bent over; languished.
TINC' TED, stained; colored.
DEL' I CATE, soft; tender.
TRIB' UTE, pay; requital.
CASE' MENT, window.
PERCH' ED, alighted.
PLAINT' IVE, sorrowful.
AF FRIGHT' ED, alarmed.
TIM' ID, fearful; timorous.
RE STRAIN' ED, held back.
AT TEST', bear witness.
SUA' SION, act of persuading.
COM PLI' ANCE, submission.
PÂL' ED, inclosed.
DE BASE' ED, degraded.
DE' VI ATE, wander; stray.
LE' NI ENT, mild; merciful.

KINDNESS.

KATE CLARKSON.

1. NOT *man* alone, but *every thing* in nature, owns its influence. I knew a little flower that sprang up amidst the weeds and brambles of a long-neglected garden; but soon drooped its slender stem, and its leaves grew tinged from the waste around.

2. I took it to my home, supported its drooping stem, and placed it where the warm sunshine and refreshing showers cheered its little life. Again it raised its beautiful head, and its delicate buds burst forth in gladness; and when the winds of autumn came, the dying flower gave up to me its golden seeds—a thankful tribute for my love. 'Twas a little thing, but *kindness* did the deed.

3. There came to my casement, one winter's morning, a shivering, starving bird, and perched itself there, striving to tell its tale of suffering; but feeble were its plaintive notes, and its glossy breast was ruffled in the blast. I raised the window. Affrighted, the little wanderer spread its wings, as if to soar away; but, weak and faint, it sank fluttering in my outstretched hands. I drew it in. Alarmed, it darted round and round the room, and beat against the frosted

pane. *O Cruelty! thou hast taught even the little birds to doubt!*

4. When the little stranger grew less timid, I gave it clear water, and tempting food, and so, for many weeks, we dwelt together; but when came the first warm, sunny day, I opened my doors, and it flew away,—*away up, up* into the dark-blue heavens, till it was lost to my eager gaze.

5. But not an hour had passed, ere I heard the flutter of its tiny wings, and saw, without, its little breast glittering in the golden sunbeams. It had a joyous life. No wired cage restrained its restless wing; but, free as the summer cloud, would it come each day, and gladly would my delighted soul drink in the silvery notes of its gladdening melody.

6. And it is not *birds* and *flowers* alone, that, treated with kindness, flourish so brightly 'neath its heaven-born rays. *Individuals, families, nations*, attest its truth. *Legal suasion* may frighten to compliance, but *moral suasion* rules the will.

7. To the erring wanderer, in the by and forbidden paths of sin, with a heart paled in darkness, and lost to every better feeling of his nature, one little word, one little act of kindness, however slight, will find a sunny resting-place in that sinful shade, and prove a light to guide the wayward one to holier and better deeds. The lion licked the hand that drew the thorn from his wounded foot; and Powhatan stayed the descending club, when the burning lips of the Indian girl pressed the prisoner's* pallid brow.

8. And it is *ever* thus. There beats not a heart, however debased by sin, or darkened by sorrow, that has not its

* Captain Smith.

noblest impulses aroused, in view of a *generous and kindly action*. The Holy Father implanted His own pure principles in the breast of *every one*, and widely do we deviate from their just dictates, when an unkind word, or an unkind act, wounds a broken heart, or crushes a loving, gentle nature.

9. "*Speak not harshly*,—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows rudely play
Around the very sunniest way;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy grief in after years,
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

10. "*Speak not harshly*,—much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely caverned cells,
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent,
By the gifts to error lent,
By the wrongs thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan
The weakness of thy brother man."

QUESTIONS.—1. On what has kindness an influence? 2. What influence had it upon the little flower? 3. What, upon the little bird? 4. What is said of cruelty? 5. What is said of legal and moral suasion? 6. What is said of the lion? 7. Of Powhatan? 8. Why ought we not to speak harshly?

LESSON XIII.

SHÀFT, arrow; *here*, careless word.
MES' SEN GERS, message-bearers.
PANG, distress; anguish.
SPELLS, charms; enchantments.
SEAL' ED, closed up; under seal.
SEP' UL CHER, (*ch* like *k*), grave; tomb.
SUM' MON ED, called.
AG' O NY, extreme suffering.
WRITHE, writhe.
UN A WÀRES, unconsciously.
MIN'' GLES', unites; mixes.
EN DEAR' ING, kind; affectionate.
E CLIPSE', darkness; obscuration.
CHER' ISH ED, fostered.
EN SHRIN' ED, sacredly preserved.
UT' TER ED, expressed.

CARELESS WORDS.

1. Oh, never say a careless Word
   Hath not the power to pain;
   The shaft may ope some hidden wound,
   That closes not again!
   Weigh *well* those light-winged messengers;
   God marked your heedless Word,
   And with it, too, the falling tear,
   The heart-pang that it stirred.

2. Words! what are Words? A simple Word
   Hath spells to call the tears,
   That long have lain a sealed fount,
   Unclosed through mournful years.
   Back from the unseen sepulcher,
   A Word hath summoned forth
   A form that hath its place no more
   Among the things of Earth.

3. Words! heed them well; some whispered one
   Hath yet a power to fling
   A shadow on the brow, the soul
   In agony to wring;
   A name, forbidden, or forgot,
   That sometimes, unawares,
   Murmurs upon our wak'ning lips,
   And mingles in our prayers.

4. Oh, Words! sweet Words! A blessing comes
   Softly from kindly lips;
   Tender, endearing tones, that break
   The Spirit's drear eclipse.
   Oh! are there not some cherished tones
   In the deep heart enshrined?
   Uttered but once—they passed—and left
   A track of light behind.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is said of *careless words*? 2. What, of *sweet words*? 3. What is the use of the apostrophe in *wak'ning*, third verse? 4. What is the meaning of the suffix *less*, in the words *careless, heedless*? See SANDERS' NEW SPELLER, DEFINER, AND ANALYZER, page 143, Ex. 369.

LESSON XIV.

VEG' E TA BLES, plants.
DEP RE DA' TION, robbery; plunder.
CAP TUR ING, catching.
TRES' PASS ER, transgressor.
AP PEAL' ED, referred.
COUN' SEL, lawyer; advocate.
AR' GU MENT, plea; reason.
VIN' DI CAT ING, enforcing; advocating.
MIS' CHIEV OUS, hurtful; injurious.
PRAC' TI CAL, pertaining to practice.
DIS TIN'' GUISH ED, celebrated.
JU' RIST, one versed in law.
AF FECT' ED, moved; impressed.
FUR' NISH ED, supplied.
VI' O LA TED, broken; transgressed.
DE FEAT', rob; hinder.
AL LUD' ED, referred; adverted.
RE STORE', give back.

WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK.

Boston Traveller.

1. Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, which had his hole or habitation near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser.

2. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end, at once, all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

3. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "*I* will be the *judge*. There is the *prisoner*, (pointing to the wood-chuck,) and *you* shall be the *counsel*, and plead the case *for* and *against* his life and liberty."

4. Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done; said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if he were suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again.

5. He urged, further, that his skin was of some value, and that, to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

6. The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is *your* turn: I'll hear what *you* have to say."

7. It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his

large, brilliant, black eyes looked upon the soft, timid, expression of the animal, and he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he urged, with eloquent words, that the captive might again go free.

8. "God," he said, "had made the woodchuck; he made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or *any* thing, in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to life as any *other* living thing.

9. "He was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table.

10. "God furnished to them food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, that really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion'?

11. "Yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did; but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right—a right from God—to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either."

12. He alluded to the mute, but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them, and the just judgment they might expect, if, in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness, they took the life they could not restore—the life that God alone had given.

13. During this appeal, the tears had started to the old

man's eyes, and were fast running down his sun-burnt cheeks: every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children, beyond the lot of most men.

14. His pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and, forgetting the judge in the man and father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and, turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "*Ezekiel, Ezekiel, you let that woodchuck go!*"

QUESTIONS.—1. What did Ezekiel propose to do with the woodchuck after he was caught? 2. What argument did he offer for so doing? 3. What did Daniel wish to do with him? 4. What argument did he offer? 5. What was their father's decision?

LESSON XV.

SOLVE, explain; work out.
PROB' LEM, question for solution.
COM PELL' ED, obliged.
IN' DO LENT, idle; lazy.
DINT, force; means.
CON' SCIOUS, self-perceived; felt.
DEM ON STRA' TION, formal proof.
RE CLIN' ING, leaning back.
PON' DERS, weighs; examines.
PROC' ESS, operation.

DO IT YOURSELF.

1. Do not ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem. Do IT YOURSELF. You might as well let him eat your dinner as "do your sums" for you. It is in studying as in eating; *he who does it*, gets the benefit, and not *he who sees it done*. In almost any school, the teacher learns more than the best scholars, simply because he is

compelled to solve all the difficult problems, and answer all the questions of the indolent pupils.

2. Do not ask your teacher to parse that difficult word, or assist you in the performance of any of your studies. Do IT YOURSELF. Never mind, though they *do* look dark. Do not ask even a hint from any one. TRY AGAIN. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in the effort, even though, at first, the problem was beyond your skill. It is the *study*, and not the *answer*, that really rewards your labor.

3. Look at that boy, who has just succeeded, after six hours of hard study. How his large eye is lit up with a proud joy, as he marches to his class! He treads like a conqueror! And well he may. Last night his lamp burned, and this morning he waked at dawn. Once or twice he nearly gave it up. He had tried his last thought; but a new thought strikes him, and he ponders the last process. He tries once more, and succeeds; and now mark the air of conscious strength with which he pronounces his demonstration.

4. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem, after his first trial, now looks up to him with something of a wonder, as a superior being. And he *is* his superior. That problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood side by side yesterday.

5. The boy who *did it for himself*, has taken a stride upward, and what is better still, *has gained strength* to take other and better ones. The boy who waited to see *others do it*, has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some good excuse to give up school and study-forever.

6. Do IT YOURSELF. Remember the counsel given to the

artist, who lay reclining upon his couch, and wondering what the fates would work out for him. Directing his attention to a block of unhewn marble, with a chisel lying by its side, the sculptor in the vision is represented as thus addressing him: "Sir,

"There's the marble, there's the chisel,
Take it, work it to thy will;
Thou alone must shape thy future,
Heaven send thee strength and skill!"

QUESTIONS.—1. Who is benefited in studying? 2. What really rewards the labor of study? 3. What is said of the boy who succeeded, after six hours of hard study? 4. What, of the boy who gave up, after the first trial? 5. What counsel was given to the artist who wondered what the fates would work out for him?

How are the words to be read, which are printed in Italics and in capitals? See page 22, Note III.

LESSON XVI.

SLACK' EN, relax; lessen.
EN DEAV' OR, effort; exertion.
WHŌLE' SŌME, useful; salutary.
EX CEL', surpass; outdo.
OUT STRIP' PED, outrun; excelled.
SUR PĀSS' ED, excelled.
VIC TO RY, conquest; triumph.
UT' TER MŌST, very best.
DĀR' ING, courage; bravery.
DE FECT', fault; deficiency.
RE PĪN' ING, fretting; complaining.
UN A VĀIL' ING, vain; useless.
COR RECT', amend; make right.
MAX' IM, proverb; saying.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

1. *Life is a race*, where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck, at times, at others, speed,
That gives an early winning.

But, if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind:
'Tis better late than never!

2. If you can keep ahead, 'tis well;
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor.
But, if you are outstripped, at last,
Press on, as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

3. Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And, hold your purpose ever;
And, if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

4. Choose well the path in which you run,—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret, if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind:
'Tis better late than never!

5. Yet, would you cure this sad defect,
Repining's unavailing;
Begin, *at once*, and *now* correct
This very common failing.
This day resolve,—*this very hour*,
Nor e'en a moment wait;
Go, make this better maxim yours,—
'Tis better never late!

QUESTIONS.—1. To what is life compared, first verse? 2. What advice is given *if you chance to fall behind?* 3. How ought you to treat your competitors? 4. What is a very common failing? 5. How may it be corrected? 6. What is the use of the apostrophe in the word *repining's*, fifth verse?

LESSON XVII.

A DOPT' ED, taken as one's own.
PIL' LAR ED, supported by pillars.
TWI' LIGHT, faint light after sunset and before sunrise.
THYME, (*time*,) fragrant plant.
VINE' YARD, plantation of grape-vines.
DYE, hue; color.
SPARK' LING, emitting bubbles.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

MRS. HEMANS.

LADY.

WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountains is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams.

BOY.

Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long, bright hours of the summer-day;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know.
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

LADY.

Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well,—
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

BOY.

My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills, far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamed, last night, of that music low,—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

LADY.

(*pl.*) Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin-door:
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

BOY.

Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play;

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

LADY.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried:
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

BOY.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go!

QUESTIONS.—1. What kind of words are *straw-roofed, heath-flower, wood-note*, &c.? 2. What is the use of the apostrophes in the words *o'er, ne'er, twilight's*, &c.?

LESSON XVIII.

AP PĂR' ENT LY, evidently.
CEN' TU RY, hundred years.
GI GAN' TIC, very large.
SPE' CIES, sort; kind.
DI MEN' SION, size; bulk.
SUB LIME', grand; magnificent.
UN MO LEST' ED, free from disturbance.
DIS PERS' ED, separated; scattered.
CLAM' OR OUS, noisy; importunate.
IN DE CIS' ION, doubt; irresolution.
POIS' ED, balanced.
AT' MOS PHERE, surrounding air.
TAL' ONS, claws.
DIS TRI BU' TION, division.
EC' STA SY, excessive joy; transport.
PER' SE CŪT ED, harassed; injured.

THE OLD EAGLE TREE.

Rev. John Todd.

1. In a remote field stood a large tulip tree, apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. A single tree, of huge dimensions, standing all alone, is a sublime object.

2. On the top of this tree, an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every year, for many years, and, unmolested, raised her young. What is remarkable, as she procured her food from the ocean, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the "Old Eagle tree."

3. On a warm, sunny day, the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day, the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling, and hooting, and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

4. The men soon dispersed; but Joseph sat down under a bush near by, to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved.

5. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them; but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

6. Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to

"lie still," balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea!

7. Joseph was determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller,—a mere speck in the sky,—and then disappeared. What boy has not often watched the flight of the bird of his country in this way?

8. She was gone nearly two hours, about double her usual time for a voyage, when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing, flying uncommonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons.

9. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner, such as—save the cooking—a king might admire.

10. "Glorious bird!" cried the boy in ecstasy, and aloud; "what a spirit! Other birds can fly swifter, others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly; but what *other bird*, when persecuted and robbed—when weary—when discouraged—when so far from sea,—would have done it!

11. "Glorious bird! I will learn a lesson from thee to-day. I will never forget hereafter, that when the spirit is determined, it can do almost any thing. Others would have drooped and hung the head, and mourned over the cruelty of man, and sighed over the wants of the nestlings; but *thou*, by at once recovering the loss, hast forgotten all.

12. "I will learn of thee, *noble bird!* I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to *do* something, and to *be* something in the world; *I will never yield to discouragements.*"

Questions.—1. How far was this Old Eagle tree from the sea-shore? 2. In what way did the workmen obtain the fish she brought for her young? 3. What is said of the eaglets and the parent bird, when she returned to the nest? 4. What did she then do? 5. What did Joseph say when she returned with another fish?

LESSON XIX.

Auc' tion, vendue; public sale.
Home' less, (less, *without* or *destitute of*,) without home.
Pen' ni less, destitute of pennies.
Waste' less, without waste.
Un light' ed, (un, *not*,) not lighted.
Self' ish ness, devoted to one's self.
Re turn' (re, *back* or *again*, turn, *turn*), turn back, or exchange places.
Ac quire', gain; obtain.
Il lus tra' tion, explanation.
Sol' i ta ry, single.
Dis pel', drive away; disperse.
Be night' ed, unenlightened.

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Elihu Burritt.

1. Knowledge can not be stolen from you. It can not be bought or sold. You may be *poor*, and the sheriff come into your house, and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your cow, or take your lamb, and leave you homeless and penniless; but he can not lay the law's hand upon the *jewelry of your mind*. This can not be taken for debt; neither can you *give it away*, though you give enough of it to fill a million minds.

2. I will tell you what such giving is like. Suppose, now, that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor any thing that shone in the black brow of night; and suppose that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world.

3. Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of

human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you, and light each his lamp by yours, would they rob you of any light'? Would loss of it shine on your own path'? Would your lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions'?

4. Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in the things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "*Keep what you can get, and get what you can.*" In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law: "*Keep what you give, and give what you can.*"

5. The fountain of knowledge is filled by its *outlets*, not by its inlets. You can *learn* nothing which you do not *teach*; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth, except by *giving*. In the illustration of the lamps, which I have given you, was not the light of the thousands of millions which were lighted at yours, as much *your* light, as if it all came from your solitary lamp'? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light'?

6. Remember this parable, and, whenever you fall in with an unlighted mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it a-burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is said of knowledge? 2. What is the giving of knowledge like? 3. In getting rich, what precept have men obeyed? 4. What precept must be obeyed in getting knowledge? 5. How is knowledge best acquired? 6. What is meant by the *jewelry of the mind*, first paragraph? 7. What, by *intellectual wealth*, fifth paragraph?

LESSON XX.

EX TIN'GUISH ED, put out.
SOL'EMN, grave; serious.
GĂR'RI SON, fortress furnished with soldiers, for defense.
SEN'TI NEL, soldier on guard.
CĂR'A VAN, company of traveling traders or pilgrims.
CON STEL LA'TIONS, clusters of fixed stars.
BRILL'IANT, shining; sparkling.
HOST, great multitude.
EX'TRA, additional.
CRES'CENT, form of the new moon.
HAIL'ED, saluted.
ES PLEN'DOR, splendor.
RE'GEN CY, rule; government.
WAN'ING, decreasing.
SUP PLI CA'TION, prayer; petition.
RAPT'URE, great joy; transport.

1 PAL'ES TINE includes that part of Turkey in Asia, lying on the eastern borders of the Mediterranean Sea.

NIGHT'S LESSONS.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. THE lessons of our school are over. The lights in the distant windows are extinguished, one after the other. The village will soon be lost in slumber. When all the men and the women are asleep, must we keep awake to learn lessons'?

2. In large cities, there may be heard, now and then, the rushing wheel of the traveler. The watchmen pace their round, and cry, "*All is well!*" In the long, cold nights of Norway, the watchmen who guard the capitol, pronounce, in a solemn tone, "God bless our good city of Bergen!"

3. In the garrison, or the endangered fortress, the armed sentinel keeps watch, lest they should be surprised by the foe. But in this peaceful village there is no need of either sentinel or watchman. Why may we not go to sleep, instead of learning Night's lessons?

4. My son, one of these you may learn in a moment. Did you say that all will soon be sleeping'? No'! there is one Eye that never slumbers. He who made all the people,

keepeth watch above the everlasting hills. Commit yourself to His care.

5. Now, will you learn with me the second lesson of the night'? Lift your eyes to yon glorious canopy'. Seest thou not there a sentinel, set by the Eternal, at the northern gate of heaven',—the pole-star'?

6. The pole-star'! Blessings are breathed upon it, by the weary caravan, fearing the poisonous wind of the desert, —by the red forest-children, seeking their home beyond the far Western prairies,—and by the lonely mariner, upon the pathless ocean.

7. The stars'! See them'! The oil in their lamps never burns out. These glorious constellations wheel their mighty course unchanged, while "man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"*

8. Yon brilliant orbs maintain their places, while countless generations pass away, and nations disappear and are forgotten. Let us bow in humility before "Him who bringeth out their host by number, who calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth."†

9. Thirteen times in the year, Night, the teacher, gives extra lessons. Will you be there to learn them? First, she hangs up a pale crescent in the west. The ancient Jews hailed its infant beam, and answering fires of joy were kindled on the hills of Palestine.[1]

10. Next, she summons forth a rounded orb, clad in full effulgence, and commits to it the regency when the sun retires. Lastly, a slender, waning crescent appears nightly, like an aged man, ready to descend into the night of the tomb.

* Job, 14th chap., 10th verse. † Isaiah, 40th chap., 26th verse.

11. "Soon, as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

12. These are some of Night's lessons. Are you tired of them'? Or, will you learn one more'? Lift up your heart to Him who has given you the past day, with thanks for its blessings,—with penitence for its faults,—with supplication for strength and wisdom for the time that is to come.

13. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge"* of God. Thus, meekly and faithfully studying Night's lessons, may we find

"Even sorrow, touched by Heaven, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day."

Questions.—1. Who watches over us when asleep? 2. In what way is the pole-star useful to man? 3. What is said of the stars? 4. What extra lessons is it that night gives, thirteen times a year? 5. Describe the first appearance of the moon. 6. How does it next appear? 7. Where is Palestine? 8. Where are the passages to be found, quoted in the 7th, 8th, and 12th paragraphs? 9. Do you know who is the author of the 11th verse? Ans. Addison.

* Psalm 19th, 2d verse.

LESSON XXI.

Ĕm' běn, secret; concealed.
Quăn., sink; droop.
Scorn' ing, disdaining.
Greet' ing, salutation.
Vĭew' less, that can not be seen.
Yearn' eth, longeth.
Chănt, sing; carol.
Pôrt' al, entrance; gate-way.
Cheer' y, gay; lively.
E tĕr' ni ty, endless duration.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

FIRST VOICE.

1. Sun-light'! tell the hidden meaning
Of the rays thou lettest fall;
Are they lessons writ in burning,
Like God's warning on the wall'?

SECOND VOICE.

Strive, O man, to let a loving
Spirit cheer the sad and poor:
So shall many a fair hope blossom,
Where none grew before!

FIRST VOICE.

2. Stars'! what is it ye would whisper,
With your pure and holy light?
Looking down so calm and tender
From the watch-tower of the night.

SECOND VOICE.

When thy soul would quail from scorning,
Keep a brave heart and a bold;
As we always shine the brightest
When the nights are cold.

FIRST VOICE.

3. Hast thou not a greeting for me,
Heaven's own happy minstrel-bird'?
Thou whose voice, like some sweet angel's,
Viewless, in the cloud is heard'?

SECOND VOICE.

Though thy spirit yearneth sky-ward,
Oh, forget not human worth!
I, who chant at heaven's portal,
Build my nest on earth.

FIRST VOICE.

4. River! river'! singing gayly
From the hill-side all day long,
Teach my heart the merry music
Of thy cheery, rippling song.

SECOND VOICE.

Many winding ways I follow;
Yet, at length, I reach the sea.
Man, remember that *thy* ocean
Is Eternity!

QUESTIONS.—1. What is meant by *God's warning on the wall*? See the 5th chap. of Daniel. 2. What is meant by *minstrel-bird*? Ans. The lark.

LESSON XXII.

Glăn, dazzling light.
Blithe' ly, gayly; joyfully.
Wrought, worked; labored.
Re morse', painful regret.
Wane, decrease; grow less.
Fan' cies, whims; notions.

A NON.' is an abbreviation of *anonymous*, which means *without name; nameless*. See SANDERS' ANALYSIS, page 88, Exercise 108.

SOWING AND HARVESTING.

ANON.

1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
What shall their harvest be?

2. They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep, and the flower-buds swell;
Rare shall the harvest be!

3. They are sowing the seeds of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,—
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed,
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need;
Sweet shall the harvest be!

4. And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
Of late remorse, and in maddened brain;
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;
Dark will the harvest be!

5. And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seeds on their native land;
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne, and still must bear;
Sad will the harvest be!

6. They are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed;
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;
Rich will the harvest be!

7. Sown in darkness, or sown in light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad work-field, or the shadowy path,
SURE will the harvest be!

QUESTIONS.—1. Who are meant by *they* in this lesson? 2. What is said of those who are sowing the *seeds of word and deed?* 3. What, of those who are sowing the *seeds of care?* 4. Repeat the last verse. 5. What passage of Scripture teaches the same idea? Ans. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal., 6th chap., 7th verse.

LESSON XXIII.

FOR' TI FI ED, strengthened by works of art for defense.
SUL' TRY, close; oppressively hot.
BŌAT' SWĂIN, one who has charge of a ship's boats, rigging, &c.
TARS, sailors.
MOOR' ED, anchored.
BUOYS, floats. [ing ships.
AN' CHOR, iron instrument for hold-
STAR' BOARD, right side of a ship.
FORE' CAS TLE, short deck in the fore part of a ship
WAKE, track.
BE REFT', deprived.
IM' PEL LENT, impelling.
PĔNE' TRĀ TED, went through.
FORE AND AFT, before and behind.
SWĂY' ED, swung; moved.
CAR' CASS, dead body.
EX CITE' MENT, agitation.
FIG' URES, forms; appearances.

1 SA HA' RA, is a Great Desert in Africa, lying south of the Barbary States, and extending from the Atlantic on the west to Egypt and Nubia on the east. The winds that come from this desert, are hot and suffocating.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

Anon.

1. Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward; but, toward the close of the afternoon, the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like breathings came from the great, sun-burnt Sahara.[1]

2. Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to call the hands to "go in swimming," and, in less than five minutes, the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards, into the water. One of the studding-sails, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm and the swinging boom, had been lowered into the water, and into this most of the swimmers made their way.

3. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Timothy Wallace and Frederic Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and, in a laughing mood, they started out from the studding-sail on a race. There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

4. The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and one of the buoys of the anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells of the waves. Toward this buoy the two lads made their way, young Fairbanks taking the lead; but, when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Wallace shot ahead, and promised to win the race.

5. The old gunner had watched the progress of his little son with a great degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the quarter-deck, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry was heard that struck him with instant horror.

6. "*A shark! a shark!*" was sounded from the captain of the forecastle, and, at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water, leaped and plunged toward the ship. Right abeam, at the distance of three or four cables' lengths, was seen the wake of a shark in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

7. For a moment, the gunner stood like one bereft of reason; but, on the next, he shouted at the top of his voice, for the boys to turn; but they heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of their imminent danger. Their merry laugh still rang over the waters, and, at length, they both touched the buoy together.

8. Oh, what agony filled the heart of the gunner! A boat had put off, but he knew that it could not reach the boys in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight,—*then* he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment, a cry reached the ship, that pierced every heart,—the boys had discovered their enemy!

9. The cry started the old gunner to his senses, and quicker than thought, he sprang from the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted, fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand, made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion cap, fixed it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock.

10. With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech

of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark; but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and fears.

11. Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea-monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was rent by the roar of the heavy gun, and, as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts; for, if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

12. For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was an unbroken silence; but, as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men,—that murmur grew louder and stronger, till it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprung to his feet, and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his view, was the huge carcass of the shark, floating on his back—a mangled, lifeless mass.

13. In a few moments, the boats reached the daring swimmers, and, greatly frightened, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon a gun for support. I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

Questions.—1. Where is the town of Tangier? 2. What order had been given by the captain of the vessel? 3. Who seemed most to enjoy the sport? 4. What is said of the old gunner? 5. What did he do? 6. What effect did his shot produce? 7. Describe the closing scene.

LESSON XXIV.

DIS SEĀL′, concealment.
WĀY′ LĀID, beset by the way.
THREAT′ EN ED, declared the intention.
IN CLINE′, dispose.
RUF′ FIANS, robbers; murderers.
DIS TRIB′ UTE, divide; apportion.
TREAS′ UR Y, place for keeping money.
ALMS, gifts; donations.
MI′ SER LY, covetous; niggardly.
SAL′ A RY, wages; allowance for services.
IN VOLV′ ING, entangling.
BE WIL′ DER ED, puzzled; perplexed.
LOG′ IC, reasoning.
SAGE, wise man.
FUL FILL′ ING, performing.
E VA′ SION, departure from truth.
DE CEIT′, deception; fraud.

THE TRUTHFUL KING.

1. A CERTAIN Persian king, while traveling in disguise, with but few attendants, was waylaid by robbers, who threatened to take not only his goods, but his life.

2. Feeling himself beyond the reach of human aid, he inwardly made a vow, that if God would incline the hearts of these ruffians to mercy, and restore him in safety to his family and people, he would distribute all the money then in his treasury, in alms to the needy of his realm.

3. The robbers, from some unknown cause, liberated him, and he soon reached home in safety, having sustained no injury, save the loss of the small purse of gold that he had carried in his girdle.

4. Desirous of keeping the vow he had made, he summoned his officers, and commanded them to make immediate distribution to the poor, of all that the treasury contained, at the time of his return.

5. But his officers, more miserly than himself, and, fearful that they might fall short in their salaries and pensions, began to urge upon the monarch the folly of keeping this rash vow, and the danger of thus involving himself and his kingdom in difficulties.

6. Finding he still remained firm, they took other grounds, and plausibly argued that the troops and other officials needed aid as well as the poor; and, as by the *words* of his vow, he had bound himself to distribute the contents of the treasury to those who had claim to relief, the public servants certainly came within the required limits.

7. Bewildered by their false logic, and sincerely desirous of doing right, he appealed to a certain sage, who dwelt near the royal palace, and determined to abide by his decision.

8. The sage, after hearing the case, only asked the following, simple question: "Of whom were you thinking when you made the vow,—the poor, or the public servants?" The monarch replied, "Of the poor." "Then," answered the sage, "it is to the *poor* you are bound to distribute these funds; for you are not *really* fulfilling your vow, unless you do that which you intended to do when it was made." The king was satisfied that this was the right decision, and did as the sage advised.

9. Let the young bear in mind that God is a being of truth, requiring truth in the inward heart; and, if they would have His approval, and that of their own consciences, they must avoid not only the *outward* appearance of falsehood, but the slightest evasion or deceit; and when promises have been made, fulfill not only the *letter*, but the *spirit* of that which they agreed to perform.

10. Beware of the first and slightest departure from truth, of the least endeavor to deceive, and even of the desire to have others believe what is not so. Let your motto be, "*The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*"

QUESTIONS.—1. What happened to a certain Persian king? 2. What vow did he then make? 3. What objection did his officers make to this? 4. What did the king then do? 5. What was the sage's decision? 6. What motto ought you to adopt? 7. What rule for spelling the word *traveling* with one *l*? See SANDERS & McELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS, page 13, Rule 10.

LESSON XXV.

EN TIC' ES, allures; leads astray.
PRE' TEXT, pretense; false reason.
PRO FANE', pollute; defile.
TEMP TA' TION, allurement.
IN' LY, within; in the heart.
DE CLARES, says; asserts.
CHAFE, vex; provoke.
MAL' ICE, hatred; malevolence.
AV' A RICE, excessive love of money.
FORE GO', give up; renounce.
MAM' MON, god of wealth; riches.
IN DIG' NANT, with anger; disdainfully.
LU' CRE, gain; profit.
EN TER PRISE', enterprise; undertaking.
SECURE' TY, security.
O VER THROW', subvert; destroy.
CON TEMPT', scorn; disdain.
S-O' CER ESS, enchantress.

EX PEL', (EX, *out*; PEL, *to drive*) drive out; banish.
RE SIST', (RE, *again*; SIST, *to stand*,) stand again; hence, to withstand.

See SANDERS and McELLIGOTT'S Analysis, page 90, Ex. 113; also, page 110, Ex. 142.

WHEN SHALL I ANSWER NO?

J. N. McELLIGOTT.

1. WHEN FALSEHOOD fair entices thee
   Against the truth to go,
   No matter what the pretext be,
   Be thy firm answer,—No!

2. When RASHNESS would thy tongue profane
   With language vile and low,
   O, make the gross temptation vain,
   By answering inly,—No!

3. When PRIDE the silly wish declares,
   That thou should'st fashion know,
   And lifts thy head with empty airs,
   Be wise, and answer,—No!

4. When ENVY would thy spirit chafe,
   That others prosper so,
   On calm contentment resting safe,
   Expel her with a—No!

5. When MALICE foul, or deadly HATE,
Would turn thee on a foe,
And dark, revengeful thirst create,
In horror answer,—No!

6. When sluggish SLEEP, with folded arms,
Would make thee health forego,
(") Rise up at once, resist her charms;
Act out the answer,—No!

7. When AVARICE would, with heartless speed,
Shout out the sight of woe,
And whisper joy from Mammon's greed,
Indignant answer,—No!

8. When filthy LUCRE lifts her hand,
Ungodly gains to show,
Though she should promise all the land,
Be thy prompt answer,—No!

9. When greedy GAIN, or rash EMPRISE,
Would have thee surety go,
Keep Wisdom's words* before thine eyes,
And firmly answer,—No!

10. When mad AMBITION would seduce,
The *right* to overthrow,
And turn the selfish passions loose,
In mercy answer,—No!

11. When foul CONTEMPT of Holy Writ
Would in thy bosom sow
The wish to be where scorners sit,†
Let Conscience answer,—No!

* Prov., 11th Chap., 15th verse. † 1st Psalm, 1st verse.

12. When SIN, indeed, whate'er her style,
Would have thee with her go;
Stay not to hear the Sorceress vile,
But leave her with a—No!

LESSON XXVI.

PE RUSE', read; study.
AL LOT' TED, assigned.
MID' DAY, noon; mid-day.
GEN' U INE, true; real.
ART' FUL, cunning; crafty.
MIM' ICK ED, pretended; counterfeited.
PRE SIDE', have sway or rule.
DE MERIT', ill-desert; defect.
RU' BY, precious stone.
PUP' PET, little image.
DE TER' MINE, decide; find out.
ER' MINE, fine fur—(of the ermine.)
CAP' TOR, one who takes a prize.
SCEP' TRES, emblems of authority.
CHA' RY, careful; wary.
MYS' TIC, secret; mysterious.

We have seldom seen any thing so full of wit, truth, and practical wisdom, as this poem inscribed.

TO MASTERS ROBERT AND JOHN.

DAVIS.

1. TAKE this book, my boys,
Earnestly peruse it;
Much of after lies
In the way ye use it:
Keep it neat and clean;
For, remember, in it,
Every stain that's seen,
Marks a thoughtless minute.

2. Life is like a book,
Time is like a printer,
Darting now his look
Where has gloomed no winter.

Thus he'll look, and on,
Till each page allotted,
Robert, thee and John,
Printed be or blotted.

3. Youth's a sunny beam,
Dancing o'er a river,
With a flashing gleam,
Then away forever.
Use it while ye may,
Not in childish mourning,—
Not in childish play,
But in *useful learning*.

4. As your years attain
Life's meridian brightness,
Hourly seek and gain
Genuine politeness:
This lives not in forms,
As too many teach us,—
Not in open arms,
Not in silken speeches,

5. Not in haughty eye,
Not in artful dealing,
Not within the sigh
Of a mimicked feeling:
But its lights preside
Rich in nature's splendor,
Over honest pride,
Gentleness and candor.

6. Slight ye not the soul
For the frame's demerit;
Oft a shattered bowl
Holds a mighty spirit:
Never search a breast
By thy ruby's glances;
Pomp's a puppet guest,
Danced by circumstances.

7. What is good and great,
Sense can soon determine;
Prize it though ye meet,
Or in rags or ermine.
Fortune's truly blind;
Fools may be her captors;
But the *wealth of mind*
Stands above their scepters.

8. Value not the lips
Swiftest kept in motion,
Fleetly-sailing ships
Draw no depth of ocean:
Snatch the chary gleam,
From the cautious knowing;
For the deepest stream
Scarcely lisps 'tis flowing.

9. Cull from bad and good
Every seeming flower,
Store it up as food
For some hungry hour:

Press its every leaf,
And remember, Johnny,
Even weeds the chief
May have drops of honey.

10. Pomp and power alone
Never make a blessing;
Seek not e'en a throne
By one wretch distressing.
Better toil a slave
For the blood-earned penny,
Than be rich, and have
A curse on every guinea.

11. Think, my gentle boys,
Every man a brother!
That's where honor lies,
Nay, but *greatness* rather:
One's the mystic whole,
Lordly flesh won't know it;
But the kingly soul,
Sees but vice below it.

12. Robert, thoughts like these,
Store you more than money;
Read them not to please,
But to practice, Johnny.
Artless though their dress,
As an infant's dimple,
Truth is none the less
For being truly simple.

Questions.—1. What did the writer tell Robert and John to do with the book, given them? 2. What use did he tell them to make of Youth?

LESSON XXVII.

Av a ri" cious, greedy after gain.
In' ti mate, close in friendship.
Ea' ger ness, ardent desire.
Frū gal' i ty, wise economy.
Ac qui si" tions, gains.
Af flu ence, great wealth.
Suc ces' sion, regular order.
Moil' ing, drudging; laboring.
Dis con tin' u ed, ceased.
As si du' i ty, untiring diligence.
Dis ap point' ed, greatly dissatisfied.
In dulg' ed, gratified.
Mon' strous, very large.
Suc ceed' ing, following.
Mat' tock, pick-ax.
Un der mine', dig under.
O' men, sign; token.
In ad' mi red, conceived.

WHANG, THE MILLER.

Goldsmith.

1. Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "*I* know him very well, *he* and *I* have been very long acquainted; *he* and *I* are intimate."

2. But, if a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught *he* knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

3. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him, but, though these were small, they were certain: while it stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he, every day, laid some money by; which he would, at intervals, count and contemplate with much satisfaction.

4. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want: whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a

pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights in succession.

5. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," said he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Thanks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! How slily would I carry it home! Not even my wife should see me! And then, oh the pleasure of thrusting one's hands into a heap of gold up to the elbows!"

6. Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains; and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distress, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

7. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money-dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

8. Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired, alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met with, was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire.

9. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad, flat stone; but then it was so large, that it was beyond his strength to remove it. "*There,*" cried he in raptures to himself, "*there it is!* under this stone, there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune.

10. Her raptures, on this occasion, may easily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But these transports, however, did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, together, to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure—but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen!

QUESTIONS.—1. Upon what was Whang, the miller, dependent for support? 2. Why was he not satisfied? 3. What did he say to himself, after the information he had received from a neighbor? 4. What effect had such reflections upon him? 5. What did he dream three nights successively? 6. What did he do? 7. What was the result?

LESSON XXVIII.

PO LITE′ NESS, good manners.
FI DEL′ I TY, faithfulness.
IN CU BA′ TION, act of hatching eggs.
REC RE A′ TION, pastime; amusement.
DE MURE′ LY, gravely; with affected modesty.
AP PRE CI A′ TION, estimate.
LITHE, nimble; flexible.
EX′ IT, departure; going out.
ARCH′ I TECTS, (*ch*, like *k*,) builders.
SA LI′ VA, spittle.
DE CREETE′, to deposit; produce.
CON″ GRE GATE, collect together.
FLEDG′ ED, furnished with feathers.
DO MĀIN′, realm; kingdom.
AC COM MO DA′ TIONS, conveniences.
MI′ GRATE, remove; travel.
SPHERE, (*ph* like *f*,) circuit of action.

CHIMNEY-SWALLOWS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

1. EVERY one knows, who lives in the country, what a chimney-swallow is. They are among the birds that seem to love the neighborhood of man. Many birds there are, that nestle confidingly in the protection of their superiors, and are seldom found nesting or breeding far from human habitations.

2. The wren builds close to your door. Sparrows and robins, if well treated, will make their nests right under your window, in some favorite tree, and will teach you, if you choose to go into the business, how to build birds' nests.

3. A great deal of politeness and fidelity may be learned. The female bird is waited upon, fed, cheered with singing, during her incubation, in a manner that might give lessons to the household. Nay, when she needs exercise and recreation, her husband very demurely takes her place, and keeps the eggs warm in the most gentlemanly way.

4. Barn-swallows have a very sensible appreciation of the pleasures of an ample barn. A barn might not be found quite the thing to live in, (although we have seen many a place where we would take the barn sooner than the house,) but it is one of the most charming places in a summer day to lounge, read, or nap in.

5. And, as you lie on your back upon the sweet-scented hay-mow, or upon clean straw thrown down on the great floor, reading books of natural history, it is very pleasant to see the flitting swallows glance in and out, or course about under the roof, with motion so lithe and rapid as to seem more like the glancing of shadows than the winging of birds. Their mud-nests are clean, if they *are* made of dirt; and you would never dream, from their feathers, what sort of a house they lived in.

6. But, it was of *chimney-swallows* that we began to write; and they are just now roaring in the little, stubbed chimney behind us, to remind us of our duty. Every evening we hear them; for a nest of young ones brings the parents in with food, early and late, and every entrance or exit is like a distant roll of thunder, or like those old-fashioned rumblings of high winds in the chimney, which made us children think that all out-of-doors was coming down the chimney in stormy nights.

7. These little architects build their simple nests upon the sides of the chimney with sticks, which they are said to break off from dead branches of trees, though they might more easily pick them up already prepared. But they, doubtless, have their own reasons for cutting their own timber. Then these are glued to the wall by a saliva which they secrete, so that they carry their mortar in their mouths, and use their bills for trowels.

8. When the young are ready to leave, they climb up the chimney to the top, by means of their sharp claws, aided by their tail-feathers, which are short, stiff, and at the end armed with sharp spines. Two broods are reared in a season. From the few which congregate in any one neighborhood, one would not suspect the great numbers which assemble at the end of the season. Audubon estimated that *nine thousand* entered a large sycamore-tree, every night, to roost, near Louisville, Kentucky.

9. Sometimes the little nest has been slighted in building, or the weight proves too great, and down it comes into the fire-place, to the great amusement of the children, who are all a-fever to hold in their hands these clean, bright-eyed little fellows. Who would suspect that they had ever been bred in such a flue?

10. And it was just this thought that set us to writ-

ing. Because a bird lives in a chimney, he need not be *smutty*. There is many a fine feather that lives in a chimney-corner. Nor are birds the *only* instances. Many men are born in a garret, or in a cellar, who fly out of it, as soon as fledged, as fine as any body. A lowly home has reared many high natures.

11. On these bare sticks, right against the bricks, in this smoky flue, the eggs are laid, the brooding goes on, the young are hatched, fed, grown. But then comes the day when they spread the wing, and the whole heaven is theirs! From morning to night, they can not touch the bounds of their liberty!

12. And, in like manner, it is with the human soul that has learned to know its liberty. Born in a body, pent up, and cramped, it seems imprisoned in a mere smoky flue for passions. But, when once faith has taught the soul that it has wings, then it begins to fly; and flying, finds that all God's domain is its liberty.

13. And, as the swallow that comes back to roost in its hard hole at night, is quite content, so that the morning gives it again all the bright heavens for its soaring-ground, so may men, close-quartered and cramped in bodily accommodations, be quite patient of their narrow bounds, for their thoughts may fly out every day gloriously.

14. And as, in autumn, these children of the chimney gather in flocks, and fly away to heavens without a winter, so men shall find a day when they, too, shall migrate; and, rising into a higher sphere, without storm or winter, shall remember the troubles of this mortal life, as birds in Florida may be supposed to remember the northern chills, which drove them forth to a fairer clime.

QUESTIONS.—1. What birds seem to love the neighborhood of man? 2. In what respects may men be like birds?

LESSON XXIX.

THE first part of each verse, or that portion read by the *First Voice*, should be expressed in a slow and despondent tone of voice; the second part, or that read by the *Second Voice*, should be expressed in a more sprightly and cheerful manner.

THE DOUBTING HEART.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

FIRST VOICE.

1. Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore.

SECOND VOICE.

O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy, southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

FIRST VOICE.

2. Why must the flowers die?
Poisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

SECOND VOICE.

O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft, white, ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

FIRST VOICE.

3. The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

SECOND VOICE.

O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Vail the same sunny sky,
That soon, (for Spring is nigh,)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

FIRST VOICE.

4. Fair Hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?

SECOND VOICE.

O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

LESSON XXX.

DECK' ED, dressed; arrayed.
TRĀIL' ING, hanging down; following one after another.
UN FĀIL' ING, constant; continually.
UN FLI' ANT, stiff; unbending.
DE FI' ANT, daring; bidding defiance.
VES' PER, evening.
CRISP' ED, more brittle.
TREAS' URES, wealth; riches.
MER' IT, desert; goodness.
IN HER' IT, occupy; possess.
MOR' SEL, bit; small piece.
WĀIL' ING, loudly lamenting.
HĀIL' ING, clamoring.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

T. B. READ.

1. AUTUMN'S sighing,
Moaning, dying,
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows,
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

2. Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

3. Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And, at vesper,
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

4. From th' unseen land,
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland,
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

5. Now bright pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness,
Oh, what woe!

6. Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;
Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At some door-sill,
Like a hound.

7. Storms are trailing,
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing,
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the first sign of the coming of winter? 2. What, the second? 3. What, the third? 4. What are some of the pleasures of winter? 5. What is said of the poor in winter? 6. What is the use of the apostrophes in the words *autumn's, o'er, pleasure's, 'midst*, &c.?

LESSON XXXI.

LOVE' LESS, whole; entire.
EAVES, edges of a roof.
E'VEN TIDE, evening.
STRIV'ED, struggled; contended.
RE LIEV'ED, mitigated; alleviated.
WRETCH' ED NESS, distress; destitution.
OF FENSE', fault; crime.
PEN' I TENCE, repentance; contrition.
EF' FECT IVE LY, forcibly; persuasively.

CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.

N. P. WILLIS.

1. THERE of play'! tired of play'!
What hast thou done this livelong day'?
The birds are silent', and so is the bee';
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree';
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves',
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves';
Twilight gathers', and day is done',—
How hast thou spent it',—restless one'?

2. Playing'? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide'?
What promise of morn is left unbroken'?
What kind word to thy playmates spoken'?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven'?
How with thy faults has duty striven'?
What hast thou learned by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill'?

3. There will come an eve to a longer day',
That will find thee tired',—but not of play'!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs, and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then, if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of *a day spent well*.

4. If thine open hand hath relieved distress',—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness',—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offense',
And humbled thy heart with penitence'—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently',—
If every creature hath won thy love',
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove',
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard',—
Then', when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

QUESTIONS.—1. What had the child been doing? 2. What questions did the mother ask? 3. What did she tell the child would come? 4. What is meant by *eve to a longer day*, third verse? 5. What, by *quiet sleep*, same verse? 6. What ought we to do in life, in order to have a joyful and peaceful death? 7. What rule for the rising inflection on *restless one*, first verse? See page 32, Note I. 8. What rule for the falling inflection on *playing*, second verse? See page 29, Rule II. 9. What rule for the rising inflections in the fourth verse? Rule V., page 31.

LESSON XXXII.

NORTH-EAST' ERS, north-east winds.
EX HAUST' ED, (*x* like *gz*,) tired out.
VIG' I LANT, watchful.
DIS TINCT' ED, discovered.
LEE' WARD, pertaining to the part toward which the wind blows.
RE CED' ING, retiring; passing away.
BRIL' LIAN CY, brightness; luster.
TILL' ER, bar used to turn the rudder.
TORT' URE, anguish of spirit. [doned.
DE LIN' QUISHED, relinquished; aban-
RA PID' I TY, speed; swiftness.
EN VEL' OP ED, inclosed; covered.
GEN' ER A TED, produced.
LETH' AR GY, drowsiness; dullness.
RES' CUE, deliverance.
IN EV' I TA BLY, surely; certainly.
ES PY' ING, seeing; discovering.

CON' TACT, (CON, *together*; TACT, *touch*,) a touching together; close union.

THE RESCUE.

BY A SEA CAPTAIN.

1. ON a bright moonlight night, in the month of February, 1831, when it was intensely cold, the little brig which I commanded, lay quietly at her anchors, inside of Sandy Hook. We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most part of that time.

2. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her; as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When we, at length, made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted.

3. "A bitter, cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a short time upon deck. The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, and, looking up to the moon, replied, "It's a whistler, captain; and nothing can live comfortably out of blankets to-night."

4. "The tide is running out swift and strong, and it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin," said I, as I turned to go below. "Ay, ay, sir," responded the faithful mate.

5. About two hours afterward, I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer. "Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, "but I wish you would turn out, and come on deck as soon as possible."

6. "What's the matter, Mr. Larkin," said I. "Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice, which swept by at a distance, a moment ago; and I saw something black upon it,—something that I thought moved. The moon is under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I believe there is a child floating out to the sea, this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

7. We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to the leeward, with its white, glittering surface broken by a black spot. "Get the glass, Mr. Larkin," said I; "the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly."

8. I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by me with the glass; and when the full light fell upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

9. (") "*Forward, there!*" I hailed at the top of my voice; and, with one bound, I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter, which was stowed in the ship's yawl. Mr. Larkin had taken the glass to look for himself. "*There are two children on that cake of ice!*" he exclaimed, as he hastened to assist me in getting out the boat.

10. The men answered my hail, and walked quickly aft. In a short space of time, we launched the cutter, into which

Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men, who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

11. "Do you see that cake of ice, with something black upon it, my lads? Put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a month's extra wages when you are paid off," said I to the men.

12. They bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble; for they were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight; and, though they did their best, the boat made little more headway than the tide. It was a losing chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering torture as he saw how little we gained, cried out, "*Pull, lads! I'll double the captain's prize: two months' extra pay: pull, lads! pull for life!*"

13. A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey; but the strength of the strong man was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; and the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar. "Lie down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; "and, captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."

14. I took the second man's place. Larkin had stripped off his coat, and, as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke. It came gently, but firm; and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke; gradually increasing in rapidity, until the wood seemed to smoke in the row-locks. We kept time, each by the long, deep breathing of the other.

15. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees; and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, drew on the oar until every inch

covered by the sweep was gained. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes; and it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off in great drops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

16. "Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out. "Almost, captain," said he; "and *don't give up!* for the love of our dear little ones at home: *don't give up*, captain!" The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight, for the men who plied them were fathers, and had father's hearts.

17. Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling; and my heart, for a moment, almost stopped its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out, crossed my mind. But I was re-assured by his voice. (*p*) "Gently, captain, gently: a stroke or two more: there, that will do;" and the next moment Mr. Larkin sprang upon the ice. I started up, and, calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed him.

18. We ran to the dark spot in the center of the mass, and found two little boys. The head of the smaller was resting in the bosom of the larger; and both were fast asleep. The lethargy, which would have been fatal, but for the timely rescue, had overcome them.

19. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then, loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the cold child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping his overcoat around him. I did the same with the other child: and we then returned to the boat.

20. The children, as we learned when we had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the cake of ice, which had jammed into a bend of the river, about ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice

in motion, and the little fellows were borne away, that cold night, and would have inevitably perished, but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as they were sweeping out to sea.

21. "How do you feel, Mr. Larkin?" I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure. "A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gathered in his eyes,—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," laying his hand on the rough chest, in which beat a true and manly heart. My quaint down-easter, He who lashes the seas into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storms may rage without, but in *thy* bosom peace and sunshine abide always.

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe the condition of the vessel as she lay at anchor inside Sandy Hook. 2. What did the captain say to Mr. Larkin, as he retired to rest? 3. Why did Mr. Larkin wake up the captain? 4. What did they discover on a cake of ice, floating out to sea? 5. Who went to their rescue? 6. What did the captain say to the rowers of the boat? 7. What did Mr. Larkin say to them? 8. Did they finally succeed in rescuing the children? 9. How came the two boys to be on that cake of ice? 10. What did Mr. Larkin say, when the captain asked him how he felt?

LESSON XXXIII.

A DORN' ED, decorated; embellished.
SPOILS, booty; prey.
ANT' LERS, branching horns.
SUS PEND' ED, hung; attached.
DIS TRACT' ED, disturbed; disordered.
FU' GI TIVE, runaway; wanderer.
BE SET', hemmed in; surrounded.
TRAI' TORS, betrayers.
HEATH, place overgrown with shrubs.
LORD, lord; sovereign.
LOY' AL, true; faithful.
FU' AL TY, loyalty, fidelity.
MA' TRON, married woman.
RE CO LECT' ED, know; recollected.
IN VAD' ERS, persons invading; assailants.

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SCOTCH WOMAN.

ANON.

1. MANY years ago, an old Scotch woman sat alone, spinning by the kitchen fire, in her little cottage. The room was adorned with the spoils of the chase, and many implements of war and hunting. There were spears, bows and arrows, swords and shields; and, against the side of the room, hung a pair of huge antlers, once reared on the lordly brow of a "stag of ten,"* on which were suspended skins, plaids, bonnets and one or two ponderous battle-axes.

2. The table, in the middle of the floor, was spread for supper, and some oatmeal cakes were baking before the fire. But the dame was not thinking of any of *these things*, nor of her two manly sons, who, in an adjoining room, were busily preparing for the next day's sport.

3. She was thinking of the distracted state of her native land, and of the good king, Robert Bruce, a fugitive in his own kingdom, beset, on every hand, by open enemies and secret traitors. "Alas!" thought she, "to-night I dwell here in peace, while to-morrow may see me driven out into the heath; and even now our king is a wanderer, with no shelter for his weary limbs."

4. A loud knock at the door broke in upon her musings. She rose, trembling with fear, to unbar the entrance, and beheld a man closely muffled in a cloak. "My good woman," said he, "will you grant a poor traveler the shelter of your roof to-night?"

5. "Right willingly will I," said she; "for the love of *one*, for whose sake all travelers are welcome here."

* That is, a stag ten years old. The age of the animal is known by the number of prongs or tines, each year one new prong being added.

6. "For whose sake is it that you make all wanderers welcome?" asked the stranger.

7. "For the sake of our good king, Robert Bruce, who, though he is now hunted like a wild beast, with horn and hound, I trust yet to see on the throne of Scotland!"

8. "Nay, then, my good woman," replied the man, "since you love him so well, know that you see him now. *I* am Robert Bruce."

9. "*You*!—are *you* our king?" she inquired, sinking on her knees, and reverently kissing his hand; "where, then, are your followers, and why are you thus alone?"

10. "I have no followers now," replied Bruce, "and am, therefore, compelled to travel alone."

11. "Nay, my liege," exclaimed the loyal dame, "that you shall do no longer; for here are my two sons, whom I give to you, and may they long live to serve and defend your majesty!"

12. The Scottish youths bent their knees, and took the oath of fealty, and then, sitting beside the fire, the king entered into conversation with his new retainers, while their mother was busied in preparing the evening meal.

13. Suddenly, they were startled by the tramp of horses' hoofs, and the voices of men. "'*Tis the English!*" shouted the matron, "*fight to the last, my sons, and defend your king!*" But, at this moment, the king recognized the voices of lord James, of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, and bade them have no fear.

14. Bruce was overjoyed at meeting with his brother, and his faithful friend Douglas, who had with them a band of one hundred and fifty men. He bade farewell to the brave and loyal woman, and, taking with him her two sons, left the place.

15. The two young Scots served Bruce well and faithfully, and were high officers in his service when, at the head of a conquering army, he drove the English invaders from the soil of Scotland, and restored her again *a free and independent kingdom*.

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe the room in which the Scotch woman resided. 2. What is meant by a "*stay at inn*?" 3. Who did the stranger prove to be? 4. Who joined Bruce? 5. What did Bruce and his men then do?

LESSON XXXIV.

PROS PER' I TY, success; good fortune.
DIG' NI FIES, elevates; ennobles.
SUS TAIN' ED, endured; suffered.
AD VERS' I TY, calamity; misfortune.
UN KER' TAIN, sure; certain.
FOR LORN', forsaken; wretched.
CAN' O PY, covering overhead.
DE VOID', destitute.
EI DER-DOWN, fine, soft feathers from the eider-duck.
IN WRAP' PED, inwrapped; sunk.
GOS' SA MER Y, like gossamer; filmy.
RE COIL' ED, started back.
FOIL' ED, frustrated; defeated.
FIC' TION, fiction.
TRIV' I AL, small; trifling.
CON FIDE', trust; believe.
AD' VERSE, contrary; opposite.
PALM, token of victory.

ROBERT BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

BERNARD BARTON.

1. NOT in *prosperity's broad light*,
Can reason justly scan
The *sterling worth which*, viewed aright,
Most dignifies the man.
Favored at once by wind and tide,
The skillful pilot well may guide
The bark in safety on;
Yet, when his harbor he has gained,
He who no conflict hath sustained,
No meed has fairly won.

2. But in *adversity's dark hour*
Of peril and of fear,
When clouds above the vessel lower,
With scarce one star to cheer;
When winds are loud, and waves are high,
And ocean, to a timid eye,
Appears the seaman's grave;
Amid the conflict, calm, unmoved,
By truth's unerring test is proved
The skillful and the brave.

3. For Scotland and her freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played;
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed.
Once more, against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now, from battle faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

4. And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne;
His canopy, devoid of grace,—
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,
Yet well I know had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down;
Through darksome night to dawn of day,
Immersed in wakeful thought he lay,
Of Scotland and her crown.

5. The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

6. Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw:
In vain the filmy line was sped;
For, powerless or untrue,
Each aim appeared and back recoiled
The patient insect, *six times foiled,*
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

7. *One effort more, the seventh and last,*—
The hero hailed the sign!
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
The slender, silken line.
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen; for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That *perseverance gains its meed,*
And *patience wins the race.*

8. Is it a tale of mere romance'?
Its moral is the same,—
A light and trivial circumstance'?
Some thought, it still may claim.
Art thou a father'? teach thy son
Never to deem that *all is done*,
While *aught remains untried*;
To hope, though every hope seems crossed,
And when his bark is tempest-tossed
Still calmly to confide.

9. Hast thou been long and often foiled
By adverse wind and seas'?
And vainly struggled, vainly toiled,
For what some win with ease'?
Yet bear up heart, and hope, and will,
Nobly resolved to struggle still,
With patience persevere;
Knowing, when darkest seems the night,
The dawn of morning's glorious light
Is swiftly drawing near.

10. Art thou a Christian? shall the frown
Of fortune cause dismay'?
The Bruce but won an *earthly crown*,
Which long hath passed away;
For thee a *heavenly crown* awaits;
For thee are ope'd the pearly gates,
Prepared the deathless palm:
But bear in mind that *only those*
Who persevere unto the close,
Can join in Victory's psalm.

QUESTIONS.—1. Will smooth seas and favoring gales make a skillful mariner? 2. What will make skillful and brave men? 3. In what respect is adversity better than prosperity? 4. What story illustrates this fact? 5. How many times did the spider try, before it succeeded? 6. In how many battles had Bruce been defeated? 7. What important lesson is taught youth? 8. What encouragement is given to the Christian?

LESSON XXXV.

PAT RI OT' IC, having love of country.
OB SER VA' TION, remark; expression.
POP' U LAR, well received; prevailing.
E QUAL' I TY, sameness of social posi-
ART' I CLE, that may be heard. [tion.
DE TER' MIN ED, fully resolved.
HES' I TATE, scruple.
BRA' VO, well done.
BROILS, wrangles; quarrels.
RE NOWN' ED, famed; celebrated.
O' RI GIN, hateful; offensive.
COUNT' ESS, wife of a count or earl.
FAS-CEND', the meaner part.
NO BIL' I TY, noble rank.
RUR LESQUE', (*bur tesk'*,) ridicule.
HE RED' I TA RY, coming by descent.
CON' STI TUTS, forms; composes.
APH' O RISMS, precepts; maxims.
TEN' PO RA RY, continuing for a time.
BECK, sign with the hand; nod.

[1] LA VA' TER, (John Gaspar,) a celebrated physiognomist, that is, one skilled in the art of determining character by the external features, born in Zurich, in 1741.

That part of this dialogue uttered by Caroline, should be read in a very earnest and spirited style,—that uttered by Horace in a more grave, deliberate, and candid manner.

WEALTH AND FASHION.

Miss EDGEWORTH.

Caroline. What a pity it is that we are born under a Republican government!

Horace. Upon my word, Caroline, that is a patriotic observation for an American.

Caroline. Oh, I know that it is not a *popular* one! We must all join in the cry of liberty and equality, and bless our stars that we have neither kings nor emperors to rule

over us, and that our very first audible squeak was republicanism. If we don't join in the shout, and hang our caps on liberty-poles, we are considered monsters. For my part, I am *tired* of it, and am determined to *say what I think*. I *hate* republicanism; I hate liberty and equality; and I don't hesitate to *declare* that I am for monarchy. You may laugh, but I would say it at the stake.

Horace. Bravo, Caroline! You have almost run yourself out of breath. You deserve to be prime minister to the king.

Caroline. You mistake; I have no wish to mingle in political broils, not even if I could be as renowned as Pitt or Fox; but I must say, I think our equality is *odious*. What do you think? To-day, the new chamber-maid put her head into the door, and said, "Caroline, your marm wants you!"

Horace. Excellent! I suppose if ours were a *monarchical* government, she would have bent to the ground, or saluted your little foot, before she spoke.

Caroline. No, Horace; you *know* there are no such forms in this country.

Horace. May I ask your highness what you *would* like to be?

Caroline. I should like to be a countess.

Horace. Oh, you are moderate in your ambition! A countess, now-a-days, is the fag-end of nobility.

Caroline. Oh! but it sounds so delightfully,—"*The young Countess Caroline!*"

Horace. If *sound* is all, you shall have that pleasure; we will call you *the young countess*.

Caroline. That would be mere burlesque, Horace, and would make one ridiculous.

Horace. Nothing can be more inconsistent with us, than aiming at titles.

Caroline. For *us*, I grant you; but, if they were *hereditary*, if we had been born to them, if they came to us through belted knights and high-born dames, *then* we might be proud to wear them. I never shall cease to regret that I was not born under a monarchy.

Horace. You seem to forget that all are not lords and ladies in *royal* dominions. Suppose you should have drawn your first breath among the *lower classes*,—suppose it should have been your lot to crouch and bend, or be trodden under foot by some titled personage, whom in your heart you despised; what then?

Caroline. You may easily suppose that I did not mean to take *those* chances. No; I meant to be born among the *higher* ranks.

Horace. Your own reason must tell you, that *all* can not be born among the *higher ranks;* for then the *lower ones* would be wanting, which constitute the comparison. Now, Caroline, is it not better to be born under a government where there are no such ranks, and where *the only nobility is talent and virtue*?

Caroline. Talent and virtue! I think *wealth* constitutes our nobility, and the right of abusing each other, our liberty.

Horace. You are as fond of aphorisms as Lavater[1] was.

Caroline. Let me ask you if our rich men, who ride in their own carriages, who have fine houses, and who count by millions, are not our *great* men?

Horace. They have all the greatness that *money* can buy; but *this* is very limited.

Caroline. Well, in *my* opinion, *money is power.*

Horace. You mistake. Money may be *temporary power*, but *talent* is *power itself;* and, *when united with virtue, is godlike power*, before which the mere man of millions quails.

Caroline. Well, Horace, I really wish you the possession of *talent*, and *principle*, and *wealth* into the bargain. The latter, you think, will follow the two former, simply at your beck;—you smile; but *I* feel as determined in *my* way of thinking, as *you* do in *yours*.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the subject of this dialogue? 2. What did Caroline regret? 3. What reply did Horace make? 4. What did Caroline wish to be? 5. What did Horace say constituted true nobility?

LESSON XXXVI.

RE SERV' ING, keeping; retaining.
AC CU' MU LA TED, collected.
IN DIG NA' TION, angry feeling.
RE SOURC' ES, means; funds.
DIS SER TA' TION, discourse; essay.
EX PAN' SION, enlargement.
DE POS' IT ED, put; laid.
EF FOR' TION, (*egz er shun,*) effort.
JU DI' CIOUS, wise; prudent.
VO CA' TION, business; employment.
EU PHON' IC, agreeable; well-sounding.
CO TEM' PO RA RIES, those living at the same time.
DE PART' URES, departure from the subject.
PRE DIC' TIONS, prophecies.
IM PELL' ED, driven forward.

AR IS TOC' RA CY, (ARISTO, *the best*; CRACY, *government,*) government by the best, or nobles. See SANDERS' ANALYSIS, page 200, EX. 282.

1 SOC' RA TES, the most celebrated philosopher of antiquity, was born at Athens, 470 years before Christ. The purity of his doctrines, and his independence of character, rendered him popular with the most enlightened Athenians, though they created him many enemies. He was *falsely accused*, arraigned, and condemned to drink *hemlock*, the juice of a poisonous plant. When the hour to take the poison had come, the executioner handed him the cup, with tears in his eyes. Socrates received it with composure, drank it with unaltered countenance, and, in a few moments, expired.

2 DE MOS' THE NES, a great Grecian orator, who, rather than fall into the hands of his enemies, destroyed himself by taking poison. It is said that, when a youth, he frequently declaimed on the sea-shore, while the waves were roaring around him, in order to secure a large compass of voice, and to accustom himself to the tumult of a popular assembly.

3 KING DA' VID, the sweet singer and poet of Israel. For the interesting account of his triumph over Goliath, the giant champion of the Philistines, see 1 Sam., chap. 17.

MY FIRST JACK-KNIFE.

1. I REMEMBER it well! Its horn handle, so smooth and clear, glowing with the unmeaning, but magic word, "*Hunkum;*" and the blade significantly inviting you to the test, by the two monosyllables, "*Try me.*"

2. I know not how it is, but I never could take half the comfort in any thing which I have since possessed, that I took in this *jack-knife*. I earned it myself; and, therefore, I had a feeling of independence; it was bought with my *own money*,—not teazed out of my uncle, or still kinder father,—*money* that I had silently earned on the afternoons of those days set apart for boys to amuse themselves.

3. Yes! with a spirit of persevering industry and self-denial, at which I now wonder, I went, every afternoon, during "berry-time," and picked the ripened fruit with eagerness; for my heart was in the task. I sold my berries, and, carefully reserving the proceeds, shortly accumulated enough to purchase the treasure, for which I so eagerly longed.

4. I went to one of the village-stores, and requested the clerk to show me his jack-knives; but he, seeing that I was only a boy, and thinking that I merely meant to amuse myself in looking at the nicest, and wishing it was mine, told me not to plague him, as he was otherwise engaged.

5. I turned with indignation; but I felt the inward comfort of a man who has *confidence* in his own resources, and knows he has the power in his own hands. I quietly jingled the money in my pockets, and went to the opposite store. I asked for jack-knives, and was shown a lot fresh from the city, which were temptingly laid down before me, and left for me to select one, while the trader went to another part of his store to wait upon an older customer. I looked over

them, opened them, breathed upon the blades, and shut them again.

6. One was too hard to open, another had no spring; finally, after examining them with all the judgment which, in my opinion, the extent of the investment required, I selected one with a hole through the handle; and, after a dissertation with the owner upon jack-knives in general, and *this one* in particular,—upon hawk-bill, and dagger-blades,—and handles, iron, bone, and buck-horn,—I succeeded in closing a bargain.

7. I took the instrument I had purchased, and felt a sudden expansion of my boyish frame! It was my world! I deposited it in my pocket among other valuables,—twine, marbles, slate-pencils, &c. I went home to my father; I told him how long I had toiled for it, and how eagerly I had spent time, which others had allotted to play, to possess myself of my treasure.

8. My father gently chided me for not telling him of my wants; but I observed his glistening eye turn affectionately to my mother and then to me, and I thought that his manly form seemed to straighten up, and to look prouder than I had ever before seen him. At any rate, he came to me, and, patting my curly head, told me there was no object in life, which was reasonably to be desired, that *honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry*, and *perseverance* would not place within my reach; and if, through life, I carried the spirit of independent exertion into practice, which I had displayed in the purchase of the jack-knife, I should become a "*great man.*"

9. From that moment, I was a new being. I had discovered that I could *rely upon myself*. I took my jack-knife, and many a time, while cutting the walnut-saplings for my bow, or the straight pine for my arrow, or carving my mimic

ship, did I muse upon these words of my father,—so deeply are the kind expressions of a judicious parent engraven on the heart and memory of boyhood.

10. My knife was my constant companion. It was my carpenter, my ship-builder, and my toy-manufacturer. It was out upon all occasions, never amiss, and always "handy;" and, as I valued it, I never let it part from me. I own my selfishness; I would divide my apples among my playmates, my whole store of marbles was at their service,—they might knock my bats, kick my foot-ball as they chose; but I had no partnership of enjoyments in my jack-knife. Its possession was connected in my mind with something so *exclusive*, that I could not permit another to take it for a moment. Oh! there is a wild and delicious luxury in one's boyish anticipations and youthful day-dreams!

11. If, however, the *use* of my jack-knife afforded me pleasure, the *idea* of its possession was no less a source of enjoyment. I was, for the time being, a little prince among my fellows,—a perfect monarch. Let no one exclaim against aristocracy; were we all perfectly *equal to-day*, there would be an *aristocracy to-morrow*. Talent, judgment, skill, tact, industry, perseverance, will place some on the top, while the contrary attributes will place others at the bottom of fortune's ever-revolving wheel!

12. The plowman is an aristocrat, if he excels in his vocation: he is an aristocrat, if he turns a better or a straighter furrow than his neighbor. The poorest poet is an aristocrat, if he writes more feelingly, in a purer language, or with more euphonic jingle than his cotemporaries. The fisherman is an aristocrat, if he wields his harpoon with more skill, and hurls it with a deadlier energy than his messmates, or has even learned to fix his bait more allaringly on his barbed hook.

13. All *have* had, and *still* have their foibles; all have some possession, upon which they pride themselves, and I was proud of my jack-knife! Spirit of Socrates[1], forgive me! was there no pride in dying like a philosopher'? Spirit of Demosthenes[2], forgive me! was there no pride in your addresses to the boundless and roaring ocean'? Spirit of David[3]! was there no pride in the deadly hurling of the smooth pebble, which sank deep into the forehead of your enemy'?

14. But I must take my jack-knife and *cut short* this digression. Let no man say *this* or *that* occurrence "will make *no difference fifty years hence*,"—a common, but dangerous phrase. I am *now* a man of three-score years. I can point my finger *here* to my ships, *there* to my warehouse. My name is well known in two hemispheres. I have drank deeply of intellectual pleasures, have served my country in many important stations, have had my gains, and made my losses.

15. I have seen many, who started with fairer prospects, but with no compass, wrecked before me; but I have been impelled in my operations, no matter how extensive, by the *same spirit* which conceived and executed the purchase of the jack-knife. And I have found my reward in it; and, perhaps, in after years, there will be those who will say that the predictions of my father were fulfilled in their case; and that, from *small beginnings*, by "*honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry*, and *perseverance*," they, also, BECAME TRULY "GREAT MEN."

QUESTIONS—1. How did this boy obtain his first jack-knife? 2. What did his father say to him, when he told how he had earned it? 3. What use did he make of his knife? 4. What is said about *aristocracy*? 5. What is said of this boy when he came to be three-score years old?

LESSON XXXVII.

COIN' ED, stamped.
BAR' TER, trade; exchange.
COM MOD' I TIES, goods; wares.
BULL' ION, uncoined silver or gold.
BUC' CA NEERS, pirates; free-booters.
IM MENSE', very great; enormous.
DAIN' TIES, delicacies.
SMALL-CLOTHES, breeches.

AR RAIN' ED, dressed; arrayed.
PI' O NY, plant and beautiful flower.
PRE' SON A BLE, handsome; graceful.
ES PE" CIAL LY, mainly; chiefly.
CER' E MO NY, rite; form. [or holds.
RE CEIV' ER, that which receives.
POR' TEN OUS, heavy; bulky.
RE SUM' ING, taking again.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1. CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain.

2. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities, instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he, perhaps, exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine-boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings.

3. The Indians had a sort of money, called *wampum*, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was, likewise, taken in payment of debts, by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

4. As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general

court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have *one shilling*, out of every twenty, to pay him for the trouble of making them.

5. Hereupon, all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans, and tankards, and silver-buckles, and broken spoons, and silver-buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at courts,—all such curious old articles were, doubtless, thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers, (who were little better than pirates,) had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

6. All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a *pine-tree* on the other. Hence, they were called *pine-tree shillings*. And for every *twenty shillings* that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put *one shilling* into his own pocket.

7. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money, if he would but give up that *twentieth shilling*, which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for, so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box, were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and,

as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

8. When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, fell in love with his only daughter. His daughter, whom we will call Betsey, was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. As Samuel was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

9. "Yes; you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!" On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences.

10. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey, blushing like a full-blown piony.

11. There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

12. The mint-master, also, was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull

whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

13. "Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey, or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her, did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound, (in which case she would have been a dear bargain,) she had not the least idea.

14. "And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither." The box, to which the mint-master pointed, was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest. The servants tugged with might and main; but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

15. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! *it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings*, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts' treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

16. Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

17. "There, son Samuel," said the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. *It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!*"

QUESTIONS.—1. What was Captain John Hull's business? 2. What portion of the money coined, was he to receive? 3. How did he get silver to coin? 4. Describe the shillings he coined. 5. How did he become wealthy? 6. Describe his dress on his daughter's wedding-day. 7. What did he say to his son-in-law, after weighing her with shillings?

LESSON XXXVIII.

Lone' ns, dens; caves.
Man' vel. ous, wonderful.
Tip' ped, pointed.
Haun, gather in herds.
Fa' mous, noted; remarkable
Roe' buck, small species of deer.
Straight' way, immediately
Up right', upright.
Frol' ic, fun; play.
Pond, place where water can be waded.
Fleck' ed, spotted; striped.
Flut' ter ed, quivered.
Pal' pi ta ted, beat; throbbed.
Wa' ry, watchful; cautious.
Fa' tal, deadly; mortal.
En ter' ed, (*e* like *ge*,) greatly rejoiced.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

LONGFELLOW.

This lesson is taken from "The Song of Hiawatha," a poem, founded upon traditions current among some tribes of North American Indians, respecting an imaginary being of more than mortal powers and gifts, named Hiawatha. The scene of the poem is laid among the Ojibways, or Chippewas, a tribe of Indians, occupants, from the period of our earliest history, of the basin of Lake Superior.

1. Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

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LESSON XXXVIII.

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TIP' PED, pointed.
HERD, gather in herds.
FA' MOUS, noted; remarkable
ROE' BUCK, small species of deer.
STRAIGHT' WAY, immediately
E RECT', upright.
FROL' IC, fun; play.
POOL, place where water can be [waded.
FLECK' ED, spotted; striped.
FLUT' TER ED, quivered.
PAL' PI TA TED, beat; throbbed.
WA' RY, watchful; cautious.
FA' TAL, deadly; mortal.
EX ULT' ED, (x like gz,) greatly rejoiced.

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How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."

2. Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

3. Then I a'goo, the great boaster,
He, the marvelous story-teller,
He, the traveler and the talker,
Made a bōw for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

4. Then he said to Hiawatha,
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with his bow and arrows.

5. And the birds sang round him, o'er him
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."
Sang the robin, sang the bluebird,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, lightly leaping

In and out among the branches;
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha."

6. And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and, at a distance,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear, and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha."

7. But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

8. Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And the deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

9. Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah, the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

10. Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer;
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed, and shouted, and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward.

LESSON XXXIX.

Trāil, track; footprints.
In′ di ca ted, pointed out; shown.
Murk′ y, dark; gloomy.
Flam′ beau, (*flam′ bō*,) lighted torch.
Re flect′ ing, throwing back.
Lu′ gu bri ous ly, gloomily; dismally.
Mis e rect′ ing, misdirecting.
As sāil′ ants, assailants.
Ech′ o, (*ek′ o*,) sound reverberated.
Re lapsed′, fell back; returned.
En veil′ oped, inwrapped.
Suf′ fo ca ted, smothered.
Bran′ dish ing, flourishing; waving.
Rig′ id, stiff.
Bi′ vouac, (*biv′ wak*,) pass the night without tents.
Pass′ ed, came in sight; appeared.
De clīv′ i ty, gradual descent.
Pro long′ ed, lengthened; continued.
Com′ rade, companion; associate.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

Bet's Book of Adventures.

1. I had left the hunting party more than an hour, when I came upon the track of my old friend Konwell, who was,

with his dogs, on the bloody trail of a panther. The animal must have had one of his legs broken; this was indicated by the marks on the soft ground, and it was plain that the tracks were made by three feet instead of four, and accompanied by blood at every leap.

2. I determined to follow; and, after a tramp of nearly an hour, I overtook my friend at the entrance of a cavern, where he stood waiting for me. The wounded animal had taken refuge in this cave, leaving us to do whatever we thought best. The poor beast doubtless supposed that within this murky recess he was safe from pursuit; but he was mistaken. Konwell informed me that he had hidden a bundle of pine splinters in a gulley, about half a mile distant, and that if I would keep guard over the mouth of the cave, he would go and bring it.

3. I agreed to this measure; and, with ready gun and drawn knife, prepared for any attack that might be made. I lay down at the entrance of the panther's cave. My friend soon returned, bringing the pine, as he had promised. His next movement was to kindle a large fire at the mouth of the cave, at which we lighted our torches; and, having taken the flambeaus in our left hand, while we carried our guns in the right, we cautiously entered the cave. I crept on before; but the space within soon became so high and roomy, that we could stand upright, and keep close to each other.

4. Bending toward the left, the cavity extended a considerable distance within the hill. After we had advanced about two hundred steps, we saw the glaring eyes of the wounded beast, which gleamed forth like two fiery balls, reflecting most luridly the light of our torches. Konwell now took my flambeau and stepped behind me. I leveled my gun in the direction of those flaming eyes, and fired.

After the report, we heard a bustle; but could not exactly make out what it meant.

5. I reloaded my gun, resumed my torch, and Konwell now took his place in front. But, as those flaming eyes were no longer to be seen, we felt obliged to go farther. Our guns ready loaded, we believed ourselves to be prepared for any thing. We proceeded carefully, as men are likely to do when suspecting danger, when, instantly, the panther started up from a hollow, in which he was lying, quite close to our feet.

6. It was a fearful sight to look upon him as he stood with ears laid back, his white teeth set together, as if in intense anger, and those wide open eyes glowing and sparkling as they rested upon us, his assailants. I can never forget his appearance. In a moment our guns were discharged, and the cave returned the thundering echo. We had both fired so precisely at the same moment, that neither of us could believe the other had discharged his gun.

7. We were certain that our enemy had been struck, but we knew not whether killed or only disabled. Quick as thought, we dropped our guns and drew our knives from the sheath. And haste was necessary; for the echo had not relapsed into silence, before we felt the weight of the panther against us; and we began cutting at him with our knives, and, at the same moment, in consequence of our hurried movements, our torches died out, and we were left in utter darkness.

8. Deafened by the noise and utterly bewildered, I turned to fly from the now raging enemy, and only became perfectly aware of what I was doing, when I found myself standing beside Konwell outside the cave in the open air. I only knew now, that, enveloped in thick darkness, and almost suffocated with the smoke of gunpowder, I groped about,

not knowing what I wished or intended; and that Konwell, at last, drew me forcibly to the mouth of the cave.

9. There we stood, each one brandishing his hunting-knife in his right hand, and holding the extinguished torch in the left; as we looked on each other, we scarcely knew whether to laugh or to be frightened at the strange figures we made. We were black with powder-smoke, covered with sweat and blood, and our clothing torn to rags.

10. Konwell complained of a pain in his breast. I opened the bosom of his shirt, and found two deep gashes made by the panther's claws, extending from the left shoulder to the pit of the stomach. I also received a few scratches, but our stout hunting-shirts were torn to shreds.

11. Until this moment, neither of us had felt that he were wounded; and even now, before we began to think of dressing those wounds, we made a large fire at the mouth of the cavern, in order to prevent the panther from coming forth. This done, we sat down beside the genial blaze to wash and bind up our scratches, and consult on what plan it was now best to proceed.

12. That the panther was still in the cave we were certain; but, whether living or dead, we did not know; at all events, he was wounded; for our hunting-knives were covered with blood quite up to the hilt. But we had no choice left; we must return; for our guns and Konwell's powder-flask, which the animal dragged off with him, still lay within the cavern. We therefore plucked up new courage; and, having relighted our torches, we brandished our knives, and prepared, though not without some heart throbbings, once more to enter the panther's den.

13. With light and cautious steps, lest we might be as unpleasantly surprised as we had been when we made our hasty retreat, we advanced, holding our torches before us,

to the spot where we had dropped our guns, and without meeting with any hinderance from our enemy. Once more in possession of our trusty weapons, we reloaded them, and stepped forward with lighter hearts, yet still with great caution, when Konwell exclaimed, as he raised the flaming pine high above his head, and pointed with it in a certain direction, "*See! there he is!*"

14. This was the first word that had been spoken since we reëntered the cavern. I looked in the indicated direction, and there, indeed, lay the panther, stretched out at full length, but no longer dangerous. His eyes were set, his limbs were rigid,—the last agony was over. We skinned and cut him up as he lay. All three bullets had struck him, and both knives penetrated his body; and it must have been in the death-struggle that he leaped upon us.

15. When our work was ended, and we again came to the open air, the sun was low in the horizon, and all haste was necessary that we should set out on our forest-path without further delay. Our wounds smarted not a little, and, although we took time once more to wash them, they became so stiff that our progress was both toilsome and tedious. We soon became convinced that we should not succeed in reaching our companions while daylight remained, and we determined to bivouac for the night, at the foot of a rocky declivity, which promised a good shelter from the cutting wind.

16. To add to our discomfort, hunger began to make itself painfully felt; but this was soon overpowered by weariness, and, having gathered up the dry pine branches, we kindled up a good fire, and, without troubling ourselves to prepare any thing for supper, we stretched ourselves on the grass before it, and found the warmth most grateful.

17. Worn out by the toils of the day, in a few minutes

Konwell was fast asleep; but, although much inclined to follow his example, I was prevented by the restlessness of my dog, which seemed to wish to warn me of the presence of danger. The faithful animal, cringing closely to me, laid his nose on my shoulder, raising his head from time to time, and whined, as though he wished to communicate something, and then, for a few moments, would remain quiet. Then, suddenly, he would rise up as in the attitude of listening, occasionally uttering a low growl.

18. Completely awakened by this strange behavior on the part of my faithful dog, it seemed to me as if I heard a slight rustling among the dry bushes, and, rising up to a half-sitting posture, I looked toward the rock behind me, and, to my great astonishment, became aware of a pair of glaring eyes fastened upon me. As my head was between the fire and those fearful eyes, I could plainly distinguish the fiery balls as, reflected on by the red light, they peered above the naked rocks.

19. It was a panther, and evidently, from the position in which I saw it, was ready for a spring. Happily on this, as on every other night, my trusty gun lay close beside me. I seized it, and, half rising, so that the fire behind me afforded light for a steady aim, I leveled it exactly between the eyes. I fired, the bullet sped on its deadly errand, and the crack of the noble rifle, thundering against the steep rocks, returned with loud and prolonged echo.

20. Konwell, to whom the report of a gun was ever the sweetest music, now started up, as if roused by an electric shock, and grasped his gun. The dog continued his barking, smelling all around, and looking in my face as if to inquire in what direction he should go. There was no rustling movement on the rock, and the bullet must have taken effect.

21. Konwell shook his head as he inquired, "Why I had shot?" Without answering, I began to reload my gun: this finished, I took up a blazing pine brand from the fire, and proceeded to climb the steep wall of rock, that raised itself like a barrier, about twenty steps distant from the spot upon which we rested. Here I found an old panther, the largest I had ever seen, lying dead—my well-directed bullet had finished him. I flung the body over the rock, and my old comrade dragged him to the fire.

22. The ball had struck him directly in the right eye, passing through the brain. He was a fearful-looking animal, with terrible teeth and claws, and the more to be dreaded, as, when we cut him up, his stomach was found entirely empty. I believed that hunger had driven him so close to the fire; but Konwell thought he had scented the fresh venison we had with us. Be that as it may, there was little doubt but that he would have made a leap, as soon as the intervening fire had burned down; to its friendly presence, therefore, on this occasion, as a means of Providence, we owed our lives.

QUESTIONS.—1. What had Konwell driven into a den? 2. What preparation did he make, before entering into the cavern? 3. How far had the men proceeded before they saw the panther? 4. Describe the appearance of the panther, as they came near him after the first shot. 5. What did the panther do after the men both fired at him? 6. Did they finally succeed in killing the panther? 7. Describe the manner in which they killed another panther.

LESSON XL.

RAP'IDS, part of a river where the current is swift.
TUR'BU LENCE, violent agitation.
HELM, instrument for steering a vessel.
EX CUR'SION, tour; ramble.
A BOY', sea term used in hailing a vessel.
QUAFF, drink largely.
HOIST, raise; lift up.
BLAS PHEM'ING, uttering impious language.
SHRIEK'ING, screaming; crying out.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

1. I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

2. "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

3. "Is it *possible* that only a mile from us, we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls'?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

4. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind, adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

5. Suddenly, some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

6. Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed,—there is no danger."

7. "*Young men, ahoy there!*"

"What is it?"

"*The rapids are below you!*"

8. "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it.

Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may,—will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

9. (*ff*) "YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

10. "Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! (=) Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! (*sl*) Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming; over they go."

11. Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it* is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

QUESTIONS.—1. Where are the Niagara Falls? 2. How does the water appear just above the Falls? 3. How does it appear farther up? 4. What reply are the young men represented as making, when first told the rapids were below them? 5. What, when told the second time? 6. What must they do, to escape destruction? 7. What is said of *the power of habit*?

LESSON XLI.

BE SOT′ TED, stupefied.
BUR LESQUE′ ED, mocked; derided.
DE FI′ ED, set at defiance.
CHER′ ISH ED, fostered; encouraged.
SCRAW′ LED, scattered; spread.
LIV′ ID, discolored; black and blue.
MIR′ ROR ED, reflected, as in a glass.
RE VEAL′ MENTS, disclosures.
PLIGHT′ ED, pledged.
FOR SWORN′, perjured.
STAMP′ ED, impressed; fixed deeply.
BLIGHT, blasting disease.
A TONE′, make reparation.
PRO CLAIM′ ED, openly declared.
LOATHE, detest; abhor.
BEV′ ER AGE, drink.

* Temperate drinking.

These verses should be read in a firm, half-indignant, yet imploring tone of voice,—except the last verse, which should be expressed in a very decided, and impassioned manner.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.*

1. Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief,—the scalding tear.

2. Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

3. Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

4. Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

* These beautiful and touching verses were written by a young lady, in reply to a friend who had called her a monomaniac on the subject of temperance.

5. Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

6. Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye,—her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—*a drunkard's wife!*
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, *a drunkard's child!*

7. Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that *my soul* hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaimed, "'*T is drink and die!*"

8. Tell me I *hate* the bowl;
Hate is a feeble word:
(*f*) *I loathe*, ABHOR,—*my very soul*
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!!

QUESTIONS.—1. By whom was this poetry written? 2. What circumstance induced her to write it? 3. What is the meaning of *monomaniac*? Ans. One who is deranged in a single faculty of the mind, or with regard to a particular subject, the other faculties being in regular exercise. 4. What reasons does she assign for her hatred of alcoholic drink? 5. What does she say of her mother? 6. With what tone of voice should the last verse be read? See page 40, Rule 4. 7. Why are some words and sentences printed in Italics and Capitals? See page 22, Note III.

LESSON XLII.

RECʹ ORDS, accounts; minutes.
AN VENTʹ URES, doings; strange occurrences.
EN CUMʹ BER, load; clog.
GRAT I FI CAʹ TION, indulgence.
SCHEME, plan; progress.
DE LIB ER Aʹ TION, thought; consideration.
LUX Uʹ RI OUS, pleasure-loving.
EX PE DIʹ TION, tour; enterprise.
MO ROSEʹ, sour; ill-humored.
RE VOLTʹ ING, disgusting; abhorrent.
CON TEMʹ PLATE, consider; think upon.
REMʹ NANTS, remains.
IN VESʹ TI GATE, examine; look into.
AC COMʹ PLISHED, effected.
PIC TUR ESQUE', (*pikt yur ek'*,) grand; beautiful; picture-like.

THE TWO YOUNG TRAVELERS.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

1. HORACE and Herman, two young men who were friends, set out to travel in distant countries. Before they departed, each had formed a *plan* of proceeding. Horace determined to give himself up entirely to *pleasure*,—to go wherever his humor might dictate,—and to keep no records of his

adventures. In short, he resolved to *enjoy himself* as much as possible, and, by no means, to encumber his mind with cares, duties, or troubles of any kind.

2. Herman was as fond of amusement as Horace; but the *mode* he adopted for the gratification of his wishes, was quite different. In the first place, he made out a scheme of his travels: he procured maps, read books, and, after mature deliberation, adopted a certain route, as most likely to afford him pleasure as well as instruction.

3. In the formation of this plan, he spent several weeks; and, in this occupation, he found quite as much satisfaction as he afterwards did in traveling. Thus he obtained one great advantage over his idle and luxurious friend, who foolishly thought that the essence of enjoyment lay in freedom from thought, restraint, and toil. Even before they set out on their journey, Herman had actually found nearly as *much* pleasure as Horace received in the whole course of his expedition.

4. The two young men started together; and, as there were then no canals or railroads, they both set out on foot. They had not proceeded far before they separated,—Horace taking one road and Herman another.

5. After the lapse of three years, they both returned; but what a difference between them! Horace was morose and dissatisfied; he had seen a good deal of the world, but, as he had traveled with no other design than to *gratify himself* from hour to hour, he had soon exhausted the cup of pleasure, and found nothing at the bottom but the bitter dregs of discontent.

6. He pursued pleasure, till, at last, he found the pursuit to be distasteful and revolting. He grew tired even of amusement. He indulged his tastes, humors, and passions, until indulgence itself was disgusting. When he returned

to his friends, he had laid up nothing in his memory, by the relation of which he could amuse them; he had kept no record of things he had seen; he brought back no store of pleasing and useful recollections for himself, or others. Such was the result of three years' travel for pleasure.

