THE

ROYAL REA

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The Royal School Series.

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No. IV.

THE ROYAL READERS.

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PREFACE.

GOOD reading is more readily acquired by practice than by precept. The more young people read, they will read the more fluently, intelligently, and gracefully; and they can be induced to read much only by giving them interesting subjects to read about, and by treating them attractively.

It is with special reference to this principle, as regards both matter and style, that the Reading-Books in this Series have been prepared. The lessons aim not only at teaching *the art of reading*, but at training the pupils to *a love of reading*. They avoid as much as possible that dull solidity which tends so much to make school hours a weariness to the young.

The numerous Illustrations afford an important aid in this respect. The interest of young people is quickened more readily through the eye than in any other way; indeed it is through the eye that the understanding itself is most quickly reached.

As great variety as possible has been given to the contents of the present volume. Young people cannot be expected to dwell long on one subject, or even on one class of subjects. In the case of the mind, as of the body, judicious change is one of the best means of keeping up its vigour. In the following pages, accordingly, lessons on Natural History are intermingled with interesting Narratives, both in prose and in verse, with lessons having a more directly didactic tendency, and with Historical Summaries.

The following special features of the Series are worthy of note:—

I. The MEANINGS of the difficult words are given at the head of each lesson. The definitions, or translations of the words, are in such a form as to admit of their being readily substituted in the text for the words explained.

II. The DICTATION LESSONS are intended to be written in the ordinary MS. character; but they are here given in the *print-writing* type used in the previous books of the Series, in order to continue to familiarize the eye of the pupil with *the appearance words present when written*. This will be found to be a decided help in learning to spell correctly.

III. For special lessons in PRONUNCIATION, the more difficult words in each lesson are divided into syllables. Great importance is attached to this Exercise, and teachers are advised to make use of it systematically. They will find that when their pupils have learned to pronounce words correctly in syllables, the difficulty of spelling them has been greatly reduced.

IV. QUESTIONS on the narrative or subject-matter are appended to each lesson. These questions have been prepared primarily to enable the pupil himself to ascertain whether he has mastered the chief points of the lesson.

V. It is suggested that each set of questions should also be made the basis of a COMPOSITION EXERCISE. In this case, the pupils must be told to express each answer in the form of a complete sentence, reproducing in it so much of the question as is necessary. An example of this kind of Exercise is given on page 73, where the story of the Letter consists entirely of answers to the questions on the preceding page.

VI. The OUTLINES OF BRITISH HISTORY, which in this volume extend to the beginning of the Tudor Period, are intended to be prepared at home, and used from day to day along with the miscellaneous lessons in the same Part of the book, but for examination only. These lessons are merely brief outlines, and are designed as an introduction to the more extended narrative of *Collier's British History*, in the same Series.

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SCENES IN THE TROPICS.

I. THE FOREST.

A-lert´, active; quick.
Con-triv´-ance, plan, scheme.
Jag´-uar, the American tiger.
Myr´-i-ads, immense numbers.
Re-cess´-es, deepest parts.
Ven´-om-ous, poisonous.

In hot countries the woods are not like our woods. They are great dark forests, where the trees grow so closely together, and are so tall, that if you looked up you could hardly see the sky.

Then there are a great many climbing plants, that twist themselves round and round the trunks and branches of the trees. They are called vegetable cables, because they are so much like ropes. They reach from one tree to another, and almost fill up the spaces between. The white man has to carve out his way with his hatchet, or else burn a passage for himself through the dense mass.

Dangers of every kind lurk in the forest. The quick subtle Indian dare not venture there without his poisoned arrows, nor the white man without the thunder and lightning of his gun. The venomous*

snake may lie coiled among the bushes, or traces of the savage jaguar* may be seen upon the path.

Birds, beasts, and insects live there, for the most part, undisturbed. It is their home; and on every side they are at work, hunting their prey, or escaping from danger. For though man seldom wages war upon them, these wild creatures of the forest are engaged in constant warfare with each other; and

the weak are always using some contrivance* to protect themselves from the strong.

There are a great many curious things to be seen in these South American forests.

In the deepest gloom, where the trees shut out the sun, myriads* of lights flit about, and twinkle like little stars. As they flash here and there, you might fancy that troops of fairies were floating about with torches in their hands; but there are no fairies in the case,— the lights are only the torches of the fire-flies that live in the recesses* of the woods, and every night make a kind of illumination amongst the trees.

There are troops of monkeys, that run along the vegetable cables from one tree to another, or swing from the branches by their tails, making a noise all the time as if they were talking to each other. When night comes they roll themselves into a ball, huddled together as close as may be, to keep themselves warm.

Sometimes it happens that a few little monkeys have not been alert* enough to get into the ball, and are left shivering outside. They keep up a pitiful howling the whole night through, as if they were telling the rest how cold and miserable they are, and begging to be let in. But the others pay no attention, and go quietly off to sleep.

Then there are all sorts of wonderful birds, such as we never see in our country, except in cages.

Flocks of parrots glisten in the sun, clad in glowing scarlet, and green, and gold. Humming-birds, like gems of beauty, come to seek honey and insects

from the forest flowers. Fly-catchers gleam and sparkle everywhere. Water-fowl of snowy plumage sport on the streams, their white dresses contrasting with those of the red flamingo, or the scarlet ibis, that stand patiently fishing on the shore.

QUESTIONS.—Why are the forests in hot countries so dark? What are the climbing-plants called? Why? How does the white man make a way for himself through the forest? What dangers lurk there? Of what is the forest specially the home? What are the lights that flit about in the gloom? How do the monkeys swing themselves from one tree to another? How do they keep themselves warm at night? What birds are found in these forests?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

climb´-ing	pro-tect´	mon´-keys	qui´-et-ly
veg´-e-ta-ble	cu´-ri-ous	shiv´-er-ing	spar´-kle
poi´-soned	car´-ry-ing	pit´-i-ful	plu´-mage
un-dis-turbed´	il-lu-mi-na´-tion	mis´-er-a-ble	flam-in´-go
crea´-tures	hud´-dled	at-ten´-tion	pa´-tient-ly

DICTATION:—

In the dense forests of South America, birds, beasts, and insects live, for the most part, undisturbed by man.

But though man does not wage war upon them, they are engaged in constant warfare with each other.

II. THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

Haunts, favourite places.
Plume, a bunch of feathers.
Trop´-i-cal, between the Tropics; in the Torrid (Hottest) Zone.