7. It was quite otherwise with Herman. Adhering to his plans, he visited a great many places, and, each day, he recorded in his journal what he had seen. Whenever he met with an interesting object, he stopped to contemplate it. If it was some aged relic, famous in history, he took pains to investigate its story, and to write it down. If it was an object of interest to the eye, he made a sketch of it in a book which he kept for that purpose.

8. In this way, Herman accomplished three good objects. In the first place, by taking pleasure in a moderate way, and mixing with it a little toil and industry, he prevented that cloying surfeit which, at last, sickened and disgusted Horace.

9. In the second place, he greatly increased his enjoyments by the plan he adopted. Merely executing a plan is agreeable, and a source of great pleasure. It is natural to derive happiness from following out a design,—from seeing, hour by hour, day by day, how results come about, in conformity to our intentions.

10. But *this* was not the *only* advantage which Herman received from his system. The very toil he bestowed; the investigations he made; the pleasant thoughts and curious knowledge that were unfolded to his mind; the excitement he found in his exertions; the pleasure he took in drawing picturesque scenes; *all* constituted a rich harvest of pleasure, which was wholly denied to Horace.

11. Thus it was that labor and industry, exerted in carrying out a plan, afforded the young traveler a vast deal of

gratification. The very things that Horace looked upon as hateful, were, in fact, the sources of his friend's most permanent enjoyment.

12. In the third place, Herman had come back laden with rich stores of knowledge, observation, and experience. Not only was his journal rich in tales, legends, scenes, incidents, and historical records, but in putting these things down on paper, his memory had been improved, and he had acquired the habit of observing and remembering. His mind was full of pleasant things, and nothing could be more interesting than to hear him tell of his travels, and of what he had seen.

13. While Horace was dull, silent, and sour, Herman was full of conversation, life, and interest. The one was happy', the other unhappy'; one was agreeable', the other disagreeable'; one had exhausted the cup of pleasure', the other seemed always to have the cup full and sparkling before him'. It was agreed on all hands that Horace was a disagreeable person, and everybody shunned him; while Herman was considered by all a most agreeable companion, and everybody sought his society.

14. So much for the two travelers; *one*, a luxurious lover of pleasure, who thought only of the passing moment, and, in his folly, abused and threw away his powers of enjoyment; the *other*, a lover of pleasure also; but who pursued it moderately, with a wise regard to the future, and careful attention, every day, to the rules of duty; and who thus secured his true happiness.

QUESTIONS.—1. What plan had Horace determined to pursue while traveling? 2. What was Herman's plan? 3. What is said of Horace, after his return? 4. How was it with Herman? 5. What is said of the two in contrast? 6. What effect has the emphasis on the place of the accent in the words *unhappy*, and *disagreeable*, 12th paragraph? See page 22, note V.

LESSON XLIII.

Im' PORT, meaning.
GROV' EL ING, mean; creeping.
A CHIEVE' MENT, performance.
AS PI RA' TION, wish; ardent desire.
SAN' GUINE, ardent; hopeful.
RE' AL IZ ED, attained.
IN STI NA' TION, natural impulse.
STATE' LI NESS, dignity; majesty.
AD VENT' UR OUS, daring; enterprising.
EX UL TA' TION, (*x* like *gz*,) triumph.
RI' VALS, competitors.
DIG' NI TY, elevation, majesty.
ON' A CLES, wise words or sentences.
A' RIE, hight; summit.
TEN' E MENT, dwelling; *here means*, the body.
AN NOU' ING, warn.
RAPT' UR OUS, joyous; ecstatic.
AN TIC I PA' TION, foretaste.

PHI LOS' O PHY, (PHILO, *love*; SOPHY, *wisdom*,) love of wisdom; reason of things. See SANDERS & MCELLIGOTT'S, ANALYSIS, page 236, Ex. 334.

HIGHER!

1. HIGHER! It is a word of noble import. It lifts the soul of man from low and groveling pursuits, to the achievement of great and noble deeds, and ever keeps the object of its aspiration in view, till his most sanguine expectations are fully realized.

2. HIGHER! lisps the infant that clasps its parent's knee, and makes its feeble effort to rise from the floor. It is the first inspiration of childhood to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, and to exercise those feeble, tottering limbs, which are to walk forth in the stateliness of manhood.

3. HIGHER! echoes the proud school-boy in his swing; or, as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest, that he may look down upon his less adventurous comrades with a flush of exultation,—and abroad over the fields, the meadows, and his native village.

4. HIGHER! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature. He has a host of rivals; but he must excel them all. The midnight oil burns dim; but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never

weary, when the last of them is hid by the splendors of the morning.

5. And Higher! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has mantled his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of *Freedom* and *Right*. And when time has changed his locks to silver, —when the young and the old unite to do him honor, he still breathes forth from his generous heart fond wishes for their welfare.

6. Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor; yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with a steadier and purer light. And even now, while his frail tenement begins to admonish him, that "the time of his departure is at hand," he looks forward, with rapturous anticipation, to the never-fading glory, attainable only in the presence of the Most High.

Questions.—1. What is said of the word *Higher*, first paragraph? 2. When does the school-boy say Higher? 3. What is said of the student? 4. What, when he arrives at manhood? 5. What, when he becomes old? 6. Where is the passage within the quotation to be found? Ans. 2 Timothy, 4th chapter, 6th verse.

LESSON XLIV.

In tens' er, more fervent.
Stub' born, unyielding; rugged.
Deem, think; imagine.
Old' en, old; ancient.
Clings, sticks; adheres closely.
Gal' lant, fine; noble.
Yawn' ing, wide-opening.
Fu' ry, rage; madness.
Rave, rage; become furious.
Hab' it ic, habitual; continuous.
Men' tal, intellectual.
Wield, sway; exert.
Priv' i lege, right; opportunity.
Dow' er, gift; portion.

LABOR.*

Caroline F. Orne.

1. Ho, ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where, from the burning iron's breast,
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow!—
Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do!

2. Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plow
Who bend beneath the summer sun,
With burning cheek and brow!—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now;
But, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor all day through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do!

3. Ho, ye who plow the sea's blue field,
Who ride the restless wave,
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wint'ry winds
Like fiends of fury rave!—

* These lines were suggested by the simple incident of an industrious wood-sawyer's reply to a man who told him that *his was a hard work*. "Yes, it is hard, to be sure; but *it is harder to do nothing*," was his answer.

Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do!

4. Ho, ye upon whose fevered cheeks
The hectic glow is bright,
Whose mental toil wears out the day,
And half the weary night,
Who labor for the souls of men,
Champions of truth and right!—
Although ye feel your toil is hard,
Even with this glorious view,
Remember, it is harder still
To have no work to do!

5. Ho, all who labor,—all who strive
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength.
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege *to do*
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh, to your birthright and yourselves
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs,
Who have no work to do!

QUESTIONS.—1. What incident suggested these thoughts to the writer? 2. Who toil at the anvil? 3. Who till the stubborn soil? 4. Who plow the sea's blue wave? 5. Who toil mentally? 6. Who labor for the souls of men? 7. What is man's most noble dower? 8. What is said to all these different laborers? 9. What is the meaning of the suffix *less* in the word *restless*? See SANDERS & MCELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS, page 140, EX. 167.

LESSON XLV.

E LIC' IT, draw forth.
IN TEL' LI GENT, knowing; well-informed.
RE TAIN', hold in, or keep back.
IG NO RA' MUS, ignorant person.
RE TORT', reply; answer back.
IN DEL' I BLY, in a way not to be effaced.
MYS' TE RIES, profound secrets.
AB SORB' ED, engrossed; occupied.
MOR TI FI CA' TION, deep disappointment.
OB' STA CLE, hinderance; impediment.
RE VOLT' ED, shrunk back.
PÜR' ING, earnestly perusing.
EM' I NENCE, distinction.
IN FOR MA' TION, knowledge.
IL LIT' ER ATE, ignorant; unlearned.
PRO FES' SION, business; employment.
DIS' CI PLIN ED, trained; instructed.
CON TEMPT' U OUS, scornful; hateful.
AN TAG'O NIST, opponent; adversary.

THE AMBITIOUS APPRENTICE.

1. "How far is it from here to the sun? asked Harmon Lee of his father's apprentice, James Wallace, intending by the question to elicit some reply that would exhibit the boy's ignorance.

2. James Wallace, a boy of fourteen, turned his bright, intelligent eyes upon the son of his employer, and replied, "I don't know, Harmon. How far is it?"

3. There was something so honest and earnest in the tone of the boy, that, much as Harmon had felt disposed, at first, to sport with his ignorance, he could not refrain from giving him a true answer. Still, his contempt for the ignorant apprentice was not to be concealed, and he replied, "*Ninety-five millions of miles*, you ignoramus!" James did not retort; but, repeating over in his mind the distance named, fixed it indelibly upon his memory.

4. On the same evening, after he had finished his day's work, he obtained a small text-book on astronomy, which belonged to Harmon Lee, and went up into his garret with a candle, and there, alone, attempted to dive into the mysteries of that sublime science. As he read, the earnestness of his

attention fixed nearly every fact upon his mind. So intent was he, that he perceived not the flight of time, until the town-clock struck ten.

5. He lay down upon his hard bed, and gave full scope to his thoughts. Hour after hour passed away, but he could not sleep, so absorbed was he in reviewing the new and wonderful things he had read. At last, wearied nature gave way, and he fell into a slumber, filled with dreams of planets, moons, comets, and fixed stars.

6. The next morning the apprentice boy resumed his place at the work-bench with a new feeling; and, with *this* feeling, was mingled one of regret, that he could not go to school as well as Harmon.

"But I can study at night, while he is asleep," he said to himself.

7. Just then Harmon Lee came into the shop, and, approaching James, said, for the purpose of teasing him, "How big round is the earth, James?"

"*Twenty-five thousand miles*," was the quick reply.

8. Harmon looked surprised, for a moment, and then responded, with a sneer,—for he was not a kind-hearted boy, but, on the contrary, very selfish, and disposed to *injure* rather than *do good* to others,—"Oh! how wonderfully wise you are all at once! And no doubt you can tell how many moons Jupiter has? Come, let us hear."

9. "Jupiter has four moons," James answered, with something of exultation in his tone.

"And, no doubt, you can tell how many rings it has?"

"Jupiter has no rings. Saturn has rings, and Jupiter belts," James replied, in a decisive tone.

10. For a moment or two Harmon was silent with surprise and mortification, to think that his father's *apprentice*, whom he esteemed so far below him, should be possessed of

knowledge equal to his, and on the points in reference to which he had chosen to question him,—and that he should be able to convict him of an error, into which he had purposely fallen.

11. "I should like to know how long it is since you became so wonderfully wise," said Harmon, with a sneer.

"Not very long," James replied calmly. "I have been reading one of your books on astronomy."

12. "I should like to know what business *you* have to touch one of *my* books! You had better be minding your work."

"I did not neglect it, Harmon; I read at *night*, after I was done with my work; and I did not hurt your book."

"I don't care if you *didn't* hurt it. You are not going to have my books, I can tell you. So, you just let them alone."

13. Poor James's heart sank within him at this unexpected obstacle, so suddenly thrown in his way. He had no money of his own to buy, and knew of no one from whom he could borrow the book, that had become so necessary to his happiness. "Do, Harmon," he said, "lend me the book; I will take good care of it."

"No; I will not. And don't you dare to touch it," was the angry reply.

14. James Wallace knew well enough the selfish disposition of Harmon, to be convinced that there was now but little hope of his having the use of his books, except by stealth; and from that his naturally open and honest principles revolted. All day he thought earnestly of the means whereby he should be able to obtain a book on astronomy, to quench the ardent thirst he had created in his own mind.

15 He was learning the trade of a blind-maker. Having been already an apprentice for two years, and being indus-

trious and intelligent, he had acquired a readiness with tools, and much skill in some parts of his trade. While sitting alone, after he had finished his work for the day, it occurred to him that he might, by working in the evening, earn some money, and with it buy such books as he wanted.

16. By consent of his employer, he succeeded in getting a small job, from one of his neighbors; and, in a short time, by working evenings, he obtained sufficient money to purchase a book of his own, and had a half dollar left, with which he bought a second-hand dictionary. Every night found him poring over his books; and, as soon as it was light enough in the morning to see, he was up and reading. During the day, his mind was pondering over the things he had read, while his hands were diligently employed in the labor assigned him.

17. It occurred, just at this time, that a number of benevolent individuals established, in the town where James lived, one of those excellent institutions, an Apprentices' Library. To this he applied, and obtained the books he needed. And thus, did this poor apprentice boy lay the foundation of future eminence and usefulness. At the age of twenty-one, he was master of his trade; and, what was more, had laid up a vast amount of general and scientific information.

18. Let us now turn to mark the progress of the young student, Harmon Lee, in one of the best seminaries in his native city, and afterwards at college. The idea that he was to be a lawyer, soon took possession of his mind, and this caused him to feel contempt for other boys, who were merely designed for trades or store-keeping.

19. Like too many others, he had no love for learning. To be a *lawyer* he thought would be much more honorable than to be a mere mechanic; and, for this reason *alone*, he desired to be one. As for James Wallace, the poor illiterate

apprentice, he was most heartily despised, and never treated by Harmon with the least degree of kind consideration.

20. At the age of eighteen, Harmon was sent away to one of the eastern universities, and there remained until he was twenty years of age, when he graduated, and came home with the honorary title of Bachelor of Arts. On the very day that James completed his term of apprenticeship, Harmon was admitted to the bar.

21. From some cause, James determined he would make law *his* profession. To the acquirement of a knowledge of legal matters, therefore, he bent all the energies of a well disciplined mind. Two years passed away in an untiring devotion to the studies he had assigned himself, and he then made application for admission to the bar.

22. Young Wallace passed his examinations with some applause, and the first case on which he was employed, chanced to be one of great difficulty, which required all his skill; the lawyer on the opposite side was Harmon Lee, who entertained for his father's apprentice the utmost contempt.

23. The cause came on. There was a profound silence and a marked attention and interest, when the young stranger arose in the court-room to open the case. A smile of contempt curled the lip of Harmon Lee, but Wallace saw it not. The prominent points of the case were presented in plain, but concise language to the court; and a few remarks bearing upon its merits being made, the young lawyer took his seat, and gave room for the defense.

24. Instantly Harmon Lee was on his feet, and began referring to the points presented by his "very learned brother," in a very flippant manner. There were those present who marked the light that kindled in the eye of Wallace, and the flash that passed over his countenance at

the first contemptuous word and tone that were uttered by his antagonist at the bar. These soon gave place to attention, and an air of conscious power. Nearly an hour had passed when Harmon resumed his seat with a look of exultation, which was followed by a pitying and contemptuous smile as Wallace again slowly rose.

25. Ten minutes, however, had not passed when that smile had changed to a look of surprise, mortification, and alarm. The young lawyer's first speech showed him to be a man of calm, deep, systematic thought,—well skilled in points of law and in authorities,—and, more than all, a lawyer of practical and comprehensive views. When he sat down, no important point in the case had been left untouched, and none that had been touched, required further elucidation.

26. Lee followed briefly, in a vain attempt to torture his language and break down his positions. But he felt that he was contending with weapons whose edges were turned at every blow. When he took his seat again, Wallace merely remarked that he was prepared, without further argument, to submit the case to the court.

27. The case was accordingly submitted, and a decision unhesitatingly made in favor of the plaintiff, or Wallace's client. From that hour James Wallace took his true position. *The despised apprentice became the able and profound lawyer*, and was esteemed for real talent and real moral worth, which, when combined, ever place their possessor in his true position. Ten years from that day, Wallace was elevated to the bench, while Lee, a second-rate lawyer, never rose above that position.

Questions.—1. What profession did James study, after he had learned his trade? 2. Who was his opponent in the first cause he tried? 3. Which won the case? 4. What did James finally become?

LESSON XLVI.

Tĭunf' ing ly, insultingly.
Dig' ni fi ed, noble.
Dis' pu tants, persons disputing.
Rĕs o lu' tion, decision.
Im ăg' in ed, fancied. [tion.
Re flec' tion, thought; considera-
Su pe ri or' i ty, preëminence.
Sub or' di nate, one inferior in position.
Bor' der ed, struggled against.
Thrăl'dŏm, bondage.
Des pot' ic, tyrannical.
Op pres' sion, tyranny.
Pen' u ry, poverty; destitution.
Pred e ces' sors, those who have gone before.
Dis pen sa' tions, dealings.
Cŭr' ren cy, standard; measure.

"SO WAS FRANKLIN."

Anon.

1. "Oh, you're a *'prentice!*" said a little boy, the other day, tauntingly, to his companion. The boy addressed turned proudly round, and, while the fire of injured pride, and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered, "*So was Franklin!*"

2. This dignified reply struck me forcibly, and I turned to mark the disputants more closely. The former, I perceived by his dress, was of a higher class in society than his humble, yet more dignified companion. The latter was a sprightly, active lad, scarce twelve years old, and coarsely, but neatly attired. But, young as he was, there was visible in his countenance much of genius, manly dignity, and determinate resolution; while that of the former showed only fostered pride, and the imagined superiority of riches.

3. That little fellow, thought we, gazing at our young hero, displays already much of the man, though his calling be a humble one; and, though poverty extends to him her dreary, cheerless reality, still he looks on the brightest side of the scene, and already rises in anticipation from poverty and wretchedness! Once, "*so was Franklin*," and the world may one day witness in our little "*'prentice*" as great a

philosopher as they have already seen in his noble pattern! And we passed on, buried in meditation.

4. The motto of our infantile philosopher contains much,—too much to be forgotten, and should be engraven on the minds of all. What can better cheer man in a humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and the best of earth—the greatest statesmen, the brightest philosophers, and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession?

5. "Look at Franklin! He who
With the thunder talked, as friend to friend,
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist."

What was he? A *printer!* once a subordinate in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face; but her blank, hollow look, could nothing daunt him. He struggled against a harder current than most are called to encounter; but he did not yield. He pressed manfully onward; bravely buffeted misfortune's billows, and gained the desired haven!

6. Look at Cincinnatus! At the call of his country he laid aside the plow and seized the sword. But wielding it with entire success, when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay, "he beat his sword into a plowshare," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

7. Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was first a *farmer;* next a *Commander in Chief* of the hosts of freedom, fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression; next called to the highest seat of government, by his ransomed brethren, a *President of the largest Republic on earth*, and lastly, a *farmer* again.

8. What was the famous Ben Jonson? He was first a *brick-layer, or mason!* What was he in after years? 'Tis needless to answer.

What was Burns? An Ayrshire *plowman!* What was he in after life, in the estimation of his countrymen, and the world? Your library gives the answer!

9. But shall we go on, and call up, in proud array, all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died, who were cradled in the *lap of penury*, and received their first lessons in the school of affliction'? Nay'; we have cited instances enough already,—yea, more than enough to prove the point in question—namely, *that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and worthiest.*

10. Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointments well-nigh sink your despairing soul'? Have courage! Mighty ones have been your predecessors, and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark.

11. Do you despise your humble station, and repine that Providence has not placed you in some nobler sphere'? Murmur not against the dispensations of an All-wise Creator! Remember that wealth is no criterion of moral rectitude, or intellectual worth,—that riches dishonestly gained, are a lasting curse,—that virtue and uprightness work out a rich reward,—and that

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

12. And when dark Disappointment comes, do not wither at her stare; but press forward, and the prize is yours! It was thus with *Franklin*,—it can be thus with *you*. He strove for the prize, and he won it! So may *you!* 'Tis

well worth contending for; and success may attend you! and the "stars" grow brighter, as the "stripes" wear deeper.

QUESTIONS—1. What did the rich boy say of the poor boy? 2. What reply did the poor boy make? 3. What other examples are cited of eminent men who were once poor? 4. What is said of Cincinnatus? 5. Of Washington? 6. Of Ben Jonson? 7. Of Burns? 8. What do all these examples prove? 9. What encouragement is given to young men? 10. What are the full forms of the words *you're*, *'prentice*?

LESSON XLVII.

MAĞ' IC, power of enchantment.
CON TEN' TION, strife; controversy.
TRA DI" TION, facts or events handed down from age to age.
..UN' TILE, thin; slight; slender.
IN VEST' ED, clothed.
CREST' ED, adorned with a plume or crest.
AZ' URE, light-blue; sky-colored.
VEST' URE, garment.
SE DATE', calm; quiet.
FAN TAS' TIC, fanciful; visionary.
RA' DI ANCE, brightness; luster.
IN VEC' TIVE, railing speech.
I MA' GE, imaginary.
FA TIGU' ING, wearisome; toilsome.
AS PĪR' ING, aiming; seeking to rise.

PER SPEC' IVE, (PER, *through*; SPECT, *to see*; IVE, *having the power*,) having the power to see through; a view through.

UN DI VERT' ED, (UN, *not*; DI, *aside*; VERTED, *turned*,) not turned aside; unheeded.

NOW AND THEN.

JANE TAYLOR.

1. IN distant days,—of wild romance,
Of magic, mist, and fable,—
When stones could argue, trees advance,*
And brutes to talk were able,—
When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,
And manage all the parts of speech,—

* The reference is to Orpheus, (or' fūse,) an ancient poet and musician of Greece. The skill of Orpheus on the lyre, was fabled to have been such as to move the very trees and rocks, and to assemble the beasts around him as he touched its chords.

2. 'Twas *then*, no doubt, if 'twas at all,
(But doubts we need not mention,)
That *Then* and *Now*, two adverbs small,
Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear,
Tradition doth not make appear.

3. *Then* was a sprite of subtile frame,
With rainbow tints invested,—
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eyes of azure hue,
Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

4. *Now* rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture;
She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed, by word or gesture;
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And looked industrious, calm, and good.

5. *Then* sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on,
Still stretching, as she sailed along,
Toward the far horizon,
Where clouds of radiance, fringed with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.

6. *Now* rarely raised her sober eye
To view that golden distance;
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of *Then's* assistance;
But still with busy hands she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.

7. She ate the sweet, but homely fare,
That passing moments brought her;
While *Then*, expecting dainties rare,
Despised such bread and water;
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.

8. *Now*, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective;
And pointed, as she made reply,
Toward that long perspective
Of years to come,—in distant blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.

9. "Alas!" says she, "*how hard you toil!*
With undiverted sadness;
Behold yon land of wine and oil!
Those sunny hills of gladness!
Those joys I wait, with eager brow,"—
"*And so you always will!*" said *Now*.

10. "That fairy land that looks so real,
Recedes as you pursue it;
Thus, while you *wait* for times ideal,
I take my work and do it;
Intent to form, when time is gone,
A *pleasant past* to look upon."

11. "Ah, well," said *Then*, "I envy not
Your dull, fatiguing labors,—
Aspiring to a brighter lot,
With thousands of my neighbors;
Soon as I reach that golden hill,"—
"But that," says *Now*, "you *never will!*"

12. "And e'en suppose you should," said she,
"(Though mortal ne'er attained it,)
Your nature you must change with me,
The moment you have gained it;
Since hope fulfilled, (you must allow,)
Turns Now to *Then*, and THEN to *Now*."

QUESTIONS.—1. What two words are represented as holding a controversy? 2. Describe the appearance of each. 3. When did *Then* propose to do something? 4. How did *Now* act? 5. What answer did *Then* make, when *Now* asked her why she waited? 6. What was *Now's* reply? 7. What did *Now* finally say to *Then*? 8. How should passages, within a parenthesis, be read? See SANDERS' UNION READER, NUMBER THREE, page 20.

LESSON XLVIII.

IN GEN' IOUS, artful; skillful.
STRAT' A GEM, trick; artifice.
EX CEED' ED, surpassed.
SIG' NALS, signs.
AM' I CA BLE, friendly; peaceable.
RE PEL', (RE, *back*; PEL, *to drive*,) drive back.
MU' TU AL, reciprocal.
EX TRAOR' DI NA RY, uncommon.
IN TER' MI NATE, obstinate; violent.
HA RANGUE', declamatory speech.
EN TER TAIN' ED, held; had.
SUS PI' CION, mistrust.
EN COUN, TER ED, met face to face.
EX' E CU TED, carried out.
FOR' MI DA BLE, fearful; dreadful.
PER FID' I OUS, treacherous.
PRE CIP' I TATE LY, headlong.
IN AN' I MATE, dead; lifeless.

AN INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.

DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

1. IN the early part of the war, a sergeant and twelve armed men undertook a journey through the wilderness, in the State of New Hampshire. Their route was remote from any settlement, and they were under the necessity of encamping over night in the woods. Nothing material happened

the first day of their excursion; but, early in the afternoon of the second, they, from an eminence, discovered a body of armed Indians advancing toward them, whose number rather exceeded their own.

2. As soon as the whites were perceived by their red brethren, the latter made signals, and the two parties approached each other in an amicable manner. The Indians appeared to be much gratified with meeting the sergeant and his men, whom, they observed, they considered as their protectors. They said they belonged to a tribe which had raised the hatchet with zeal in the cause of liberty, and were determined to do all in their power to repel the common enemy.

3. They shook hands in friendship. When they had conversed with each other for some time, and exchanged mutual good wishes, they, at length, separated, and each party traveled in a different direction. After proceeding to the distance of a mile or more, the sergeant, who was acquainted with all the different tribes, and knew on which side of the contest they were respectively ranked, halted his men, and addressed them in the following words:

4. "My brave companions, we must use the utmost caution, or this night may be our last. Should we not make some extraordinary exertions to defend ourselves, to-morrow's sun may find us sleeping, never to wake. You are surprised, comrades, at my words, and your anxiety will not be lessened, when I inform you that we have just passed *our most inveterate foe*, who, under the mask of pretended friendship, which you have witnessed, would lull us to security, and, by such means, in the unguarded moments of our midnight slumber, without resistance, seal our fate."

5. The men with astonishment listened to this short harangue; and their surprise was greater, as not one of them had entertained the suspicion but that they had just encountered friends. They all immediately resolved to enter into some scheme for their mutual preservation, and the destruction of their enemies. By the proposal of their leader, the following plan was adopted and executed.

6. The spot selected for their night's encampment, was near a stream of water, which served to cover their rear. They felled a large tree, before which, on the approach of night, a brilliant fire was lighted. Each individual cut a log of wood, about the size of his body, rolled it nicely in his blanket, placed his hat upon one end, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might be deceived, and mistake it for a man.

7. After they had thus fitted out logs, equal in number to the sergeant's party, and had so artfully arranged them, that they might be easily mistaken for so many soldiers, the men with loaded muskets placed themselves behind the fallen tree, by which time the shades of evening began to close around. The fire was kept burning brilliantly until late in the evening, when it was suffered to decline.

8. The critical time was now approaching, when an attack might be expected from the Indians; but the sergeant's men rested in their place of concealment with great anxiety, till near midnight, without perceiving any movement of the enemy. At length, a tall Indian was discovered, through the glimmering of the fire, cautiously moving toward them, making no noise, and apparently using every means in his power to conceal himself from any one about the camp.

9. For a time, his actions showed him to be suspicious that a guard might be stationed to watch any unusual appearance, who would give the alarm in case of danger; but, all appearing quiet, he ventured forward more boldly, rested upon his toes, and was distinctly seen to move his finger as

he numbered each log of wood, or what he supposed to be a human being quietly enjoying repose.

10. To satisfy himself more fully, as to the number, he counted them over a second time, and cautiously retired. He was succeeded by another Indian, who went through the same movements, and retired in the same manner. Soon after, the whole party, sixteen in number, were discovered approaching, and greedily eying their supposed victims.

11. The feelings of the sergeant's men can be better imagined than described, when they saw the base and cruel purpose of their enemies, who were now so near that they could scarcely be restrained from firing upon them. The plan, however, of the sergeant, was to have his men remain silent in their places of concealment, till the muskets of the savages were discharged, that their own fire might be effectual, and opposition less formidable.

12. Their suspense was not of long duration. The Indians, in a body, cautiously approached till within a short distance: they then halted, took deliberate aim, discharged their pieces upon inanimate logs, gave a dreadful war-whoop, and instantly rushed forward, with tomahawk and scalping-knife in hand, to dispatch the living, and obtain the scalps of the dead.

13. As soon as they had collected in close order, more effectually to execute their horrid intentions, the sergeant's party discharged their pieces, not on logs of wood, but perfidious savages,—many of whom fell under the hot fire of the little band, and the rest precipitately fled. But for this ingenious scheme, it is probable that not one of these twelve men would have escaped the tomahawk of the savages.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did the sergeant say to his men, after parting with the Indians? 2. What plan did the sergeant propose for their preservation? 3. Did the plan succeed? 4. Describe the closing scene.

LESSON XLIX.

VEN' ER A BLE, worthy of reverence.
IN VA' SION, irruption; inroad.
EX CĪT' ED, roused; stirred up.
IRE, wrath; indignation.
VENGE' ANCE, retaliation.
RE LEAS' ED, set free; liberated.
TRO' PHIES, memorials of victory.
BE REFT', deprived.
VULT' URE, rapacious bird.
TRAV' ERS ED, crossed over.
DE SCRIP' TION, representation.
MA TERN' AL, motherly.
FIL' IAL, becoming a child. [ship.
CON SAN GUIN' I TY, blood relation-
IN TEL' LI GENCE, news; information.
I DEN' TI TY, sameness.
SUR VĪV' ED, remained alive.
AS CER TĀIN' ED, found out.
IN TER' PRET ER, explainer.
LIN' E A MENTS, features.

FRANCES SLOCUM, THE YOUNG CAPTIVE.*

B. J. LOSSING.

1. I PASSED the evening with the venerable Joseph Slocum, whose family was among the sufferers, in Wyoming Valley. He related to me all the particulars of the capture and final discovery of his sister Frances, and other incidents connected with the sufferings of his family.

2. His father was a Quaker, and was distinguished for his kindness to the Indians. He remained unharmed at the time of the invasion, and, while the torch was applied to the dwellings of others, *his* was left untouched. But his son Giles was in the battle. This, doubtless, excited the ire of the Indians, and they resolved on vengeance.

3. Late in the autumn, they were seen prowling about the house, which was situated about one hundred rods from

* The great massacre at Wyoming was, perhaps, the most bloody and terrible chapter of the Revolution. A combined Indian and Tory force had flung itself upon the peaceful valley, and murdered or made captive nearly all its unoffending inhabitants; its old and its young,—men, women, and children alike,—were either indiscriminately butchered or made prisoners. Among the prisoners taken on that occasion, was an infant child by the name of Frances Slocum. The story is a very strange one; we copy it from Lossing's very excellent work, "The Field Book of the Revolution."

the Wilkesbarre Fort. A neighbor, named Kingsley, had been made prisoner, and his wife and two sons had a welcome home in Mr. Slocum's family. One morning, the boys were grinding a knife near the house, when a rifle-shot and a shriek brought Mrs. Slocum to the door. An Indian was scalping the eldest boy, a lad of fifteen, with the knife he had been grinding.

4. The savage then went into the house, and caught up a little son of Mrs. Slocum. "See!" exclaimed the frightened mother, "he can do thee no good; he is lame." The Indian released the boy, took up her little daughter Frances, aged five years, gently in his arms, and, seizing the younger Kingsley, hastened to the mountains.

5. Two Indians who were with him, carried off a black girl, about seventeen years of age. Mr. Slocum's daughter caught up her brother Joseph, (my informant,) two and a half years old, and fled in safety to the fort, where an alarm was given; but the savages were beyond successful pursuit.

6. About six weeks afterward, Mr. Slocum and his father-in-law Ira Tripp, were shot and scalped by some Indians while foddering cattle near the house. Again the savages escaped with their horrid trophies. Mrs. Slocum, bereft of father, husband, and child, and stripped of all possessions but the house that sheltered her, could not leave the valley, for nine helpless children were yet in her household.

7. She trusted in the God of Elijah; and, if she was not fed by the ravens, she was spared by the vultures. She mourned not for the dead; for they were at rest: but little Frances, her lost darling, where was she? The lamp of hope kept on burning; but years rolled by, and no tidings of the little one came.

8. When peace returned, and friendly intercourse with Canada was established, two of the little captive's brothers

started in search of her. They traversed the wilderness to Niagara, offering rewards for her recovery; but all in vain. They returned to Wyoming, convinced that the child was dead. But the mother's heart was still the shrine of hope, and she felt assured that Frances was not in the grave.

9. Her soul appeared to commune with that of her child, and she often said, "I know Frances is still living." At length, the mother's heart was cheered: a woman, (for many years had now passed, and Frances, if living, must have arrived to womanhood,) was found among the Indians, answering the description of the lost one. She only remembered being carried away from the Susquehanna.

10. Mrs. Slocum took her home, and cherished her with a mother's tenderness. Yet the mysterious link of sympathy which binds the maternal spirit to its offspring, was unfelt, and the bereaved mother was bereaved still. "It may be Frances, but it does not seem so; yet the woman shall ever be welcome," said Mrs. Slocum. The foundling, also, felt no filial yearnings; and, both becoming convinced that no consanguinity existed, the orphan returned to her Indian friends.

11. From time to time, the hope of the mother would be revived, and journeys were made to distant Indian settlements in search of the lost sister; but in vain. The mother went "down into the grave, mourning," and little Frances was almost forgotten. Her brothers had become aged men, and their grandchildren were playing upon the very spot, whence she had been taken.

12. In the summer of 1837, fifty-nine years after her capture, intelligence of Frances was received. Colonel Ewing, an Indian agent and trader, in a letter from Logansport, Indiana, to the editor of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, gave such information, that all doubts respecting her identity

were removed, and Joseph Slocum, with the sister who carried him to the fort, and yet survived, immediately journeyed to Ohio, where they were joined by their younger brother Isaac.

13. They proceeded to Logansport, where they found Mr. Ewing, and ascertained that the woman spoken of by him, lived about twelve miles from the village. She was immediately sent for, and, toward evening the next day, she came into the town, riding a spirited young horse, accompanied by her two daughters, and the husband of one of them,—all dressed in full Indian costume.

14. An interpreter was procured, (for she could not speak or understand English,) and she listened seriously to what her brothers had to say. She answered but little, and, at sunset, departed for her home, promising to return the next morning. The brother and sister were quite sure that it was indeed Frances, though in her face nothing but Indian lineaments were seen, her color alone revealing her origin.

15. True to her appointment, she appeared the following morning, accompanied as before. Mr. Joseph Slocum then mentioned a mark of recognition, which, his mother had said, was a sure test. While playing, one day, with a hammer in a blacksmith's shop, Joseph, then a child two and a half years old, gave Frances a blow upon the middle finger of the left hand, which crushed the bone, and deprived the finger of its nail.

16. This test Mr. Slocum had withheld until others should fail. When he mentioned it, the aged woman was greatly agitated, and, while tears filled the furrows of her face, she held out the wounded finger. There was no longer a doubt, and a scene of great interest ensued. Her affections for her kindred, that had slumbered half a century, were aroused, and she made earnest inquiries after her

father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Her full heart,—full with the cherished secrets of her history,—was opened, and the story of her life freely given.

17. She said the savages, who were Delawares, after taking her to a rocky cave in the mountains, departed to the Indian country. The first night was the unhappiest of her life. She was kindly treated,—being carried tenderly in their arms when she was weary. She was adopted in an Indian family, and brought up as their daughter. For years she lived a roving life, and loved it. She was taught the use of the bow and arrow, and became expert in all the employments of savage existence.

18. When she was grown to womanhood, both her Indian parents died, and she soon afterward married a young chief of the nation, and removed to the Ohio country. She was treated with more respect than the Indian women generally; and so happy was she in her domestic relations, that the chance of being discovered, and compelled to return among the whites, was the greatest evil that she feared; for she had been taught that they were the implacable enemies of the Indians, whom she loved.

19. Her husband died, and, her people having joined the Miamies, she went with them, and married one of that tribe. The last husband was also dead, and she had been a widow many years. Children and grandchildren were around her, and her life was passing pleasantly away. When she concluded the narrative, she lifted her right hand in a solemn manner, and said, "All this is as true as that there is a Great Spirit in the heavens!" She had entirely forgotten her native language, and was a pagan.

20. On the day after the second interview, the brothers and sisters, with the interpreter, rode out to her dwelling. It was a well-built log house, in the midst of cultivation.

A large herd of cattle and sixty horses were grazing in the pasture. Everything betokened plenty and comfort; for she was wealthy, when her wants and her means were compared. Her annuity from government, which she received as one of the Miami tribe, had been saved, and she had about one thousand dollars in specie.

21. Her white friends passed several days very agreeably with her; and subsequently her brother Joseph, with his daughter, the wife of the Hon. Mr. Bennet, of Wyoming, made her another visit, and bade her a last farewell. She died a few years ago, and was buried with considerable pomp; for she was regarded as a queen among her tribe.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where is the Wyoming Valley? 2. Relate the incidents connected with the capture of little Frances. 3. What efforts were made to find her? 4. How many years after her capture before she was found? 5. Where did they find her? 6. By what test did Mr. Slocum prove that she was his sister? 7. What history did she relate of herself? 8. Describe her home.

LESSON L.

FRINGʹING, bordering; edging.
LEDGE, layer; ridge.
DAIʹSY, (literally *day's eye,*) a little flower that opens only in the daytime.
RIʹOTOUS, noisy; reveling.
BOISʹTEROUS, tumultuous; violent.
CULLʹING, selecting; picking.
BOU QUETSʹ, (boo kāz,) bunches of flowers.
SULLʹY, morose.
BOTHʹER ING, perplexing.
UNCOMMONLY, rare; uncommon.
TIʹRE SOME, tiresome; wearisome.

THE RAIN-DROPS.

DELIA LOUISE COLFOX.

1. *The silver rain, the golden rain,*
The tripping, dancing, laughing rain!
Stringing its pearls on the green leaf's edge,
Fringing with gems the brown rock's ledge,

Spinning a vail for the water-fall,
And building an amber-colored wall
Across the West where the sun-beams fall:
The gentle rain, in the shady lane,
The pattering, peering, winning rain!

2. *The noisy rain, the marching rain,*
The rushing tread of the heavy rain!
Pouring its rivers from out the blue,
Down on the grass where the daisies grew,
Darting in clouds of angry drops
Across the hills and the green tree-tops,
And kissing, at last, in its giant glee,
The foaming lips of the great, green sea:
The fierce, wild rain, the riotous rain,
The boisterous, dashing, shouting rain!

3. *The still night rain, the solemn rain!*
The soldier-step of the midnight rain!
With its measured beat on the roof o'erhead,
With its tidings sweet of the faithful dead,
Whispers from loves who are laid asleep
Under the sod where the myrtles creep,
Culling bouquets from the sun-lit past,
Of flowers too sweet, too fair to last:
The faithful rain, the untiring rain,
The cooing, sobbing, weeping rain!

4. *The sulky rain, the spiteful rain,*
The bothering, pilfering, thieving rain!
Creeping so lazily over the sky,
A leaden mask o'er a bright blue eye,
And shutting in, with its damp, strong hands,
The rosy faces in curls, and bands

Of girls who think, with unwonted frown,
Of the charming laces and things down-town,
That might as well for this tiresome rain,
Be in the rose land of Almahain:
The horrid rain, the tedious rain,
The never-ending, dingy rain!

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the meaning of the suffix *ing*, in such words as *tripping, dancing, laughing*, &c.? See SANDERS & MCELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS, page 153, EX. 206. 2. What is the use of the hyphen in such words as *water-fall, amber-colored*, &c.? See SANDERS' NEW SPELLER, page 165.

LESSON LI.

LAV' ISH, liberal; profuse.
PER' FUMES, pleasant odors.
HAR MO' NI OUS, concordant.
RAPT' URE, extreme joyousness.
GERMS, seed-buds; beginnings.
PAR' TI CLES, minute parts; atoms.
MOTES, very small particles.
VENT' URE, dare; have courage.
COL' UMNS, pillars.
DOME, arched roof; cupola.
TI' NY, very small.
ES' SENCE, perfume.

"SMALL THINGS."

F. BENNOCH.

1. WHO dares to scorn the meanest thing,
The humblest weed that grows,
While pleasure spreads its joyous wing
On every breeze that blows?
The simplest flower that, hidden, blooms
The lowest on the ground,
Is lavish of its rare perfumes,
And scatters sweetness round.

2. The poorest friend upholds a part
Of life's harmonious plan;

The weakest hand may have the art
To serve the strongest man.
The bird that highest, clearest sings,
To greet the morning's birth,
Falls down to drink, with folded wings,
Love's rapture on the earth.

3. From germs too small for mortal sight
Grow all things that are seen,
Their floating particles of light
Weave Nature's robe of green.
The motes that fill the sunny rays
Build ocean, earth, and sky,—
The wondrous orbs that round us blaze
Are motes to Deity!

4. Life, love, devotion, closely twine,
Like tree, and flower, and fruit;
They ripen by a power divine,
Though fed by leaf and root.
And he who would be truly great,
Must venture to be small;
On airy columns rests the dome
That, shining, circles all.

5. Small duties grow to mighty deeds;
Small words to thoughts of power;
Great forests spring from tiny seeds,
As moments make the hour.
And life, howe'er it lowly grows,
The essence to it given,
Like odor from the breathing rose,
Floats evermore to Heaven.

LESSON LII.

Ex tinct', extinguished.
In cor' po ra ted, united.
Tac' it, silent; implied.
Sub sist' ed, existed.
Hos pi tal' i ty, kind treatment.
Im por' tu nate, urgent; pressing.
En croach' ment, intrusion.
In' ri ta ted, provoked; exasperated.
Mas' sa cre, (*mas' sa ker,*) slaughter.
Grav' i ty, seriousness.
De lib' er ate, take counsel.
Trēa' son, treachery; disloyalty.
Ap prīs' ing, informing.
Be trāy', expose.
In vin' ci ble, unconquerable.
Wax' ed, became; grew.
Be sought', entreated; implored.
Suf fice', (*c* like *z*,) prove sufficient.

MURDERER'S CREEK.*

James K. Paulding.

1. Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region, watered by this stream, was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or incorporated with some other savage nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family, of the name of Stacy, had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacy had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts, highly estimated by the savages.

2. In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian, called Naöman, who often came to his house, and partook of his hospitality. *The Indians never forgive injuries, nor forget benefits.* The family consisted of Stacy, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, the latter three years old.

3. One day, Naöman came to Stacy's log-hut, in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacy's wife asked him what was the matter,—if he was sick.

* In Orange County, New York.

He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day, he came again and behaved in the same manner. Stacy's wife began to think strange of this, and related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came.

4. Accordingly, when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last, the old Indian said, "I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies: why should I speak?"—"But my husband and I are your friends: you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have anything on your mind, tell it me."—"It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naöman.

5. "Try me, and see."—"Will you swear by your Great Spirit that you will tell none but your husband?"—"I have none else to tell."—"But will you swear?"—"I do swear by our Great Spirit, I will tell none but my husband." "Not if my tribe should *kill* you for not telling?"—"Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling."

6. Naöman then proceeded to tell her that, owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach; that she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and, as secretly and speedily as possible, take their canoe and paddle, with all haste, over the river to Fishkill for safety. "Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion," said Naöman, as he departed.

7. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and, as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and,

meanwhile, Stacy recollected his gun, which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house, and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

8. The daily visits of old Naõman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had, accordingly, paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians, who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take to the boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacy, who, by this time, had got some distance out into the stream.

9. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle, and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting by telling him that, if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

10. When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacy's house, and dragged himself, his wife, and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naõman among them, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief men of the council stated that some of the tribe had, undoubtedly, been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacy, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm, and well-nigh escaped.

11. He proposed to examine the prisoners, to learn who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and

Naõman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English and interpreted to the others. Stacy refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned; while, at the same moment, two Indians stood threatening the two children, with tomahawks, in case she did not confess.

12. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring she had a dream the night before, which alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. "The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian. "Woman, thou hast two tongues, and two faces. Speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

13. "Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe'? I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor'? This is the second time." The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naõman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity.

14. She wrung her hands, and wept; but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor'?" "Tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naõman; but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

15. "Stop!" cried Naõman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop!" repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. *I am the traitor.* I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness, of these Christian white

people, and it was *I* that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk. Cut me down, if you will: I am ready."

16. A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naõman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk.

17. But the sacrifice of Naõman, and the firmness of the Christian white woman, did not suffice to save the lives of the other victims. They perished,—how, it is needless to say; and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream, on whose banks they lived and died, which, to this day, is called MURDERER'S CREEK.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where is Murderer's Creek? 2. What is said of Naõman and Stacy's family? 3. Why did Naõman, at first, refuse to tell Mrs. Stacy of her danger? 4. Did Stacy's family make their escape? 5. Where were they taken? 6. Did Mrs. Stacy tell who had informed her? 7. What measures did the Indians adopt, to make her tell? 8. What did Naõman say? 9. What did the Indians do with Naõman and Stacy's family?

LESSON LIII.

PER' IL OUS, hazardous; dangerous.
DE FILES, narrow passages.
PRE' I PIC ES, steep descents.
SOL' I TUDE, lonely places.
AM MU NI" TION, military stores, as powder, balls, &c.
DRA GOONS', mounted soldiers.
SUM' MIT, top; highest point.
AV A LANCHE', snow-slip.
CROUCH' ED, cringed.
AD VANCE', forward; proceed.
BE NUMB' ED, deprived of feeling.
EX PLOITS', heroic deeds.
IL LUS' TRATES, explains; makes clear.
HE RO' IC, brave; fearless.
UN FLINCH' ING, determined; resolute.

BAY' O NET, a short, pointed instrument of iron, or broad dagger, fitted to the barrel of a gun. It is so called, because the first bayonets were made at Bayonne, in France.

NAPOLEON'S ARMY CROSSING THE ALPS.

1. WHEN Napoleon was carrying war into Italy, he ordered one of his officers, Marshal Macdonald, to cross the Splugen with fifteen thousand soldiers, and join him on the plains below. The Splugen is one of the four great roads which cross the Alps from Switzerland to Italy.

2. When Macdonald received the order, it was about the last of November, and the winter storms were raging among the mountain passes. It was a perilous undertaking, yet he must obey; and the men began their terrible march through narrow defiles and overhanging precipices, six thousand feet up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps.

3. The cannon were placed on sleds drawn by oxen, and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides, sticking their long poles in the snow, in order to find the path; then came workmen to clear away the drifts; then the dragoons, mounted on their most powerful horses, to beat down the track; after which followed the main body of the army.

4. They encountered severe storms and piercing cold. When half-way up the summit, a rumbling noise was heard among the cliffs. The guides looked at each other in alarm; for they knew well what it meant. It grew louder and louder. "*An avalanche! an avalanche!*" they shrieked, and the next moment a field of ice and snow came leaping down the mountain, striking the line of march, and sweeping thirty dragoons in a wild plunge below. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared forever.

5. The sight struck the soldiers with horror; they crouched and shivered in the blast. Their enemy was not now flesh and blood, but wild winter storms; swords and bayonets could not defend them from the desolating avalanche. Flight

or retreat was hopeless; for all around lay the drifted snow, like a vast winding-sheet. On they must go, or death was certain, and the brave men struggled forward.

6. „Soldiers!" exclaimed their commander, "you are called to Italy; your general needs you. Advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the enemy!" Blinded by the winds, benumbed with the cold, and far beyond the reach of aid, Macdonald and his men pressed on. Sometimes a whole company of soldiers were suddenly swept away by an avalanche.

7. On one occasion, a poor drummer, crawling out from the mass of snow, which had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from his gloomy resting-place, and was heard by his brother soldiers; but none could go to his rescue. For an hour, he beat rapidly, then the strokes grew fainter, until they were heard no more, and the poor drummer laid himself down to die. Two weeks were occupied in this perilous march, and two hundred men perished in the undertaking.

8. This passage of the Splugen is one of the bravest exploits in the history of Napoleon's generals, and illustrates the truth of the proverb, "*Where there is a will there is a way.*" No one can read the heroic deeds of brave men grappling with danger and death, without a feeling of respect and admiration; but heroic deeds are always the fruit of *toil* and *self-sacrifice*. *No one can accomplish great things, unless he aims at great things, and pursues that aim with unflinching courage and perseverance.*

QUESTIONS—1. What orders had Napoleon given to Marshal Macdonald? 2. What time of years was it? 3. Describe the march of the army over the Alps. 4. What disaster occurred to them? 5. How did their commander address the army? 6. Describe the drummer boy's fate. 7. How many men perished? 8. What does this exploit of the army illustrate? 9. What is said of heroic deeds?

LESSON LIV.

Prov′ erbs, sayings; maxims.
Trāc′ ed, shown; marked out.
Woo′ ers, suitors; lovers.
Dense, close; thick.
Strīv′ ing, making efforts.
Con trōl′, restraint; government.
Cope, strive; contend.
De fy′ ing, daring; outbraving.
Ghōst, specter; apparition.
Re ly′, ing, trusting; depending.
Win′ ning, getting; gaining.
Brush′ es, prickly shrubs.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

ELIZA COOK.

1. We have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For wisdom has traced what they tell,
And truth may be drawn up as purely
From them, as it may from a "well."
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
In "*Where there's a* WILL *there's a* WAY."

2. The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his ax,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks.
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved by his striving,
That "*Where there's a* WILL *there's a* WAY."

3. Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
Or passions that need your control'?
Let Reason become your employer,
And your body be ruled by your soul.

Fight on, though ye bleed at the trial,
Resist with all strength that ye may,
Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
For, "*Where there's a* WILL *there's a* WAY."

4. Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with'?
Does suffering weigh down your might'?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh! much may be done by defying
The ghost of Despair and Dismay,
And much may be gained by relying
On "*Where there's a* WILL *there's a* WAY."

5. Should ye see afar off that worth winning,
Set out on a journey with trust,
And ne'er heed though your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Keep a heart and be sure ye go through it,
For, "*Where there's a* WILL *there's a* WAY."

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the meaning of this proverb, "*Where there's a will there's a way?*" 2. What instances can you mention in which its truth has been realized? 3. Do you apply this proverb in getting your lessons?

LESSON LV.

TAL'-IS-MAN, charm; amulet.
VAN, front or head of an army.
FE'-RE-NT, ardent; passionate.
PLUMES, supplies with feathers.
TRUSS'-ED, tightly
SWERVES, deviates.
D'AUNT, frighten; terrify.
BAN'-ISH, expel; drive away.

TEL'-E-GRAPH, (TELE, *far off*; GRAPH, *writing or marking,*) a machine to convey news far off. See SANDERS' NEW SPELLER, page 161, Ex. 419.

"I CAN!"

1. "I CAN!" oh yes,—we *know* you can!
We read it in your eye;
There is a mystic talisman
Flashing all gloriously!
Speak it out boldly, let it ring,
There is a volume there,
There's meaning in the eagle's wing
Then soar, and do, and dare!

2. "I CAN!" climbs to the mountain top,
And plows the billowy main;
He lifts the hammer in the shop,
And drives the saw and plane;
He's fearless in the battle shock,
And always leads the van
Of young America's brave sons,—
They never quailed nor ran.

3. "I CAN!" He is a fiery youth,
And WILL a brother twin,
And, arm in arm, in love and truth,
They'll either die or win.
Shoulder to shoulder, ever ready,
All firm and fearless still
These brothers labor,—true and steady,—
"I CAN," and brave "I WILL."

4. "I CAN," e'en on his pleasure trips,
Travels by telegraph;
He plumes the snowy wing of ships,
And never works by half;

His music is the humming loom,
And shuttles are his dancers,
Then clear the way, and quick give room,
For the noble-souled "I CAN," sirs!

5. "I CAN!" Indeed, we *know* you can!
'Tis lithe in every limb,
To your blood 'tis a busy fan,
How can the flame burn dim?
It tensely draws your sturdy nerves,—
No bow's without a string,
And when nor bow, nor bow-string swerves,
An arrow's on the wing.

6. "There is a magic in the power
Of an unbending *will*,
That makes us stronger every hour,
For greater efforts still.
Then banish from you every CAN'T,
And show yourself a MAN,
And nothing will your purpose daunt,
Led by the brave "I CAN!"

QUESTIONS.—1. What does "*I can*" do? 2. Who is called his twin brother? 3. What is said of an unbending will?

LESSON LVI.

CLŌ' ED, invested.
ARM' OR, defensive arms.
STORM' ING, taking by assault.
AIR' Y, fanciful; visionary.
FOR' TRESS, fort; strong-hold.
DE TĀIN', hinder; keep back.
WEAP' ONS, instruments for defense, or offense.
UN WOR' THY, undeserving.
RE GRET', sorrow for the past.
PHAN' TOM, specter; ghost-like.
SCĀRCE' LY, hardly.

NOW, TO-DAY.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

1. AR SE'! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone!
A place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of stern TO-DAY.

2. ARISE from your dreams of the Future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as *now*,—TO-DAY.

3. ARISE'! if the Past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife TO-DAY.

4. ARISE'! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle!
(*f*) *Rise!* RISE'! for the foe is near!

Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

QUESTIONS.—1. What reasons are assigned why we should arouse to effort *now, to-day?* 2. What rule for the falling inflection on *arise?* See Rule VIII., page 33. 3. How, according to the notation mark, should the last verse be read?

LESSON LVII.

REV O LU' TION, change of government.
FAN' CI ED, thought; imagined.
UN GEN' ER OUS, mean; ignoble.
AC KNOWL' EDGED, owned.
PLOT' TING, planning; contriving.
DE SIGN', purpose; intention.
CON SE QUENCE' EWES, intercourse by letters.
CON' QUEST, victory.
IN' TER VIEW, meeting; conference.
SOL' I TA RY, lonely; retired.
CON GRAT' U LA TING, rejoicing with.
IS' SU ED, started up; came forth.
SUS PECT' ING, mistrusting.
DE TECT' ED, exposed; found out.
A' MI A BLE, lovely; agreeable.
FEL' ON, criminal.

CON' SE QUENCE, (*con, with; sequence, a following,*) a following with, as an effect, or result.

IM PRESS' IVE, (IM, *in; PRESS, to bear upon; IVE, tending to,*) tending to press in, or upon; producing an *effect*.

IN VOLV' ED,(IN, *in; VOLVED, rolled,*) rolled in; enveloped.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

1. ONE of the saddest events in the history of the American Revolution is *the treason of Arnold*, and, in consequence of it, *the death of Major Andre*. Arnold was an officer in the American army, who, though brave, had a proud and impatient spirit.

2. He fancied he had not all the honor and the pay due for his services, and, having plunged himself into debt by

his expensive style of living, these things soured his heart; and, as is the case with ungenerous minds, he never acknowledged a fault, or forgave an injury. More than this, he sought revenge against his countrymen by plotting *treason against his country*.

3. Soon after forming this bad design, he opened a secret correspondence with the English General, Henry Clinton, and, at the same time, asked General Washington to give him the command of West Point, an important post on the Hudson river. Washington let him have it, and this he determined to betray into the hands of the enemy, provided he could make out of it a good bargain for himself.

4. He wrote to General Clinton what he would do, and asked to have a secret interview with some English officer, in order to agree upon the terms. General Clinton was delighted; for he thought an army divided against itself, must prove an easy conquest; and he asked Major Andre, a gallant young officer, to meet Arnold, and settle the price of his treason.

5. Andre did not wish to engage in such business; but he obeyed, and went up the Hudson in an English sloop-of-war for this purpose. Arnold agreed to meet him at a certain spot, and when night came on, sent a little boat to bring him ashore. He landed at the foot of a mountain called the Long Clove, on the western side of the river, a few miles from Haverstraw, where he found the traitor hid in a clump of bushes.

6. Little did poor Andre foresee the fatal consequences of this step. All that still star-light night they sat and talked; daylight came, and the business was not concluded. Arnold dismissed the boatmen, and led his companion to a solitary farm-house on the river's bank, where the papers were finally drawn up, and hid in one of Andre's stockings.

Andre felt how exposed he was to danger in the enemy's country, and heartily wished himself back to the sloop.

7. Forced now, however, to go by land, Arnold gave him a pass to go through the American lines, and, at sunset, he set off, on horseback, with a guide. They crossed the river, and, getting along on their dangerous journey with but few alarms, the guide left the next morning, and Andre rode briskly on, congratulating himself upon leaving all dangers behind, for he was rapidly nearing the English lines, when there was a loud shout, "*Stand!* HALT!" and three men* issued from the woods, one seizing the bridle, and the others presenting their guns.

8. Andre told them he had a pass to White Plains, on urgent business from General Arnold, and begged them not to detain him; but the men, suspecting that all was not right, began to search him, and, hauling off his boots, they discovered his papers in his stockings.

9. Finding himself detected, he offered them any sum of money, if they would let him go. "No;" answered the sturdy men, "not if you would give us ten thousand guineas;" for, though poor, they were above selling their country at any price. Andre was sent a prisoner to General Washington's camp. Arnold, on learning the news of his capture, immediately fled from West Point, and made his escape to the English sloop.

10. According to the rules of war, poor Andre was sentenced to the death of a spy. Great efforts were made to save him. General Clinton offered a large sum to redeem him. So young, so amiable, so gallant, and to meet a felon's doom! but, in ten days he was hung.

11. Arnold lived; but, with the thirty thousand dollars—

*Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart.

the price of his treachery—he lived a miserable man, despised even by those who bought him. And one impressive lesson which the story teaches, is, that *the consequences of guilt do not fall alone on the guilty man;* others are often involved in distress, disgrace, and ruin.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is one of the saddest events in the history of the American Revolution? 2. Who was Arnold? 3. What reason is assigned why he plotted treason against his country? 4. What measures did he adopt to do this? 5. With whom, and where did he make the agreement? 6. By whom was Andre detected? 7. What became of Andre and Arnold?

LESSON LVIII.

SE CŪR' ED, obtained.
HER' I TA TUD, pun ed.
MIS' ER A BLE, wretched.
SUP' PLI ANT, petitioner; beggar.
PE CŪL' IAR, singular; remarkable.
IN DIC' A TIVE, showing; intimating.
SO LIC' IT ED, asked; requested.
COS TUME', mode of dress.
VIG' OR OUS, stout; strong.
SYN' O NYM, a word meaning the same as some other word.
IN' FA MY, utter disgrace.

1 TAL' LEY RAND, a distinguished French statesman, was born Feb. 13th, 1754. He died May 20th, 1838.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

1. THERE was a day when Talleyrand[1] arrived in Havre, direct from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

2. "Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and should like a letter to a person of influence in the

New World." The landlord hesitated a moment, then replied: "There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain; but whether an American or an Englishman, I can not tell."

3. He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who, in his life, was Bishop, Prince, and Prime Minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked, and entered. In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room, sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a faint light rested on his forehead.

4. His eyes looked from beneath the downcast brows, and gazed on Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in outline,—the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

5. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive; and, under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind and generous offices. He related his history in eloquent French and broken English.

6. "I am a wanderer, and an exile. I am forced to flee to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American! Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have seized me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends? A gentleman like yourself has, doubtless, many friends."

7. The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated to the door of the next

chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward,—his voice was full of meaning. "I am the only man born in the New World, who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in all America!" Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

8. "Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room: "your name?" "My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression,—"my name is Benedict Arnold!" He was gone: Talleyrand sank into his chair, gasping the words, "Arnold, the Traitor!"

9. Thus, you see, he wandered over the earth another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow. Even in that secluded room, in that inn at Havre, his crimes found him out, and forced him to tell his name: that name the synonym of infamy. The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

10. The manner of his death is not exactly known; but we can not doubt that he died utterly friendless,—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering "John Andre" in his ear,—and that the memory of his course of infamy gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

Questions.—1. Who was Talleyrand? 2. Why was he obliged to flee from Paris? 3. Whom did he seek at Havre? 4. Why did he wish to see the stranger? 5. Describe the appearance of this stranger. 6. What did he say to Talleyrand? 7. Who did the stranger prove to be? 8. What is said of Arnold? 9. Where is Havre? 10. Where is Paris? 11. What is meant by *New World*?

LESSON LIX.

Lo co mo' tive, steam-engine to propel rail-cars.
Col lis' ion, (*s* like *sh*,) shock; violent contact.
En gin eer', one who manages an engine.
Pell cit' i ta ted, thrown headlong.
Re-en force' ments, additional forces.
On' set ting, unyielding.
Corps, (*kore*,) body of troops.
Bank' rupt cy, insolvency.
E nor' mous, immense; very large.
As' sets, amounts due.
Re mit' tance, money remitted.
Pre serv' ed, secured; saved.
Ma tu' ri ty, time of payment.
Re prieve', respite.
In solv' ent, one unable to pay his debts.
Prov o ca' tion, incitement to anger.
Ig no min' i ous, disgraceful.
Sac ri fic' ed, (*c* like *s*,) thrown away.

BEHIND TIME.

Freeman Hunt.

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station, at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late,—so late that the period, during which the down train was to wait, had nearly elapsed: but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly, a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant, there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or every thing would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and, if it came up in season, all would yet be right. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The

whole world knows the result. Grouchy* failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena, because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

3. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day; and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last, came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found on inquiry that she brought no funds; and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined, because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

4. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and, though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body hung suspended in the air. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down the hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively

* Pronounced *Groo' shee*.

innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

5. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis are worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune, or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is *punctuality*; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

QUESTIONS.—1. What sad results are mentioned, in consequence of being *behind time*? 2. What virtue should be cultivated, and what error avoided? 3. What is the use of the hyphen in the word *reënforcements*? See SANDERS' NEW SPELLER, page 165.

LESSON LX.

TWĪN' ED, interwoven.
GAR' LAND, wreath of flowers.
MŪS' ED, thought; meditated.
AN CIENT', (*an tsent'*,) ancient.
MŌLD, shape; form.
RĀRE, scarce; seldom seen.
SOOTH' ED, calmed; quieted.
THROB' BED, beat; palpitated.
CŌ' ZY, snug; comfortable.
RAN' ED, flowed back.
JOURN' NEY, travel.
LONG' ING, earnestly desiring.
TIE, bond of affection.
RIV' EN, torn asunder.

"HOW HAPPY I'LL BE!"

1. A LITTLE girl sat amid the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of childhood's hours;
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair:

"Ah, me!" said she, "*how happy I'll be*,
When ten years more have gone over me,
And I am a maiden with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek, and lighting my brow!"

2. A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfume;
Vases were near of antique mold,
And beautiful pictures, rare and old;
And she, amid all the beauty there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair.
"Ah, me!" said she, "*how happy I'll be*,
When my heart's own choice comes back to me,
When I proudly stand by my dear one's side,
With the thrilling joy of a youthful bride!"

3. A mother bent o'er the cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling rest;
She watched the sleep of her cherub-boy,
And her spirit throbbed with exulting joy.
"Ah, me! said she, "*how happy I'll be*,
When he reaches manhood, proud and free,
And the world bows down, in its rapture wild,
At the earnest words of my darling child!"

4. An aged one sat by the cozy hearth,
Counting life's sands as they ebbed from earth;
Feeble and frail; the race she run
Had borne her along to the setting sun.
"Ah, me!" said she, "*how happy I'll be*,
When from time's long fever my soul is free,
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

5. 'Tis thus we journey from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray,
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade,
But turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest of a fadeless Heaven.

QUESTIONS.—1. When did the little girl think she would be happy? 2. What did she say when she became old? 3. What are we constantly expecting from youth to age? 4. What is the meaning of the suffix *ing*, in such words as *longing, striving, lighting*, &c.? See SANDERS & MCELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS, page 134, EX. 176.

LESSON LXI.

VET' ER AN, old soldier.
GRASP' ED, seized hold of.
AN' CIENT, old.
MUR' MURED, uttered in a low voice.
IM MOR' TAL, imperishable.
RA' GED, was furious.
RE MAIN', still exists.
SIRE, father.
LIGHT' EN ED, (ED, *make*; ED, *did*,) did make light.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WILLIAM R. WALLACE.

1. HE lay upon his dying bed,
(*pl*) His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring,
The sword of Bunker Hill."

2. The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's* name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

3. "'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For ,boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

4. "Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke,—
A smile,—and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

QUESTIONS.—1. What request did the old veteran make of his son? 2. What bequest did he make to him? 3. How did he obtain that sword? 4. What did he say to his son? 5. Who was Warren?

* General Warren, a brave and valuable officer, fell by a musket-ball, while fighting the British at Bunker's Hill, June 17th, 1775.

LESSON LXII.

Lit' ẽnxd, fictitious narrative.
Mon' tal, deadly.
Com' bat, battle; conflict.
Pri mit' val, first; primitive.
Mun' cu lar, strong; vigorous.
Ca dav' er ous, pale; sickly.
Ref u ẽnt', runaway; fugitive.
Quas' yer, mercy; indulgence.
Fet' ters ed, confined; shackled.
A byss', yawning gulf.
Pro pos' al, offer, proposition.
In do' som ed, surrounded; inclosed.
Di sord' er ed, disordered.
Con yend' ed, owned; acknowledged.
Re lent' ing, pitying; compassionate.
Ran' dom, venture. [lief.
Sc pen sti" tion, false religious be-
A vendn', take satisfaction for.
Un con' scious, unaware.
Sub lim' i ty, grandeur.

THE BIBLE LEGEND OF THE WIS SA HI'KON.

Leppard.

1. It was here in the wilds of the Wis sa hi'kon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in mortal combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock that rose, like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wis sa hi'kon.

2. That man with the dark brow and the darker gray eye,—with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting-frock of the Revolution,—is a Continental, named Warner. His brother was murdered at the massacre of Pa o'li. That *other* man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. *That* is the murderer of Pa o'li, named Dabney.

3. They had met there in the woods by accident; and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting-knives, that flash in the light as they go turning, and twining, and twisting over the green-sward. At last, the Tory is down!—down on the green-sward, with the knee of the Continental upon his breast,—that up-raised knife quivering in the light,—that dark-gray eye flashing death into his face!

4. "Quarter! I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast. "Spare me!—I yield!"

5. "*My* brother," said the patriot soldier, in a low tone of deadly hate,—"*My* brother cried for quarter on the night of Pa o'li, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Pa o'li!" And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clinched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and, with one rapid stride, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

6. "Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "*Mercy! I have a wife! a child! spare me!*"

7. Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth,—"*My brother had a wife and two children.* The morning after the night of Pa o'li, that wife was a widow,— those children were orphans! Would not you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

8. The proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the Tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, imbosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes.

9. They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate

hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She was a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep, dark eye, and long, dishevelled hair about her shoulder. On one side was a dark-haired boy, of some six years; on the other, a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible, an old, venerable volume, lay open on that mother's lap.

10. And then that pale faced Tory flung himself on his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Pa o'li, but begged his life at her hands! "*Spare me, for the sake of my wife—my child!*" He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

11. "The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold, icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! The Bible lies open before me. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by *that line* you shall live or die!" This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time. For a moment, the Tory, kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then, in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

12. Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book, and handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his fingers upon a verse.

13. Then there was a silence. That Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips. Then the culprit, kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat. Then, in a clear, bold voice, the

widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible; "*That man shall die!*"

14. Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart; but the Tory, pinioned as he is, begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl,—that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes. The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible,—she turns her laughing face away,—she places her fingers upon the page.

15. That awful silence grows deeper. The deep-drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. The widow and dark-eyed boy are breathless. That little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death. At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes on the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament: "LOVE YOUR ENEMIES." Ah! that moment was sublime!

16. Oh, awful Book of God! in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee! Oh, awful Book! shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home,—the glory of the mechanic's shop,—shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet!

17. Oh, Book of terrible majesty and childlike love,—for sublimity that crushes the soul into awe,—of beauty that melts the heart with rapture! you never shone more strangely beautiful than there in the lonely cot of the Wissahi'kon, where you saved the murderer's life. For,—need

I tell you?—*that murderer's life was saved.* That widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence. The murderer went his way.

18. Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth, her orphans by her side,—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eye-balls, thinking of her husband, who, she supposed, now lay moldering on the blood-drenched soil of Pa o'li,—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms! He had fallen at Pa o'li, but not in death. *He was alive,*—his wife lay panting on his breast. That night there was a prayer in that wood-embowered cot of the Wis sa hi'kon.

QUESTIONS.—1. What two men are said to have engaged in deadly combat? 2. Which gained the mastery? 3. What did the patriot soldier say to the Tory, when he cried, *Quarter!* 4. What, when the Tory told him he had a wife and child? 5. What proposal was made to him? 6. How was his fate to be decided? 7. Was his life spared? 8. What proved the justice of the decision?

LESSON LXIII.

VES' TI BULE, porch, entrance.
VI' BRATE, move to and fro.
IM MOR' TALS, undying creatures.
MON' U MENTS, memorials.
A CHIEVE', accomplish.
MU' TA BLE, changeable.
IM MOR TAL' I TY, deathless existence.
IL LU' MIN ATE, enlighten.
UN DER STAND' ING, intellect.
RE AL' I TIES, truths; facts.
AS SAULTS', violent attacks.
DE SER' TION, abandonment.
IN EX HAUST' I BLE, never-failing.
CHAR' TER, title; deed.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

E. H. CHAPIN.

1. YOUNG FRIENDS', in whatever pursuits you may engage, you must not forget that the lawful objects of human efforts, are but means to higher results and nobler ends.

Start not forward in life with the idea of becoming mere seekers of pleasure,—sportive butterflies searching for gaudy flowers. Consider and act with reference to the true ends of existence.

2. This world is but the vestibule of an immortal life. Every action of your life touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives within you, stir the pulses of a deathless spirit. Act not, then, as mere creatures of this life', who, for a little while, are to walk the valleys and the hills', to enjoy the sunshine and to breathe the air', and then pass away and be no more'; but *act* as immortals', with an *aim* and a *purpose* worthy of your high nature'.

3. Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an *end* that is superior to any on earth,—*a desirable end*', A PERFECT END'. Labor to accomplish a work which shall survive unchanged and beautiful, when time shall have withered the garland of youth', when thrones of power and monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes'; and, finally, aim to achieve something', which, when these our mutable and perishing voices are hushed forever', shall live amid the songs and triumphs of IMMORTALITY.

4. Well will it be for you, if you have a *guide* within, which will aid you in every issue', which will arm you in every temptation', and comfort you in every sorrow'. Consult, then, that Volume whose precepts will never fail you. Consult it with a deep aspiration after the true and good, and it shall illuminate your understanding with divine realities.

5. Open your soul, and it shall breathe into it a holy influence, and fill all its wants. Bind it close to your heart'; it will be a shield against all the assaults of evil. Read it in the lonely hour of desertion': it will be the best

of companions. Open it when the voyage of life is troubled'; it is a sure chart. Study it in poverty'; it will unhoard to you inexhaustible riches. Commune with it in sickness'; it contains the medicine of the soul. Clasp it when dying', IT IS THE CHARTER OF IMMORTALITY.

QUESTIONS.—1. What ought we not to forget? 2. How ought the world to be regarded? 3. How ought we to act and labor? 4. What ought we to consult?

LESSON LXIV.

IN THREF' ID, brave; heroic.
BE TO' KEN ED, showed; indicated.
E LAS' TIC, springy; agile.
AT' TI TUDE, posture; position.
UN' DER GROWTH, shrubbery.
CON FRONT', stand before.
CA TAS' TRO PHE, disaster; calamity.
DE TER' RED, hindered; prevented.
HUR' RI CANE, violent tempest.
BUF' FET ING, beating with the hands.
ATH LET' IC, strong; powerful.
MI RAC' U LOUS, wonderful.
TER RIF' IC, terrible; frightful.
FER' OCE, rash; furious.
IN VOL' UN TA RY, spontaneous.
CAT' A RACT, waterfall.
RE SUS' CI TATE, revive; bring to life.
CHAR' AC TER IZ ED, distinguished.

THE INTREPID YOUTH.

1. IT was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest-land in the north of Virginia, near a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men reclining under the trees, betokened, by their dress and appearance, that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the country.

2. These persons had apparently just finished their dinner. Apart from the group, walked a young man of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance wore a look of decision and manliness not usually found in one so young, for he was apparently little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off, as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a graceful and natural attitude.

3. Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream, the youth turned his head in the direction of the sound; but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and, quickening his footsteps, as the cries succeeded each other in alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space on the banks of the stream, where stood a rude log-cabin.

4. As the young man broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the banks of the river, while in the midst stood the woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, held back by two of the men, but struggling vigorously for freedom. It was but the work of a moment for the young man to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The instant her eye fell on him, she exclaimed, "Oh! sir, you will do something for me. Make them release me,—for the love of God! *My boy,—my poor boy is drowning, and they will not let me go!*" "It would be madness; she will jump into the river," said one, "and the rapids would dash her to pieces in a moment!"

5. The youth had scarcely waited for these words, for he recollected the child, a bold little boy of four years old, whose beautiful blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with all who knew him. He had been accustomed to play in the little inclosure before the cabin, but the gate having been left open, he had stolen incautiously out, reached

the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his mother saw him.

6. The shriek she uttered only hastened the catastrophe she feared; for the child, frightened at the cry of its mother, lost its balance, and fell into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agonized mother rushed to the bank.

7. The party we left reclining in the shade within a few steps of the accident, were immediately on the spot. Fortunate it was that they were so near, else the mother would have jumped in after her child, and both been lost. Several of the men approached the brink, and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy, deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

8. Not so with the noble youth. His first work was to throw off his coat; next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a moment, running his eyes rapidly over the scene below, taking with a glance the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when he saw in the water a white object, which he knew to be the boy's dress, and he plunged into the wild and roaring rapids.

9. "*Thank God, he will save my child,*" cried the mother; "*there he is!—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you!*" Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following with eager eyes the progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of the hurricane. Now

it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock, over which the water flew in foam, and a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible.

10. At times, the current bore him under, and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would appear, though far from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh, how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career! how her heart sunk when he went under,—and with what a gush of joy when she saw him emerge again from the waters, and, flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggle on in pursuit of her boy!

11. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were not to avail; for, though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child. On flew the youth and child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed in pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he reappeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together, and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his unresisting form was hurried with the onward current.

12. The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrow shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity, even in a canoe, lest he should be dashed in pieces. What, then, would be the youth's fate, unless he soon overtook the child? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and now

urged his way through the foaming current with a desperate strength.

13. Three times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they were entering within the influence of the current above the fall; and when it failed, the mother's heart sunk within her, and she groaned, fully expecting the youth to give up his task. But no'; he only pressed forward the more eagerly; and, as they breathlessly watched amid the boiling waters, they saw the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy.

14. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the foaming waters. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators, when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth,—a shout that was suddenly checked with horror, when they both vanished into the abyss below!

15. A moment elapsed before a word was spoken, or a breath drawn. The mother ran forward, and then stood gazing with fixed eyes at the foot of the cataract, as if her all depended upon what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave the glad cry, (*f.*) "*There they are! See! they are safe!*—Great God. I thank thee!" And, sure enough, there was the youth still unharmed, and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

16. They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached his side, just as he was struggling to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless; but his mother declared that he still lived, as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. The youth could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

17. Who can describe the scene that followed,—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver, when the child was out of danger, and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then, were remembered afterwards by more than one who heard them.

18. "*God will reward you*," said she, "as *I* can not. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands besides mine will attend you." And so it was; for, to the *hero* of that hour, were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But, throughout his long career, what tended to make him more honored and respected beyond all men, was the *self-sacrificing spirit*, which, in the rescue of that mother's child, as in the more august events of his life, characterized our BELOVED WASHINGTON.

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe the scene where this accident took place. 2. What did the woman say to the young man? 3. Why would not the men release the woman? 4. What did the young man do? 5. Did he finally succeed in saving the child? 6. What did the mother say to him? 7. Who did this youth prove to be?

LESSON LXV.

RAB' BI, teacher or doctor.
HEA' THEN, pagan; gentile.
BOUND' A RIES, limits.
WAN' DER ED, strayed.
SUB MIS' SIVE, resigned; humble.
PIL' GRIM, wanderer.
RE PEL' LED, drove off. [gers.
IN HOS' PI TA BLE, unkind to stran-
MAN' TLE, garment; cloak.
CON SOL' ING, comforting.
RE PŌS' ING, lying down; resting.
CA LAM' I TY, misfortune.
POUN' CED, fell or jumped suddenly.
IN PLŌR' ING, begging; entreating.
DE SPOIL' ED, robbed.
CHURL' ISH, surly; rude.

THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. A pious Rabbi, forced by heathen hate,
To quit the boundaries of his native land,
Wandered abroad, submissive to his fate,
Through pathless woods and wastes of burning sand.

2. A patient ass, to bear him in his flight,
A dog, to guard him from the robber's stealth,
A lamp, by which to read the law at night,—
Was all the pilgrim's store of worldly wealth.

3. At set of sun he reached a little town,
And asked for shelter and a crumb of food;
But every face repelled him with a frown,
And so he sought a lodging in the wood.

4. "'Tis very hard," the weary traveler said,
"And most inhospitable, I protest,
To send me fasting to this forest bed;
But God is good, and means it for the best!"

5. He lit his lamp to read the sacred law,
Before he spread his mantle for the night;
But the wind rising with a sudden flaw,
He read no more,—the gust put out the light.

6. "'Tis strange," he said, "'tis very strange, indeed,
That ere I lay me down to take my rest,
A chapter of the law I may not read,—
But God is good, and all is for the best!"

7. With these consoling words the Rabbi tries
To sleep,—his head reposing on a log,—
But, ere he fairly shut his drowsy eyes,
A wolf came up and killed his faithful dog.

8. "What new calamity is this?" he cried;
"My honest dog—a friend who stood the test
When others failed—lies murdered at my side!
Well,—God is good, and means it for the best."

9. Scarce had the Rabbi spoken, when, alas!—
As if, at once, to crown his wretched lot,
A hungry lion pounced upon the ass,
And killed the faithful donkey on the spot.

10. "Alas!—alas!" the weeping Rabbi said,
"Misfortune haunts me like a hateful guest;
My dog is gone, and now my ass is dead,—
Well, God is good, and all is for the best!"

11. At dawn of day, imploring heavenly grace,
Once more he sought the town, but all in vain;
A band of robbers had despoiled the place,
And all the churlish citizens were slain.

12. "Now God be praised!" the grateful Rabbi cried,
"If I had tarried in the town to rest,
I too, with these poor villagers had died,—
Sure, God is good, and all is for the best!"

13. "Had not the saucy wind put out my lamp,
By which the sacred law I would have read,
The light had shown the robbers to my camp,
And here the villains would have left me dead.

14. "Had not my faithful animals been slain,
Their noise, no doubt, had drawn the robbers near,
And so their master, it is very plain,
Instead of them, had fallen murdered here.

15. "Full well I see that this hath happened so
To put my faith and patience to the test;
Thanks to His name! for now I surely know
That God is good, and all is for the best!"

LESSON LXVI.

FU TU' RI TI, events to come.
CON SULT', counsel with.
PRE TEN' SIONS, claims; assumptions.
FOR' TI TUDE, patience; endurance.
MOD' EL, pattern; example.
RES IG NA' TION, submissiveness.
O VER WHELM', overcomes.
IN GRAT' I TUDE, unthankfulness.
VAG' A BOND, vagrant; worthless.
IM' PU DENCE, sauciness.
DES' TI NY, fate; final lot.
DE CEAS' ED, dead.
DE RIV' ED, robbed.
IN CUR' RED, brought on; caused.
CON SUL TA' TIONS, counsellings.
CAL CU LA' TIONS, reckonings.

PRE TER NAT' U RAL, (PRETER, *beyond;*) beyond what is natural; miraculous.

IN VOLV' ED, (IN, *in;* VOLVED, *rolled;*) rolled in; enveloped.

IN TER RUPT', (INTER, *in, between;* RUPT, *to break;*) break in between; stop; hinder.

[1] JOB, a patriarch, celebrated for his patience, constancy, and piety.

For note on DAVID, see page 138.

NOTE.—The dash at the end of a remark, denotes that the speaker is interrupted by the one with whom he is conversing.

MRS. CREDULOUS AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Mrs. Credulous. Are you the fortune-teller, sir, that knows every thing'?

Fortune-Teller. I sometimes consult futurity, madam; but I make no pretensions to any supernatural knowledge.

Mrs. C. Ay', so *you* say; but every body else says you know *every thing;* and I have come all the way from Boston to consult you; for you must know I have met with a dreadful loss.

F. T. We are liable to losses in this world', madam'.

Mrs. C. Yes'; and I have had my share of them, though I shall be only fifty, come Thanksgiving.

F. T. You must have learned to bear misfortunes with fortitude, by this time.

Mrs. C. I don't know how that is, though my dear husband, rest his soul, used to say, "Molly, you are as patient as Job[1], though you never had any children to lose, as he had."

F. T. Job was a model of patience, madam, and few could lose their all with so much resignation.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir', that is too true'; for even the small loss *I* have suffered, overwhelms me!

F. T. The loss of property, madam, comes home to the bosom of the best of us.

Mrs. C. Yes, sir; and when the thing lost can not be replaced, it is doubly distressing. When my poor, good man, on our wedding day, gave me the ring, "Keep it, Molly," said he, "till you die, for my sake." And now, that I should have lost it, after keeping it thirty years, and locking it up so carefully all the time, as I did—

F. T. We can not be too careful in this world, madam; our best friends often deceive us.

Mrs. C. True, sir, true,—but who would have thought that the child I took, as it were, out of the street, and brought up as my own, could have been guilty of such ingratitude? She never would have touched what was not her own, if her vagabond lover had not put her up to it.

F. T. Ah, madam, ingratitude is the basest of all crimes!

Mrs. C. Yes; but to think that the impudent creature should deny she took it, when I saw it in the possession of that wretch myself.

F. T. Impudence, madam, usually accompanies crime. But my time is precious, and the star that rules your destiny will set, and your fate be involved in darkness, unless I proceed to business immediately. The star informs me, madam, that you are a widow.

Mrs. C. La! Sir, were you acquainted with my deceased husband?

F. T. No, madam; we do not receive our knowledge by such means. Thy name is Mary, and thy dwelling-place is Boston.

Mrs. C. Some spirit must have told you this, for certain.

F. T. This is not all, madam. You were married at the age of twenty years, and were the sole heir of your deceased husband.

Mrs. C. I perceive, sir, you know *every* thing.

F. T. Madam, I can not help knowing what I *do* know; I must therefore inform you that your adopted daughter, in the dead of night—

Mrs. C. No, sir; it was in the day-time.

F. T. Do not interrupt me, madam. In the dead of night, your adopted daughter planned the robbery which deprived you of your wedding-ring.

Mrs. C. No earthly being could have told you this, for I never let my right hand know that I possessed it, lest some evil should happen to it.

F. T. Hear me, madam; you have come all this distance to consult the fates, and find your ring.

Mrs. C. You have guessed my intention exactly, sir.

F. T. Guessed'! madam'. I *Know* this is your object; and I know, moreover, that your ungrateful daughter has incurred your displeasure, by receiving the addresses of a worthless man.

Mrs. C. Every word is gospel truth.

F. T. This man has persuaded your daughter—

Mrs. C. I knew he did, I told her so. But good sir, can you tell me who has the ring?

F. T. This young man has it.

Mrs. C. But he denies it.

F. T. No matter, madam, he has it.

Mrs. C. But how shall I obtain it again?

F. T. The law points out the way, madam,—it is my business to point out the rogue,—you must catch him.

Mrs. C. You are right, sir,—and if there is law to be had, I will spend every cent I own, but I will have it. I knew he was the robber, and I thank you for the information. [*Going.*]

F. T. But thanks, madam, will not pay for all my nightly vigils, consultations, and calculations.

Mrs. C. Oh, right, sir! I forget to pay you. What am I indebted to you?

F. T. Only five dollars, madam.

Mrs. C. [*Handing him the money.*] There it is, sir. I would have paid twenty rather than not have found the ring.

F. T. I never take but five, madam. Farewell, madam, your friend is at the door with your chaise.

[*He leaves the room.*]

[*Enter, Friend.*]

Friend. Well, Mary, what does the fortune-teller say?

Mrs. C. Oh, he told me I was a widow, and lived in Boston, and had an adopted daughter,—and,—

Friend. But you knew all this before, did you not?

Mrs. C. Yes; but how should *he* know it? He told me, too, that I had lost a ring,—

Friend. Did he tell you where to find it?

Mrs. C. Oh yes! he says that fellow has it, and I must go to law and get it, if he will not give it up. What do you think of that?

Friend. It is precisely what any fool could have told you. But how much did you pay for this precious information?

Mrs. C. Only five dollars.

Friend. How much was the ring worth?

Mrs. C. Why, two dollars, at least.

Friend. Then you have paid ten dollars for a chaise to bring you here, five dollars for the information that you had already, and all this to gain possession of a ring not worth one quarter of the expense!

Mrs. C. Oh, the rascal! how he has cheated me! I will go to the world's end but I will be revenged.

Friend. You had better go home, and say nothing about it; for every effort to recover your money, will only expose your folly.

QUESTIONS.—1. What had Mrs. Credulous said, by which the fortune-teller knew all the circumstances relative to the loss of her ring? 2. How was she told she must get her ring? 3. What did she pay the fortune-teller? 4. How much for the chaise? 5. What was her ring worth? 6. Was she a bright dame?

LESSON LXVII.

UN FAL' TER ING, steady.
CON FID' ING LY, trustingly.
SOOTH' ING LY, tenderly; calmly.
AL LŪR' ING, seductive; flattering.
AP PRO' PRI ATE, proper; peculiar.
SUB MIS' SION, resignation.
IN' VA LID, sick or infirm person.
CON TENT' MENT, satisfaction.
BEA' UTY, beauty.
CON' FI DENCE, faith; reliance.
AS SUAGE' ED, relieved; mitigated.
FER' VEN CY, heat; ardent feeling.
RA DI A' TION, luster.
FRU I' TION, realization; enjoyment.

1 AL' LE GO RY is a word of Greek origin. It is made up of two parts ALL, *other*; and AGORY, *discourse*; the literal meaning of the compound being, *discourse* about *other* things; that is, things *other* than those expressed by the words, literally interpreted. Allegory is, therefore, the general name for that class of compositions, as *Fables, Apologues, Parables*, and *Myths*, in which there is a *double* signification, one *literal* and the other *figurative*; the literal being designed merely to give a more clear and impressive view of that which is figurative.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.—AN ALLEGORY.[1]

1. MANY years ago, three beautiful sisters came into our world to lighten the burdens of earth's toiling pilgrims, and aid them in preparation for a higher state of existence. Alike commissioned by the Great Father, they were sent on errands of mercy, and were not to turn away from scenes of darkness, sorrow, and suffering.

2. FAITH had a firm, unfaltering step; HOPE, a beaming eye, ever turned to the future; and LOVE, a pitying glance, and a helping hand. They journeyed confidingly together; and when they found a stricken being in danger of perishing by the wayside, FAITH soothingly whispered, "My Father doeth all things well;" HOPE pointed to the cooling shade just in advance; and LOVE assisted him to rise, and aided his feeble steps.

3. Groups of fair children played near the path where they were traveling. Some of these did not understand the tones of FAITH; but they all listened eagerly to the alluring strains of HOPE, who painted brighter scenes than those they were enjoying, and flowers more fragrant than any they yet had gathered. LOVE delighted to linger with the youthful band, lessening their trials, and increasing their pleasures.

4. Her gentle touch arrested the little hand that was lifted against a playmate, and her soothing voice calmed the angry passions which were swelling in the bosom. When a child stumbled in the way, she tenderly raised it up again, or when a thorn pierced the unwary finger, she kindly removed it, and bound up the bleeding wound.

5. While the sisters were busy in their appropriate mission, a pale-cheeked lad mingled with the group of merry children, though too weak to share their sports. FAITH stole to his side, and whispered of the great Parent above,

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Friend. Then you have paid ten dollars for a chaise to bring you here, five dollars for the information that you had already, and all this to gain possession of a ring not worth one quarter of the expense!

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5. While the sisters were busy in their appropriate mission, a pale-cheeked lad mingled with the group of merry children, though too weak to share their sports. FAITH stole to his side, and whispered of the great Parent above,

who afflicts in wisdom, and chastens in love. His eye brightened while she spoke, and he looked upward with that trust and submission which he had never before experienced.

6. Then HOPE came, with visions of returning health, when his frame would be strong and his heart buoyant. But when HOPE and FAITH were gone, again his head drooped, and the tear started. Then LOVE sat down by the invalid, twining a garland of summer blossoms for his pale brow, and singing sweet melodies which charmed his listening ear. The pain was all gone now; smiles wreathed his pallid lips, and the sick boy laughed as merrily as his more robust companions.

7. The sisters, in their journeyings, entered the abode of poverty. It was a humble dwelling, and yet it looked cheerful, yea, even inviting, when the three graced it with their presence. FAITH shed a spirit of calm contentment and heavenly trust in those lowly walls; HOPE whispered of the better mansions prepared for the followers of the Lamb; and LOVE, not less exalted than her sisters, threw a charm over the meager fare and scanty attire of the inmates. FAITH taught them to offer the daily prayer in trusting confidence; HOPE pointed beyond this world to joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; while LOVE lessened each burden, and increased each simple pleasure. FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY! ye, indeed, can make a paradise of the humblest home!

8. There was a darkened chamber, with a wan form tossing restlessly upon the couch. Wealth was there; but it could not allay pain, or prolong life. FAITH, noiseless as a spirit form, glided to the sick one's side. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," was her language, as she pointed upward. HOPE fain would have whispered of length of days, but she knew this could not be; so she spoke of

life eternal, where there is no more pain. Then LOVE smoothed the pillow, and bathed the fevered brow, pausing not in her tender ministries through the night-watches. When morning dawned, the spirit of the sick man passed away, though not until FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE had assuaged the anguish of the parting pang.