IF you turn now to the map of Asia, you will find a number of islands lying to the south of Malacca, and forming a link between Asia and Australia.

These islands are in the very midst of the Tropics. The warm tropical seas bathe their coasts; and dark, dense forests, cover many of them from the sea-shore to the top of the highest mountain.

One of the largest of these islands, called New Guinea, and a few small islands near it, are the home of the splendid Bird of Paradise. These birds live nowhere else. The natives call them God's Birds, because they think them more splendid than any other that he has made.

The head and neck of the Bird of Paradise are as soft as velvet, and of a golden tint, that changes, while you are looking at it, into all the colours of

the rainbow. Its tail is a magnificent plume* of fairy-like feathers, partly white and partly yellow, so that you might think they were made of silver and gold. This plume is very much longer than the body, and makes the bird appear larger than it is; for in reality it is only about the size of a pigeon.

We can hardly fancy a flock of these beautiful birds upon the wing, floating at their ease, or pursuing the large and gaily-painted butterflies that serve them for food. But this is no uncommon sight in that land of flowers and spices—a land that seems exactly fitted to be the home of the Bird of Paradise.

But there, as in all tropical countries, there is a season of rain and storm. Then the birds disappear, as the swallows do with us, and seek some sheltered place, or fly to other countries. But when the rain is over, and the spices in the woods breathe out fresh fragrance, they return to their old haunts,* and their gay plumes may be seen glittering amongst the trees as before.

When the Birds of Paradise are about to take one of their long flights, they choose a leader to be king over them. Where he goes they go, and where he settles they settle, perching on the same tree.

He generally flies high up in the air, far above the heads of his subjects; and he takes care to lead them against the wind, so that their loose floating plumes may not be blown over their heads. If a storm comes, they then rise higher and higher, and keep mounting until they reach a calmer and serener region.

The natives always know the king, by the spots which he has upon his tail, like the eyes upon

the feathers of the peacock. When they go into the woods to shoot these birds, they try to kill him first. In order to get a good shot, they make a little bower of leaves and branches of trees, within which they can hide themselves and yet see all that is going on.

The birds are perched around them, suspecting no danger; but arrow after arrow comes out of this leafy bower, and strikes down first one, and then another, till the natives think that they have enough. They cut off the legs, and stuff the bodies with spices, and make a famous trade of selling them to Europeans.

The natives used to pretend that this bird had neither legs nor stomach! Thus it was believed for a long time that it fed on the dew, and never alighted on the ground. This is why it has been called the "Bird of Paradise."

QUESTIONS.—Where does the Bird of Paradise live? What do the natives call it? Why? What is remarkable in the colour of its head and neck? and in the colour and size of its tail? When do these birds disappear? Who leads these birds in their long flights? How do the natives know the king? Where do they conceal themselves when shooting these birds? How do they prepare them for the European market? What did the natives use to pretend about them? Why was it called the Bird of Paradise?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

de-li'-cious	pur-su'-ing	shel'-tered	be-lieved'
Par'-a-dise	but'-ter-flies	perch'-ing	sus-pect'-ing
mag-nif'-i-cent	dis-ap-pear'	gen'-er-al-ly	Eu-ro-pe'-ans

DICTATION:—

The chiefs of the islands where the Birds of Paradise are found, use them in their turbans.

In many parts of the East, as well as in this country, parts of these birds are used by ladies as ornaments in their head-dress.

CASABIANCA.

As born, as if he were born.
Pen'-non, a flag, or streamer.
Shroud, ropes supporting the mast.
Wreath'-ing, encircling; rolling.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
  Whence all but he had fled;
The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
  Shone round him—o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As* born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud though child-like form!

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
  Without his father's word;—
That father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, father! say
  If yet my task is done!"—
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
  "If I may yet be gone!
And"—but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
  In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
  "My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,*
  The wreathing* fires made way;
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—
  The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea,—
With mast, and helm, and pennon* fair,
  That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perished there,
  Was that young faithful heart!

MRS. HEMANS.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

burn´ing	chief´tain	de-spair´	thun´der
beau´ti-ful	un-con´scious	splen´dour	frag´ments
crea´ture	boom´ing	gal´lant	no´blest
he-ro´ic	re-plied´	ban´ners	per´ished

DICTATION :—

Casabianca was the son of the admiral of the war-ship "L'Orient." Having, in the battle of the Nile, received orders from his father not to quit his post till he returned, the brave boy perished in the flames rather than disobey his father's order.

LITTLE ROBERT, THE TRAPPER.

Crush, the mass of coal which blocked up the mine.
Gal´ler-ies, passages in the coal mine.
Shaft, opening leading to the mine.

ONE morning while the pitmen were at work in a coal mine, they heard a noise louder than thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, and men and boys threw down their tools and ran.

It is Tuesday morning. The men reach the bottom of the shaft,* and count their number. Five are missing, four men and one little trapper,[1] Robert Lester. People above hear the noise, and rush to the pit's mouth. The workmen are taken up. O

[1] The business of the trappers is to sit at the trap-doors which lead out of the passages of the mine, and to open and shut them as required. Often little boys are employed in this. It is not hard, but it is very dismal and tiresome work.

EXPLOSION IN A COAL MINE.

the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind!

Brave men go back to their rescue. They light their lamps and reach the crush.* There is nothing but a heap of ruins. They shout, but there is no answer. Up go pick-axes and shovels, to clear the way. It is great labour, and it involves great risk. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services. How they work!

Towards night they hear something. It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard. *Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!* five times, and then it stopped. Clink, clink, five times again, and then it stopped. Five more, and then a stop.

What does it mean? One man guessed. There were five missing, and the five clinks showed that all

the five were alive, waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy went up in and above the pit.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They were frightened like the rest by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert had left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that also was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought—they were *buried alive!*

The men went back to the boy. "I want to go home; please, do let me go home," said little Robert. "Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said Truman, in a kind yet husky voice. The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and food-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

Truman and Logan, two of the buried hewers, were religious men. "Well, James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman. "There is but one thing we can do," said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.'"

They all knelt down. Poor little Robert cried bitterly. But as the pitmen prayed,—first the one and then the other,—their hearts grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

They then got their pick-axes; but what a hopeless task it seemed, to cut through that terrible mass of earth and stones to daylight! Their hearts beat with hope and joy when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was

then that they made the *clink, clink* with their pick-axes, which was heard by their deliverers, and so much encouraged them in their work.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds beyond did not appear to draw nearer. At last Saturday came. Five days had passed; and the men outside knew that there was not an instant to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades *dead?*

Suddenly the wall was pierced; a hole was made through it; feeble voices were heard.