9. Weeping mourners gathered around the dead. There were tears,—for "tears well befit earth's partings;" there was sorrow,—for what bitterness is like unto that of the bereaved, when the grave opens to infold the heart's best treasure? Yet FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE were there, assuaging those tears, and mitigating that sorrow. FAITH, even while her cheeks were wet, exclaimed, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

10. HOPE's language was, "Not lost, but gone before;" and her eye, having lost none of its brightness, saw with prophetic vision a reunion yet to come. LOVE tenderly wiped away each gathering tear, and gave deeper fervency to the trusting confidence of FAITH, and the inspiring strains of HOPE. And when the sleeper was committed to the dust, these gentle sisters lingered in the lonely house, and by the darkened hearth.

11. Such are FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY,—given by God to lighten human sorrow, and bless the creatures He has made. They have each a mission to fulfill,—different, it is true, and yet they move in harmony. FAITH enables us to submit trustingly to daily trials, viewing a kind Father's hand in each passing event. HOPE, when the sky is dark, and the path thorny, points not only to fairer scenes below, but to that brighter world where there is no night and no sorrow.

12. LOVE lightens every burden, and reflects upon earth

a faint radiation of heavenly blessedness,—for the Scriptures assure us that "God is love: and every one that loveth is born of God." The time will come when, the purposes of the wise Creator being accomplished, FAITH and HOPE will cease. FAITH will be lost in sight, HOPE in fruition; but LOVE will remain, binding the spirits of the redeemed in blissful communion, and uniting them to God the Father, and Christ the Elder Brother.

13. FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY! blessed spirits! May they be inmates of every heart! May they assist each of us in our peculiar trials, which none can know but ourselves! They will come to us if we seek their presence; but they must be carefully nurtured. Let us cherish them in our bosoms, and they will bless us constantly in our pilgrimage below, and conduct us to the presence of our God.

LESSON LXVIII.

TRANS RĒJ′ ED, highly delighted.
THREAT′ EN ING, impending.
COR′ O NAL, crown; chaplet.
MYR′ I AD, innumerable.
LUS′ CIOUS, delicious.
LUS′ TY, strong; vigorous.
WAR′ BLING, singing; caroling.
CHURL, sour, surly man.
RE FRESH′, cool; make fresh.
LAN′ GUID, dull; sluggish.
DROUTH′ Y, dry; arid.
SUS TĀIN′, uphold; support.
UN GRUDG′ ING, free-hearted; liberal.
NIG′ GARD, miser; stingy person.

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. "*Not to myself alone,*"
The little opening flower transported cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.

The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

2. "*Not to myself alone,*"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."

3. "*Not to myself alone,*"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

4. "*Not to myself alone,*
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

5. *"Not to myself alone,"*
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay.
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In drouthy June."

6. *"Not to myself alone:"*—
O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
In earth's great chorus to sustain *thy* part!
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And *self* disown;
Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
Not to thyself alone!

QUESTIONS.—1. What things are mentioned, that contribute to our comfort and happiness? 2. How does the suffix *less*, affect the meaning of the words *cease, view, hymn*, &c.? 3. What is the meaning of the suffixes *let* and *et*, in the words *streamlet* and *floweret*? See SANDERS & McELLIGOTT'S ANALYSIS, page 140, Ex. 185 and 187.

LESSON LXIX.

NURS' ING, nourishing; cherishing.
AB HOR', detest; loathe.
RE LI' ED, depended.
FRA TER' NAL, brotherly.
SU PER' NAL, heavenly.
COM BINE', unite; join together.
RE HEARS' AL, recital; repetition.
BIG' OT RY, blind zeal; prejudice.
SHEATHE, put in a sheath.
U NI VERS' AL, general.
CUS' TOM, practice; usage.
TAL' ENT, natural ability.
AF FECT' ING, making false show.
IS' O LATE, separate; detach.

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

1. If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory,—
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story,—
If men instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,—
If more relied
On *love* to guide,—
The world would be the better for it.

2. If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,—
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal,—
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised, human hearts would pour it,—
If "*yours*" and "*mine*"
Would once combine,—
The world would be the better for it.

3. If more would *act* the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal,—
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till Good became more universal,—
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it,—
If talent shone
In Truth alone,—
The world would be the better for it.

4. If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings,—
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings,—
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it,—
If Right made Might
In every fight,—
The world would be the better for it.

LESSON LXX.

In reading these antithetic sentences, an excellent effect may be produced by dividing the class equally into two parts, and letting one part read, in concert, the line marked 1st *Voice*, and the other part, the line marked 2d *Voice*; or, one pupil may read one line, and the next pupil the other, alternately.

SELECT PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

1st *Voice.* A wise son maketh a glad father;
2d *Voice.* but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

1 *V.* Treasures of wickedness profit nothing;
2 *V.* but righteousness delivereth from death.

1 *V.* He becometh poor, that dealeth with a slack hand;
2 *V.* but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

1 *V.* Blessings are upon the head of the just;
2 *V.* but violence covereth the mouth of the wicked.

1 *V.* The memory of the just is blessed;
2 *V.* but the name of the wicked shall rot.

1 *V.* The wise in heart will receive commandment;
2 *V.* but a prating fool shall fall.

1 *V.* He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely;
2 *V.* but he that perverteth his ways, shall be known.

1 *V.* Wise men lay up knowledge;
2 *V.* but the mouth of the wicked is near destruction.

1 *V.* He is in the way of life, that keepeth instruction;
2 *V.* but he that refuseth reproof, erreth.

1 *V.* It is as sport to a fool to do mischief;
2 *V.* but a man of understanding hath wisdom.

1 *V.* The fear of the Lord prolongeth days;
2 *V.* but the years of the wicked shall be shortened.

1 *V.* The hope of the righteous shall be gladness;
2 *V.* but the expectation of the wicked shall perish.

1 *V.* The righteous shall never be removed;
2 *V.* but the wicked shall not inhabit the earth.

1 *V.* The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom;
2 *V.* but the froward tongue shall be cut out.

1 *V.* A false balance is an abomination to the Lord;
2 *V.* but a just weight is his delight.

1 *V.* Riches profit not in the day of wrath;
2 *V.* but righteousness delivereth from death.

1 *V.* The righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way;
2 *V.* but the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness.

1 *V.* By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted;
2 *V.* but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

1 *V.* Where no counsel is, the people fall,
2 *V.* but in the multitude of counselors there is safety.

1 *V.* He that diligently seeketh good, procureth favor;
2 *V.* but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him.

1 *V.* The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;
2 *V.* but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

1 *V.* The lip of truth shall be established forever;
2 *V.* but a lying tongue is but for a moment.

1 *V.* Lying lips are abomination to the Lord;
2 *V.* but they that deal truly, are His delight.

1 *V.* The hand of the diligent shall bear rule;
2 *V.* but the slothful shall be under tribute.

1 *V.* A wise son heareth his father's instruction;
2 *V.* but a scorner heareth not rebuke.

1 *V.* He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life;
2 *V.* but he that openeth wide his lips, shall have destruction.

1 *V.* A scorner seeketh wisdom, and findeth it not;
2 *V.* but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.

1 *V.* There is a way which seemeth right unto a man;
2 *V.* but the end thereof are the ways of death.

1 *V.* A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil;
2 *V.* but the fool rageth, and is confident.

1 *V.* The poor is hated even of his neighbor;
2 *V.* but the rich hath many friends.

1 *V.* He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker;
2 *V.* but he that honoreth Him, hath mercy on the poor.

1 *V.* He that is slow to wrath, is of great understanding;
2 *V.* but he that is hasty in spirit, exalteth folly.

1 *V.* A soft answer turneth away wrath;
2 *V.* but grievous words stir up anger.

1 *V.* He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise;
2 *V.* but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

1 *V.* Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water;
2 *V.* but a man of understanding will draw it out.

1 *V.* The wicked is driven away in his wickedness;
2 *V.* but the righteous hath hope in his death.

LESSON LXXI.

In vrea' sent, idea; notion.
At trac' tions, allurements.
Sa ti' e ty, excessive fullness.
Sät ed, glutted; satiated.
Pam' per ed, over-fed.
Suc' cu lent, full of sap; juicy.
Um bra' geous, shady.
Gor' geous, showy; brilliant.
Dréar' i ness, gloominess.
Reö' ti ter, recede; note down.
Sug ges' tive, giving signs.
Dec la ra' tion, announcement.
Ex trem' i ties, ends.
Dra' per y, hangings; decorations.
En chänt' ment, charms; fascination.
Fret' ted, furnished with frets, or ornamental raised work.
Dec o ra' tions, adornments.

[1] Ar' a besques, is a word, denoting ornaments after the Arabian manner, often intricate and fantastic, from the intermingling of foliage, fruits, &c., with other objects real or imaginary.

WINTER BEAUTY.

Henry Ward Beecher.

1. It is the impression of many, that only in summer, including spring and autumn, of course, is the *country* desirable as a residence. The country in summer, and the city for the winter. It is true, that the winter gives attractions to the city, in endless meetings, lectures, concerts, and indoor amusements; but it is not true that the country loses all interest when the leaves are shed and the grass is gone. On the contrary, to one who has learned how to use his senses and his sensibilities, there are attractions in the winter of a peculiar kind, and pleasures which can be reaped only then.

2. It appears to me, that winter comes in to relieve the year of satiety. The mind grows sated with greenness. After eight or nine months of luxuriant growths, the eye grows accustomed to vegetation. To be sure, we never are less pleased with the wide prospect; with forms of noble trees, with towns and meadows, and with the whole aspect of nature. But it is the pleasure of one pampered. We lose the keen edge of hunger. The eye enjoys, without the

relish of newness. We expect to enjoy. Every thing loses surprise.

3. Of course, the sky is blue, the grass succulent, the fields green, the trees umbrageous, the clouds silent and mysterious. They were so yesterday, they are so to-day, they will be so to-morrow, next week, next month. In short, the mind does not cease to feel the charm of endless growths; but needs variety, change of diet, less of perpetual feasting, and something of the blessings of a fast. *This* winter gives. It says to us: You have had too much. You are luxurious and dainty. You need relief and change of diet.

4. The cold blue of the sky, the cold gray of rocks, the sober warmth of browns and russets, take the place of more gorgeous colors. If, now, one will accept this change in the tone of nature, after a time a new and relishful pleasure arises. The month formed by the last fortnight of November and the first two weeks of December, is, to me, the saddest of the year. It most nearly produces the sense of desolateness and dreariness of any portion of the year.

5. From the hour that the summer begins to shorten its days, and register the increasing change along the horizon, over which the sun sets, farther and farther toward the south, we have a genial and gentle sadness. But sadness belongs to all very deep joys. It is almost as needful to the perfectness of joy, as shadows in landscapes are to the charm of the picture. Then, too, comes the fading out of flowers, —each variety in its turn, saying, "Farewell till next summer."

6. Scarcely less suggestive of departing summer are the new-comers, the late summer golden-rod, the astors, and all autumnal flowers. Long experience teaches us that these are the latest blossoms that fall from the sun's lap, and next

to them is snow. By association we already see white in the yellow and blue. Then, too, birds are thinking of other things. No more nests, no more young, no more songs,—except signal-notes and rallying-calls; for they are evidently warned, and go about their little remaining daily business, as persons who expect every hour to depart to a distant land.

7. It is scarcely ever that we see the birds *go*. They are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. They disappear without observation. The fields are empty and silent. It seems as if the winds had blown them away with the leaves. The first sight of northern waterfowl, far up in the air, retreating from Labrador and the short, Arctic summer, is always to us like the declaration: "Summer is gone; winter is behind us; it will soon be upon you." At last come the late days of November. All is gone,—frosts reap and glean more sharply every night.

8. A few weeks bring earnest winter. Then begin to dawn other delights. The bracing air, the clean snow-paths, the sled and sleigh, the revelation of forms that all summer were grass-hidden; the sharp-outlined hills lying clear upon the sky; the exquisite tracery of trees,—especially of all such trees as that tendral child of God, the elm, whose branches are carried out into an endless complexity of fine lines of spray, and which stands up in winter, showing in its whole anatomy, that all its summer shade was founded upon the most substantial reality.

9. In winter, too, particularly in the latter periods of it, the extremities of shrubs and branches begin to take on ruddy hues, or purplish browns, and the eye knows that these are the first faint blushes of coming summer. Now, too, we find how beautiful are the mosses in the woods; and under them we find solitary green leaves, that have laughed all winter because they had outwitted the frost.

10. Wherever flowing springs gush from sheltered spots looking south, one will find many green edges, young grass, and some few tougher leaves. Now, too, in still days, the crow swings heavily through the air, cawing with a pleasing harshness. For dieting has performed its work. Your appetite is eager. A little now pleases you more than abundance did in August. Every tiny leaf is to you like a cedar of Lebanon.

11. All these things are unknown to dwellers in cities. It is nothing to them that a robin appeared for the first time yesterday morning, or that a blue-bird sang over against the house. Some new *prima-donna** exhausts their admiration. They are yet studying laces, and do not care for the fringe of swamps, for the first catkins of the willow. They are still coveting the stores of precious stones at the jewelers, and do not care for my ruby buds, and red dogwood, and scarlet winter-berries, and ground pine, and partridge-berry leaves.

12. There is one sight of the country, at about this time of the year—the first of March—that few have seen, or else they have passed it by as if it were not worthy of record. I mean the drapery of rocks in gorges, or along precipitous sides of hills or mountains. The seams of rocks are the outlets of springs. The water, trickling through, is seized by the frost, and held fast in white enchantment. Every day adds to the length of the ice drapery; and, as the surface is overlaid by new issuings, it is furred and fretted with silver-white chasings, the most exquisite.

13. Thus, one may find a succession, in a single gorge, of extraordinary ice-curtains, and pendent draperies, of varying lengths, of every fantastic form, of colors varying by thickness, or by the tinge of earth or rock shining through them.

* The first female singer in an opera.

In my boyhood, I used to wander along these fairy halls, imagining them to be now altars in long, white draperies; now, grand cathedral pillars of white marble; then, long tapestries chased in white, with arabesques[1] and crinkled vines and leaves.

14. Sometimes they seemed like gigantic bridal decorations, or like the robes of beings vast and high, hung in their wardrobes while they slept. But, whatever fancy interpreted them, or whether they were looked upon with two good, sober, literal eyes, they were, and still are, among the most delightful of winter exhibitions, to those who are wise enough to search out the hidden beauty of winter in the country.

QUESTIONS.—1. What are some of the attractions of winter in the city? 2. What are some of the delights of winter in the country? 3. What is said of the drapery of rocks? 4. What did the writer imagine them to be, in boyhood?

LESSON LXXII.

UN SULLIED, pure; clear.
PRE SEN' TA TION, appearance.
TRANS PAR' EN CY, clearness.
AS TON' ISH ING, amazing. [ing out.
RAM I FI CA' TION, branch, or branch-
IN DE SCRIB' A BLY, beyond descrip-
MA JES' TIC, grand. [tion.
OC CA' SION AL, occurring at times.
IM PRESS' IVE, powerful; effective.
IN TER SECT' ING, meeting and cross-
PER' E TRA TING, piercing. [ing.
E' THER, thin or refined air.
CON GEAL' ED, frozen.
BRIGHT' EN ING, brightening.
EN GEN' DER ED, produced.
EM' BLEM, symbol.
CON TEM PLA' TION, meditation.
EL E VA' TION, loftiness.

FROSTED TREES.

1. "Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun their haxy skies to blow,
At evening, a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes.
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass."

2. Since Sunday, [Feb. 1st, 1852,] we have had presented to our view, the beautiful phenomenon of FROSTED TREES, the most astonishing and brilliant that I ever remember to have noticed. The previous storm and mist had thickly covered every exposed object,—the loftiest trees, the minutest blade, hill and dale, with the icy garment. This transparency was most perfect, defining every form and ramification into exact models of the entire body, branch, or limb.

3. Dwellings and barns were incrusted by the chilling vapor. It hung upon the manes of the cattle, and decorated, wherever seen, the humble grass, which appeared bending, like threads of crystal. The small bushes were indescribably beautiful, and seemed as if chiseled out of the whitest marble. As far as the eye could extend, over brooks, fields, and woods, the same striking and singular sight was universal.

4. I could not remain contented in the house, and toward sunset, hastened away, where the view might be free and uninterrupted. Here, the scene, if possible, was more impressive and interesting. There was scarcely a breath of air, and the general silence was only interrupted by the occasional flight of some winter bird, which, alighting on a limb, would shake down a thousand feathery showers, until he seemed frightened at the unusual sound. The forest trees made a truly majestic appearance, with their naked, giant

arms and mossy branches intersecting each other, and fast bound by the frozen barriers.

5. I shall not attempt to describe the brilliancy of the undergrowth and dwarf trees, upon whose limbs hung a delicate frosting, like unwrought silver, nor the crimson glow of the holly-berries through their transparent and icy covering,—all, all was a dazzling and splendid winter array,

"That buries wide the works of man."

It brought to my mind some of the Eastern fairy tales, and their gardens ornamented with shrubs and plants of sparkling crystals.

6. The exposed sides of the rocks and fences were completely iced over, not the smallest particle escaping the penetrating and congealed ether. It was truly astonishing to examine its thickness. On some twigs, not larger than a wheat straw, the ice measured half an inch through. One would scarcely imagine what an immense weight of the frozen mass a tree will sustain, before it breaks under the unusual load. Many branches were bent so low that I could reach them with my hands; and, shaking off their frosted barks, they would instantly spring far above my reach. Every few minutes, I was startled by the rattling noise of these falling icicles from some neighboring tree or grove.

7. Just when the sun went down, there was not a single cloud to be seen in the horizon, and his cold, bright, setting rays brought out, on every hand, frozen gems, diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, in every possible prismatic beauty, wherever his departing beams fell. Presently the moon bathed the whitened earth, and every congealed drop, in her soft light, burnishing, with dazzling icy brilliancy, trees, dwellings, and streams. I am an ardent lover of Nature and her scenery, and have often, delighted, gazed upon the

Queen of Night; but *never* did I behold such a brilliant moonlight night as this.

8. Who could help bringing to mind the sublimities of Job and of David,—"The hoary frost of heaven, who hath engendered it? The waters are hid, as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen."—"By the breath of the Mighty God, ice is produced, and the waters which were spread on all sides, are held in chains." The Psalmist says, "He giveth the snow like wool, He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Well may poets look to the falling snow-flake for their images of purity and innocence, ere it receives the stain of earth. I know of no fitter emblem.

9. Such a winter's night! *and the skies! the skies!* So resplendent in brightness are the hosts of heaven at this moment, that they should be contemplated by every lover and student of the works of God. Their numbers who can count,—their twinkling beauty who can describe, as onward they roll in the deep blue of midnight? In their contemplation are inspired "thoughts that wander through eternity," with an elevation of feeling, as if we were separated from the toils and tumults of earth, and exalted into a higher state of being than that in which we toiled through the day! These heavens tell us of a WISDOM and POWER we can not search or estimate. There we seem to stand more immediately in the vailed presence of the Infinite Majesty, who "laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe the appearance of frosted trees. 2. What is said of the appearance of shrubs, bushes, &c.? 3. What, of the weight sustained by a single tree? 4. What was the appearance at sunset? 5. What passages of Scripture did the scene bring to mind? 6. Of what is the snow-flake an emblem? 7. What is said of the skies?

LESSON LXXIII.

SPLEN' DOR, brightness; glory.
E TER' NAL LY, everlastingly.
WAY'-WĒA RY, tired; fatigued.
GAZE, eager look.
EV' ER GREEN, always green.
LONG' ED, earnestly desired.
RE POSE', rest; quietude.
RAN' SOM ED, redeemed.
PAL' ACE, mansion; abode.
UN CEAS' ING LY, constantly.

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

JAMES G. CLARK.

1. THERE'S a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,—
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll,—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

2. Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

3. Oh! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.

We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is said of that land far away? 2. How do we know there is such a land? 3. Of what do the stars remind us?

LESSON LXXIV.

IM AĞ' IN A RY, not real.
AN TIC' I PATE, take beforehand.
PRE CHŌS'EN, chosen.
OC CUR' RED, happened.
SUS TĀIN', support; uphold.
PER MIT', allow.

IN VIS' I BLE, unseen.
EN CHĀIN', bind; fasten.
FORE BŌD' ING, dread of evil.
IN VEN' TION, contrivance.
CON FER' RED', bestowed.
AP PRE HEN' SION, dread; fear.

IMAGINARY EVILS.

ELIZA COOK.

1. LET to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred!

2. Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee;
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.

By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterred;
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fears of what never occurred!

3. Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear;
Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessing conferred,
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred!

QUESTIONS.—1. What is said of imaginary evils? 2. How may we be supported under trials? 3. What tends to shorten life? 4. Whence proceed half our troubles? 5. What rule for doubling the *r* and *d* in such words as *occurred*, *saddened*, &c.? See SANDERS' NEW SPELLER, page 168, Rule II.

LESSON LXXV.

WASTE, desolate region.
PRO CEED', come forth.
CHASM, gap; opening.
COILS, folds; convolutions.
MAN' I FEST, plain; evident.
PRE SERV' ER, protector.
AL LE' GI ANCE, duty; loyalty.

RAY, make bright; adorn.
EX PAND', swell; dilate.
FA' THER LAND, native land.
GUER' DON, reward; recompense.
PROF' FER, offer; tender.
PIT' E OUS, mournful; sorrowful.
IM PET' U OUS LY, furiously.

AT TRACT', (AT, *to*; TRACT, *draw*;) draw to; allure.
IN VEST', (IN, *to*; VEST, *clothe*;) clothe in or with; inclose; surround.
PRO TEST', (PRO, *before*; TEST, *witness*,) witness before; openly declare.

1 PY THON is the name of a large serpent, fabled to have been slain by the god Apollo.

SIR WALTER AND THE LION.

A. WALCHNER.

1. SIR WALTER of Thurn, over the Syrian waste,
Rides away with a flowing rein;
But he hears a groan that checks his haste,
As if death were in the strain.
He spurs his steed
Whence the sounds proceed;
And there, from a rocky chasm, arise
Fierce cries of pain, that assail the skies;
And his horse uprears
In excess of fears,
As the glance of a lion attracts his eyes.

2. Fierce struggling there in the monster folds
Of a serpent that round him twines;
Sir Walter a moment the scene beholds,
Then to save the beast inclines.
His good sword stout
From its sheath leaps out,
When down it falls on the Python's[1] crest,
And cleaves the coils that the lion invest;
And the noble beast,
From its thrall released,
Shows grateful joy most manifest.

3. He shakes his mane, and bends his form,
And licks his preserver's hand,
As if he yields allegiance warm
To his supreme command.
Like the faithful hound
To be constant found,

And follow his steps for evermore;
And thus he follows, on sea and shore,
In the battle's tide,
He stands by his side,
Or with him rests when the strife is o'er.

4. In Palestine Sir Walter is known,—
Long years attest his fame;
And many brave deeds he there hath done,
That ray with glory his name;
But his heart doth expand
For the fatherland,
And he fain its pleasant scenes would see,
With his friendly lion for company;
But with fearful breast,
The sailors protest,
As they glanced at the beast and his majesty.

5. Rich guerdon he proffers, and golden store;
But though the prize were great,
The sailors hurry away from the shore
As if from the doom of fate.
The poor beast moans
In piteous tones,
Then darts impetuously o'er the sands,—
Then looks to the ship, and mournfully stands;
Then plunges into the gloomy wave,
The perils of the depths to brave.
Already he nears the flying bark,
Already his roar of grief they hark;
But his strength is spent, and the sea is strong,
And he may not the fearful struggle prolong.

His dying glances are fondly cast
Along the track where the loved one passed;
Then sinks to his grave
Beneath the wave,
And the night and the ocean behold him the last.

QUESTIONS.—1. What did Sir Walter discover as he was riding over the Syrian waste? 2. What did he do? 3. What did the lion do, after being released? 4. Did the sailors allow the lion to go on board the ship? 5. What did the lion then do? 6. What became of him?

LESSON LXXVI.

VAL' IANT, strong; courageous.
IN CLI NA' TION, desire; tendency.
RE PLEN' ISH ED, filled up.
DIS SEV' ER, part; sunder.
SHIV' ER, dash to pieces.
EC STAT' IC, rapturous.
CON CLU' SION, result.
CON CEP' TION, thought; idea.
DE' ER EXCE, respect.
PHYS' IC AL, material.
AN' CIENT, more; vile.
TIME'-HAL LOW ED, time-lost.
DE VEL' OP ED, brought out.
CON STEL LA' TIONS, clusters of stars.
DE SIGN' ED, planned.
COM BIN' ED, united.

UN IN TER RUPT' ED, (UN, *not*; INTER, *in between*; RUPTED, *broken*;) not broken in between; unbroken.

It is sometimes desirable to have each member of the class read a piece complete in itself. To answer this end, the following collection of brief, though beautiful productions, have been brought together all under one head.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

WHAT REALLY BENEFITS US.

IT is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.

II.

GOD'S LOVE.

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
God's love to us, and love undying!

III.

LIFE-WORK.

To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters, to restrain every irregular inclination, to subdue every rebellious passion, to purify the motives of our conduct, to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce, to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle, to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm, and that integrity which no interest can shake; *this is the task which is assigned to us*,—a task which can not be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

IV.

HUMILITY.

The brightest stars are burning suns;
The deepest water stillest runs;
The laden bee the lowest flies;
The richest mine the deepest lies;

The stalk that's most replenished,
Doth bow the most its modest head.
Thus, deep Humility we find
The mark of every master-mind;
The highest-gifted lowliest bends,
And merit meekest condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore,—
That puff that bids a feather soar.

V.

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

VI.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOMES.

Mrs. S. R. A Barnes.

Why turn we to our mountain homes
With more than filial feeling?
'Tis *here* that Freedom's altars rise,
And Freedom's sons are kneeling!
Why sigh we not for softer climes?
Why cling to that which bore us?
'Tis here we tread on Freedom's soil,
With Freedom's sunshine o'er us!

VII.

MAKE A BEGINNING.

If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a *beginning*, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

VIII.

INFLUENCE.

George W. Bungay.

1. Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

2. Flake follows flake, like sprites
Whose wings the winds dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

3. Beam follows beam to cheer,
The cloud a bolt might shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

4. The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

IX.

PLEASURE IN ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

CAROLINE F. ORNE.

1. Note the ecstatic joy of the student, who has labored long over a problem or proposition, but finally comes to a logical conclusion; who has struggled with the misty darkness of his own mind, for a clear view of some difficult subject, until the clouds, one after another, have dispersed, and he beholds, with his mental vision, in bright and glorious light, the conception for which he labored. Think you he would exchange his joys for the pleasures of sense? It is of a higher and more ennobling character, and not to be bartered for paltry wealth.

2. What dignity and self-respect invest the man of thought! His very looks bespeak of mind. He is approached with deference, as a being of higher order in the scale of intelligence,—as one who has a right to command and be obeyed. For what moves mind, but mind? A strong intellect, coming in contact with one of less energy, will as naturally move it, as superior physical strength will overcome the weaker.

X.

WHAT IS FAME?

MOTHERWELL.

What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an errant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;

A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-bandied name,—
Ay, this is glory!—this is fame!

XI.

CULTIVATED INTELLECT.

Ah! well do we all know the worth of intelligence, the power of knowledge, and the beauty and glory of wisdom. It is *educated manhood* that wakes up the sleeping soil, covers the earth with good, that gathers in the golden harvest, that clothes the naked, that feeds the hungry. It is the *cultivated mind* that applies the strength of the ox and the fleetness of the horse; that bridges the river, that turns to use the flying winds, that makes the lightning its swift messenger, that makes beautiful palaces of dull clay, that rouses the dead ore to active life, that covers the sea with ships, and the land with mighty engines of wealth. It is the *developed intellect* that flies through the upper air, that mingles with the stars, that follows the moon in her course, that overtakes the constellations in their orbits, that weighs the sun, that measures the distance to the polar star. It is the *enlightened soul* that worships God.

XII.

GOD'S WORKS ATTEST HIS GREATNESS.

MRS. OPIE.

1. There's not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower;
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

2. Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.

3. Yes, dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all
The smallest, like the greatest things,—
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim Thee King of kings.

4. But man alone to bounteous Heaven,
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise;
To favored man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise!

LESSON LXXVII.

Mo not' o nous, dull; uniform.
Har poon', barbed spear.
Aš i ta ted, disturbed.
Re ver' ber ates, rebounds; reëchoes.
Writhes, twists, or turns in agony.
Con tor' tions, twistings; writhings.
Ve loc' i ty, swiftness.
Ig nites', takes fire.
Fric' tion, rubbing together.
Coils, winds into a ring.
Pro ject' ed, thrown out or forward.
Vo cif' er a ted, shouted.
In fu' ri a ted, enraged.
Un re lent' ing, unfeeling.
Con vul' sions, violent spasms.
Ren coun' ter, fight; conflict.

CAPTURE OF THE WHALE.

1. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a South-seaman, cruising in the North Pacific ocean. He may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean, every thing around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling

brightness. Suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the masthead, exclaiming, "*There he spouts!*"

2. The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "*Where away?*" but, perhaps, the next moment every one aloft and on deck, can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe,—his large "hump" projecting three feet out of the water. At the end of every ten seconds, the spout is seen rushing from the fore part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join in the chorus of "*There again!*" keeping time with the duration of the spout.

3. But, while they have been looking, a few seconds have expired. They rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them; and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale, three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed toward their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant of

"Away, my boys, away, my boys, 'tis time for us to go."

4. But, while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing; they have yet, perhaps, some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching. The few sailors left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim, "*Ah, he is going down!*" Yet he spouts again, but slowly; the water is seen agitated around him; the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive him rising in preparation for

his descent. "*He will be lost!*" they exclaim; for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him, and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honor of the first blow with the harpoon.

5. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now ordered to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth,—it is his last; but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. "*Peak your oars!*" exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner. In an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up;" that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or pole of the harpoon.

6. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, which, with his vast tail, strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the harpoon has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, and the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea, can be heard for miles!

7. "*Stern all!*" cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has "sounded;" the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat, with lightning-like velocity; it smokes; it ignites from the heat produced by the friction; but the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. But an oar is now held up in

their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; two hundred fathoms are nearly exhausted; up flies one of the other boats, and "bends on" another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost.

8. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending deeply into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. Two more lines are exhausted,—he is *six hundred fathoms deep!* "*Stand ready to bend on!*" cries the mate to the fourth boat; (for sometimes they take the whole four lines away with them,—*eight hundred fathoms!!*) but, it is not required, he is rising. "*Haul in the slack!*" observes the headsman, while the boat-steerer coils it again carefully into the tubs as it is drawn up.

9. The whale is now seen approaching the surface; the gurgling and bubbling water which rises, proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The slack of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the fast boat, haul themselves gently toward the whale. The boat-steerer places the headsman close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats, dart another harpoon into his opposite side. Then, "*Stern all!*" is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

10. Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated "sea monster" rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him. He rears his enormous head, and, with wide-expanded jaws, snaps at every thing around him. He rushes at the boats with his head,—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

11. He is lanced again,—and his pain appears more than he can bear. He throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and its crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! he passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, "going head out;" but the two boats that have not yet "fastened," and are fresh and free, now give chase.

12. The whale becomes exhausted from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the two hundred fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course; his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

13. The fatal lance is, at length, given; the blood gushes from the nostrils of the unfortunate animal in a thick, black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. The immense creature may now again endeavor to "sound," to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but he is powerless. He soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death-pang seizes him, when his appearance is awful in the extreme.

14. Suffering from suffocation, or from the stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of his enormous frame is set in motion, for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is beaten into foam, and boats are sometimes crushed to atoms, with their crews.

15. But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course the segment of a circle; this is his "flurry," which

ends in his sudden dissolution. The mighty rencounter is finished. The gigantic animal rolls over on his side, and floats an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep,—a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as a wonderful proof of the *great power of the mind of man*.

QUESTIONS.—1. How are whales generally discovered? 2. Why do they come to the surface of the water? 3. How far do they sometimes descend in the ocean? 4. Describe the manner in which they are captured.

LESSON LXXVIII.

A' ER O NAUT, one who sails in the air.
RE POUR' LED, repeated.
MAG NIF' I CENT, grand; splendid.
EL' E VA TED, raised; excited.
GON' DO LA, small boat.
EN CIR'CLED, surrounded.
RO' TA RY, turning; revolving.
IN TENS' E TY, extreme degree.
A' ER OS TAT, air-balloon.
IN FIN' I TE LY, boundless.
VA' RI E GA TED, diversified; varied.
TEND' ING, tending; inclining.
OB LIQUE' LY, slantingly.
RES PI RA' TION, act of breathing.
ZE' NITH, point in the heavens directly over head.
MAN' DI BLES, jaws.
EB BOIS' TY POIS, tempestuous wind.

LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

1. My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up, at this moment, the melting air of "Sweet Home." It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high; and *I* was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

2. "Let go!" was the word. The cheers redoubled;

handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand; bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air. How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand housetops, reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy.

3. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, cleaving the depths of heaven like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive; and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm.

4. I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty *yo-heave-o!* of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round. I was a spectator of all, yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and, at last, the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the vast vibrations of a bell. My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings.

5. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had fainted from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left; and, as his rays played on the aërostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, and I, a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east; the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me, the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests.

6. The free wind was on my cheek, and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long, blue waves, checkered with masses of shadow, and gashes of ruby sunlight; to the north and west, the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye. The atmosphere which I now breathed, seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expressions. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo.

7. My barometer now denoted an immense hight; and, as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath twilight reigned around. I was now startled by a fluttering in my gondola. It was my carrier-pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my hight, then nearly four miles, and the state of the barometer.

8. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done; he attempted to rise, but I out-sped him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze. My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from *terra firma*.* I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe respiration.

* Solid earth.

9. I pulled my valve-cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed Heaven! it moved.

10. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath; and I looked down upon an ocean of rainbows, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind.

11. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness, and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country! As he fanned me with his heavy wing, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE.

12. But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, and my heart sunk; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild-fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions; and, as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, "beautiful exceedingly," spread on every hand.

13. Vast curtains of clouds pavilioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses; masses of mist were lifted on high, like strips of living fire, more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aërial Euroclydon now smote my car, and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them.

14. The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the south-east, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance; a rainbow hung afar; and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear. Presently all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit; and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, "afloating sweetly to the west." The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view.

15. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the Narrows, and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribbons of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the mainland; saw the tall, old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds, and the welcome

sound of human voices; and, finally, sweeping over forest-tops and embowered villages, at last, descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, "safe and well."

QUESTIONS.—1. What demonstrations were made by the people as the aeronaut began to ascend? 2. How did the city and other objects appear to him? 3. What could he hear? 4. Describe the appearance of the ocean. 5. What did he do with his carrier-pigeon? 6. How high did he ascend? 7. Describe his descent. 8. What is said about the eagle that came near him? 9. Describe the appearance of the clouds beneath him.

LESSON LXXIX.

BOUN' TY, charity; favor.
FRU' GAL, prudent; economical.
FLOUR' ISH ED, thrived; prospered.
DIS CHARG' ED, performed.
EDUCĀ' TION, education.
EM BRĀCE' ED, accepted.
MAIN TĀIN' ED, supported.
TRAVĒL' ED, traveled.
DE CEĀS' ED, deceased.
LAW' FUL, lawful.
TWAIN, two.
BE WITCH' ING, charming.
YOUTH' FUL, lad; youngster.
MED' I TA TIVE thoughtful.

PRO VŌKE' ED, (PRO, *forward, forth;* VOKED, *called;*) called forth; excited.
IN CLUDE', (IN, *in;* CLUDE, *shut;*) shut in; inclose.
IN SERT', (IN *in;* SERT, *join, set;*) join, or set in; put in.

THE DAPPLE MARE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

1. "ONCE on a time," as ancient tales declare,
There lived a farmer in a quiet dell
In Massachusetts, but exactly where,
Or when, is really more than I can tell,—
Except that quite above the public bounty,
He lived within his means and Bristol county.

2. By patient labor and unceasing care,
He earned, and so enjoyed, his daily bread;
Contented always with his frugal fare,
Ambition to be rich ne'er vexed his head;
And thus unknown to envy, want, or wealth,
He flourished long in comfort, peace, and health.

3. The gentle partner of his humble lot,
The joy and jewel of his wedded life,
Discharged the duties of his peaceful cot,
Like a true woman and a faithful wife;
Her mind improved by thought and useful reading,
Kind words and gentle manners showed her breeding.

4. Grown old, at last, the farmer called his son,
The youngest, (and the favorite I suppose,)
And said,—"I long have thought, my darling John,
'Tis time to bring my labors to a close;
So now to toil I mean to bid adieu,
And deed, my son, the homestead-farm to you."

5. The boy embraced the boon with vast delight,
And promised, while their precious lives remained,
He'd till and tend the farm from morn till night,
And see his parents handsomely maintained;
God help him, he would never fail to love, nor
Do aught to grieve his gen'rous old gov'nor.

6. The farmer said,—"Well, let us now proceed,
(You know there's always danger in delay,)
And get 'Squire Robinson to write the deed;
Come,—where's my staff?—we'll soon be on the way."
But John replied, with tender, filial care,
"You're old and weak—I'll catch the Dapple Mare."

7. The mare was saddled, and the old man got on,
The boy on foot trudged cheerfully along,
The while, to cheer his sire, the duteous son
Beguiled the weary way with talk and song.
Arrived, at length, they found the 'Squire at home,
And quickly told him wherefore they had come.

8. The deed was writ in proper form of law,
With many a "foresaid," "therefore", and "the same,"
And made throughout without mistake or flaw,
To show that John had now a legal claim
To all his father's land—conveyed, given, sold,
Quit-claimed, *et cetera*,*—to have and hold.

9. Their business done, they left the lawyer's door,
Happier, perhaps, than when they entered there;
And started off as they had done before,—
The son on foot, the father on the mare.
But ere the twain a single mile had gone,
A brilliant thought occurred to Master John.

10. Alas for truth!—alas for filial duty!—
Alas that Satan in the shape of pride,
(His most bewitching form save that of beauty,)
Whispered the lad—"My boy, *you* ought to ride!"
"Get off!" exclaimed the younker—"'t is n't fair
That you should always ride the Dapple Mare!"

11. The son was lusty, and the sire was old,
And so, with many an oath and many a frown,
The hapless father did as he was told;
The man got off the steed, the boy got on,
And rode away as fast as she could trot,
And left his sire to trudge it home on foot!

* And so forth.

12. That night, while seated round the kitchen fire
The household sat, cheerful as if no word
Or deed, provoked the injured father's ire,
Or aught to make him sad had e'er occurred,—
Thus spoke he to his son: "We quite forgot,
I think, t' include that little turnip lot!"

13. "I'm very sure, my son, it wouldn't hurt it,"
Calmly observed the meditative sire,
"To take the deed, my lad, and just insert it;"
Here the old man inserts it—*in the fire!*
Then cries aloud with most triumphant air,
"Who now, my son, shall ride the Dapple Mare?"

QUESTIONS.—1. What proposition did the father make to his son? 2. What did the son promise to do? 3. How did the son treat his father after he got the deed? 4. What did the old gentleman do?

LESSON LXXX.

HARD' Y NOON, bravery.
MAST'-TRUCK, small cap at the top of a flagstaff or masthead.
A GHAST', horrified.
GROUPS, clusters; crowds.
PALE' LED, pale.
LU' BRE, dismal; gloomy.
HUE, color.
RIV' ET ED, firmly fixed.
FOLD' ED, embraced; clasped.

1 MA HÓN', (*Ma hone,*) a sea-port town on the island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean Sea.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
(*sl.*) In the harbor of Mahon[1];
A dead calm rested on the bay,—
The waves to sleep had gone,—

When little Jack,* the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climbed shroud and spar,—and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood!

2. A shudder ran through every vein,—
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky!
No hold had he above,—below,
Alone he stood in air!
At that far hight none dared to go,—
No aid could reach him there.

3. We gazed,—but not a man could speak;
With horror all aghast.
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast!
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

4. The father came on deck. He gasped,
"O God, Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son!
"Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!" he said,
"That only chance your life can save:
(") Jump! jump, boy!" He obeyed.

*A name commonly applied to a young sailor.

5. He sank,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
He for the ship struck out!
On board we hailed the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck!

QUESTIONS.—1. What did the captain's son do, on board the Ironsides? 2. Describe his situation. 3. What is said of the officers and crew? 4. What did the father say and do? 5. What did the boy do?

LESSON LXXXI.

COM BINE', mix or unite.
PE DES' TRI AN, traveler on foot.
PROM' I NENT, important.
TRAG' IC, fatal; mournful.
NAR RATE', tell; relate.
YORE, olden time.
WI' LY, craft; cunning.
RE LENT' LESS, hard-hearted; cruel.
WIG' WAM, Indian hut or cabin.
EM BARK' ED, went aboard.
TWANG, quick, sharp sound.
SPA' CIOUS, large; capacious.
WA' RI LY, cautiously.
MYS TE' RI OUS LY, strangely.
OM' IN OUS, foreboding ill.
IN EXO' RA BLE, relentless.

UN TRACE' A BLE, (UN, *not*; TRACE, *mark*; ABLE, *that can be*;) that can not be marked, or traced; not found out.

THE INDIAN BRIDE'S REVENGE.

L. M. STOWELL.

1. In the State of New York, where the dark, foaming waters of the Black River, after roaring and surging through many pleasant fields, beautiful groves, and dense woodlands, commingle with the clear, cold waters of Lake Ontario, the wandering pedestrian or the lone fisherman may see, resting upon a gravelly flat, the remains of an *old Indian canoe*,

whose once beautiful proportions, now untraceable in its rottenness, bore a prominent part in the tragic event I am about to narrate.

2. Through these pleasant valleys, among the broken hills, and in the majestic forests, of yore, the wily Indian and his dusky mate, held undisputed possession; and many are the incidents, yet unwritten, of tragic and thrilling interest, that transpired around the red man's camp-fire, ere the white man disturbed their forest homes.

3. Si ōus'ka, or the "Wild Flower," was the daughter of a powerful chief of the Onondagas, and the only being ever known to turn the relentless old chief from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her great beauty; but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, her quiet, submissive motion, all bespoke its language; and many were the young chieftains that sought to win her affections.

4. Among her admirers were two young chiefs of the Oneidas, with whom the Onondagas were on the most friendly terms. Si ōus'ka's father, in order to cherish the friendly feeling of the two tribes, and, at the same time, strengthen his power, besought her to accept the more powerful chief, "Eagle Eye." He did not plead in vain; for she had long loved the young Oneida.

5. One bright sunny morning, in early spring, as the old chief was out hunting, the young Oneida crossed his path, upon which the old man advanced, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, pointed to the dwelling of Si ōus'ka. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the strong, young chief proceeded toward her wigwam, and entered together

6. Si ōus'ka was seated in one corner, engaged upon some fancy basket-work, and did not notice their approach until they had entered. The old chief looked upon her with an expression of love, which his stern countenance never wore except in her presence. "Si ōus'ka," he said in a subdued tone, "Go to the wigwam of the Oneida, that your father's tribe may be strengthened, and many moons may shine upon their peace and prosperity."

7. There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Wild Flower" of the Onondagas, and, when the young chief saw the light of her mild eye suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that her love had lost none of its power. The marriage song was soon sung in the royal wigwam, in which the sweet voice of Si ōus'ka was happily heard to mingle.

8. When the rejected chief of the Oneidas heard that the "Wild Flower" had mated with the "Eagle Eye," his wrath knew no bounds, and he secretly resolved upon revenge. Two years passed away, and, as yet, no good opportunity had arrived; for he dared not attack "Eagle Eye" in open conflict, for fear of his superior powers; and, assassin-like, he sought to give the blow unperceived.

9. At length, the spring came, and a number of the tribe prepared to visit Lake Ontario, on a fishing and hunting excursion. Among the number who went, were the "Eagle Eye," Si ōus'ka, and their little boy. They were obliged to carry their light, birchen canoes from home, and these were packed with the necessary tackle, skins for beds, &c. The strong men of the party carried the canoes on their shoulders, and the women the smaller articles of furniture.

10. They had advanced across the country, until they reached the Black River, and, by carrying their canoes around falls and rapids, gently floated down the stream till they reached the great falls, about six miles from the Lake.

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10. They had advanced across the country, until they reached the Black River, and, by carrying their canoes around falls and rapids, gently floated down the stream till they reached the great falls, about six miles from the Lake.

Here they halted for the night, and encamped about half a mile above the falls.

11. The morning came; and, as the first beam of the rising sun pierced the forest shade, the party again embarked in their canoes for the mouth of the river, the gaudy canoe of Si-ŏus'ka, which her father had given her, taking the lead. They had scarcely started from the shore, ere the sharp twang of a bow-string was heard from the shore, and an unerring arrow pierced the heart of "Eagle Eye." He fell over the side of the canoe, and was swept by the current over the great falls.

12. The party immediately started in pursuit of the coward murderer; but they sought in vain. His hiding-place was too sure,—he had taken refuge in a cave, the entrance of which was hid from observation by a thick clump of cedars. Here he remained till he was certain the company had departed. This cave is still there, and I have often been in its many chambers,—some of which are very spacious.

13. The fatal shaft was winged from the bow of the revenged Oneida chief. Having been apprised of the expedition, he had warily dogged the steps of the party, until a favorable opportunity presented itself, and then satisfied his secret longing for revenge upon the enemy, whom he did not dare to attack even-handed. The party sought him far and near; but, as no trace of any one could be found, they imagined, with superstitious fear, that the "Great Spirit" had thus summoned "Eagle Eye" to the "Spirit's Hunting Ground."

14. When they returned to their canoes, no traces of Si-ŏus'ka and her child were to be found. They, too, had mysteriously disappeared, and the whole party, with ominous silence, hastened around the falls, and away from the fearful place. When Si-ŏus'ka saw the fatal shaft pierce her companion,

with a fearful shriek she fell into the bottom of the canoe, hid herself in the furs, and immediately her reason forsook her.

15. When she recovered, she found that her canoe, urged on by the current, had floated into a large cave, and was firmly wedged in between two rocks, and her little boy, with his bow and arrow in his hand, was quietly sleeping by her side. Dislodging the canoe, she plied the oars, and was soon outside the cave.

16. On finding her people had left her, she sought the shore, and, fastening the canoe, proceeded below the falls, where she found the body of the ill-fated "Eagle Eye," where it had washed ashore. With superhuman strength, she bore the mangled body to a thick grove of cedars, and, with her own hands, dug a rude grave, and covered his remains with dried leaves and earth. That night she kept her lonely watch beside the grave of all that she held dear on earth, save her boy, intending to follow the party on the morrow.

17. The morning came, and the mid-day sun began to descend toward the western hills, ere she left the grave of the murdered chief. But, at length, she sorrowfully departed; and, on arriving where she moored the canoe the day before, what was her surprise to see the murderer of her husband, quietly sleeping upon the skins where last "Eagle Eye" had reposed, in the bow of the canoe.

18. From that moment Si-ŏus'ka was changed. Her quiet, submissive air immediately gave place to fierce sternness, and the eye that had always beamed with the smile of love, shot forth flashes of bitter hate and passion, implacable as the most bloodthirsty of her tribe. Noiselessly throwing the oars from the boat, with a wild shriek, she quickly swung it around into the rapidly rolling current, and it was hurried

toward the brink of that awful cataract, over which no living being had ever passed alive.

19. The young chief, awakened by that fearful, exulting cry of revenge, and seeing the peril of his situation, leaped from the bark that was hurrying him to sure destruction, and vainly sought to gain the shore. After struggling with the swift tide for a moment, in which he was carried nearer and nearer the awful brink, he turned, and, with a wild, unearthly yell, plunged over, and the boiling waters only responded to his death-wail, as he sunk to rise no more, and his spirit joined that of his victim in the "Spirit Land."

20. After the gentle "Wild Flower" had avenged the death of the "Eagle Eye," she returned to her father's wigwam, and spent the remainder of her life to the memory of her heart's first devotion. The canoe, all battered and broken, floated to the mouth of the river, bottom side up, where it was seen by one of the party while fishing, drawn to the shore, and left to decay. The party supposed that "Eagle Eye," Si ous'ka, and her child, had all perished in some mysterious manner.

QUESTIONS.—1. Who was Si ous'ka? 2. Who became her husband? 3. What effect had her marriage upon the rejected Oneida chief? 4. In what way did he seek revenge? 5. How did Si ous'ka avenge the death of her husband?

LESSON LXXXII.

EN TER TĪND' ED, had; harbored.	RI' VAL RY, emulation.
PE CŪL IAR' I TY, something special.	RE VERS' ES, troubles; difficulties.
CHA GRIN' ED, (*sha grin' ed,*) vexed.	IN VIG' OR A TED, made strong.
MOR' TI FI ED, hurt in feeling.	DES O LA' TION, waste; ruin.
OUT STRIP', go beyond; excel.	REF' UGE, shelter; protection.

SYM' PA THIS ED, (SYM, *with;* PATH, *feeling;* IZE, *make, have;* ED, *did;*) did have feeling with. See Note on the suffix IZE, p. 132 of the ANALYSIS.

1 SIS' E RA, captain of the army of the Canaanitish king, Jabin. He was utterly defeated by Barak. Fleeing on foot, he took refuge in the tent of Jael, wife of Heber. There, while asleep, Jael drove a nail through his temples, and so he died. His mother, finding he did not return from the battle, "looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming?" Read 4th and 5th chapters of Judges.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

ALBERT BARNES.

1. MANY of us who are advanced beyond the period of childhood, went out from home to embark on the stormy sea of life. Of the feelings of a father, and of his interest in our welfare, we have never entertained a doubt, and our home was dear because he was there; but there was a peculiarity in the feeling that it was the home of our mother. Where *she* lived, there was a place that we felt was *home*. There was *one place* where we would always be welcome, *one place* where we would be met with a smile, *one place* where we would be sure of a friend.

2. The world might be indifferent to us. We might be unsuccessful in our studies or our business. The new friends which we supposed we had made, might prove to be false. The honor which we thought we deserved, might be withheld from us. We might be chagrined and mortified by seeing a rival outstrip us, and bear away the prize which we sought. But there was a place where no feelings of rivalry were found, and where those whom the world overlooked, would be sure of a friendly greeting. Whether pale and wan by study, care, or sickness, or flushed with health and flattering success, we were *sure* that we should be welcome there.

3. Though the world was cold toward us, yet there was *one* who always rejoiced in our success, and always was affected in our reverses; and there was a *place* to which we

might go back from the storm which began to pelt us, where we might rest, and become encouraged and invigorated for a new conflict. So have I seen a bird, in its first efforts to fly, leave its nest, and stretch its wings, and go forth to the wide world. But the wind blew it back, and the rain began to fall, and the darkness of night began to draw on, and there was no shelter abroad, and it sought its way back to its nest, to take shelter beneath its mother's wings, and to be refreshed for the struggles of a new day; but then it flew away to think of its nest and its mother no more.

4. But not thus did we leave our home when we bade adieu to it to go forth alone to the manly duties of life. Even amidst the storms that then beat upon us, and the disappointments that we met with, and the coldness of the world, we felt still that there *was one* who sympathized in our troubles, as well as rejoiced in our success, and that, whatever might be abroad, when we entered the door of her dwelling, we should be met with a smile. We expected that a mother, like the mother of Sisera, as she "looked out at her window," waiting for the coming of her son laden with the spoils of victory, would look out for *our* coming, and that *our* return would renew her joy and ours in our earlier days.

5. It makes a sad desolation when, from such a place, a mother is taken away, and when, whatever may be the sorrows or the successes in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may be still lovely. The old family mansion—the green fields—the running stream—the moss-covered well—the trees—the lawn—the rose—the sweet-brier—may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable locks, sitting in his loneliness, with every thing to command respect and love; but she is not there. Her familiar voice is not heard. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side

of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was.

6. There may be those there whom we much love; but *she* is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home, dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness, and religion, to make us happy; but *that* home is not what it was, and it will *never* be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from every thing dear here below, and to teach us that there is *no* place here, that is to be our permanent home.

QUESTIONS.—1. What renders home doubly endearing? 2. Where are we always welcome? 3. Who always rejoices in our successes, and is affected in our reverses? 4. Who was Sisera, and what account is given of him?

LESSON LXXXIII

UN SPOT' TED, pure; unstained.
FAIL' URE, fail.
TRA' CES, traces; impressions.
IM' PRESS, mark; stamp.
DO MIN' ION, authority; predominance.
SHRINK, withdraw.
PUR SU' ING, following.
STERN' ER, harsher; more rigid.
DE FY', dare; challenge.
WHO' SO, any person whatever.
TO' KEN, sign; indication.
BROTH' ER HOOD, fraternity.

THE LIFE-BOOK.

HOME JOURNAL.

1. WRITE, mother, write!
A new, unspotted book of life before thee,
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages

The first few characters, to live in glory,
Or live in shame, through long, unending ages!
Write, mother, write!
Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter;
The lot is on thee,—nerve thee then with care,—
A mother's tracery time may never alter;
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer!
Write, mother, write!

2. Write, father, write!
Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,
And write *immortal actions* for thy son;
Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,
Creeping on earth, leaving *great deeds* undone!
Write, father, write!
Leave on his life-book a fond father's blessing,
To shield him 'mid temptation, toil, and sin.
And he shall go to glory's field, possessing
Strength to contend, and *confidence to win*.
Write, father, write!

3. Write, sister, write!
Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy!
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears,—
No bud of sweet affection, howe'er lowly,
But planted here, will bloom in after years.
Write, sister, write!
Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing,
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours;
He may not pause,—he must be up and doing,
Whilst thou sitt'st idly, dreaming among flowers.
Write, sister, write!

4. Write, brother, write!
Strike a bold blow upon those kindred pages,—
Write; shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go;
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages,
We will defy the battle and the foe.
Write, brother, write!
We who have trodden boyhood's path together,
Beneath the summer's sun and winter's sky,
What matter if life brings us some foul weather,
We may be stronger than adversity!
Write, brother, write!

5. Fellow immortal, write!
One God reigns in the Heavens,—there is no other,—
And *all mankind are brethren*—thus 'tis spoken,—
And whoso aids a sorrowing, struggling brother,
By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,
Shall win the favor of our heavenly Father,
Who judges evil, and rewards the good,
And who hath linked the race of man together,
In one vast, universal brotherhood!
Fellow immortal, write!

QUESTIONS.—1. What may the mother write in the Life-Book? 2. What, the father? 3. What, the sister? 4. What, the brother? 5 What may all write?

LESSON LXXXIV.

ODE, short poem.
PA TER' NAL, coming by inheritance.
AT TIRE', clothing; raiment.
UN CON CERN' ED LY, without care
REC RE A' TION, amusement.
IN' NO CENCE, freedom from guilt.
MED I TA' TION, contemplation.
UN LA MENT' ED, unmourned.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

POPE.

Written when the author was twelve years of age.

1. HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

2. Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

3. Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years glide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

4. Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

5. Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

QUESTIONS.—1. Who, did the writer think, were happy? 2. How did he wish to live and die? 3. Analyze the word *recreation*, (RE, *back*; CREATION, *act of bringing into life*;) act of bringing back to life; a reviving.

LESSON LXXXV.

AD MI RA' TION, esteem.
FRA TER' NAL, brotherly.
IN SIG NIF' I CANCE, worthlessness.
CRIT' IC AL, perilous.
TŌŌ' ŤOOTH LY, completely; fully.
COM PRE HEND', understand.
CON VIC' TION, strong belief.
CON TE TI'' TION, strife; rivalry.
EM U LA' TION, competition.
IN THIN' SIC AL LY, really; truly.
AP PRE' CIATE, value; esteem.
BRAWN, physical strength.
PIN' NA CLE, summit; highest point.
SIN' U OUS, winding; bending.
LE GĬT' I MATE, lawful.
REQ' UI SITE, necessary.
CON SER VA' TION, act of keeping.
DE VEL' OP MENT, training.

GETTING THE RIGHT START.

J. G. HOLLAND.

1. THE first great lesson a young man should learn, is, that *he knows nothing*; and that the earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind, and his success in life. A young man bred at home, and growing up in the light of parental admiration and fraternal pride, can not readily understand how it is, that every one else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. If bred in the country, he seeks the life of the town, he will very early obtain an idea of his insignificance.

2. This is a critical period in his history. The result of his reasoning will decide his fate. If, at this time, he thoroughly comprehend, and in his soul admit and accept the fact, that *he knows nothing* and *is nothing*; if he bow to the conviction that his mind and his person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is *to be*, and is *to win*, must be achieved by *hard work*, there is abundant hope of him.

3. If, on the contrary, a huge self-conceit still hold possession of him, and he straightens stiffly up to the assertion of his old and valueless self,—or, if he sink discouraged upon the threshold of a life of fierce competitions, and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The

world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or to be trodden upon.

4. When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that *he knows nothing*, and that, intrinsically, he is of but *little value*, the next thing for him to learn is that *the world cares nothing for him*,—that he is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration and esteem,—that he must take care of himself.

5. If he be a stranger, he will find every man busy with his own affairs, and none to look after him. He will not be noticed until he becomes *noticeable*, and he will not become noticeable, until he *does something* to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought to give him this. No family connection will give him this, except among those few who think more of blood than brains.

6. Society demands that a young man *shall be somebody*, not only, but that *he shall prove his right to the title*; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust,—at least, not for a long time; for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a *man*: then it will bow to him, and make room for him.

7. There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit, than a vague desire for *help*,—a wish to *depend*, to *lean* upon somebody, and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams of help from some quarter, coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman, with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, and a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will, perhaps, give or lend them

from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

8. To me, one of the most disgusting sights in the world, is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets, longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance,—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself, to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition, that should make him shudder.

9. When, therefore, a young man has ascertained and fully received the fact that he does not know any thing, that the world does not care any thing about him, that what he wins must be won by his own brain and brawn, and that while he holds in his own hands the means of gaining his own livelihood and the objects of his life, he can not receive assistance without compromising his self-respect and selling his freedom, he is in a fair position for beginning life. When a young man becomes aware that only by *his own efforts* can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

10. The next lesson is, that of *patience*, thoroughness in preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult to learn, of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results.

11. As manhood dawns, and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great

delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point, have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives.

12. Let this be understood, then, at starting; that the patient conquest of difficulties, which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind, requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence, that the process of earning success, shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

13. So, day by day, and week by week; so, month after month, and year after year, *work on*, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success, patiently and bravely worked for, shall come, it may find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor, will prove itself, in the end, the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a *man* of you. It will give you *power* and *self-reliance*. It will give you not only *self-respect*, but *the respect of your fellows and the public*.

QUESTIONS.—1. What is the first lesson a young man should learn? 2. What is the next lesson he should learn? 3. What does society demand of a young man? 4. What is a sure sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit? 5. When is a young man in a fair position for beginning life? 6. What is a general rule of Providence?

LESSON LXXXVI.

PRE SUMP' TION, arrogance.
SOPH' ISTS, professed teachers of wisdom.
AC COST' ED, addressed.
GEN' IUS, natural aptitude.
IN DUC' ED, prevailed upon.
PHI LOS' O PHER, lover of wisdom.
BAR' BA ROUS, foreign; uncivilized.
DIS SUADE', turn away from.
EX CESS' IVE, overmuch.
EX TEEM' ED, highly regarded.
RE TRENCH', lessen; curtail.
SU PER' FLU OUS, extravagant; needless.
UN DER' TAK' ING, engaging in.
IN CA PAC' I TY, inability.

1 THE MIS' TO CLES, a celebrated Athenian statesman and military leader, was born about 514 before Christ.

2 CI' MON, an illustrious Athenian general and statesman, born about the year 510, before Christ. He belonged to the aristocratic party of his time, and contributed to the banishment of Themistocles, the leader of the opposite party. He was also the political opponent of Pericles.

3 PER' I CLES, an Athenian statesman, born about 455 before Christ. He labored to make Athens the capital of all Greece, and the seat of art and refinement.

4 PLA' TO, a celebrated Greek philosopher, born in Athens about the year 429 before Christ. He was a pupil of Socrates, for note on whom, see p. 138.

THE PRESUMPTION OF YOUTH.

ROLLIN.

1. THE young people of Athens, amazed at the glory of Themistocles,[1] of Cimon,[2] of Pericles,[3] and full of a foolish ambition, after having received some lessons from the sophists, who promised to render them very great politicians, believed themselves capable of every thing, and aspired to fill the highest places. One of them, named Glaucon, took it so strongly in head that he had a *peculiar genius* for public affairs, although he was not yet twenty years of age, that no person in his family, nor among his friends, had the power to divert him from a notion so little befitting his age and capacity.

2. Socrates, who liked him on account of Plato[4] his brother, was the only one who succeeded in making him

change his resolution. Meeting him one day, he accosted him with so dexterous a discourse, that he induced him to listen. He had already gained much influence over him. "You have a desire to govern the republic?" said Socrates. "True," replied Glaucon. "You can not have a finer design," said the philosopher, "since, if you succeed in it, you will be in a state to serve your friends, to enlarge your house, and to extend the limits of your native country.

3. "You will become known not only in Athens, but through all Greece; and it may be that your renown will reach even to the barbarous nations, like that of Themistocles. At last, you will gain the respect and admiration of everybody." A beginning so flattering pleased the young man exceedingly, and he very willingly continued the conversation. "Since you desire to make yourself esteemed and respected, it is clear that you think to render yourself useful to the public." "Assuredly." "Tell me, then, I beseech you, what is the first service that you intend to render the state?"

4. As Glaucon appeared to be perplexed, and considered what he ought to answer,—"Probably," replied Socrates, "it will be to enrich the republic, that is to say, to increase its revenues." "Exactly so." "And, undoubtedly, you know in what the revenues of the state consist, and the extent to which they may be increased. You will not have failed to make it a private study, to the end that if one source should suddenly fail, you may be able to supply its place immediately with another." "I assure you," answered Glaucon, "that this is what I have never thought of."

5. "Tell me, at least, then, the necessary expenses of maintaining the republic. You can not fail to know of what importance it is to retrench those which are superfluous." "I confess to you that I am not more instructed

with regard to this article than the other." "Then it is necessary to defer till another time the design that you have of enriching the republic; for it is impossible for you to benefit the state while you are ignorant of its revenues and expenses."

6. "But," said Glaucon, "there is still another means that you pass over in silence,—one can enrich a state by the ruin of its enemies." "You are right," replied Socrates, "but, in order to do that, you must be the more powerful; otherwise you run the risk of losing that which you possess. So, he who speaks of undertaking a war, ought to know the power of both parties, to the end that if he finds his party the stronger, he may boldly risk the adventure; but, if he find it the weaker, he should dissuade the people from undertaking it.

7. "But, do you know what are the forces of our republic, by sea and by land, and what are those of our enemies? have you a statement of them in writing? You will do me the pleasure to allow me a perusal of it." "I have none yet," replied Glaucon. "I see, then," said Socrates, "that we shall not make war so soon, if they intrust *you* with the government; for there remain many things for you to know, and many cares to take."

8. The sage mentioned many other articles, not less important, in which he found Glaucon equally inexperienced, and he pointed out how ridiculous they render themselves, who have the rashness to intermeddle with government, without bringing any other preparation to the task than *a great degree of self-esteem and excessive ambition.* "Fear, my dear Glaucon," said Socrates, "fear, lest a too ardent desire for honors should blind you; and cause you to take a part that would cover you with shame, in bringing to light your incapacity, and want of talent."

9. The youth was wise enough to profit by the good advice of his instructer, and took some time to gain private information, before he ventured to appear in public. This lesson is for all ages.

QUESTIONS.—1. To what did the young people of Athens aspire? 2. What did Glaucon believe he possessed? 3. Who succeeded in making him change his resolution? 4. How did Socrates do this? 5. What did Socrates finally say to him?

LESSON LXXXVII.

CREST, topmost light.
TOR' RENTS, rushing streams.
TYPE, symbol; token.
AE RIE, (*â' ry,*) eagle's nest.
VAULT' ED, arched.
LIQ' UID, (*lik' wid,*) clear; flowing.
BASK, lie exposed to warmth.
CAS' O PY, covering.
REV' EL RY, noisy merriment.
BIDE, stay; continue.
VO LUP' TU OUS, devoted to pleasure.
HAUNTS, places of resort.
EX PIRES', dies; becomes extinct.
SMOL' DER ING, burning and smoking without vent.
HER' IT AGE, inheritance.
QUENCH' ED, extinguished.
PEN' NON, flag; banner.
WRENCH, wrest; twist off.
CRA' VEN, base; cowardly.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

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

2. Aloft I fly from my aërie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky;

On a sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light;
For I love to play in the noontide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of day.

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

4. I love the land where the mountains stand,
Like the watch-towers high of a Patriot band;
For I may not bide in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,
Where Luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

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

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

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

QUESTIONS.—1. Where does the eagle build its nest? 2. Describe its flights. 3. Where does it love to dwell? 4. Of what is the eagle a type? 5. What warning does it give to the people of this country? 6. What is there peculiar in the construction of the first, third, and fifth lines of each verse?

LESSON LXXXVIII.

AN′ THEM, ode; song.
DAUNT′ LESS, bold; fearless.
WAĞ′ ED, carried on.
UN A̅W′ ED, undismayed.
SCRŌLL, roll of paper; document.
COUNT′ LESS, unnumbered.
ROY′ AL, regal; noble.
U′ NI VERSE, whole creation.
BAF′ FLED, frustrated.
TY RAN′ NIC, oppressive; despotic.
CURB, check; restrain.
SUC CEED′ ING, following.
HURL′ ED, thrown.
PEAL′ ED, resounded.

[1] HEL′ LES PONT, now the Dardanelles, a narrow strait between Asia and Europe.

[2] XER′ XES, (*zerk′ sēz.*) the celebrated king of Persia, during his famous expedition into Greece, caused two bridges to be thrown over the Hellespont; but the work was not strong enough to resist a violent storm which broke it to pieces, soon after it was finished. This was about the year 480 before Christ.

THE ARMY OF REFORM.

SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT.

1. YES, *ye are few*,—and *they were few*,
Who, daring storm and sea,
Once raised upon old Plymouth rock
"The anthem of the free."

2. *And they were few* at Lexington,
To battle, or to die,—
That lightning-flash, that thunder-peal,
Told that the storm was nigh.

3. *And they were few*, who dauntless stood,
Upon old Bunker's hight,
And waged with Britain's strength and pride
The fierce, unequal fight.

4. *And they were few*, who, all unawed
By kingly "rights divine,"
The Declaration, rebel scroll,*
Untrembling dared to sign.

5. Yes, *ye are few*; for one proud glance
Can take in all your band,
As now against a countless host,
Firm, true, and calm, ye stand.

6. Unmoved by Folly's idiot laugh,
Hate's curse, or Envy's frown,—
Wearing your rights as royal robes,
Your manhood as a crown,—

7. With eyes whose gaze, unveiled by mists,
Still rises, clearer, higher,—
With stainless hands, and lips that Truth
Hath touched with living fire,—

* The reference is to the Declaration of Independence, made July 4th, 1776.

8. With one high hope, that ever shines
Before you as a star,—
One prayer of faith, one fount of strength,
A glorious few ye are!

9. Ye *dare* not fear, ye *can not* fail,
Your destiny ye bind
To that sublime, eternal law
That rules the march of mind.

10. See yon bold eagle toward the sun
Now rising free and strong,
And see yon mighty river roll
Its sounding tide along!

11. Ah! yet near earth the eagle tires,
Lost in the sea, the river;
But naught can stay the human mind,—
'Tis upward, onward, ever!

12. It yet shall tread the starlit paths,
By highest angels trod,
And pause but at the farthest world
In the universe of God.

13. 'Tis said that Persia's baffled king,
In mad, tyrannic pride,
Cast fetters on the Hellespont,[1]
To curb its swelling tide:

14. But freedom's own true spirit heaves
The bosom of the main;
It tossed those fetters to the
And bounded on again!

15. The scorn of each succeeding age
On Xerxes'[2] head was hurled,
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed
The long laugh of a world.

16. Thus, thus, defeat, and scorn, and shame,
Is *his*, who strives to bind
The restless, leaping waves of thought,
The free tide of the mind

QUESTIONS.—1. Who raised the anthem of the free on Plymouth Rock? 2. What is said of the few on Bunker's Hight? 3. How many signed the Declaration of Independence? Ans. 56. 4. What is said of the eagle? 5. Of the human mind? 6. Of Freedom? 7. Where is the Hellespont?

LESSON LXXXIX.

FRESH' EN ED, grow brisk or strong.
FIT' FUL LY, at intervals.
IN DI CA' TION, sign; token.
EN THU' SI ASM, strong feeling.
AP PRE HEND' ING, fearing.
A BAN' DON, give up; forsake.
HAW' SERS, cables; large ropes.
VOL UN TEER' ED, offered willingly.
IN' TER VAL, intervening time.
DE VŌT' ED, doomed; ill-fated.
THWARTS, seats placed across a boat.
GUAR' AN TY, warrant.
IN EV' I TA BLY, certainly; surely.
AC CU' MU LA TED, collected; heaped.
STAN' CHEONS, (stan' shuns,) small post.
VI' ED, strove; contended.
DIS' LO CA TED, out of joint; disjointed.
AM' PU TA TED, cut off.

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE MONITOR.

GREENVILLE M. WELLS.

1. On the afternoon of December 29th, 1862, she put on steam, and, in tow of the "Rhode Island," passed Fortress Monroe, and out to sea. As we gradually passed out, the wind freshened somewhat; but the sun went down in glorious clouds of purple and crimson, and the night was fair

and calm above us, though, in the interior of our little vessel, the air had already begun to lose its freshness. We suffered more or less from its closeness through the night, and woke in the morning to find it heavy with impurity, from the breaths of some sixty persons, composing the officers and crew.

2. Sunshine found us on deck, enjoying pure air, and watching the east. During the night we had passed Cape Henry, and now, at dawn, found ourselves on the ocean,—the land only a blue line in the distance. A few more hours, and that had vanished. No sails were visible; and the Passaic, which we had noticed the evening before, was now out of sight. The morning and afternoon passed quietly; we spent most of our time on deck, on account of the confined air below, and, being on a level with the sea, with the spray dashing over us occasionally, amused ourselves with noting its shifting hues and forms, from the deep green of the first long roll, to the foam-crest and prismatic tints of the falling wave.

3. As the afternoon advanced, the freshening wind, the thickening clouds, and the increasing roll of the sea, gave those most accustomed to ordinary ship-life, some new experiences. The little vessel plunged through the rising waves, instead of riding them, and, as they increased in violence, lay, as it were, under their crests, which washed over her continually; so that, even when we considered ourselves safe, the appearance was that of a vessel sinking.

4. "I'd rather go to sea in a diving-bell!" said one, as the waves dashed over the pilot-house, and the little craft seemed buried in water. "Give me an oyster-scow!" cried another,—"any thing! only let it be *wood*, and something that will float *over*, instead of *under* the water!" Still she plunged on; and about 6.30 P.M., we made Cape

Hatteras; in half an hour we had rounded the point. A general hurrah went up,—"Hurrah for the first iron-clad that ever rounded Cape Hatteras! Hurrah for the little boat that is first in every thing!"

5. At half-past seven, a heavy shower fell, lasting about twenty minutes. At this time the gale increased; black, heavy clouds covered the sky, through which the moon glittered fitfully, allowing us to see in the distance a long line of white, plunging foam rushing toward us,—sure indication, to a sailor's eye, of a stormy time. A gloom overhung every thing; the banks of cloud seemed to settle around us; the moan of the ocean grew louder and more fearful. Still our little boat pushed doggedly on: victorious through all, we thought that here, too, she would conquer, though the beating waves sent shudders through her whole frame.

6. An hour passed; the air below, which had all day been increasing in closeness, was now almost stifling; but our men lost no courage. Some sang as they worked; and the cadence of their voices, mingling with the roar of waters, sounded like a defiance to Ocean. Some stationed themselves on top of the turret, and a general enthusiasm filled all breasts, as huge waves, twenty feet high, rose up on all sides, hung suspended for a moment like jaws open to devour, and then, breaking, gnashed over in foam from side to side.

7. Those of us new to the sea, and not apprehending our peril, hurrahed for the largest wave; but the captain and one or two others, old sailors, knowing its power, grew momentarily more and more anxious, feeling, with a dread instinctive to the sailor, that, in case of extremity, no wreck yet known to ocean, could be so hopeless as this. Solid iron from keelson to turret-top, clinging to any thing for safety, if the "Monitor" should go down, would only insure a share

in her fate. No mast, no spar, no floating thing, to meet the outstretched hand in the last moment.

8. The sea gathered force from each attack. Thick and fast came the blows on the iron mail of the "Monitor," and still the brave little vessel held her own, until, at half-past eight, the engineer, faithful to the end, reported a leak. The pumps were instantly set in motion, and we watched their progress with an intense interest. She had seemed to us like an old-time knight, in armor, battling against fearful odds, but still holding his ground. We who watched, when the blow came which made the strong man reel and the life-blood spout, felt our hearts faint within us; then, again, ground was gained, and the fight went on, the water lowering somewhat under the laboring pumps.

9. From nine to ten it kept pace with them. From ten to eleven the sea increased in violence, the waves now dashing entirely over the turret, blinding the eyes, and causing quick catchings of the breath, as they swept against us. At ten the engineer had reported the leak as gaining on us; at half past ten, with several pumps in constant motion, one of which threw out three thousand gallons a minute, the water was rising rapidly, and nearing the fires. When these were reached, the vessel's doom was sealed; for, with their extinction, the pumps must cease, and all hope of keeping the "Monitor" above water more than an hour or two, expired.

10. Our knight had received his death-blow, and lay struggling and helpless under the power of a stronger than he. A consultation was held, and, not without a conflict of feeling, it was decided that signals of distress should be made. Ocean claimed our little vessel, and her trembling frame and failing fire proved she would soon answer his call; yet a pang went through us, as we thought of the first iron-clad lying alone at the bottom of this stormy sea, her guns

silenced, herself a useless mass of metal. Each quiver of her strong frame seemed to plead with us not to abandon her.

11. The work she *had* done, the work she *was* to do, rose before us: might there not be a possibility of saving her yet? Her time could not have come so soon. But we who descended for a moment to the cabin, knew, by the rising water through which we waded, that the end was near. Small time was there for regrets. Rockets were thrown up, and answered by the "Rhode Island," whose brave men prepared at once to lower boats, though, in that wild sea, it was almost madness.

12. The "Monitor" had been attached to the "Rhode Island" by two hawsers, one of which had parted at about seven P.M. The other remained firm; but now it was necessary it should be cut. How was that possible, when every wave washed clean over the deck? What man could reach it alive? "Who'll cut the hawser?" shouted Captain Bankhead. Acting master Stodder volunteered, and was followed by another. Holding by one hand to the ropes at her side, they cut through, by many blows of the hatchet, the immense rope which united the vessels. Stodder returned in safety, but his brave companion was washed over, and went down.

13. Meanwhile the boat launched from the "Rhode Island," had started, manned by a crew of picked men. A more heroic impulse could not have accomplished this most noble deed. For hours they had watched the raging sea. Their captain and *they* knew the danger; every man who entered that boat, did it at the peril of his life; and yet all were ready. Are not such acts as these convincing proofs of the divinity of human nature? We watched her with straining eyes; for few thought she could live to reach us. She neared; we were sure of her, thank Heaven!

14. In this interval, the cut hawser had become entangled in the paddle-wheel of the "Rhode Island," and she drifted down upon us; we, not knowing this fact, supposed her coming to our assistance, but a moment undeceived us. The launch sent to our relief was now between us and her, —too near for safety. The steamer bore swiftly down, stern first, upon our starboard quarter. "*Keep off! keep off!*" we cried, and then first saw she was helpless.

15. Even as we looked, the devoted boat was caught between the steamer and the iron-clad,—a sharp sound of crushing wood was heard,—thwarts, oars, and splinters flew in air,—the boat's crew leaped to the "Monitor's" deck, Death stared us in the face; our iron prow must go through the Rhode Island's side,—and then an end to all. One awful moment we held our breath,—then the hawser was cleared,—the steamer moved off, as it were, step by step, first one, then another, till a ship's length lay between us, and then we breathed freely.

16. But the boat!—had she gone to the bottom, carrying brave souls with her? No; there she lay, beating against our iron sides; but still, though bruised and broken, a life-boat to us. There was no hasty scramble for life when it was found she floated,—all held back. The men kept steady on at their work of bailing,—only those leaving, and in the order named, whom the captain bade save themselves. They descended from the turret to the deck with mingled fear and hope, for the waves tore from side to side, and the coolest head and bravest heart could not guaranty safety. Some were washed over as they left the turret, and, with a vain clutch at the iron deck, a wild throwing up of the arms, went down, their death-cry ringing in the ears of their companions.

17. The boat sometimes held her place by the "Monitor's"

side, then was dashed hopelessly out of reach, rising and falling on the waves. A sailor would spring from the deck to reach her, to be seen for a moment in mid-air, and then, as she rose, fall into her. So she gradually filled up; but some poor souls who sought to reach her, failed, even as they touched her receding sides, and went down. We had a little messenger-boy, the special charge of one of our sailors, and the pet of all; he must inevitably have been lost, but for the care of his adopted father, who, holding him firmly in his arms, escaped, as by a miracle, being washed, overboard, but finally succeeded in placing him safely in the boat.

18. The last but one to make the desperate venture, was the surgeon; he leaped from the deck, at the very instant when the boat was being swept away by the merciless sea. Making one final effort, he threw his body forward as he fell, striking across the boat's side so violently, it was thought some of his ribs must be broken. "*Haul the Doctor in!*" shouted Lieutenant Greene, perhaps remembering how, a little time back, he himself, almost gone down in the unknown sea, had been "hauled in" by a quinine rope flung him by the Doctor. Stout sailor-arms pulled him in; one more sprang to a place in her, and the boat, now full, pushed off,—in a sinking condition, it is true, but still bearing hope with her, for *she was wood*.

19. Over the waves we made little progress, though pulling for life. The men stuffed their pea-jackets into the leaks, and bailed incessantly. We neared the "Rhode Island;" but now a new peril appeared. Right down upon our center, borne by the might of the rushing water, came the whale-boat sent to rescue others from the iron-clad. We barely floated; if she struck us with her bows full on us, we must go to the bottom. One sprang, and, as she neared, with outstretched arms, met and turned her course. She passed

against us, and his hand, caught between the two boats, was crushed, and the arm, wrenched from its socket, fell a helpless weight against his side; but life remained. We were saved, and an arm was a small price to pay for life.

20. We reached the "Rhode Island;" ropes were flung over her side, and caught with a death-grip. Some lost their hold, were washed away, and again dragged in by the boat's crew. What chance had one whose right arm hung a dead weight, when strong men with their two hands, went down before him? He caught at a rope, found it impossible to save himself alone, and then for the first time said,—"I am injured; can any one help me?" Ensign Taylor, at the risk of his own life, brought the rope around his shoulder in such a way that it could not slip, and he was drawn up in safety.

21. In the mean time, the whale-boat, which had nearly caused our destruction, had reached the side of the "Monitor;" and now the captain said, "It is madness to remain here longer: let each man save himself." For a moment, he descended to the cabin for a coat, and his faithful servant followed to secure a jewel-box, containing the accumulated treasure of years. A sad, sorry sight it was! In the heavy air the lamps burned dimly, and the water, waist-deep, splashed sullenly against the sides of the wardroom. One lingering look, and he left the "Monitor's" cabin forever!

22. Time was precious; he hastened to the deck, where, in the midst of a terrible sea, Lieutenant Greene nobly held his post. He seized the rope from the whale-boat, wound it about an iron stanchion, then around his wrists, and, by this means, was drawn aboard the boat. Thus, one by one, watching their time between the waves, the men filled in, and, at last, after making all effort for others, and none for themselves, Captain Bankhead and Lieutenant Greene took their places in the boat. The gallant Brown pushed off, and soon had his boat-load safe upon the "Rhode Island's" deck.

23. Here the heartiest and most tender reception met us. Our drenched clothing was replaced by warm and dry garments, and all on board vied with each other in acts of kindness. The only one who had received any injury, Surgeon Weeks,* was carefully attended to, the dislocated arm set, and the crushed fingers amputated, by the gentlest and most considerate of surgeons, Dr. Webber, of the "Rhode Island."

24. For an hour or more we watched, from the deck of the steamer, the lonely light upon the "Monitor's" turrets; a hundred times we thought it gone forever,—a hundred times it reappeared, till, at last, about two o'clock, Wednesday morning, December 31st, it sank, and we saw it no more. An actor in the scenes of that wild night, when the "Monitor" went down, relates the story of her last cruise. *Her* work is now over. She lies a hundred fathoms deep under the stormy waters off Cape Hatteras; but she has made herself a name, which will not soon be forgotten by the American people.

QUESTIONS.—1. When and where was the Monitor lost? 2. What signal service had she rendered? 3. Who was the writer of this account?

LESSON XC.

RE SPON SI BIL' I TIES, obligations.	WAS' TFUL LY, wastefully.
LA' TENT, secret; hidden.	SHEEN, brightness.
IN IQ' UI TY, wickedness.	SHIM' MER, glitter; gleam.
EF FECT' IVE, powerful; efficient.	RE VER' SION, future possession.
REC' TI TUDE, right.	IN GEN' I OUS, crafty; deceitful.
PEN' E TRA TING, entering; piercing.	A CROSS', across.
MAL' ICE, ill-will; hatred.	SUS' TE NANCE, food; support.
CHIV' AL RY, heroism; valor.	IN FLICT' ED, laid on; assigned.

* The writer of this account.

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF WOMAN.

Gail Hamilton.

1. Oh, if this latent power could be aroused! If woman would shake off this slumber, and put on her strength, her beautiful garments, how would she go forth conquering and to conquer! How would the mountains break forth into singing, and the trees of the field clap their hands! How would our sin-stained earth arise and shine, her light being come, and the glory of the Lord being risen upon her!

2. One can not do the *world's* work; but one can do *one's* work. You may not be able to turn the world from iniquity; but you can, at least, keep the dust and rust from gathering on your own soul. If you can not be directly and actively engaged in fighting the battle, you can, at least, polish your armor and sharpen your weapons, to strike an effective blow when the hour comes. You can stanch the blood of him who has been wounded in the fray,—bear a cup of cold water to the thirsty and fainting,—give help to the conquered, and smiles to the victor.

3. You can gather from the past and the present stores of wisdom, so that, when the future demands it, you may bring forth from your treasures things new and old. Whatever of bliss the "Divinity that shapes our ends" may see fit to withhold from you, you are but very little lower than the angels, so long as you have the

"Godlike power to do,—the godlike aim to know."

4. You can be forming habits of self-reliance, sound judgment, perseverance, and endurance, which may, one day, stand you in good stead. You can so train yourself to right thinking and right acting, that uprightness shall be your nature, truth your impulse. His head is seldom far wrong, whose heart is always right. We bow down to mental great-

ness, intellectual strength, and they are divine gifts; but *moral rectitude* is stronger than they. It is irresistible,—always in the end triumphant.

5. There is in *goodness* a penetrative power that nothing can withstand. Cunning and malice melt away before its mild, open, steady glance. Not alone on the fields where chivalry charges for laurels, with helmet and breastplate and lance in rest, can the true knight exultingly exclaim,

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure;"

but wherever man meets man, wherever there is a prize to be won, a goal to be reached. Wealth, and rank, and beauty, may form a brilliant setting to the diamond; but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of the paste. Only when the king's daughter is all glorious within, is it fitting and proper that her clothing should be of wrought gold.

6. From the great and good of all ages rings out the same monotone. The high-priest of Nature, the calm-eyed poet who laid his heart so close to hers, that they seemed to throb in one pulsation, yet whose ear was always open to the "still sad music of humanity," has given us the promise of his life-long wisdom in these grand words:—

"True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself."

7. Through the din of twenty rolling centuries, pierces the sharp, stern voice of the brave old Greek: "*Let every man, when he is about to do a wicked action, above all things in the world, stand in awe of himself, and dread the witness within him.*" All greatness, and all glory, all that earth has to give, all that Heaven can proffer, lies within

the reach of the lowliest as well as the highest; for He who spake as never man spake, has said that the very "kingdom of God is within you."

8. Born to such an inheritance, will you wantonly cast it away? With such a goal in prospect, will you suffer yourself to be turned aside by the sheen and shimmer of tinsel fruit? With earth in possession, and Heaven in reversion, will you go sorrowing and downcast, because here and there a pearl or ruby fails you? Nay, rather forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which are before, *press forward!*

9. Discontent and murmuring are insidious foes; trample them under your feet. Utter no complaint, whatever betide; for complaining is a sign of weakness. If your trouble can be helped, *help it;* if not, *bear it.* You can be whatever you *will* to be. Therefore, form and accomplish worthy purposes.

10. If you walk alone, let it be with no faltering tread. Show to an incredulous world

> "How grand may be Life's might,
> Without Love's circling crown."

Or, if the golden thread of love shine athwart the dusky warp of duty, if other hearts depend on yours for sustenance and strength, give to them from your fullness no stinted measure. Let the dew of your kindness fall on the evil and the good, on the just and on the unjust.

11. Compass happiness, since happiness alone is victory. On the fragments of your shattered plans, and hopes, and love,—on the heaped-up ruins of your past, rear a stately palace, whose top shall reach unto heaven, whose beauty shall gladden the eyes of all beholders, whose doors shall stand wide open to receive the way-worn and weary. Life is

a burden, but it is imposed by God. What you *make* of it, it will *be* to you, whether a millstone about your neck, or a diadem upon your brow. *Take it up bravely, bear it on joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.*

QUESTIONS.—1. What are some of the duties of women? 2. What is said of goodness? 3. What was the adage of the old Greek? 4. What is said of discontent and murmuring?

LESSON XCI.

IN'-I-OT, one devoid of reason.
HOR'-RI-BLE, awful; dreadful.
WŌE'-FUL, afflicted.
HĂR'-RŌW, disturb; harass.
PRE-SERVE', safely keep.
SOOTH, fact; truth.
SPOIL'-ED, stripped; plundered.
YEARN'-ING, longing.
IN-SUF'-FER-A-BLE, intolerable.
PĂS'-TIME, amusement; diversion.
CĂN'-TON, district; region.
ES-PI'-ED, saw; discovered.
MOUNT-AIN-EER', dweller on a mountain.
STRONG, strong; firm.
FAG'-OTS, bundles of sticks.
AUG-MENT', increase; make larger.
BE-ACON, signal-fire.
BE-TIDE' happen; befall.

SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Emma. I never knew a weary night before!
I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,
And still no William,—and the storm was on,
Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,
The mountain with the lightning all a-blaze,
And shaking with the thunder,—but to-night
Mine eyes refuse to close. (*sl.*) The old man rests:
Pain hath outworn itself, and turned to ease.
How deadly calm's the night! (") What's that? I'm grown
An idiot with my fears. I do not know,—

The avalanche! Great Power that hurls it down,
Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little steps!
What keeps him? 'tis but four hours' journey hence:
He'd rest; then four hours back again. *What keeps him?*
Erni would sure be found by him,—he knows
The track, well as he knows the road to Altorf!

Melchtal. Help! (*in his sleep.*)

Emma. What's the matter? Only the old man dreaming.
He thinks again they're pulling out his eyes.
I'm sick with terror! Merciful powers! what's this
That fills my heart with horrible alarm?
And yet it can not see.

Melch. (*waking.*) Where am I?

Emma. Father'!

Melch. My daughter, is it thou'? Thank Heaven, I'm here! Is't day yet'?

Emma. No'

Melch. Is't far on the night'?

Emma. Methinks, about the turn on't.

Melch. Is the boy
Come back'?

Emma. No', father'.

Melch. Nor thy husband'?

Emma. No'.

Melch. A woeful wife and mother have I made thee!
Would thou hadst never seen me.

Emma. Father'!

Melch. Child'!

Emma. Methinks I hear a step!—I do! (*knocking.*) A knock!

Melch 'Tis William!

Emma. No; it is not William's knock. (*Opens the door.*) I told you so. Your will?

Enter STRANGER.

Stran. Seeing a light,
I e'en made bold to knock, to ask for shelter;
For I have missed my way.

Emma. Whence come you', friend'?

Stran. From Altorf.

Emma. Altorf'! Any news from thence'?

Stran. Ay'! News to harrow parents' hearts, and make
The barren bless themselves that they are childless!

Emma. May Heaven preserve my boy!

Melch. What say'st thy news?

Stran. Art thou not Melchtal—he whose eyes, 'tis said,
The tyrant has torn out'?

Melch. Yes', friend', the same.

Stran. Is this thy cottage'?

Melch. No'; 'tis William Tell's.

Stran. 'Tis William Tell's—and that's his wife—Good-night.

Emma. (*Rushing between him and the door.*)
Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told!

Stran. My news! In sooth 'tis nothing thou would'st heed.

Emma. 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

Stran. I must be gone.

Emma. Thou seest a tigress, friend,
Spoiled of her mate and young, and yearning for them.
Don't thwart her! Come, thy news! What fear'st thou, man?
What more hath she to dread, who reads thy looks,
And knows the most has come? Thy news! Is't bondage'?

Stran. It is.

Emma. Thank Heaven, it is not death! Of one—
Or two?