"*Truman, are you there?*" "Yes, all here."

"*All living?*" "Yes, thank God, all living."

"All living! all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the mouth of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell down senseless.

One hour more and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting; or the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one and another were brought up to the light? Here comes Mr. Lester with Robert in his arms! What a huzza rent the air as they came in sight. "Safe! safe! God be praised!"

QUESTIONS.—What noise was heard in the coal mine? What did every one in the pit do when it was heard? How many were ascertained to be missing? What did the men who had escaped do? What noise did they hear towards night? What did it mean? What did the prisoners do when they found that the passages were all blocked up? What did

Truman and Logan do? When were they rescued? How long had they been shut in? How was Robert's appearance greeted?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

Tues′-day	pris′-on-ers	re-lig′-ious	in′-stant
ag′-o-ny	fright′-ened	ter′-ri-ble	com′-rades
de-liv′-er-ance	ex-am′-ine	en-cour′-aged	de-scribe′
res′-cu-ers	suf′-fo-cāt-ing	dread′-ful	grat′-i-tude

DICTATION :—

An explosion in a coal mine blocked up the passages with earth and stones. Four men and a boy were shut in.

Their comrades began at once to clear a way for them. On the fifth day, they were all taken out alive.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Be it, though it be.
Daz′-zles, fascinates; catches by glamour.
Hal′-low, to make holy.
Seek, though we seek.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be* it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow* all there,
Which, seek* through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles* in vain:
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

PAYNE.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables* :—

pleas′-ures	hum′-ble	splen′-dour	sing′-ing
pal′-a-ces	else-where′	cot′-tage	gai′-ly

DICTATION :—

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

A-main′, with all its force.
Flax, the blue flower of the flax-plant.
Lashed, tied by a rope, or lash.
Ope, open; bloom.
Skip′-per, the master of a small vessel.
Warm, warmly; so as to make warm.
Weath′-er, resist; endure.
Whoop′-ing, roaring.

IT was the schooner "Hesperus"
That sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper* had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,*
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope* in the month of May.

Down came the storm, and smote amain*
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather* the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm* in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church bells ring:
O say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
O say, what may it be?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
  O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
  A frozen corpse was he!

And fast, through the midnight dark and drear,
  Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
  Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
  She drifted, a dreary wreck,
And a whooping* billow swept the crew
  Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
  Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
  Like the horns of an angry bull.

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach
  A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
  Lashed* close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
  The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
  On the billows fall and rise.

LONGFELLOW.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

schoon´er	rough´est	gleam´ing	i´ci-cles
Hes´pe-rus	bro´ken	an´swered	fish´er-man
com´pa-ny	dis-tress´	fro´zen	a-ghast´
shud´dered	an´gry	whis´tling	maid´en

DICTATION:—

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

TRY AGAIN.

PART I.

De-ceiv´ing, imposing upon; cheating.	Stole, slipped off in disgrace.
En-cour´ag-ing, cheering; giving hope.	Urged, pleaded; reasoned.

"HAVE you finished your lesson, George?" said Mr. Prentice to his son, who had laid aside his book and was busily engaged in making a large paper kite.

"No, father," replied George, hanging down his head.

"Why not, my son?"

"Because it is so difficult, father. I am sure that I shall never learn it. Besides, I could not remember it after I had learned it, my memory is so bad."

"If I were to promise you a holiday on the thirtieth of the month after next, do you think you would forget the date?"

"No, I am pretty sure that I should not."

"You are first-rate at skating, and flying your kite, and playing at ball and marbles, are you not?"

"Yes, father."

"And yet you cannot learn your lesson! My dear boy, you are deceiving* yourself. You can learn as well as any one, if you will only try."

"But have I not tried, father?" again urged* George.

"Well, try again. Come, for this afternoon lay aside that kite you are making, and give another effort to get your lesson ready. Be in earnest, and you will soon learn it. To show you that it only requires perseverance, I will tell you a story:—

"One of the dullest boys at a village school, more than thirty years ago, went up to repeat his lesson one morning; and, as usual, did not know it. 'Go to your seat!' said the teacher angrily. 'If you don't pay more attention to your lessons you will never be fit for anything.'

"The poor boy stole* off to his seat, and bent his eyes again upon his lesson.

"'It is of no use; I cannot learn,' he said in a whisper to a companion who sat near him.

"'You must try hard,' replied the kind-hearted boy.

"'I have tried, but it is of no use; I may just as well give up at once.'

"'*Try again*, Henry!' whispered his companion, in an earnest and encouraging* tone.

QUESTIONS.—What reasons did George give for not being able to learn his lesson? What did his father ask him if he was likely to forget? What did he say? To show him that learning only required perseverance, what did his father do? What kind of boy was it about? What had the teacher told him when he failed? What had his companion whispered to him?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

fin´-ished	re-mem´-ber	thir´-ti-eth	per-se-vēr´-ance
en-gaged´	mem´-o-ry	play´-ing	an´-gri-ly
re-plied´	prom´-ise	af-ter-noon´	at-ten´-tion
dif´-fi-cult	hol´-i-day	re-quires´	com-pan´-ion

DICTATION:—

A boy who could beat all his companions at their games was unable to learn his lesson, or to remember it after it was learned.

To show him that he was deceiving himself, and that it only required perseverance, his father told him a story.

TRY AGAIN.

PART II.

Bent, applied closely. | Im´-pulse, force; motive; tendency.

"THESE two little words gave him a fresh impulse,* and he bent* his mind again to his task. Gradually he began to find the sentences lingering in his memory; and soon, to his surprise and pleasure, the whole lesson was mastered! He then rose from his seat and proceeded to the teacher's desk.

"'What do you want now?' asked the teacher.

"'To say my lesson, sir.'

"'Did you not try half an hour ago?'

"'Yes; but I *can* say it now, sir,' said the boy.

"'Go on, then.'

"Henry commenced, and repeated the whole lesson without missing a word! The master gave him a look of pleasure as he handed back his book.

"From that day," continued Mr. Prentice, "there was no boy in the school who learned more rapidly than Henry. From that day till the present hour he has been a student; and he now urges his son George to 'try again,' as he tried."

"And was it indeed *you*, father?" asked his son, eagerly looking up into the face of his kind parent.