Stran. Of two.

Emma. A father and a son,
Is't not?

Stran. It is.
Emma. My husband and my son
Are in the tyrant's power! There's worse than that!
What's that is news to harrow parents' breasts,
The which the thought to only tell, 'twould seem,
Drives back the blood to thine?—Thy news, I say!
Wouldst thou be merciful, this is not mercy!
Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bowman's aim,
Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow speed,
Rather than watch it hanging in the string?
Thou'lt drive me mad! Let fly at once!
Melch. Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er it is!
Stran. To save himself and child from certain death,
Tell is to hit an apple, to be placed
Upon the stripling's head.
Melch. My child! my child!
Speak to me! Stranger, hast thou killed her?
Emma. No!
No', father'. I'm the wife of William Tell;
Oh, but to be a man! to have an arm
To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong!
Unnatural—insufferable wrong!
When makes the tyrant trial of his skill?
Stran. To-morrow.
Emma. Spirit of the lake and hill,
Inspire thy daughter! On the head of him
Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,
Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.
Know'st the signal when the hills shall rise? (*To Melchtal.*)
Melch. Are they to rise'?
Emma. I see thou knowest naught.
Stran. Something on foot! 'Twas only yesterday,
That, traveling from our canton, I espied

Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load
Of fagots bound Curious to see what end
Was worthy of such labor, after him
I took the cliff; and saw its lofty top
Receive his load, which went but to augment
A pile of many another.
Emma. 'Tis by fire!
Fire is the signal for the hills to rise! (*Rushes out.*)
Melch. Went she not forth?
Stran. She did,—she's here again,
And brings with her a lighted brand.
Melch. My child,
What dost thou with a lighted brand?

(*Re-enter* EMMA *with a brand.*)

Emma. Prepare
To give the signal for the hills to rise!
Melch. Where are the fagots, child, for such a blaze?
Emma. I'll find the fagots, father. (*Exit.*)
Melch. She's gone
Again!
Stran. She is,—I think into her chamber.
Emma. (*Rushing in.*)—Father, the pile is fired!
Melch. What pile, my child?
Emma. The joists and rafters of our cottage, father!
Melch. Thou hast not fired thy cottage?—but thou hast;
Alas, I hear the crackling of the flames!
Emma. Say'st thou, alas! when I do say, thank Heaven.
Father, this blaze will set the land a-blaze
With fire that shall preserve, and not destroy it.
(*f.*) *Blaze on!* BLAZE ON! Oh, may'st thou be a beacon
To light its sons enslaved to liberty!

How fast it spreads! A spirit's in the fire:
It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to the door, and opens it.*)
The land is free!
Yonder's another blaze! Beyond that, shoots
Another up!—Anon will every hill
Redden with vengeance! Father, come! Whate'er
Betides us, worse we're certain can't befall,
And better may! Oh, be it liberty,—
Safe hearts and homes, husbands and children! Come,—
It spreads apace. (*f.*) Blaze on—*blaze on*—BLAZE ON!

QUESTIONS.—1. What rule for the rising inflection on *father*? See Note I., page 32. 2. What rule for the falling inflection on *no*? See rule I., page 33.

LESSON XCII.

HON' OR A BLE, noble; illustrious.
IN' TEL LECT, mind; understanding.
SCOPE, account; motive.
CLEV' ER, skillful; expert.
SO' CIAL, familiar.
CON FU' SION, fuss; tumult.
CON DE SCEN' SION, loveliness; deference.
COM PRE HEN' SION, understanding.

† CRŒ' SUS, a very wealthy king of ancient Lydia, in Asia Minor, was born about 591 before Christ.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

KRUMMACHER.

1. So goes the world';—if wealthy, you may call
This—friend, *that*—brother';—friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless,—never mind it;
You may have been a stable-boy,—what then?
'Tis *wĕalth*, my friends, makes *hŏnorable* men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

2. But, if you are poor', heaven help you'! though your sire
Had royal blood in him', and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain';—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score':—why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses', sure, than brains'.

3. I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise'; he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him', and no one ever
Gave him a welcome'. "Strange'," cried I', "whence is it'?"
He walked on this side', then on that',
He tried to introduce a social chat';
Now here', now there', in vain he tried';
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some said by their silence,—"Better stay at home."

4. A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus† rich;—I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit';
And, as for wisdom, he had none of it';
He had what's better',—he had wealth.
What a confusion!—all stand up erect,—
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me, sir, the honor';"—Then a bow
Down to the earth'.—*Is't* possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension'?

5. The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"

Then looking round, one friendly face he found,
And said,—"Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
"To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other,—"have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

QUESTIONS.—1. How do you account for the different inflections in the last line of the second verse? See page 31, Note 1. 2. What rule for the falling inflection on *condescension*? See page 29, Note 1.

LESSON XCIII.

EX HI BI" TIONS, displays.
CIR CUM SCRIB' ED, encompassed.
NA' VIES, ships of war. [war.
ARM' A MENTS, forces equipped for
IM PĒD' ED, hindered; obstructed.
LIE VI A THAN, huge sea-monster.
MAG NIF' I CENCE, grandeur.
UN A BĀT' ED, undiminished.
RE SERV' ED, kept.
EN RAPT' URED, enraptured.
PROM' ON TO RY, headland.
RE VĒAL' ED, laid open.
STŸ' MOT, token; sign.
AD A MAN' TINE, exceedingly hard.
AP PER TĀIN' ING, belonging.
TRANS FORM' ING, changing.

[1] AC' TI UM is the ancient name of a promontory of Albania, in Turkey in Europe, near which was fought (B. C. 29) the celebrated naval battle that made Augustus Cæsar master of the Roman world.

[2] SAL' A MIS, an island opposite Attica, in Greece, near which (B. C. 480) occurred the famous naval engagement which resulted in the defeat of the Persians.

[3] NAV A RI' NO is a seaport town on the southwestern coast of Greece. It was the scene of the memorable victory of the combined English, French, and Russian fleets over those of the Turks and Egyptians, gained on the 20th of October, 1827.

[4] TRA FAL GAR', a cape on the southwestern coast of Spain. It is famous for the great naval battle, fought in its vicinity, Oct. 21st, 1805, between the fleets of the French and Spanish on the one side, and the English, under Lord Nelson, on the other. The English were victorious, though Nelson was mortally wounded.

GRANDEUR OF THE OCEAN.

WALTER COLTON.

1. THE most fearful and impressive exhibitions of power known to our globe, belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flame and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake, whose footstep is on the ruin of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations. But the ocean, when it once rouses itself in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storm and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest and armaments, manned by the strength and courage of millions, perish among its bubbles.

2. The avalanche, shaken from its glittering steep, if it rolls to the bosom of the earth, melts away, and is lost in vapor; but if it plunge into the embrace of the ocean, this mountain mass of ice and hail is borne about for ages in tumult and terror; it is the drifting monument of the ocean's dead. The tempest on land is impeded by forests, and broken by mountains; but on the plain of the deep it rushes unresisted; and when its strength is at last spent, ten thousand giant waves still roll its terrors onward.

3. The mountain lake and the meadow stream are inhabited only by the timid prey of the angler; but the ocean is the home of the leviathan,—his ways are in the mighty deep. The glittering pebble and the rainbow-tinted shell, which the returning tide has left on the shore, and the watery gem which the pearl-diver reaches at the peril of his life, are all that man can filch from the treasures of the sea. The groves of coral which wave over its pavements, and the halls of amber which glow in its depths, are beyond his approaches, save when he goes down there to seek, amid their silent magnificence, his burial monument.

4. The islands, the continents, the shores of civilized and

savage realms, the capitals of kings, are worn by time, washed away by the wave, consumed by the flame, or sunk by the earthquake; but the ocean still remains, and still rolls on in the greatness of its unabated strength. Over the majesty of its form and the marvel of its might, time and disaster have no power. Such as creation's dawn beheld, it rolleth now.

5. The vast clouds of vapor which roll up from its bosom, float away to encircle the globe: on distant mountains and deserts they pour out their watery treasures, which gather themselves again in streams and torrents, to return, with exulting bounds, to their parent ocean. These are the messengers which proclaim in every land the exhaustless resources of the sea; but it is reserved for those who go down in ships, and who do business in the great waters, to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

6. Let one go upon deck in the middle watch of a still night, with naught above him but the silent and solemn skies, and naught around and beneath him but an interminable waste of waters, and with the conviction that there is but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion, mingled with a sentiment of reverence for the vast, mysterious and unknown, will come upon him with a power, all unknown before, and he might stand for hours entranced in reverence and tears.

7. Man, also, has made the ocean the theater of *his* power. The ship in which he rides that element, is one of the highest triumphs of his skill At first, this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail, at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is, at length, revealed to him, and

his needle now settles, with a fixedness which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy, to the polar star.

8. Now, however, he can dispense even with sail, and wind, and flowing wave. He constructs and propels his vast engines of flame and vapor, and through the solitude of the sea, as over the solid land, goes thundering on his track. On the ocean, too, thrones have been lost and won. On the fate of Actium[1] was suspended the empire of the world. In the gulf of Salamis,[2] the pride of Persia found a grave; and the crescent set forever in the waters of Navarino;[3] while, at Trafalgar[4] and the Nile, nations held their breath,

> As each gun,
> From its adamantine lips,
> Spread a death-shade round the ships
> Like the hurricane's eclipse
> Of the sun.

9. But, of all the wonders appertaining to the ocean, the greatest, perhaps, is its transforming power on man. It unravels and weaves anew the web of his moral and social being. It invests him with feelings, associations, and habits, to which he has been an entire stranger. It breaks up the sealed fountain of his nature, and lifts his soul into features prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge.

10. Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bound in exultation and triumph through its foaming billows. All the other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing element, as the caged eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataract.

Questions.—1. What is said of the volcano and earthquake? 2. Of the avalanche and tempest? 3. Of the ocean? 4. Of ships? 5. Where have naval battles been fought? 6. What influence has the ocean on man?

LESSON XCIV.

Re LAX' ED, loosened. [tentions.
As SI DU' I TIZ, kind, constant at-
Con SIGN' ED, committed; given over.
Ex TR' SI ON, outer appearance.
Un AF FECT' ED, sincere.
Un PRE TEND' ING, unostentatious.
Ha BIL' I MENTS, vestments.
Su PER STI' TIOUS, full of scruples.
Rec' ON CILE, make willing.
PER' E TRATES, sees through.

PER VADE', (PER, *through;* VADE, *go, or pass;*) pass through; appear throughout.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

WALTER COLTON.

1. DEATH is a fearful thing, come in what form it may,—fearful, when the vital chords are so gradually relaxed, that life passes away sweetly as music from the slumbering harp-string,—fearful, when in his own quiet chamber, the departing one is summoned by those who sweetly follow him with their prayers, when the assiduities of friendship and affection can go no farther, and who discourse of heaven and future blessedness, till the closing ear can no longer catch the tones of the long-familiar voice, and who, lingering near, still feel for the hushed pulse, and then trace in the placid slumber, which pervades each feature, a quiet emblem of the spirit's serene repose.

2. What, then, must this dread event be to one, who meets it comparatively alone, far away from the hearth of his home, upon a troubled sea, between the narrow decks of a restless ship, and at that dread hour of night, when even the sympathies of the world seem suspended! Such has been the end of many who traverse the ocean; and such was the hurried end of him, whose remains we have just consigned to a watery grave.

3. He was a sailor; but, beneath his rude exterior, he carried a heart touched with refinement, pride, and greatness. There was something about him, which spoke of better days and a higher destiny. By what errors or misfortunes he was reduced to his humble condition, was a secret which he would reveal to none. Silent, reserved, and thoughtful, he stood a stranger among his free companions, and never was his voice heard in the laughter or the jest. He has undoubtedly left behind many who will long look for his return, and bitterly weep when they are told they shall see his face no more.

4. As the remains of the poor sailor were brought up on deck, wound in that hammock which, through many a stormy night, had swung to the wind, one could not but observe the big tear that stole unconsciously down the rough cheeks of his hardy companions. When the funeral service was read to that most affecting passage, "we commit this body to the deep," and the plank was raised which precipitated to the momentary eddy of the wave the quickly disappearing form, a heavy sigh from those around, told that the strong heart of the sailor can be touched with grief, and that a truly unaffected sorrow may accompany virtue, in its most unpretending form, to its ocean grave. Yet how soon is such a scene forgotten!

> "As from the wing the sky no scar retains,
> The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
> So dies in human hearts the thought of death."

5. There is something peculiarly melancholy and impressive in a burial at sea: there is here no coffin or hearse, procession or tolling bell,—nothing that gradually prepares us for the final separation. The body is wound in the drapery of its couch, much as if the deceased were only in a quiet and temporary sleep. In these habiliments of seeming slumber, it is dropped into the wave, the waters close over it, the vessel passes quickly on, and not a solitary trace is left to

tell where sunk from light and life, one that loved to look at the sky and breathe this vital air.

6. There is nothing that, for one moment, can point to the deep, unvisited resting-place of the departed,—it is a grave in the midst of the ocean,—in the midst of a vast, untrodden solitude. Affection can not approach it, with its tears; the dews of heaven can not reach it; and there is around it no violet, or shrub, or murmuring stream.

7. It may be superstitious; but no advantages of wealth, or honor, or power, through life, would reconcile me at its close to such a burial. I would rather share the coarse and scanty provisions of the simplest cabin, and drop away unknown and unhonored by the world, so that my final resting-place be beneath some green tree, by the side of some living stream, or in some familiar spot, where the few that loved me in life, might visit me in death.

8. But, whether our grave be in the fragrant shade, or in the fathomless ocean, among our kindred, or in the midst of strangers, the day is coming when we shall all appear at one universal bar, and receive from a righteous Judge the award of our deeds. He that is wisest, penetrates the future the deepest.

Questions.—1. What is said of death? 2. What, of death at sea? 3. What renders a burial at sea peculiarly melancholy and impressive?

LESSON XCV.

Mys te′ ri ous, secret; mystical.
Un heed′ ed, unheeded.
Ar′ go sies, ships of great burdem.
Wrăth′ ful, furious; raging.
Pal′ a ces, splendid mansions.
Scorn′ ful, disdainful.
De cāy′, ruin; destruction.
Boom′ ing, roaring.
Fes′ tal, joyous; merry.
Re claim′, claim again; recover.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. Hemans.

1. What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
Pale, glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

2. Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not *these* again.

3. Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

4. Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar;
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

5. Give back the lost and lovely,—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,

The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown;
But all is not thine own.

6. To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,
Yet must thou hear a voice,—*Restore the dead!*
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

QUESTIONS.—1. What are some of the treasures of the deep? 2. What treasures has the sea won from trading vessels? 3. Over what does the sea roll? 4. What does the writer call on the sea to restore?

LESSON XCVI.

UN FOR' TU NATE, wretched person.
CER' E MENTS, grave-clothes.
SCRU' TI NY, inquiry.
MU' TI NY, resistance to rightful rule.
WON' DER MENT, curiosity.
PROV' I DENCE, care; protection.
A MAZE' MENT, astonishment.
DIS' SO LUTE, abandoned; licentious.
SPUR' RED, pushed on; impelled.
CON' TU ME LY, scorn; insult.
IN HU MAN' I TY, cruel treatment.
IN SAN' I TY, madness.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THOMAS HOOD.

1. One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

2. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

3. Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

4. Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,

Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

5. Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

6. Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses;
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

7. Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

8. Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

9. Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

10. Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

11. The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

12. In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!

13. Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

14. Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

15. Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Savior!

LESSON XCVII.

Re' quī em, hymn in honor of the dead.
Wed, joined; united.
Hence' forth, hereafter.
Decor, languish; fail.
Af fec' tion, love.
Dim' med, dull; obscured.

A REQUIEM.

1. Breathe low, thou gentle wind,
(*pl.*) Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful lies dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is wed
Henceforth to woe!

2. That thou should'st droop and die
At early morn!
While yet thy graceful dew
A joyous fragrance drew
From every flower that grew
Life's path along!

3. The green earth mourns for thee,
Thou dearest one;
A plaintive tone is heard,
And flower and leaflet stirred,
And every fav'rite bird
Sings sad and lone.

4. Pale is thy brow, and dimmed
Thy sparkling eye!
Affection's sweetest token
Is lost fore'er and broken!
The last kind word is spoken,—
Why did'st thou die?

5. Breathe low, thou gentle wind,
Breathe soft and low;
The beautiful lies dead!
The joy of life is fled!
And my lone heart is wed
Henceforth to woe!

Questions.—1. What rule for changing *y* into *i* in the word *beautiful*? See Analysis, page 13, rule XI. 2. Why are *r* and *m* doubled in the words *stirred, dimmed*? See Rule IX. 3. What is the meaning of the suffix *let*, in the word *leaflet*? See page 140, Ex. 385.

LESSON XCVIII.

Lux u' ri ant, rich; plentiful.
Un os ten ta' tious, plain; not showy.
Rev er en' tial, deeply respectful.
Re cep' ta cle, place of reception.
Sem' i cir cle, half-circle.
Rec og ni' tion, act of knowing.
Ag ri cul' tur al, relating to farming.
Ben e dic' tion, blessing.
Di' a ry, note-book; journal.
So jourN' ed, resided for a while.
Ac cla ma' tions, shouts.
Tri umph' al, relating to victory.
Grat u la' tion, rejoicing.
In au u ra' tion, act of investing with office.
En fran' chised, freed; liberated.

[1] San coph' a gus, (sarco, *flesh*; and phagus, *that which eats or devours*,) is made up of two Greek words, signifying together *flesh-eating*, and was applied by the ancients to a species of stone, used for making coffins. Hence, sarcophagus came to signify a *stone-coffin*. The form of the plural in Latin, is *sarcophagi*.

[2] Bas' tile, (*bas' teel*,) an old state prison in Paris, built in 1369, and destroyed by a mob in 1789.

VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

A. C. Ritchie.

1. At this moment, we drew near the rude wharf at Mount Vernon; the boat stopped, and the crowd of passengers landed. By a narrow pathway we ascended a majestic hill

thickly draped with trees. The sun scarcely found its way through the luxuriant foliage. We mounted slowly, but had only spent a few minutes in ascending, when we came suddenly upon a picturesque nook, where a cluster of unostentatious, white marble shafts, shot from the greenly sodded earth, inclosed by iron railings. Those unpretending monuments mark the localities where repose the mortal remains of Washington's kindred.

2. Just beyond stands a square brick building. In the center you see an iron gate. Here the crowd pauses in reverential silence. Men lift their hats and women bow their heads. You behold within, two sarcophagi.[1] In those moldering tombs lie the ashes of the great Washington and his wife. Not a word is uttered as the crowd stand gazing on this lowly receptacle of the dust of America's mighty dead.

3. Are there any in that group who can say, "this was *our* country's father'?" If there be, can they stand pilgrims at that grave without Washington's examples, his counsels, his words, heretofore, it may be half-forgotten, stealing back into their minds, until the sense of reverence and gratitude is deepened almost to awe'? Do they not feel that Washington's spirit is abroad in the world, filling the souls of a heaven-favored people with the love of freedom and of country, though his ashes are gathered here'?

4. Some one moves to pass on; and, with that first step, the spell is broken; others follow. Herman and Jessie linger last. After a period of mute and moving reflection, they turn away and slowy approach the mansion that, in simple, rural stateliness, stands upon a noble promontory, belted with woods, and half-girdled by the sparkling waters of the Potomac, which flow in a semicircle around a portion of the mount.

5. The water and woodland view from the portico is highly imposing. But it was not the mere recognition of the picturesque and beautiful in *nature*, that moved Herman and Jessie. They would have felt that they were on holy ground, had the landscape been devoid of natural charm. Here the feet of the first of heroes had trod, and here, in boyhood, he had sported with his beloved brother Lawrence.

6. In those forests, those deep-wooded glens, he had hunted, when a stripling, by the side of old Lord Fairfax; here he took his first lessons in the art of war; to this home he brought his bride; by this old-fashioned, hospitable-looking fireside, he sat with that dear and faithful wife; beneath yonder alley of lofty trees he has often wandered by her side; here he indulged the agricultural tastes in which he delighted; here resigned his Cincinnatus vocation, and bade adieu to his cherished home at the summons of his country.

7. Here his wife received the letter which told her that he had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the army; here, when the glorious struggle closed at the trumpet notes of victory—when the British had retired—when, with tears coursing down his benignant, manly countenance, he had uttered a touching farewell—bestowed a paternal benediction on the American army, and resigned all public service—*here* he returned, thinking to resume the rural pursuits that charmed him, and to end his days in peace!

8. Here are the trees, the shrubbery he planted with his own hands, and noted in his diary; here are the columns of the portico round which he twined the coral honeysuckle; the ivy he transplanted still clings to yonder garden wall; these vistas he opened through yon pine groves to command far-off views! Here the valiant Lafayette sojourned with him; there hangs the key of the Bastile[2] which he presented.

9. Here flocked the illustrious men of all climes, and

were received with warm, unpretending, almost rustic hospitality. Here the French Houdon modeled his statue, and the English Pine painted his portrait, and caused that jocose remark, "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painters' pencil, that I am altogether at their beck, and sit like 'Patience on a monument!'"

10. Then came another summons from the land he had saved, and he was chosen by unanimous voice its chief ruler. Thousands of men, women, and children, sent up acclamations, and called down blessings on his head, as he made his triumphal progress from Mount Vernon to New York, to take the presidential oath. The roar of cannon rent the air. The streets through which he passed, were illuminated and decked with flags and wreaths. Bonfires blazed on the hills. From ships and boats floated festive decorations. At Gray's Ferry, he passed under triumphal arches.

11. On the bridge across the Assumpink, at Trenton, (the very bridge over which he had retreated in such blank despair, before the army of Cornwallis, on the eve of the battle of Princeton,) thirteen pillars, twined with laurel and evergreens, were reared by woman's hands. The foremost of the arches those columns supported, bore the inscription, "*The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters.*" Mothers, with their white-robed daughters, were assembled beneath the vernal arcade. Thirteen maidens scattered flowers beneath his feet, as they sang an ode of gratulation. The people's hero ever after spoke of this tribute, as the one that touched him most deeply.

12. When his first presidential term expired, and his heart yearned for the peace of his domestic hearth, the entreaties of Jefferson, Randolph, and Hamilton, forced him to forget that home for the one he held in the hearts of patriots, and to allow his name to be used a second time. A second time

he was unanimously elected to preside over his country's welfare. But, the period happily expired, he thankfully laid aside the mantle of state, the scepter of power, and, five days after the inauguration of Adams, returned here to his Mount Vernon home. And here the good servant, whom his Lord, when He came, found watching and ready, calmly yielded up his breath, exclaiming, "It is well!" and his spirit was wafted to Heaven by the blessings of his enfranchised countrymen.

QUESTIONS.—1. Where is Mount Vernon? 2. What is said of Washington's tomb? 3. Mention some of the things which he did here? 4. What demonstrations were made by the people, as he went to New York to take the oath of office? 5. Did he serve more than one term as President?

LESSON XCIX.

CHIV' AL ROUS, gallant; heroic.
HAL' LOW, consecrate; keep sacred.
MER' CE NA RY, mean; venal.
AD VEN' TUR ER, fortune-seeker.
VAN' QUISH ED, conquered.
OUT' CAST, exile; castaway
TRAP' PINGS, ornaments; equipments.
CON SAND', battle zealously.
CA REER' ED, moved rapidly.
PHAL' ANX, compact body of men.
TRANS PORT' ING, exulting.
TRO' PHIES, memorials of victory.
PA' GEANT, pompous; showy.
MIS' TRESS, favorite.

LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

1. WHILE we bring our offerings for the mighty of our *own* land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of *other* shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe'? Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory'; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose'; but forget not those who, with your bold, went out to battle.

2. Among those men of noble daring, there was *one*, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor, were not *his* people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings.

3. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him. Yet from all these loved ones he turned away. Like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came'; but not in the day of successful rebellion'; not when the new-risen sun of Independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens'.

4. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger'; when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty'; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them'; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover'. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was *then* that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people.

5. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim-warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshiped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

6. After nearly fifty years, that *one* has come again. Can mortal tongue tell? can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to Freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

7. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads the high places where his brethren molder; he bends before the tomb of his "father;"* his words are tears,—the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings these trophies secured, for which these brethren died, for which that "father" lived; and again his words are tears,—the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

8. Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitudes revive; and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many

* Washington.

have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers?

9. Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets there is one for him, for *him* alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of Liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of La Fayette.

Questions.—1. Of what country was La Fayette a native? 2. What was his position at home? 3. In what condition was this country when he came to join our army? 4. How many years after, before he revisited this country? 5. What demonstrations were manifested by the people? 6. What is said of his fame?

LESSON C.

Pro fu' sion, abundance; variety.
Con fu' sion, intricacy; indistinct movement.
Com mo' tion, agitation; shaking.
Ef fect', effect.
Di min' ish, lessen.
Mys' ter y, maze; secrecy.
Hum' dr um, plain matter of fact.
Fa' ces, boy-servants; attendants.
Sfar' ring, boxing; disputing.
Pup' pets, dolls; small figures of persons.
Fin' ish, completion.
Glo' ri ous, grand; splendid.
Re fuse', refuse; deny. rowed.
Re flect' ed, turned back; bor-

THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

1. Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Foot and treadle,
Hand and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,

How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver *wills* they go.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling!
What a battling!
What a shuffling!
What a scuffling!
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

2. Threads in single,
Threads in double;
How they mingle!
What a trouble,
Every color!
What profusion!
Every motion—
What confusion!
While the web and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

3. Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,
What each motion,
And commotion.

What each fusion,
And confusion,
In the *grand result* will show;
Weaving daily,
Singing gayly,
As he makes his busy shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

4. Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the web and woof diminish,
Grows beyond the beauteous finish
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes and shadings,
All the mystery
Now is history:
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

5. See the Mystic Weaver sitting,
High in Heaven—His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages.
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.

6. Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the nations go,
As the Weaver *wills* they go.
Men are sparring,
Powers are jarring,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the web is plying.
And across the woof is flying.
What a rattling!
What a battling!
What a shuffling!
What a scuffling!
As the Weaver makes His shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

7. Calmly see the Mystic Weaver,
Throw His shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know
What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,
In the grand result will show,
As the nations,
Kings and stations,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
As in mystic dances, go.

8. In the Present all is mystery,
In the Past 'tis beauteous History.
O'er the mixing and the mingling,
How the signal bells are jingling!
See you not the Weaver leaving
Finished work behind in weaving'?
See you not the reason subtle,
As the web and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish,
Why the Weaver makes His shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle'?

9. *Glorious wonder!* What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!
Such no fabled ages know.
Only Faith can see the mystery
How, along the aisle of History
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft and smooth and even-spreading
As if made for angels' treading;
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought figures fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illuminated,—what a riddle!—
From a Cross that gems the middle.

10. 'Tis a saying—some reject it,—
That its light is all reflected:
That the tapet's hues are given
By a Sun that shines in Heaven!

'Tis believed, by all believing
That great God Himself is weaving!
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of Faith and History;
And, as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish:
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

QUESTIONS.—1. Describe the process of weaving. 2. Who are weaving the web of history?

LESSON CI.

CON FOUND', perplex; confuse.
WOOF, cloth; texture.
RĂR' ER, scarcer; more excellent.
PRĂI' RIES, extensive tracts of land, with few trees.
SAV' AGE, wild; uncultivated.
SA VAN' NA, open meadow or plain.
PI O NEERS', persons that go before to prepare the way for others.
SCOUTS, spies.
HEART' EN, encourage.
SCAN' NED, closely examined.
CLEAV' ING, parting; separating.
HOL' I DAY, day of rest or joy.

WORK AWAY.

HARPERS' MAGAZINE.

1. Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;

Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

2. Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and the tomb,
Showers of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mold;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the Master to behold:
Work away!

3. Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannas green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:
Work away!

4. Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through

Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungled swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!

5. O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth the rocky stair,—
They that follow far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak,—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the Country ye have scanned,
Far away!

6. Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!

7. Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings,—she will not linger,
Soaring to the source of day;

Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

8. Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday:
Work away!

LESSON CII.

PROP O SI" TION, proposal.
AD HE' SION, attraction.
AB SURD' I TY, folly; nonsense.
VIS' ION A RY, fanciful; imaginary.
DIS CUS' SION, debate; controversy.
THE' O RY, idea; scheme of doctrine.
AM BAS' SA DOR, messenger; deputy.
NAV' I GA TORS, voyagers; seamen.
SPEC U LA' TION, theory; mental view.
EN' TER PRIZE, attempt; undertaking.
PU ERIL' I TY, levity; triflingness.
PRE SENT' I MENT, previous notice.

AN TIP' O DES, (ANTI, *opposite;* PODES, *the feet;*) having their feet opposite to ours.

[1] GEN O ESE', a native of Genoa,—a famous fortified seaport city of Northern Italy, in the Sardinian States.

[2] LAC TAN' TIUS, one of the fathers of the Latin church, born about the year A. D. 250. He was celebrated as a teacher of eloquence, and before his conversion to Christianity, had so successfully studied and imitated the great Roman orator that he received the appellation of the "Christian Cicero."

QUEEN ISABELLA'S RESOLVE.

FROM VINET.

QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN, DON GOMEZ, AND COLUMBUS.

Isabella. And so, Don Gomez, it is your conclusion that we ought to dismiss the proposition of this worthy Genoese.[1]

Don Gomez. His scheme, your majesty, seems to me fanciful in the extreme; but I am a plain matter-of-fact man, and do not see visions and dreams, like some.

Isa. And yet Columbus has given us cogent reasons for believing that it is practicable to reach the eastern coast of India by sailing in a westerly direction.

Don G. Admitting that his theory is correct, namely, that the earth is a sphere, how would it be possible for him to return, if he once descended that sphere in the direction he proposes'? Would not the coming back be all up-hill'? Could a ship accomplish it with even the most favorable wind'?

Columbus. Will your majesty allow me to suggest that, if the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion and motion must operate at every point on its surface; and the objection of Don Gomez would be quite as valid against our being able to return from crossing the Strait of Gibraltar.

Don G. This gentleman, then, would have us believe the monstrous absurdity, that there are people on the earth who are our antipodes,—who walk with their heads down, like flies on the ceiling.

Col. But, your majesty, if there is a law of attraction which makes matter gravitate to the earth, and prevents its flying off into space, may not this law operate at every point on the round earth's surface'?

Isa. Truly, it so seems to me; and I perceive nothing absurd in the notion that this earth is a globe floating or revolving in space.

Don G. May it please your majesty, the ladies are privileged to give credence to many wild tales which we plain matter-of-fact men can not admit. Every step I take, confutes this visionary idea of the earth's rotundity. Would not the blood run into my head, if I were standing upside down! Were I not fearful of offending your majesty, I would quote what the great Lactantius[2] says.

Isa. We are not vain of our science, Don Gomez; so let us have the quotation.

Don G. "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours,—that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy, where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows, upward'?"

Col. I have already answered this objection. If there are people on the earth who are our antipodes, it should be remembered that we are theirs also.

Don G. Really, that is the very point wherein we matter-of-fact men abide by the assurance of our own senses. We know that we are not walking with our heads downward.

Isa. To cut short the discussion, you think that the enterprise which the Genoese proposes, is one unworthy of our serious consideration; and that his theory of an unknown shore to the westward of us is a fallacy.

Don G. As a plain matter-of-fact man, I must confess that I so regard it. Has your majesty ever seen an ambassador from this unknown coast?

Isa. Don Gomez, do you believe in the existence of a world of spirits? Have you ever seen an ambassador from that unknown world?

Don G. Certainly not. By faith we look forward to it.

Isa. Even so by faith does the Genoese look forward, far over misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore.

Col. Your majesty is right; but let it be added that I have reasons, oh! most potent and resistless reasons, for the faith that is in me: the testimony of many navigators who have picked up articles that must have drifted from this distant coast: the nature of things, admitting that the earth is round: the reports current among the people of one of the northern nations, that many years ago their mariners had sailed many leagues westward till they reached a shore where the grape grew abundantly; these and other considerations have made it the fixed persuasion of my mind, that there is a great discovery reserved for the man who will sail patiently westward, trusting in God's good providence, and turning not back till he has achieved his purpose.

Don G. Then truly we should never hear of him again. Speculation! mere speculation, your majesty! When this gentleman can bring forward some solid facts that will induce us plain matter-of-fact men to risk money in forwarding his enterprise, it will then be time enough for royalty to give it heed. Why, your majesty, the very boys in the streets point at their foreheads as he passes along.

Isa. And so you bring forward the frivolity of boys jeering at what they do not comprehend, as an argument why Isabella should not give heed to this great and glorious scheme? Ay, sir, though it should fail, still, it has been urged in language so intelligent and convincing, by this grave and earnest man, whom you think to undervalue by calling him an adventurer, that I am resolved to test the "absurdity," as you style it, and that forthwith.

Don G. Your majesty will excuse me if I remark, that I have from your royal consort himself the assurance that the finances are so exhausted by the late wars, that he can not consent to advance the necessary funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind proposed.

Isa. Be *mine*, then, the privilege! I have jewels, by

the pledging of which I can raise the amount required; and I have resolved that they shall be pledged to this enterprise, without any more delay.

Col. Your majesty shall not repent your heroic resolve. I will return, your majesty; be sure I will return, and lay at your feet such a jewel as never queen wore yet, an imperishable fame,—a fame that shall couple with your memory the benedictions of millions yet unborn, in climes yet unknown to civilized man. There is an uplifting presentiment in my mind, a conviction that your majesty will live to bless the hour you came to this decision.

Don G. A presentiment? A plain matter-of-fact man, like myself, must take leave of your majesty, if his practical common sense is to be met and superseded by presentiments! An ounce of fact, your majesty, is worth a ton of presentiment.

Isa. That depends altogether upon the source of the presentiment, Don Gomez. If it come from the Fountain of all truth, shall it not be good?

Don G. I humbly take my leave of your majesty.

QUESTIONS.—1. What reasons did Don Gomez advance in proof that the earth is not a sphere? 2. What argument did Columbus present in proof that it was? 3. What did Queen Isabella resolve to do?

LESSON CIII.

CON FIRM' ING, corroborating.
AS SŪM' AN CES, assertions.
MU TI NEER', one who resists orders.
IN TERN' ED, concluded.
CRĀV' ED, begged.
AS SO' CIA TING, joining; connecting.
EX PEC TA' TION, hope; a looking for.
VER' I FI ED, made true; realized.
FUSE ING ARR' CHOR, faint light.
HES I TA' TION, doubt.
EN JOIN' ING, commanding; ordering.
AM PHI THE' A TER, circular theater.
CON TRAST' ED, set in opposition.
DE MEAN' OR, behavior.
DE FAULT', defect; absence.
IN SIG' NI A, marks; signs.
IN I' TIALS, first letters.
DEV AS TA' TION, a laying waste.

DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

LAMARTINE.

1. At sunrise, on the second day, some rushes recently torn up, were seen near the vessels. A plank, evidently hewn by an ax, a stick skillfully carved by some cutting instrument, a bough of hawthorn in blossom,—and lastly, a bird's nest built on a branch which the wind had broken and full of eggs, on which the parent bird was sitting amid the gently-rolling waves,—were seen floating past on the waters. The sailors brought on board these living and inanimate witnesses of their approach to land. They were a voice from the shore, confirming the assurances of Columbus. Before the land actually appeared in sight, its neighborhood was inferred from these marks of life.

2. The mutineers fell on their knees before the Admiral, whom they had insulted but the day before, craved pardon for their mistrust, and struck up a hymn of thanksgiving to God for associating them with this triumph. Night fell on these songs welcoming a new world. The Admiral gave orders that the sails should be close-reefed, and the lead kept going; and that they should sail slowly, being afraid of breakers and shoals, and feeling certain that the first gleam of daybreak would discover land under their bows.

3. On the last anxious night none slept. Impatient expectation had removed all heaviness from their eyes; the pilots and the seamen, clinging about the masts, yards, and shrouds, each tried to keep the best place and the closest watch to get the earliest sight of the new hemisphere. The Admiral had offered a reward to the first who should cry *Land*, provided his announcement was verified by its actual discovery.

4. Providence, however, reserved to Columbus himself this first glimpse, which he had purchased at the expense of

twenty years of his life, and of untiring perseverance. While walking the quarter-deck alone, at midnight, and sweeping the dark horizon with his keen eye, a gleam of fire passed and disappeared, and again showed itself on the level of the waves. Fearful of being deceived by the phosphorescence of the sea, he quietly called a Spanish gentleman of Isabella's court, in whom he had more confidence than in the pilots, pointed out the direction in which he had seen the light, and asked him whether he could discern any thing there.

5. He replied that he did, indeed, see a flickering light in that quarter. To make the fact still more sure, Columbus called another in whom he had confidence to look in the same direction. He said he had no hesitation in pronouncing that there was a light on the horizon. But the blaze was hardly seen before it again disappeared in the ocean, to show itself anew the next moment. Whether it was the light of a fire on a low shore, alternately appearing and disappearing beyond the broken horizon, or whether it was the floating beacon of a fisherman's boat now rising on the waves, and now sinking in the trough of the sea, they could not determine.

6. Thus both land and safety appeared together in the shape of fire to Columbus and his two friends, on the night between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492. The Admiral, enjoining silence, kept his observation to himself, for fear of again raising false hopes, and giving a bitter disappointment to his ships' companies. He lost sight of the light, and remained on deck until two in the morning,—praying, hoping, and despairing alone, awaiting the *triumph* or the *return* on which the morrow was to decide.

7. He was seized with that anguish which precedes the great discoveries of truth, when, suddenly, a cannon-shot,

sounding over the sea, a few hundred yards in advance of him, burst upon his ear the announcement of a *new-born world*, which made him tremble, and fall upon his knees. It was the signal of land in sight! made by firing a shot, as had been arranged with the *Pinta*, which was sailing in advance of the squadron, to guide their course and take soundings.

8. At this signal a general shout of "*Land ho!*" arose from all the yards and riggings of the ships. The sails were furled, and daybreak was anxiously awaited. The mystery of the ocean had breathed its first whisper in the bosom of night. Daybreak would clear it up openly to every eye. Delicious and unknown perfumes reached the vessels from the outline of the shore, with the roar of the waves upon the reefs and the soft land breeze.

9. The fire seen by Columbus indicated the presence of man, and of the first element of civilization. Never did the night appear so long in clearing away from the horizon; for this horizon was to Columbus and his companions a second creation of God. The dawn, as it spread over the sky, gradually raised the shores of an island from the waves. Its distant extremities were lost in the morning mist. It ascended gradually, like an amphitheater, from the low beach to the summit of the hills, whose dark-green covering contrasted strongly with the blue heavens.

10. Within a few paces from where the foam of the waves breaks on the yellow sand, forests of tall and unknown trees stretched away, one above another, over the successive terraces of the island. Green valleys and bright clefts in the hollows, afforded a half glimpse into these mysterious wilds. Here and there could be discovered a few scattered huts, which, with their outlines and roofs of dry leaves, looked like bee-hives, and thin columns of blue smoke rose above

LESSON CIV.

Fire' MENT, heat; glow.
En THUS' SI ASM, excitement.
Pro DIJ' JOUS, very great.
Spec' I MENS, samples.
Léague' ED; joined; banded.
Pen SUAD' ED, convinced.
Pre pos' ter OUS, absurd; ridiculous.
Vĭnny' ED, boasted.
De LU' SION, deception.
Cred' U LOUS, apt to believe.
Un RE LI' A BLE, untrustworthy.
Sus PI' CION, doubt; mistrust.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

DON GOMEZ AND HIS SECRETARY.

VINNY.

Don Gomez. What! what is this you tell me? Columbus returned? A new world discovered? Impossible!

Secretary. It is even so, sir. A courier arrived at the palace but an hour since with the intelligence. Columbus was driven by stress of weather to anchor in the Tagus. All Portugal is in a ferment of enthusiasm, and all Spain will be equally excited soon. The sensation is prodigious!

Don G. Oh, it is a trick! It must be a trick!

Sec. But he has brought home the proofs of his visit,—gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals; and, above all, specimens of a new race of men, copper-colored, with straight hair.

Don G. Still I say, a trick! He has been coasting along the African shore, and there collected a few curiosities, which he is passing off for proofs of his pretended discovery.

Sec. It is a little singular that all his men should be leagued with him in keeping up so unprofitable a falsehood.

Don G. But 'tis against reason, against common sense, that such a discovery should be made.

Sec. King John of Portugal has received him with royal magnificence, has listened to his accounts, and is persuaded that they are true.

Don G. We shall see, we shall see. Look you, sir, a plain matter-of-fact man, such as I, is not to be taken in by any such preposterous story! This vaunted discovery will turn out no discovery at all.

Sec. The king and queen have given orders for preparations on the most magnificent scale for the reception of Columbus.

Don G. What delusion! Her majesty is so credulous! A practical, common-sense man, like myself, can find no points of sympathy in her nature.

Sec. The Indians on board the returned vessels, are said to be unlike any known race of men.

Don G. Very unreliable all that! I take the common-sense view of the thing. I am a matter-of-fact man; and do you remember what I say, it will all turn out a trick! The crews may have been deceived. Columbus may have steered a southerly course, instead of a westerly. Any thing is probable, rather than that a coast to the westward of us has been discovered.

Sec. I saw the courier, who told me he had conversed with all the sailors; and they laughed at the suspicion that there could be any mistake about the discovery, or that any other than a westerly course had been steered.

Don G. Still I say, a trick! An unknown coast reached by steering west? Impossible! The earth a globe, and men standing with their heads down in space? Folly! An ignorant sailor from Genoa in the right, and all our learned doctors and philosophers in the wrong? *Nonsense!* I'm a matter-of-fact man, sir I will believe what I can see, and handle, and understand. But as for believing in the antipodes, or that the earth is round, or that Columbus has discovered land to the west,—— Ring the bell, sir; call my carriage; I will go to the palace and undeceive the king.

LESSON CV.

HAR' BIN GER, forerunner; precursor.
UN PIL'LAR ED, unsupported by pillars.
UN YIELD' ING, stubborn.
DE CREES' edicts; laws.
HAL' LOW ED, sacred; consecrated.
MOLD' ER ING, decaying.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

1. WAKE your harp's music!—louder,—higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
(*f.*) Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

2. From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky;
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
The home of Liberty!
An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray
Broke on their night of woe,—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

3. They clung around that symbol too,
Their refuge and their all;
And swore, while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall!
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home,—a country, and a God,—
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

4. Oh! 'twas a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas;
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees:
But safe, above each coral grave,
Each booming ship did go,—
A God was on the western wave,—
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

5. They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of oceaned solitude!
They looked upon the high, blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,—
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

6. The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild:
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child'?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

7. But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,—
His arm was left alone;
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own!

Time fled,—and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,—
And cities swell where forests frowned,
Two HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

8. Oh! stay not to recount the tale,—
'Twas bloody, and 'tis past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.
The God of Heaven who prospers us,
Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,—
Two HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

9. Come, then,—great shades of glorious men,
From your still glorious grave!
Look on your own proud land again,
O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each moldering tomb,
And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,—
Two HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

10. Then to your harps!—yet louder,—higher
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
(*f.*) Shout for those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blessed soil their anthem rolled,
Two HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

QUESTIONS.—1. Who are meant by *godlike men of old*? 2. Why did they flee to this country? 3. Who warred against them?

LESSON CVI.

SE SĒNE' LY, calmly; quietly.
SUR MOUNT', rise above; overcome.
TRAMP, tread, or travel.
EB' ON, black, as ebony.
GUĪND' I AN, defender; protector.
CHIV' AL RIC, brave; heroic.
MAIL, defensive armor.
EX ALT', lift up.
FRAIL' TY, weakness.
BLIGHT' ED, blasted.
RE NOWN', fame; celebrity.
STEAD' FAST, firm; resolute.

IN TER VENE', (INTER, *between* VENE, *to come*;) come between; interpose.
SUC CEED', SUC, *after*; CEED, *to come*;) come after; follow.

PRESS ON.

PARK BENJAMIN.

1. PRESS on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near,—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward,—never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storms and vapor intervene;
That Sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er Life's shadowed scene.

2. *Press on!* surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch:
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins, who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

3. *Press on!* if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While on their breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

4. *Press on!* if Fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up her follies past and gone:
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs;—*press on!* PRESS ON!

5. *Press on!* what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest, which is born of pain.
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
A bird sings from some blighted tree,
And, in the dreariest desert, blooms
A never-dying rose for thee.

6. Therefore, *press on!* and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown:
Faint not! for, to the steadfast soul,
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

QUESTIONS.—1. What encouragement is given to those who press on? Who fails and who wins? 3. What is said of those who never dread to meet danger and death? 4. How are they rewarded, who press on?

LESSON CVII.

EX PAND', develop; enlarge.
EL' E VATE, raise; dignify.
VA' RI A BLE, changeable.
PHAN TAS MA GO' RIA, magic lantern; illusive representations.
UN' DU LA TING, waving; irregular.
MO BIL' I TY, movableness; readiness to move.
DOC' ILE, teachable; obedient.
CE LES' TIAL, heavenly.
DIS' SI PATES, scatters, or confuses.
IN FIN' I TY, boundlessness.
GYM NAS' TIC, athletic exercise.
O PAC' I TY, state of being opaque or dark.
PA THET' IC, feeling; tender.
IN DOM' I TA BLE, unconquerable.
CO-OP' ERATE, work with; join with.

1 MOUNT PER' DU, one of the high summits of the Pyrenees mountains, in Spain. The name signifies "Lost Mountain;" in allusion, probably, to its peak being lost in the clouds.

THE THREE FORMS OF NATURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MICHELET.

1. THERE are three forms of Nature, which especially expand and elevate our souls, release her from her heavy clay and earthly limits, and send her, exulting, to sail amidst the wonders and mysteries of the Infinite. *First*, there is the variable *Ocean of Air* with its glorious banquet of light, its vapors, its twilight, and its shifting phantasmagoria of capricious creatures, coming into existence only to depart the next instant.

2. *Second*, there is the fixed *Ocean of the Earth*, its undulating and vast waves, as we see them from the tops of "earth o'er gazing mountains," the elevations which testify its antique mobility, and the sublimity of its mightier mountains, clad in eternal snows. *Third*, there is the *Ocean of Waters*, less mobile than air, less fixed than earth, but docile, in its movements, to the celestial bodies.

3. *These three things* form the gamut by which the Infinite speaks to our souls. Nevertheless, let us point out some very notable differences. The *Air-ocean* is so mobile

that we can scarcely examine it. It deceives; it decoys; it diverts; it dissipates, and breaks up our chain of thought.

4. For an instant, it is an immense hope, the day of an infinity; anon, it is not so; all flies from before us, and our hearts are grieved, agitated, and filled with doubt. Why have I been permitted to see for a moment that immense flood of light? The memory of that brief gleaming must ever abide with me, and that memory makes all things here on earth look dark.

5. The *fixed Ocean of the mountains* is not thus transient or fugitive; on the contrary, it stops us at every step, and imposes upon us the necessity of a very hard, though wholesome gymnastic. Contemplation here has to be bought at the price of the most violent action. Nevertheless, the opacity of the earth, like the transparency of the air, frequently deceives and bewilders us. Who can forget that, for ten years, Ramon, in vain, sought to reach Mount Perdu,[1] though often within sight of it?

6. Great, *very great*, is the difference between the two elements; the earth is mute and the ocean speaks. The ocean is a voice. It speaks to the distant stars; it answers to their movements in its deep and solemn language. It speaks to the earth on the shores, replying to the echoes that reply again; by turns wailing, soothing, threatening, its deepest roar is presently succeeded by a sad, pathetic sigh.

7. And it especially addresses itself to man. It has creation's living eloquence. It is Life speaking to Life! The millions, the countless myriads of beings to which it gives birth, are its words. All these, mingled together, make the unity, the great and solemn voice of the ocean. And "what are those wild waves saying?" They are telling of *Life*,—of *Immortality*.

8. An indomitable strength is at the bottom of Nature,

how much more so at Nature's summit, the Soul! And it speaks of partnership of union. Let us accept the swift exchange which, in the individual, exists between the diverse elements; let us accept the superior Law which unites the living members of the same body—Humanity; and, still more, let us accept and respect the supreme Law which makes us coöperate with the great Soul, associated as we are—in proportion with our powers—with the loving harmony of the world—copartners in the life of God.

QUESTIONS.—1. What are three great forms of Nature? 2. What is said of the Air-ocean? 3. How does the Ocean address itself to man?

LESSON CVIII.

MO NOP' O LIZ ED, engrossed.
CEL' E BRA TED, praised; talked of.
PO' TENT LY, powerfully.
MIN' I MUM, pertaining to sea.
SA GAC' I TY, acuteness.
IN TRE PID' I TY, daring valor.
SAN' GUINE, bloody; cruel.
EC CEN TRIC' I TY, peculiarity; oddity.
WA' RI NESS, cautiousness.
ES' TA BLE, eatable.
E MAN' CI PA TED, freed; liberated.
IN TER MED' IATE, lying between.
DEV' AS TA TING, laying waste.
DOUB' LE, sail around.

1 BASQUES, (basks,) an ancient and peculiar people, living on the slopes of the Pyrenees Mountains.

2 BRE' TON, a native of Brittany, an ancient province in France.

3 NOR' MAN, that is, Northman, a name given to the ancient inhabitants of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, and, afterward to their descendants who settled in the north of France.

THE WHALE AND THE WHALER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MICHELET.

1. Who opened up to men the great distant navigation? Who revealed the ocean, and marked out its zones and its liquid highways? Who discovered the secrets of the globe? *The Whale and the Whaler!* And all this before Colum-

bus and the famous gold-seekers, who have monopolized all the glory, found again, with much outcry about their discovery, what had so long before been discovered by the whalers.

2. That crossing of the ocean, which was so boastfully celebrated in the fifteenth century, had often been made, not only by the narrow passage between Iceland and Greenland, but, also, by the open sea; for the Basques[1] went to Newfoundland. The smallest danger was the mere voyage; for these men, who went to the very end of the *then* known world, to challenge the whale to single combat, to steer right away into the Northern Sea, to attack the mighty monster, amid darkness and storms, with the dense fog all around, and the foaming waves below,—those who could do this, were not the men to shrink from the ordinary dangers of the voyage.

3. Noble warfare! Great school of courage! That fishery was not *then*, as it is *now*, an easy war to wage, made from a distance, and with a potently murderous machine. No; the fisher then struck with his own strong hand, impelled and guided by his own fearless heart, and he risked life to take life. The men of that day killed but few whales; but they gained infinitely in maritime ability, in patience, in sagacity, and in intrepidity. They brought back *less* of oil; but *more, far more* of glory.

4. Every nation has its own peculiar genius. We recognize each by its own style of procedure. There are a hundred forms of courage, and these graduated varieties formed as it were, another heroic game. At the North, the Scandinavian, the rude race from Norway to Flanders, had their sanguine fury. At the South, the wild burst, the gay daring, the clear-headed excitement, that impelled, at once, and guided them over the world. In the center, the silent and patient firmness of the Breton[2], who yet, in the hour of danger,

could display a quite sublime eccentricity. And, lastly, the Norman[3] wariness, considerately courageous; daring all, but daring all for success. Such was the beauty of man, in that sovereign manifestation of human courage.

5. We owe a vast deal to the whale. But for it, the fishers would still have hugged the shore; for, almost every edible fish seeks the shore and the river. It was the whale that emancipated them, and led them afar. It led them onward, and onward still, until they found it, after having almost unconsciously passed from one world to the other. Greenland did not seduce them; it was not *the land* that they sought; but *the sea, and the tracks of the whale.*

6. The ocean at large is its home, and *especially* the broad and open sea. Each species has its especial preference for this or that latitude,—for a certain zone of water, more or less cold. And it was *that* preference which traced out the great divisions of the Atlantic. The tribe of inferior whales, that have a dorsal fin, are to be found in the warmest and in the coldest seas,—under the line and in the polar seas.

7. In the great intermediate region, the fierce Cachalot inclines toward the south, devastating the warm waters. On the contrary, the Free Whale fears the warm waters,—we should rather say, that they did, formerly, fear them,—they have become so scarce. They are never found in the warm southern current; it is *that* fact that led to the current being noticed, and thence to the discovery of the *true course from America to Europe.* From Europe to America, the trade winds will serve us.

8. If the Free Whale has a perfect horror of the warm waters, and can not pass the equator, it is clear that he can not double the southern end of America. How happens it, then, that when he is wounded on one side of America, in

the Atlantic, he is sometimes found on the other side of America, and in the Pacific? *It proves that there is a north-western passage.* Another discovery which we owe to the whale, and one which throws a broad light alike on the form of the globe, and the geography of the seas!

9. By degrees, the whale has led us everywhere. Rare as he is at present, he has led us to both poles, from the uttermost recesses of the Pacific to Behring's Strait, and the infinite wastes of the Antarctic waters. There is even an enormous region that no vessel, whether war ship or merchantman, ever traverses, at a few degrees beyond the southern points of America and Africa No one visits that region but the whaler.

QUESTIONS.—1. What has been done by the whaler? 2. By whom had Newfoundland been discovered? 3. What is said of the courage of the Whaler? 4. What proof is given that there is a north-western passage, by water, from the Atlantic to the Pacific?

LESSON CIX.

THRALL'DOM, bondage; slavery.
IG NO' BLE, mean; degraded.
HÔRDE, clan; tribe.
FEUD'AL, pertaining to military tenure.
DES' POTS, tyrants.
PAL' TRY, mean; contemptible.
RAP' INE, (rap in;) plunder; violence.
FOR SOOTH', in truth; in fact.
RUF' FIAN, robber; cut-throat.
SERV' ILE, slavish; cringing.
LIM' NERS, painters.
DIS CI' PLE, learner; follower.
CORSE, corpse; dead body.
BRA' VO, wrangle; contention.
DIS HEV' ED, sullied; stained.
ECH' O ED, resounded.

[1] RI EN' ZI, the last of the Roman Tribunes, was born in Rome about the year 1310. He was assassinated Oct. 8th, 1354. He was a person of extraordinary eloquence. In his day, Rome was a prey to contending factions of nobles. This kept the city in constant turmoil, and subjected the people to continual abuse and tyranny. It was the endeavor of Rienzi to arouse them to a resolution, to be free.

RIENZI'S[1] ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

Miss MITFORD.

1. FRIENDS!
I come not here to *talk*. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are *slaves!*
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of *slaves!* He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a *slave:* not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—*a name.*

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,
Was struck, *struck* like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian!

3. (*f.*) Be we *men*,
And suffer such dishonor'? MEN, and wash not
The stain away in blood'? Such shames are common!
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look

Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple!

4. How I loved.

That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! (*p.*) I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! (*ff.*) *Rouse ye, Romans!*—ROUSE YE, SLAVES!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash!

5. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman,
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

QUESTIONS.—1. In what condition did the writer say the Roman people were? 2. What wrongs are complained of? 3. What special cases are mentioned? 4. What are the people exhorted to do? 5. What is the meaning of the suffix *dom*, in the word *thralldom*? See ANALYSIS, page 142, Ex. 189. 6. What is the meaning of the suffix *less*, in the word *harmless*? See page 140, Ex. 187. 7. How, according to the notation mark, should the first part of the third verse be read? 8. What rule for the rising inflections, third verse? See page 28, Rule I.

LESSON CX.

MUL′ TI PLY, increase; continue.
CŌL′ TER, part of the plow that cuts the sod.
GE′ NI AL, productive.
BE NIG′ NANT, kind; bounteous.
SAUN′ TER ING, loitering.
WOOD′ BINE, honeysuckle.
RE SPLEN′ DENT, splendid; beautiful.
PO′ TENT, powerful.
RŌAD′ STEAD, place where ships may anchor.
RE LI′ ANT, trusting; depending.
PES TI LEN′ TIAL, infectious; noxious.
PER PET′ U AL, continual.
STER′ ILE, barren.

1 LE ON′ I DAS, the celebrated Spartan leader who, with three hundred men, perished in the effort to resist the Persian hosts, at the mountain pass of Thermopylæ (B. C., 480.)

2 MARS TON, that is, Marston Moor, a place in Yorkshire, England, memorable for the defeat of Charles I., (in 1644,) by the forces of Cromwell and others.

3 BAN′ NOCK BURN, a village in Stirlingshire, Scotland, famous for the battle between the patriots, under Robert Bruce, and the English invading army, under Edward II., fought, June 25, 1314.

4 AR MA′ DA, a great naval armament sent by Philip II. of Spain, in 1588, for the conquest of England. It failed utterly, however, of its object, having been scattered and disabled by violent storms.

SONG OF THE FORGE.

1. CLANG! clang! the massive anvils ring,—
Clang! clang! a hundred hammers swing,
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply:
Clang! clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

2. Clang! clang!—we forge the *colter* now—
The colter of the kindly plow;
Benignant Father, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most productive soil!

3. Clang! clang!—our colter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sunny lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amidst the song of morning birds,
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,
Amidst soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine-hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

4. When regal Autumn's bounteous hand,
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—
When, to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold,
We bless,—we bless the PLOW.

5. Clang! clang!—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink! clank!—we forge the *giant chain*,
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

6. Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though, far away
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay
Reliant on our skill.

7. Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?

By Afric's pestilential shore',—
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar',—
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile',—
By stormy Labrador'?

8. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When, to the battery's deadly peal,
The crashing broadside makes reply'?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while,
For death or victory'?

9. *Hurrah!*—cling! clang!—once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows
The furnace's fiery breath?

10. Clang! clang!—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

11. The *sword!*—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,—
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How *sacred* is it then!

12. Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,
Whether in some wild mountain pass
As that where fell Leonidas;[1]

Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston[1] or a Bannockburn;[2]
Or, mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,—
Or, as when sunk the Armada's[4] pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—
Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is Liberty, when men do stand
For *justice* and their *native land*,
Then Heaven bless The sword!

Questions.—1. What things are mentioned as being forged? 2. What is said of the colter? 3. What, of the iron cable? What, of the sword?

LESSON CXI.

Ben e fac' tion, gift; favor.	Con so la' tion, comfort.
E late', flushed with success.	Av' e nue, way; entrance.
In nāte', natural.	A trocc' i ties, enormities.
Pen fac' tion, carelessness.	Mock' er y, derision; ridicule.
Vīg' i lance, watchfulness.	Fac' ul ties, powers of the mind.
Un bribd' ed, not influenced by gifts.	Ca pac' i ties, abilities.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

I.

SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

Idler.

Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh when no man can work."

II.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

Longfellow.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

III.

THE TRUE HERO.

Horace Bushnell.

The true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils wtih a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And, if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is none so brilliant as a war with wrong,—no hero so fit to be sung as he who hath gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

IV.

HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

W. G. Simms.

We are not always equal to our fate,
Nor true to our conditions. Doubt and fear
Beset the bravest, in their high career,
At moments when the soul, no more elate

With expectation, sinks beneath the time.
The masters have their weakness. "I would climb,"
Said Raleigh, gazing on the highest hill,—
"But that I tremble with the fear to fall."
Apt was the answer of the high-souled queen:
"If thy heart fail thee, never climb at all!"
The heart! if that be sound, confirms the rest,
Crowns genius with his lion will and mien,
And, from the conscious virtue in the breast,
To trembling nature gives both strength and will.

V.

EDUCATION.

ADDISON.

I consider a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

VI.

THE VANITY OF WEALTH.

DR. JOHNSON.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With av'rice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoyed the present store,
Still endless sighs are breathed for more.
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase Heaven has gold the power'?

Can gold remove the mortal hour'?
In life, can love be bought with gold'
Are friendships pleasures to be sold'?
No'; all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair Virtue gives unbribed, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind;
Let *nobler views* engage thy mind.

VII.

CONSOLATION OF THE GOSPEL.

A. ALEXANDER.

Oh, PRECIOUS GOSPEL! Will any merciless hand endeavor to tear away from our hearts, this last, this sweetest consolation'? Would you darken the only avenue through which one ray of hope can enter'? Would you tear from the aged and infirm poor the only prop on which their souls can repose in peace'? Would you deprive the dying of their only source of consolation'? Would you rob the world of its richest treasure'? Would you let loose the flood-gates of every vice, and bring back upon the earth the horrors of superstition, or the atrocities of atheism'? Then endeavor to subvert the gospel'; throw around you the firebrands of infidelity'; laugh at religion, and make a mockery of futurity'; but be assured that for all these things, God will bring you into judgment'.

VIII.

THE LIGHT OF HOPE.

O. W. B. PEABODY.

1. Oh, who that has gazed, in the stillness of even,
On the fast-fading hues of the west,
Has seen not afar, in the bosom of heaven,
Some bright little mansion of rest,

And mourned that the path to a region so fair
Should be shrouded with sadness and fears;—
That the night winds of sorrow, misfortune, and care,
Should sweep from the deep-rolling waves of despair,
To darken this cold world of tears?

2. And who that has gazed, has not longed for an hour,
When misfortune forever shall cease;
And Hope, like the rainbow, unfold, through the shower,
Her bright-written promise of peace?
And, oh! if that rainbow of promise may shine
On the last scene of life's wint'ry gloom,
May its light in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To brighten the vale of the tomb.

IX.

PAMPERING THE BODY AND STARVING THE SOUL.

EDWARD EVERETT.

1. What'! feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger'? pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties'? Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine'?

2. What'! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked'? What'! send out your vessels to the furthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and workshops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which He has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame,—permit it, I say, to languish and go out'?

3. What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect, with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity'? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away'!—that a light may *there* be kindled which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens'?

LESSON CXII.

FRŪIT' AGE, collection of fruits
WAX' ES, grows; increases.
JŌ' YŌUS LY, joyous.
TINCT, imbue.
GLŌ' RI FI ED, exalted to glory.
UN WA' RY, incautious.
FAM' ISHED, afflicted with hunger.
BAN' ISHED, driven out; expelled.
RE NEW' ED, made new again.
MA TŪR' ING, ripening.
VINE' AGE, produce of the vine.
DIS LOY' AL TY, unfaithfulness.
BE QUEATH' ED, left by inheritance.
CON SID' ER ATE, thoughtful.

RE VIV' I FY, (RE, *again*; VIV, *live*; IFY, *to make*;) to make alive again; to bring to life; renew.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

GAIL HAMILTON.

1. "*We all do fade as a leaf.*" Change is the essence of life. "Passing away," is written on all things; and passing away is passing on from strength to strength, from glory to

glory. Spring has its growth, summer its fruitage, and autumn its festive in-gathering. The spring of eager preparation waxes into the summer of noble work; mellowing in its turn into the serene autumn, the golden-brown haze of October, when the soul may robe itself in jubilant drapery, awaiting the welcome command, "Come up higher," where mortality shall be swallowed up in life.

2. Why, then, should autumn tinge our thoughts with sadness. We fade as the leaf, and the leaf fades only to revivify. Though it fall, it shall rise again. Does the bud fear to become a blossom, or the blossom shudder as it swells into fruit; and shall the redeemed weep that they must become glorified? Strange inconsistency! We faint with the burden and the heat of the day. We bow down under the crosses that are laid upon our shoulders. We are bruised and torn by the snares and pitfalls which beset our way, and into which our unwary feet often fall.

3. We are famished, and foot-sore, and travel-stained, from our long journey, and yet we are saddened by tokens that we shall pass away from all these,—away from sin and sorrow, from temptation and fall, from disappointment, and weary waiting, and a fearful looking-for of evil, to purity and holiness, and the full fruition of every hope,—bliss which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, —to a world whence all that made this dreary is forever banished, and where all that made this delightful is forever renewed and increased,—a world where the activities and energies of the soul shall have full scope, and love and recognition wait upon its steps forever.

4. Let him alone fear, who does not fade as the leaf,—him whose sources are not in God, and who does not draw his life thence,—him whose spring is gathering no strength, whose summer is maturing no fruit, and whose autumn shall

have no vintage. Is not this the real sorrow of us all? not a dread of change, but a secret consciousness of wasted power,—of disloyalty to God, as the supreme object of our love and service.

5. Yet even here the fading leaf brings hope. Our future is always before us. The past is fixed. No tears can wash away its facts. Let us waste no vain regrets upon it; but, from the wisdom which its very mistakes and sins have bequeathed us, start afresh on the race. Though yesterday we were weak, and selfish, and indolent, let us to-day—at this moment—begin to be strong, and brave, and helpful, and just, and generous, and considerate, and tender, and truthful, and pure, and patient, and forgiving. "Now" is a glorious word. "Henceforth" is always within our grasp.

Questions.—1. To what are we compared? 2. What is said of change? 3. What change takes place in the leaf? 4. What, in man? 5. Who have reason to fear? 6. What is said of the past and the future?

LESSON CXIII.

Un heed' ed, not regarded.
Ex pos' ed, unprotected.
Ex hort' ed, urged; persuaded.

At tūn' ed, put in tune.
Es sen' tial, real; true.
An nounc' ed, proclaimed.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Pollok.

1. The seasons came and went, and went and came,
To teach men gratitude; and, as they passed,
Gave warning of the lapse of time, that else
Had stolen unheeded by: the gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.

The dews came down unseen at evening tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.

2. With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard;
And, on the rugged mountain brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.

3. Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love; and, from her glorious brow,
Bending to kiss the earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive! forgive!

4. The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and, from her maiden face
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And, with her virgin stars, walked in the heavens,—
Walked nightly there, conversing as she walked
Of purity, and holiness, and God.

5. In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge: silence had a tongue: the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste, had each
A tongue, that ever said, Man! think of God!
Think of thyself! think of eternity!

6. Fear God, the thunders said; Fear God, the waves;
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied;
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And, in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened
And cried: Repent! repent, ye Sons of Men!
Believe, be saved.

QUESTIONS.—1. What do the seasons teach? 2. What, the trees? 3. What, the sun and moon? 4. What, Messiah's messengers?

LESSON CXIV.

BE DECK' ED, adorned.
AR RAY', dress; attire.
MAN' TLED, spread; rushed.
DE VO' TION, attachment.
I DOL' A TROUS, excessive.
SEV' ER ED, rent; sundered.
EN CIR' CLED, inclosed; surrounded.
SA' BLES, mourning clothes.
GIFT' ED, talented.
FOUND' ED, established.

AL LURE', (AL, *to*; LURE, *draw*;) draw to; entice.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.*

MARY S. B. DANA.

1. I SAW the young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay:

* These lines are founded on the following passage of Jewish history:—"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner: The lambs were separated from their dams, and inclosed in a sheepcot, with only one narrow way out; the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man, placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying, 'LET THIS BE HOLY.' Hence, God says by his prophet, '*I will cause you to pass under the rod*'"

And with a woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
And He strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice,—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

2. I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there, who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven, He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice,—'twas the voice of her God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

3. I saw, too, a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son;
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again, bending low o'er the grave,
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their star* shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice,—'twas the voice of their God:
"I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod!*"

QUESTIONS.—1. What custom is alluded to, in the passage "*I will cause you to pass under the rod!*" See note. 2. Where is that passage found in the Scriptures? Ans. Ezekiel, 20th chap. 37th verse. 3. What instances are mentioned of individuals "*passing under the rod!*"

LESSON CXV.

PET' U LANT, cross; fretful.
CA LAM' I TY, misfortune.
SA TIR' IC AL, keenly severe; cutting.
NŬI' SANCE, annoyance.
JUST' I FY, give a right to.
SIN FID' I TY, extreme dullness.
CUL' PA BLE, blamable; censurable.
IR RI TA BIL' I TY, excitableness.
AP PEL LA' TION, name; title.
VE' HE MENT, violent; furious.
VO CIF ER A' TIONS, loud outcries.
MEN' A CES, threats.
CEN' SURED, blamed.
VIN DI CA' TION, justification.
LON GEV' I TY, length of life.
CON TEMPT' I BLE, despicable.

THE PETULANT MAN.

Obscenu.

Mr. Grim—Michael—Cousin Mary.

Cousin Mary. More breezes? What terrible thing has happened now, Cousin Grim? What's the matter?

Grim. Matter enough, I should think! I sent this stupid fellow to bring me a pair of boots from the closet; and he has brought me two rights, instead of a right and left.

Cousin. What a serious calamity! But, perhaps, he thought it was but *right* to leave the *left*.

Grim. None of your jokes, if you please. This is nothing to laugh at.

Cousin. So it would seem, from the expression on your face,—rather something to storm at, roar at, and fall into a frenzy about.

Michael. That's right, Miss; give him a piece of your mind! He's the crossest little man I have met with in the new country. You might scrape old Ireland with a fine-tooth comb, and not find such another.

Grim. How dare you talk to me in that style? I'll discharge you this very day!

Michael. I'm thinking of discharging *you*, if you don't take better care of that *swēet tĕmper* of yours.

Grim. Leave the room, sir!

Michael. That I will, in search of better company, saving the lady's presence. [*Exit.*

Grim. There, cousin! there is a specimen of my provocations! Can you wonder at my losing my temper?

Cousin. Cousin Grim, that would be the most *fortunate* thing that could befall you.

Grim. What do you mean?

Cousin. I mean, if you could only *lose that temper* of yours, it would be a blessed thing for you; though I should pity the poor fellow who *found it*.

Grim. You are growing satirical in your old age, Cousin Mary.

Cousin. Cousin Grim, hear the plain truth: your ill temper makes you a nuisance to yourself and every body about you.

Grim. Really, Miss Mary Somerville, you are getting to be complimĕntary!

Cousin. No; I am getting to be *candid*. I have passed a week in your house, on your invitation. I leave you this afternoon; but, before I go, I mean to speak my mind.

Grim. It seems to me that you have spoken it rather freely already.

Cousin. What was there, in the circumstance of poor Michael's bringing you the wrong boots, to justify your flying into a rage, and bellowing as if your life had been threatened?

Grim. That fellow is perpetually making just such provoking blunders!

Cousin. And do you never make provoking blunders'? Didn't you send me five pounds of Hyson tea, when I wrote for Souchong'? Didn't you send a carriage for me to the cars, half an hour too late, so that I had to hire one myself, after great trouble'? And did I roar at you, when we met, because you had done these things'?

Grim. On the contrary, this is the first time you have alluded to them. I am sorry they should have happened. But surely you should make a *distinction* between any such little oversight of mine, and the stupidity of a servant, hired to attend to your orders.

Cousin. I do not admit that there should be a distinction. You are both human; only, as you have had the better education, and the greater advantages, stupidity or neglect on your part, is much the more culpable.

Grim. Thank you! Go on.

Cousin. I mean to; so don't be impatient. If an uncooked potato, or a burnt mutton-chop, happens to fall to your lot at the dinner-table, what a tempest follows! One would think you had been wronged, insulted, trampled on, driven to despair. Your face is like a thunder-cloud, all the rest of the meal. Your poor wife endeavors to hide her tears. Your children feel timid and miserable. Your guest feels as if she would like to see you held under the nose of the pump, and thoroughly ducked.

Grim. The carriage is waiting for you, Miss Somerville, and the driver has put on your baggage.

Cousin. I have hired that carriage by the hour, and so am in no hurry. Your excuse for your irritability will be, I suppose, that it is *constitutional*, and not to be controlled. A selfish, paltry, miserable excuse! I have turned down a leaf in Dr. Johnson's works, and will read what he says in regard to tempers like yours.

Grim. You are always quoting Dr. Johnson! Cousin, I can not endure it! Dr. Johnson is a bore!

Cousin. Oh, yes! to *evil-doers*,—but to none else. Hear him: "There is in the world a class of mortals known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of *passionate men*, who imagine themselves entitled, by this distinction, to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces, and licentious reproaches."

Grim. That will do.

Cousin. "Men of this kind," he tells us, "are often pitied rather than censured, and are not treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them, might justly provoke." But he adds: "It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds

mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and——"

Grim. I will hear no more! Have done!

Cousin. So the shaft went home! I am not sorry.

Grim. No one but a meddlesome old maid would think of insulting a man in his own house.

Cousin. So, when at a loss for a vindication, you reproach me with being an old maid! Cousin, it does not distress me, either to be an old maid, or to be called one. I must, however, remark, that the manhood that can charge against a woman her single state, either as a matter of ridicule or reproach, is not quite up to my standard.

Grim. Cousin Mary, I ask your pardon! But am I, indeed, the petulant, disagreeable fellow, you would make me out?

Cousin. My dear Caspar, you are generous enough in large things; but, oh! consider that *trifles make up a good portion of the sum of life*; and so "*a small unkindness is a great offense.*" Why not be cheerful, sunny, genial, in little things? Why not look on the bright side? Why not present an unruffled front to petty annoyances? Why not labor,—ay, labor,—to have those around you happy and contented, by reflecting from yourself such a frame of mind upon them?

Life is short, at the best; why not make it cheerful? Do you know that longevity is promoted by a tranquil, happy habit of thought and temper'? Do you know that cheerfulness, like mercy, is twice blessed; blessing "him that gives, and him that takes'?" Do you know that good manners, as well as good sense, demand that we should look at objects on their bright side'? Do you know that it is contemptible selfishness in you to shed gloom and sorrow over a whole family by your moroseness and ill-humor'?

Grim. Cousin Mary, the patience with which I have listened to your cutting remarks, will prove to you, I hope, that, notwithstanding my angry retorts, I am convinced there is much truth in what you have said of me. I have a favor to ask. Send away your carriage; stay a week longer,—a month,—a year, if you will. Hold the lash over this ugly temper of mine,—and I give you my word that I will set about the cure of it in earnest.

Cousin. You should have begun earlier,—in youth, when the temper is pliable, and strong impressions can work great changes. But we will not despair. I will tarry with you a while, just to see if you are serious in your wish for a reformation, and to help you bring it about.

Grim. Thank you. We hear of reformed drunkards, and reformed thieves; and *why may not a petulant temper be reformed*, by a system of total abstinence from all harsh, unkind moods and expressions? Come, we will try.

QUESTIONS.—1. At what was Mr. Grim offended? 2. What did Cousin Mary say would be fortunate for him? 3. What blunder had Mr. Grim made? 4. How did he often behave at the table? 5. What does Dr. Johnson say of such men? 6. What did Cousin Mary finally say to him? 7. Of what was he convinced? 8. What did he resolve to do?

LESSON CXVI.

SAC' RI FICE, religious offering.
STRAIGHT, immediately.
SCUR' VY, low; mean.
SCRU' PLE, hesitate.
ES DURE', suffer; tolerate.
IM PURE', filthy; unclean.
UT' TER LY, entirely; completely.
BLEM' ISH, defect; deformity.
WA' VER ED, hesitated.
IM PAR' TIAL, just; free from bias.
RE FER', leave to another.
PAR' DON, forgive.
GHEE, kind of butter used in India.
DIS TRUST' ING, suspecting.
PAL' PA BLE, obvious; evident.
LAUD' ING, praising.

THE BRAHMIN AND THE ROGUES.*

AN EASTERN FABLE.

TRANSLATED BY J. N. McELLIGOTT.

1. A BRAHMIN went out, the legends say,
To buy him a sheep a certain day;
For he had solemnly vowed to slay,
In sacrifice, a sheep that day,
And wanted a sheep his vow to pay.
Three neighboring rogues
(The cunning dogs!)
Finding this out,
Went straight about
(Moved, I ween, by the very Old Nick,)
To play the Brahmin a scurvy trick.

2. So one of them met him with the cry:—
"O Brahmin! O Brahmin! won't you buy
A beautiful sheep? for here have I
A beautiful sheep for sacrifice,
As ever was seen by mortal eyes."

3. "Where is your sheep?" replied the Brahmin;
Bring him out here, and let me examine."
With that the wag
Opened a bag,
And out he drew
To public view
An ugly, dirty, horrible dog!
Blind as a bat, and lame as a frog;

* The fable, here thrown into verse, is related in English prose by Macaulay, who says:—"Thus, or nearly thus, if we remember rightly, runs the story of the Sanscrit Æsop."

With a broken leg, climbing a log,
Or limping slowly over a bog.

4. "Wretch!" said the Brahmin indignant, "who
Shamelessly utterest things untrue,
And dost without a scruple endure
To handle creatures the most impure,
How darest thou call that cur a sheep'?
Do you think, foul knave, that I'm asleep'?"

5. "*Cur!*" said the fellow with steady tone;
A *sheep* it is, and a sheep alone;
A sheep (see here, what a splendid fleece!)
With flesh the sweetest, and fat as grease;
And such a prize
For sacrifice,
As neither gods nor men can despise,
Unless they both have dust in their eyes!"
"Sir", said the Brahmin, surprised to find
A person so utterly out of his mind,
"Tis certain that *you* or *I* am blind."

6. Then stepping up,
Patting the pup,
Rogue the second, as if amazed,
While on the dog he steadily gazed,
Exclaims aloud:—"The gods be praised!
Since I've no need to market to go
To buy me a sheep; for here's one so
From spot and blemish perfectly free,
That better could not possibly be.
Isn't it nice'?
What's your price'?"

7. The Brahmin, seeing this singular thing,
Wavered in mind, like one in a swing;
Yet answered the stranger, firmly,—"Sir,
This isn't a sheep, but only a cur."
"*Cur!*" with disdain, the new-comer said;
"Why, man, you're surely out of your head!"

8. As this occurred,
Came rogue the third,
To whom, as being a witness new,
And likely to take impartial view,
Brahmin proposed at once to refer,
Whether the creature was *sheep* or *cur*.
All being agreed, the eager priest
Said:—"Stranger, what do you call this beast?"
"A *sheep*, to be sure!" the knave replied;
"As fine a sheep as ever you spied."

9. "Well," said the Brahmin, "the gods this day
Have surely taken my senses away!"
Then begging the rogue
That carried the dog,
To pardon him for doubting his word,
He, with a readiness most absurd,
Purchased the creature with rice and ghee,
Which went, of course, to the worthless three,
And which they shared with wonderful glee.

10. Thus taken in,
The poor Brahmin
Offered it up,
The filthy pup,

Which so offended the gods, that they
Sent sore disease his folly to pay:
Thinking it right the man to chastise
For so distrusting his natural eyes,
And being led by palpable lies
To offer a dog as a sacrifice.

MORAL.

Look out for the arts of the puffing tribe,—
People that praise for the sake of a bribe;
Lavishly landing a book or a pill,
Or any thing else the pocket to fill;
Singing Simplicity fast asleep,
And making her dream a dog's a sheep.

QUESTIONS.—1. What trick did the three rogues play off on the Brahmin? 2. In what way did they do this? 3. What moral is taught in this fable?

LESSON CXVII.

E LAS' TIC' I TY, returning vigor.
MIN' I MIZE, lessens; makes small.
DEG RA DA' TION, abasement.
ES TRANGʼ ES, alienates. [alms.
UN ALMS' ED, not having received
HA BIT' U AL, accustomed. [pense.
EX TRAV' A GANCE, superfluous ex-
IM PER' TI NENCE, that which is not pertinent.
SUS PI' CIOUS, distrustful.
E CON' O MY, frugality.
TRAN' QUIL, calm; undisturbed.
BE NUMB' ING, dull; stupefying.
IM PROV' I DENCE, wastefulness.

LIVING WITHIN OUR MEANS.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. *Oh, beware of debt!*
It crushes out the manhood of a man,
Robs his bright eye of boldness, cheats his limbs
Of elasticity, unnerves his hand,

Beclouds his judgment, dulls his intellect,
Perils his uprightness, and stains his name,
And minifies him to his fellow-men;
Yea, far worse degradation, to himself.

2. Who hath the hurried step, the anxious eye,
Avoids the public haunt and open street,
And anxious waits for evening? Restlessly
Tosses upon his bed, and dreads the approach
Of the tell-tale morning sunlight? Who, unmanned,
Starts at the sudden knock, and shrinks with dread
E'en at his own shadow; shuns with care
The stranger's look, skulks from his fellow's glance,
And sees in every man a creditor?

3. The *debtor*;—he is only half a man;
He saddens and estranges his chief friends,
Burdens his dearest relatives; he hears
In vain the stranger's tale, the widow's prayer,
And sends away the orphan all unalmsed.
None dare to place him in a post of trust,
And business men regard him with a shrug.

4. "Owe no man aught." Stand in the world erect,
And lean alone upon thyself and God.
The habitual borrower will be ever found
Wicked, or weak, or both. Sweat, study, stint,
Yea, rather *any thing* than meanly owe.
Let thine own honest hands feed thee and thine,
And, if not thy friend's purse, at least, respect
Thine own sweet independence.

5. Have fewest wants: the book, however good,
Thou shouldst not purchase, let it go unbought;

And fashion's vests by thee be all unworn.
Soon luxuries become necessities,
But self-denying thrift more joy affords
Than all the pleasures of extravagance.
A cottage, free from clamorous creditors,
Is better than a mansion dunned; a coat,
However darned, if paid for, hath an ease,
And a respectability beside:
Gay, ill-afforded vests can never boast.

6. However cheap,
Whate'er thou want'st not, buy not. That is dear,
A mere extravagant impertinence,
For which thou hast no need. Feel first the want
Ere it be satisfied: bargains full oft
Are money-wasting things that prudent men
Will keep afar from with suspicious eye;
Perchance to any but of little use,
And to themselves, most likely, none at all.

7. The habit of economy once formed,
'Tis easy to attain to prosperous things.
Thou then shalt lend, not borrow: shalt not want
A helping trifle when thy friend hath need,
Or means to seize an opportunity,—
Seed-coin, to ensure a harvest. Thou shalt then
Want not an alms for pinching poverty;
And, though a sudden sickness dam the stream,
And cut off thy supplies, thou shalt lie down
And view thy morrows with a tranquil eye;
Even benumbing age shall scare thee not,
But find thee unindebted, and secure
From all the penury and wretchedness
That dog the footsteps of improvidence.

LESSON CXVIII.

OM NIP' O TENT, all-powerful.
IN TEN' SE NA BLE, endless.
MILK' Y-WAY, galaxy; luminous circle in the heavens.
AS' TRAL, starry.
IN FIN' I TUDE, unlimited extent.
IM PET' U OUS, rushing.
AS TRON' O MER, one skilled in the science of the stars.
AP PROX' I MATE LY, nearly.
OM NIS' CIENCE, knowledge of all things.
PER TUR BA' TIONS' irregularities of motion
AB' SO LUTE, entire.
PRE CIS' ION, exactness.
AR JUST' MENTS, arrangements.
REV' E NUE, company.
SAT' EL LITES, small planets revolving round others.

GRANDEUR OF THE UNIVERSE.

O. M. MITCHEL.

1. IF you would know the *glory* of the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe, examine the interminable range of suns and systems which crowd the Milky-Way. Multiply the hundred millions of stars which belong to our own "island universe" by the thousands of these astral systems that exist in space, within the range of human vision, and *then* you may form some idea of the *infinitude* of His kingdom; for lo! these are but a part of His ways.

2. Examine the scale on which the universe is built. Comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward through his system, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems.

3. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month, and year, till youth shall wear away, and middle age is gone, and the extremest limit of human life has been attained;—count every pulse, and, at each, speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out, and behold! the thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you,

each separated from the other by such a distance, that, in this journey of a century, you have only left half a score behind you.

4. Would you gather some idea of the *eternity* past of God's existence,—go to the astronomer, and bid him lead you in one of his walks through space; and, as he sweeps outward from object to object, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those filmy stains on the deep pure blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years.

5. Would you gather some knowledge of the *omnipotence* of God,—weigh the earth on which we dwell, then count the millions of its inhabitants that have come and gone for the last six thousand years. Unite their strength into one arm, and test its power in an effort to move this earth. It could not stir it a single foot in a thousand years; and yet under the omnipotent hand of God, not a minute passes that it does not fly more than a thousand miles.

6. But this is a mere atom,—the most insignificant point among his innumerable worlds. At his bidding, every planet, and satellite, and comet, and the sun himself, fly onward in their appointed courses. His single arm guides the millions of sweeping suns, and around His throne circles the great constellation of unnumbered universes.

7. Would you comprehend the idea of the *omniscience* of God,—remember that the highest pinnacle of knowledge reached by the whole human race, by the combined efforts of its brightest intellects, has enabled the astronomer to compute approximately the perturbations of the planetary worlds. He has predicted roughly the return of half a score of comets. But God has computed the mutual perturbations of millions of suns, and planets, and comets, and worlds, without number, through the ages that are passed,

and throughout the ages which are yet to come, not approximately, but with perfect and absolute precision.

8. The universe is in motion,—system rising above system, cluster above cluster, nebula above nebula,—all majestically sweeping around under the providence of God, who alone knows the end from the beginning, and before whose glory and power all intelligent beings, whether in heaven or on earth, should bow with humility and awe.

9. Would you gain some idea of the *wisdom* of God,—look to the admirable adjustments of the magnificent retinue of planets and satellites which sweep around the sun. Every globe has been weighed and poised, every orbit has been measured and bent to its beautiful form.

10. All is changing; but the laws fixed by the wisdom of God, though they permit the rocking to and fro of the system, never introduce disorder, or lead to destruction. All is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun, is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds, that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above.

11. If, overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of the universe of God, we are led to exclaim with the Hebrew poet-king,—"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"—If, fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of His kingdom, we have only to call to mind that other passage, "Yet Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over all the works of Thy hand; Thou hast put all things under his feet." Such are the teachings of the word, and such are the lessons of the works of God.

LESSON CXIX.

"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

Miss Pamelia S. Vining.

1. 'Twere naught to me, yon glorious arch of night,
Decked with the gorgeous blazonry of heaven,
If, to my faith, amid its splendors bright,
No vision of the Eternal One were given;
I could but view a dreary, soulless waste,—
A vast expanse of solitude unknown,
More cheerless for the splendors o'er it cast,—
For all its grandeur more intensely lone.

2. 'Twere naught to me, this ever-changeful scene
Of earthly beauty, sunshine, and delight,—
The wood's deep shadows and the valley's green,—
Morn's tender glow, and sunset's splendors bright;
Naught, if my Father spoke not from the sky,
The cloud, the flower, the landscape, and the leaf;
My soul would pine 'mid earth's vain pageantry,
And droop in hopeless orphanage and grief.

3. 'Twere naught to me, the ocean's vast expanse,
If His perfections were not mirrored there;
Hopeless across the unmeasured waste I'd glance,
And clasp my hands in anguish, not in prayer.
Naught Nature's anthem, ever swelling up
From Nature's myriad voices; for the hymn
Breathes not of love, or gratitude, or hope,
Robbed of the tones that tell my soul of Him.

4. This wondrous universe how less than naught
Without my God! how desolate and drear!
A mock'ry, earth with her vain splendors fraught!
A gilded pageant, every rolling sphere!
The noonday sun with all his glories crowned,
A sickly meteor glimmers faint and pale!
And all earth's melodies, their sweetness drowned,
Are but the utterance of a funeral wail.

LESSON CXX.

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON

Kossuth.

Mr. President: I consider it a particular favor of Providence that I am permitted to partake, on the present solemn occasion, in paying the tribute of honor and gratitude to the memory of your immortal Washington.

2. An architect having raised a proud and noble building to the service of the Almighty, his admirers desired to erect a monument to his memory. How was it done? His name was inscribed upon the wall, with these additional words: "You seek his monument—look around."

3. Let him who looks for a monument of Washington look around the United States. The whole country is a monument to him. Your freedom, your independence, your national power, your prosperity, and your prodigious growth, is a monument to Washington.

4. There is no room left for panegyric, none especially to a stranger whom you had full reason to charge with arrogance, were he able to believe that his feeble voice could claim to be noticed in the mighty harmony of a nation's praise. Let me, therefore, instead of such an arrogant attempt, pray that that God, to whose providential intentions Washington was a glorious instrument, may impart to the people of the United States the same wisdom for the conservation of the present prosperity of the land and for its future security, which he gave to Washington for the foundation of it.

5. I yield to nobody in the world in reverence and respect to the immortal memory of Washington. His life and his principles were the guiding star of my life; to that star I looked up for inspiration and advice, during the vicissitudes of my stormy life. Hence I drew that devotion to my country and to the cause of national freedom, which you, gentlemen, and millions of your fellow-citizens, and your national government, are so kind as to honor by unexampled distinction.

6. Sir, I have studied the history of your immortal Washington, and have, from my early youth, considered his principles as a living source of instruction to statesmen and to patriots.

When, in that very year in which Washington issued his Farewell Address, M. Adet, the French Minister, presented to him the flag of the French Republic, Washington, as President of the United States, answered officially, with these memorable words:

"Born in a land of liberty, having early learned its value, having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it, having devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my country, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly attracted, whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banner of freedom."

7. Thus spoke Washington. Have I not then full reason to say, that if he were alive his generous sympathy would be with me; and the sympathy of a Washington never was, and never would be, a barren word. Washington, who raised the word "honesty" as a rule of policy, never would have professed a sentiment which his wisdom as a statesman would not have approved.

8. Sir! here let me end. I consider it already as an immense benefit that your generous attention connected the

cause of Hungary with the celebration of the memory of Washington.

9. Spirit of the departed! smile down from heaven upon this appreciation of my country's cause; watch over those principles which thou hast taken for the guiding star of thy noble life, and the time will yet come when not only thine own country, but liberated Europe, also, will be a living monument to thy immortal name.

LESSON CXXI.

THE LOST ONE'S LAMENT.

1. Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow.
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along!
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the Heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

2. Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

8. How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

4. How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To lie and so die, in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

明治十五年八月七日 翻刻御届

翻刻人 岡本直吉

東京日本橋區檜物町十番地