"Yes, my child. That dull boy was your own father in his early years."

"Then I *will* try again," said George, in a decided tone; and, flinging aside his half-made kite, he turned and re-entered the house, and was soon bending in earnest attention over his lesson.

"Well, what success, George?" asked Mr. Prentice, as the family gathered around the tea-table.

"I learned the lesson, father!" replied the boy. "I can say every word of it."

"Did you find it hard work?"

"Not so very hard, after I had once made up my mind that I *would* learn it. Indeed I never stopped to think, as I usually do, but went right on until I had mastered every sentence."

"May you never forget this lesson, my son!" said Mr. Prentice. "You now possess the secret of success. It lies in never stopping to think about a task being difficult or tiresome, but in going steadily on, with a fixed determination to succeed."

QUESTIONS.—What effect had the words "Try again" on the boy? What had he begun to find? What had the teacher said to him when he returned to his desk? How had he succeeded? What had the teacher done as he handed him back his book? What resolution had Henry formed? Had he kept it? Who did Henry turn out to be? What did George do when he heard that? With what result? Wherein lies the secret of success.

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

grad'-u-al-ly	pro-ceed'-ed	rap'-id-ly	gath'-ered
sen'-ten-ces	com-menced'	ea'-ger-ly	dif'-fi-cult
lin'-ger-ing	re-peat'-ed	ear'-nest	tire'-some
sur-prise'	con-tin'-ued	at-ten'-tion	mas'-tered

DICTATION:—

The story his father told George was about his own youth. When a boy, he had been idle and dull. Once a companion had urged him to "try again."

He had done so, and had succeeded not only then, but ever afterwards. George took the hint, and succeeded as his father had done.

THE SEA-GULL.

Bil'-low-y, rolling in great waves.
Foam'-cloud, a ball of froth.
Gust'-y, accompanied with sudden bursts of wind.
League, a measure of distance at sea, about 3½ English miles.
Surg'-ing, swelling.
Wan'-ton, roving; frolicsome.

O THE white sea-gull, the wild sea-gull,
A joyful bird is he,
As he lies like a cradled thing at rest
In the arms of a sunny sea!
The little waves rock to and fro,
And the white gull lies asleep,
As the fisher's bark, with breeze and tide,
Goes merrily over the deep.

The ship, with her fair sails set, goes by,
And her people stand to note
How the sea-gull sits on the rocking waves,
As if in an anchored boat.
The sea is fresh, the sea is fair,
And the sky calm over head,

And the sea-gull lies on the deep deep sea,
Like a king in his royal bed!

O the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
A joyful bird is he,
Throned, like a king, in calm repose,
On the breast of the heaving sea!
The waves leap up, the wild wind blows,
And the gulls together crowd,
And wheel about, and madly scream
To the deep sea roaring loud:

And let the sea roar ever so loud,
And the wind pipe ever so high,
With a wilder joy the bold sea-gull
Sendeth forth a wilder cry;—
For the sea-gull he is a daring bird,
And he loves with the storm to sail;
To ride in the strength of the billowy* sea,
And to breast the driving gale!

The little boat she is tossed about
Like a sea-weed, to and fro;
The tall ship reels like a drunken man,
As the gusty* tempests blow;
But the sea-gull laughs at the fear of man,
And sails, in a wild delight,
On the torn-up breast of the night-black sea,
Like a foam-cloud,* calm and white.

The waves may rage, and the winds may roar,
But he fears not wreck, nor need;
For he rides the sea, in its stormy strength,
As a strong man rides his steed.
O the white sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
He makes on the shore his nest,
And he tries what the inland fields may be;
But he loveth the sea the best!

And away from land, a thousand leagues,*
He goes 'mid surging* foam;—
What matter to him is land or shore,
For the sea is his truest home!

And away to the North among ice-rocks stern,
And amid the frozen snow,
To a sea that is lone and desolate,
Will the wanton* sea-gull go.

For he careth not for the winter wild,
Nor those desert regions chill;
In the midst of the cold, as on calm blue seas,
The sea-gull hath his will!
And the dead whale lies on the northern shores,
And the seal, and the sea-horse grim;
And the death of the great sea-creatures makes
A full merry feast for him.

O the wild sea-gull, the bold sea-gull,
As he screams in his wheeling flight,
As he sits on the waves in storm or calm,
All cometh to him aright!
All cometh to him as he liketh best,
Nor any his will gainsay!
And he rides on the waves like a bold young king
That was crowned but yesterday!

MARY HOWITT.

QUESTIONS.—What do the people in the ship stand to note? What is the sea-gull like, when the sea and sky are calm? What do the gulls do when the wild wind blows? Where do they make their nests? What food do they find in the cold North?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

mer′-ri-ly	bil′-low-y	des′-o-late	north′-ern
an′-chored	drun′-ken	wan′-ton	gain-say′
re-pose′	thou′-sand	re′-gions	yes′-ter-day

DICTATION:—

These web-footed marine birds are dispersed over every quarter of the world, and in some parts are met with at certain seasons in vast multitudes.

The species which frequents the Arctic regions is the ivory gull; so called from its white plumage, which rivals in pureness of colour new-fallen snow.

MONKEYS ON BOARD SHIP.

Dis-cov'ered, found out.
En-ticed', tempted.
Pen'al-ty, fine.
Pros'e-cut-ed, charged with the offence; tried.
Ref'uge, shelter.
Sa-lute', a discharge of cannon in honour of some person or event.
Sa-lut'ed, greeted; met.
Scam'pered, ran hastily.
Sen-e-gal', a river and colony of Western Africa.

THE following account of a Senegal* monkey was written by a lady who was a passenger on board the ship in which it was brought to England:—

"We had several monkeys on board, but Jack, the cook's monkey, was the prince of them all. At first Jack had been kept to one part of the deck by means of a cord; but as he grew tame he got more liberty, till at last he was allowed the whole range of the ship, excepting the captain's and the passengers' cabins.

"I was often awakened at an early hour by the quick trampling of feet on deck, and knew that it arose from a pursuit of Jack for some mischief he had been doing. He would snatch the caps off the sailors' heads, and steal their knives and other tools; which, if not very actively pursued, he would sometimes throw overboard.

"When breakfast was preparing, Jack used to take a seat in a corner, near the grate, and, when the cook's back was turned, snatch up something from the fire, and conceal it. He sometimes burned his fingers by these tricks, and this kept him quiet for a few days. But no sooner was the pain gone, than the same thing was done again.

"Two days in each week, the pigs, which formed part of our live stock, were allowed to run about

the deck for exercise; and then Jack was as happy as the day was long.

"Hiding himself behind a cask, he would suddenly spring upon the back of one of them, which then scampered* round the deck in a fright. Sometimes Jack got upset, and if saluted* with a laugh from the sailors, he put on a look of wonder, as much as to say, 'What can you have got to laugh at?'

"Besides Jack, we had on board three little monkeys with red skins and blue faces, and Jack would often get them all on his back at once, and carry them about the vessel. When, however, I began to pet these little creatures, he became jealous, and got rid of two of them by throwing them into the sea!

"One of his drollest tricks was performed on the poor little monkey that was left. One day, the men who had been painting left their paint and brushes on the upper deck. Jack enticed* the little monkey to him; then, seizing him with one hand, with the other he took the brush and covered him with white paint from head to foot!

"The laugh of the man at the helm called my attention to this; and as soon as Jack saw that he was discovered,* he dropped his dripping brother, and scampered up to the main-top, where he stood with his nose between the bars, looking at what was going on below.

"Jack was afraid to come down, and only after three days passed in his lofty place of refuge* did hunger force him to descend. He chose the moment when I was sitting on deck, and swinging himself

by a rope, he dropped suddenly into my lap, looking so piteously at me for pardon, that I not only forgave him myself, but saved him from further punishment.

"Soon after this I took another vessel, and Jack and I parted, never to meet again."

Among the rules of the port of London is one which forbids, under a heavy penalty,* the firing of a gun from any vessel lying there. An armed ship had just come in from a long voyage, during which she had touched at several places, and at each of them had fired a salute on anchoring.*

A monkey that was on board, naturally wondering why this was omitted when he saw the anchor dropped at London, resolved, rather than that it

should not take place, that he would fire the salute himself!

Accordingly, while the attention of all on board was engaged with the arrival of the ship, he went to the cooking-place, and with the tongs took out a live coal, which he applied to the touch-hole of one of the guns; and forthwith the whole neighbourhood was startled by the roar of the cannon.

The captain of the vessel was prosecuted* for breaking the law; and he could only clear himself by proving that the cannon had been fired by the monkey.

QUESTIONS.—Where did Jack come from? To whom did he belong? What was he allowed when he grew tame? What tricks did he play on the sailors? How did he amuse himself with the pigs? How many other monkeys were on board? How did Jack play with them? What made him jealous of them? How did he get rid of two of them? What droll trick did he play on the remaining one?—What law was the captain of an armed vessel once tried for breaking? Who had fired the cannon? Why? How did the captain clear himself?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

pas'sen-ger	ac'tive-ly	crea'tures	pit'e-ous-ly
lib'er-ty	pre-par'ing	jeal'ous	pun'ish-ment
al-lowed'	con-ceal'	per-formed'	voy'age
a-wak'ened	ex'er-cise	seiz'ing	an'chor-ing
tram'pling	sud'den-ly	at-ten'tion	en-gaged'

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Fanes, temples. Hes-pe'ri-an, western.

I COME, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,'
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry-time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian' clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;—
They are sweeping on to the silvery main;
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs;
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Mrs. Hemans.

Pronounce *in syllables*:—

prim'rose	I-tal'ian	verd'ure	re-sounds'
shad'ow-y	tas'sels	sil'ver-y	chil'dren
chest'nut	pas'ture	fling'ing	vi'o-lets
an'cient	Ice'land	star'ry	joy'ous

THE STINGING NETTLE.

Con'se-quen-ces, what follow; effects.
Con-vinced', satisfied by proof.
Ex-am'in-ing, looking carefully at; inspecting.
Sat'is-fied, freed from doubt; convinced.
Tin'gle, thrill with pain; smart.
Tres'pass, commit an offence.
Whole'some, health-giving.

Alfred saw a beautiful flower growing on the farther side of a deep ditch, and he ran forward to get it for his sister Mary. Mary begged him not to do so, lest he should tumble into the ditch. But Alfred would have his own way.

As he was going down the bank, his foot slipped, and he would have fallen into the ditch, had he not caught hold of some nettles that were growing near. He was not long in scrambling up the bank again, for the sharp sting of the nettles made him forget the beautiful flower.

"There now!" said he; "talk of everything being useful! I am quite sure a stinging nettle is of no use in the world. See how it has stung my fingers! They are covered with white blisters, and tingle' terribly. I am quite sure grandpapa was wrong when he said that everything was useful."

"Perhaps not," said the old gentleman, who at that moment peeped over the hedge. "But I shall go round by the gate, and come to you."

In a few minutes the old gentleman was with them, examining' the smarting fingers of his grandson.

"Well now, grandpapa, please to tell me of what use nettles are, for I cannot think that they are of the least use whatever."

"The nettle," replied the old gentleman, "has no doubt many uses of which I am ignorant; but I shall point out a few, which may show you that God has not formed it in vain. And I shall begin with the use of which the nettle has been to you, Alfred."

THE NETTLE.

"To me, grandpapa! I am quite sure that it has been of no use to me."

"No use!" said the old gentleman, smiling. "Why, did it not save you from tumbling into the ditch!" Here Alfred looked rather foolish, while his grandfather went on: "It is not a very long time, Alfred, since you were praising your nettle-soup. The soup was made of the tender tops of young nettles, and I daresay you remember it very well."

"Oh yes!" said Mary. "It was old Martha Smith who told my mother to give it to us; she said it would do us 'a power of good.'"

"I am glad you remember it. But let us look at the nettle a little nearer." Just then a bee alighted on one of the nettle flowers. "Do you think that bee, if he could speak, would say that the nettle

was of no use? See! he is gathering honey from it, and perhaps finds it as useful as the blooming rose."

The old gentleman then sat down on the bank; and having his gloves on, he turned over some of the nettle leaves.

"Look here!" said he. "Here is the insect called the ladybird, with its red back spotted with black. I daresay this ladybird finds the nettle of some use, or it would not take shelter under its leaves.

THE LADYBIRD.

"Then, again, here is a spider that has woven his web from one leaf to another: no doubt the spider finds the nettle of some use too. So that the bee, the ladybird, and the spider are all against you."

Here Alfred and Mary looked at each other, as if now quite satisfied* that the nettle had not been made in vain. But their grandfather still went on:

"Nettles are often useful in keeping young people in the right path. When your sister begged you, Alfred, not to go near the ditch, you heeded her not; but when the nettle pointed out your error, you were convinced* of it in a moment.

"The nettle, moreover, teaches a useful lesson. Look at Alfred's fingers: they are not stung where he grasped the nettle firmly, but only in the parts that touched it lightly. Many little trials of the world are of the same character: give way to them,

they annoy you; meet them bravely, they injure you not, for you overcome them.

"Another excellent lesson to be got from the nettle is, to mind your own business, and not to meddle with that of other people. Let the nettle alone—it never stings you; trespass* upon it—you must take the consequences.'

"I might say a good deal more; but if the nettle assists in forming a wholesome* food—if it affords honey to the bee, shade and shelter to the ladybird and the spider—if it keeps young people in the proper path, and supplies us with useful lessons—you must allow that the stinging nettle has not been made in vain."

OLD HUMPHREY.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Alfred go down the bank of the ditch? What saved him from falling? What made him forget the flower? In what did he say his grandpapa was wrong? Who answered him? Of what use did he say the nettle had been to Alfred? What had Alfred been praising some time before? What insects seemed to find the nettle of some use? How are nettles often useful to young people? What parts of Alfred's fingers were not stung? What does this teach about the trials of life? How does the nettle tell you that you should mind your own business?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

beau'-ti-ful	smart'-ing	re-mains'	les'-son
net'-tles	ig'-no-rant	re-mem'-ber	firm'-ly
use'-ful	be-gin'	a-light'-ed	char'-ac-ter
blis'-ters	tum'-bling	gath'-er-ing	ex'-cel-lent
ter'-ri-bly	fool'-ish	la'-dy-bird	bus'-iness
gen'-tle-man	prais'-ing	point'-ed	sup-plies'

DICTATION:—

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

FABLES.

Boot'-y, plunder.	Out-weighs', is heavier than.
De-fect', want; imperfection.	Re-store', give back.

I. THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.

Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty.* They therefore went to law, and a cunning monkey was to decide their cause.

"Let us see," said the judge (with as arch a look as could be): "ay, ay, this slice truly outweighs* the other;" and so saying he bit off a large piece, in order, as he told them, to make the shares equal.

The other scale had now become too heavy, which gave this upright judge a pretence to help himself to a mouthful from the second slice.

"Hold! hold!" cried the two cats; "give each of us our share of what is left, and we shall be content."

"If *you* are content," said the monkey, "justice is not: the law, my friends, must take its course."

Upon this, he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats saw that their cheese was in a fair way to be all eaten up. They therefore most humbly begged him not to put himself to any farther trouble, but to give them what was still left.

"Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, good ladies," said the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; and what remains is due to me as the lawyer."

So he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court!

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss, than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law.

II. THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

A FOX being caught in a trap, was glad to save his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but, upon going abroad into the world, he began to be so ashamed of his defect', that he almost wished he had died in the trap. However, resolving to make the best of a bad case, he called a meeting of the rest of the foxes, and proposed that they should all follow his example.

"You have no notion," said he, "of the ease and comfort with which I now move about. I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself. But really, when one comes to think of it, a tail is

such an ugly, useless thing, that one wonders how foxes have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you should profit by my example, and that all foxes from this day forward should cut off their tails."

Thereupon, one of the oldest stepped forward, and said, "I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there had been any chance of recovering your own."

III. MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and by chance let slip his axe into the water, when it immediately sank to the bottom. In great distress for his loss, he sat down by the side of the stream, and lamented bitterly. But Mercury, whose

river it was, taking pity on him, appeared before him. Hearing the cause of his sorrow, he dived to the bottom of the river, and bringing up a golden axe, asked the woodman if that was his.

Upon the man denying it, Mercury dived a second time, and brought up one of silver. Again the man denied that it was his. So diving a third time, he produced the very axe which the man had lost.

"That is mine!" said the woodman, glad to have recovered his own; and so pleased was Mercury with the fellow's truthfulness and honesty, that he at once made him a present of the other two.

When the man's companions heard this story, one of them determined to try whether he might not have the like good fortune. So going to the same place, as if for the purpose of cutting wood, he let his axe slip intentionally into the river, and then sat down on the bank, and made a great show of weeping.

Mercury appeared as before; and hearing from him that his tears were caused by the loss of his axe, he dived into the stream, and bringing up a golden axe, asked him if that was the axe he had lost.

"Ay, surely!" said the man, eagerly; and he was about to grasp the treasure, when Mercury, to punish his impudence and lying, not only refused to give him that one, but would not so much as restore* him his own axe again.

Honesty is the best policy.

QUESTIONS.—Why did the two cats go to law? Who was the judge? How did he make the heavier slice lighter? What excuse had he for

doing the same to the other piece? What did the cats then say? What did the monkey reply? And what became of all the cheese? What does this fable teach?—What led the fox to advise his neighbours to cut off their tails? What reason did he give for it? What did an old fox say?—Why did Mercury give the woodman the golden and the silver axe? What did one of his companions do? What did he say when he saw the golden axe? How was he punished?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

hun'gry	re-mained'	be-lieved'	Mer'cu-ry
cun'ning	law'yer	in-con-ve'ni-ent	de-ny'ing
de-cide'	sen'si-ble	un-nec'es-sar-y	de-ter'mined
bal'ance	dis-grace'	ex-pe'ri-ence	in-ten'tion-al-ly
pre-tence'	pro-posed'	re-cov'er-ing	im'pu-dence

THE CUCKOO.

Ru'ral, country. | Vo'cal, full of song.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural* seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:—

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal* vale,
An annual guest, in other lands
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE.
(Usually attributed to John Logan.)

PRONOUNCE in syllables:—

beau′-te-ous	cer′-tain	wan′-der-ing	prim′-rose
mes′-sen-ger	de-light′-ful	im′-i-tates	cu′-ri-ous
re-pairs′	vis′-it-ant	an′-nu-al	com-pan′-ions

DICTATION:—

The European cuckoo, like the swallow, is a bird of passage. It visits the British Islands in April, and leaves about the beginning of July. It builds no nest, but lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, preferring that of the hedge sparrow.

The American cuckoo is a different bird. It builds a nest, and rears its own young.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

A-light′-ed, got off his horse; dismounted.
Up-braid′-ed, blamed.
Wel′-ter-ing, rolling about.

A FRENCH merchant, having some money due to him, set out on horseback to receive it, accompanied by his dog. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted* to rest himself under a tree; and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side. But on remounting he forgot it. The dog observing this, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for it to drag along.

It then ran after its master, and, by barking and howling, tried to tell him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand these signs; but the dog went on with its efforts, and after trying in vain to stop the horse, it at last began to bite its heels.

The thought now struck the merchant that the dog had gone mad; and so, in crossing a brook, he looked back to see whether it would drink. The animal was too intent on its object to think of stopping for this purpose; and it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

The merchant, feeling now certain that the dog was mad, drew a pistol from his pocket, and took aim. In a moment the poor dog lay weltering* in its blood; and its master, unable to bear the sight, spurred on his horse.

"I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my

dog." Thereupon he stretched out his hand for his treasure; but no bag was to be found! In a moment he discovered his mistake, and upbraided* himself for disregarding the signs which his dog had made to him.

He turned his horse, and rode back to the place where he had stopped. He saw the marks of blood as he proceeded; but nowhere was his dog to be seen on the road.

At last he reached the spot where he had rested, and there lay the forgotten bag, with the poor dog, in the agonies of death, watching beside it!

When he saw his master, he showed his joy by feebly wagging his tail. He tried to rise, but his strength was gone; and after stretching out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in deep sorrow, he closed his eyes in death.

QUESTIONS.—What was the object of the Frenchman's journey? Why did he alight on his way home? What did he forget when he remounted? Who perceived this? What did it try to do? Why did it fail? How did it try to remind its master of his mistake? What thought now struck the merchant? How did he put it to the test? With what effect? What did he then do? What made him feel for his money? What did he now see? What did he do? What did he notice on the ground as he proceeded? What did he find at the place where he had rested? What did the dog do before it died?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables.*—

mer´-chant	re-mount´-ing	con-tin´-ued	treas´-ure
re-ceive´	ob-serv´-ing	vi´-o-lence	dis-re-gard´-ing
ac-com´-pan-ied	un-der-stand´	cer´-tain	for-got´-ten
bus´-iness	try´-ing	un-for´-tu-nate	stretch´-ing

DICTATION:—

A merchant left his treasure under a tree. His dog tried to remind him of his mistake. He thought the animal had gone mad, drew his pistol, and shot it.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

Fast, close.
Heel, lean over on one side.
Shrouds, the ropes which support a ship's masts.

TOLL for the brave,
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast* by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,*
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,*
And she was overset;
Down went the "Royal George"
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak,
  She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
  His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
  With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
  Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
  The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
  And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
  And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
  His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
  Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

cour'-age	Kem'-pen-felt'	tim'-bers	dis'-tant
com-plete'	dread'-ed	thun'-der	vic'-tor-ies

DICTATION:—

The "Royal George," a first-rate man-of-war, of one hundred guns, upset and sank while at anchor in the Spithead, by the guns rolling to one side of the vessel, June 28, 1782. In this dreadful catastrophe nearly a thousand persons perished, among whom was Admiral Kempenfelt, who was writing in his cabin at the time.

By the use of the diving-bell this ship was surveyed in May 1817, as she lay embedded in the deep; and since that time several successive gunpowder explosions have brought up numerous portions of the wreck

THE TAILOR-BIRD.

Fi'-bres, fine threads.
Gos'-sa-mer, a fine web; cobweb.
In'-stinct, natural impulse.
Nat'-u-ral-ist, one who studies and writes about animals.
Trop'-i-cal, in the torrid zone.

THE birds in a tropical* forest are exposed to many dangers; and if they were not gifted with instinct,* they would soon fall victims to their enemies. The monkeys are lying in wait for their eggs; and so is the snake, that glides stealthily amongst the bushes.

The mother bird knows very well what she has to expect, if either of these cunning foes should find entrance into her nest; and she generally contrives to conceal it so skilfully, that neither snake nor monkey can find it.

The tailor-bird of India is no bigger than the

humming-bird, and has a long slender bill, which she uses as a needle. She is very timid and cautious, and will not hang her nest, as many birds do to the end of a bough. She fancies that it would not be safe even there. She therefore fastens it to the leaf itself; and so carefully that no one can see it.

First of all she picks up a dead leaf from the ground, and then, with her needle and thread (her needle being her bill, and her thread the fibres* of a plant) she sews the dead leaf to the side of a living one, and in the space between she makes her nest.

Small as the space is, it is quite large enough for the tiny eggs she lays; and she lines it with gossamer,* that the little tailor-birds may feel themselves quite snug and comfortable. The leaf, with the nest sewed into it, swings about in the wind as it did before, for the weight of the bird does not draw it down.

It is hidden from the prying eyes of the forest robbers; and here the young brood are hatched in safety. You may see them put out their heads when they are expecting their mother back with an insect or a worm for their food. But at the slightest sound of danger, in they draw them, and then there seems to be nothing but the leaf hanging with the other leaves upon the bough.

Another little bird, called the Indian sparrow, is equally ingenious. She builds her nest on the highest tree she can find, and if it overhangs a river so much the better. She makes it of grass, which she weaves like cloth, and fashions it into the shape of a bottle. It contains several apartments, and the entrance is at the bottom.

The oddest thing about this nest is, that the bird is said to light up her rooms with fire-flies, which she sticks to the walls by pieces of clay!

One naturalist* thinks she must bring them home for food; and another supposes that she places them there to dazzle the eyes of the bats, that would gladly prey upon her young ones if they could.

QUESTIONS.—What are the enemies of birds in a tropical forest? What enables the birds to protect themselves? What bird is very ingenious in concealing her nest? Where does she fasten it? How does she join the two leaves together? What has she for needle and thread? With what is the nest lined? What other bird is equally clever? Where does she prefer to build her nest? Of what is it made? Of what shape is it? Where is the entrance? What reasons have been given for her putting the fire-flies in it?

DICTATION:—

The Indian Tailor-bird makes her nest in the space between a living leaf on the tree and a dead one which she sews to it, using her bill as needle, and the fibres of a plant as thread.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR.

Ar´-go, the fabled ship in which *Jason* sailed to search for the golden fleece.
Bou-logne´ (*Boo-lōn´*), a seaport on the French coast.
Dōt´-ing, dwelling fondly on the subject.
Hogs´-head, a large barrel.
Hom-i-cid´-al, murderous; man-slaying.
Scant´-ly, with difficulty.
Shift, contrive.
Wat´-tled, platted.
Wher´-ry, a light ferry-boat.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal* glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne*
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,*
An empty hogshead* from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Ah me! it was a thing beyond
Description!—such a wretched wherry*
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder!

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled* willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo* sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said;
"You've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly* shift*
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

CAMPBELL.

QUESTIONS.—Whom did Napoleon's navy capture? What liberty was allowed him? What longing seized him? What did he find one morning? Where did he hide it? What did he make of it? Who caught him? What did Napoleon say to the lad? What did he reply? What did Napoleon then say? What did he order? What did he give the sailor? What did the sailor do with it?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

con-tem'-plat-ing	so'-journ	ven'-tured	at'-ti-tude
Na-pōl'-eon	ban'-ished	un-com'-passed	im-pas'-sioned
cap'-ture	la-bo'-ri-ous	neigh'-bour-ing	com-mand'-ed
un-pris'-oned	de-scrip'-tion	in-ter-laced'	Buo-na-par'-te
suf'-fered	shore'-ward	e-quipped'	Chan'-nel
youth'-ful	float'-ing	bil'-lows	fa'-vour

DICTATION:—

In 1803, Napoleon resolved upon the invasion of England, and assembled a vast army for the purpose at Boulogne.

The menace was met by a most patriotic response, and 300,000 Volunteers were enrolled. It was thus that Napoleon's "banners at Boulogne armed in our island every freeman."

Doubtful of the success of an attack on England, and eager to punish Austria, Napoleon suddenly abandoned the projected invasion in 1805, and marched the "Army of England" to the banks of the Danube.

PEARL-FISHING.

Di'-a-dem, crown.
Maize, Indian corn.
Mem'-brane, tissue or film.
Plan'-tain, a valuable food-plant in tropical countries.
Ruth'-less, pitiless.

IN the New World, the sunlit waters on either side of the Isthmus of Panama were once rich in the precious shells in which pearls are found. In such abundance did they yield their treasures to the Spanish conquerors, that in one year Seville imported six hundred and ninety-seven pounds weight of pearls, some of them of great beauty!

But the hands of the gold-seekers, red with the blood of their fellow-men, whose lovely lands, rich in the palm-tree, the plantain,* and the maize,* they cruelly laid waste, were equally unsparing beneath the waters, and equally ruthless* to the miserable race of pearl-fishers. The poor Indians, insufficiently fed, and forced into the sea by their cruel masters, oftentimes never reappeared, having fallen a helpless prey to the hungry sharks. The pearl-banks themselves, unceasingly stripped of their shells, soon became exhausted. Land and water, cursed by the Spaniards' greed of gain, alike lay desolate.

But it is not so in the East. There, pearl-fisheries still flourish. At Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, renowned in times past, is the largest pearl-fishery in the world. The annual amount of wealth which it produces is estimated at a quarter of a million sterling.

Another celebrated pearl-fishery in the East is at the island of Ceylon; an island of which Pliny, the learned naturalist of ancient Rome, extolled the

"pure gold and peerless pearls;" an island crowned with the never-dying palm, sitting as a queen upon the sunlit waves, while from her cinnamon groves the spicy odours float afar.

With pearls, as with corals, there are appointed fishing-grounds for successive years. Certain divisions are made of the great pearl-banks stretching between the island and the continent of India. The principal of these divisions lies about twenty miles from the shore of Ceylon.

This spot, a desert all the year round except in February and March, is then alive with treasure-seekers. Ever-shifting, miscellaneous crowds of people are there, from all countries, of many tongues and many colours, of every gradation of rank and infinite varieties of occupation, yet all engrossed with the search for pearls.

Some are drawn by business, and some by curiosity. The merchant is there, and the traveller, as well as crowds of busy native workmen.

But, hark! a gun fires. 'Tis sunset, and the boats are launched, each with its twenty men,—ten to row and ten to dive, five of whom at a time go down into the deep. Night passes, but when morn comes the diving begins.

In the bottom of each boat are five huge red stones. Through a hole in each a rope has been passed. Each diver plants his right foot firmly on one of these stones, while with his right hand he grasps a rope; and weighted by the huge red stone, he speedily sinks to the bottom. To hold the shells, he bears with him a basket, or he hangs a net-work

bag around his neck. As soon as he reaches the bottom—and not daring to glance around, lest the monster he dreads may be near—he quickly gathers all the shells within his reach. Generally speaking, in about two minutes he pulls the rope, which his right hand has never let go, and is swiftly drawn up again into the boat.

Each diver makes from forty to fifty plunges in a day, bringing up perhaps a hundred shells at a time. But remaining under water for one minute—two, four, five minutes—has a terrible effect on the human frame. When the divers come up, not only water, but sometimes blood, pours from their nostrils, mouths, and ears! But of this they take no heed. In the blue waters themselves is the only enemy they dread—the fierce and cruel ground-shark.

When noontide arrives, again the gun fires, and, with colours flying, the boats return, bearing their treasures to the shore.

But the shells are closed fast. The oyster is yet alive, and to force the shell open with violence might injure the pearl that lies hidden within.

The pearl shells are put into pits dug in the earth, where mats are spread to receive them. They are left there till the creatures within them die, when the shells, opening of themselves, allow of the pearls being safely removed.

The chemist and the microscope have shown the secret of the composition of the pearl. It is formed of alternate layers of membrane* (animal substance), and carbonate of lime (mineral substance), in the same way as the lustrous internal coating of the shell. These layers are slowly and successively produced by the animal itself. Some injury, probably, has happened to the outside of the shell, and the hole must be filled up; or a grain of sand or other irritating substance has entered inside the shell (sometimes by the cunning design of man), and this must be covered over, that it may no longer wound,

—and lo, the result! By a creature ranking amongst the lowest in the scale of creation is produced a marvel of beauty—an incomparable gem, to glisten in a monarch's diadem,* and to be the poet's symbol for all that is most precious and most pure!

QUESTIONS.—In what part of the New World did pearls once abound? What quantity was imported into Seville in one year? How did the Spaniards treat the pearl-divers? Why did the pearl-banks soon become exhausted? Where do pearl-fisheries still flourish? Where is the largest in the world? At what is its annual produce estimated? What is the season of pearl-fishing at Ceylon? At what time do the boats set out? When does the diving begin? How do the divers sink to the bottom? With what do they fill their baskets or bags? How long do the divers generally remain down? What painful effect has diving on them? What is the chief object of their dread? When do the boats leave the fishing-ground? How are the shells opened? Of what is the pearl composed?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

Isth'mus	mis'er-a-ble	Bah'rein (*Bah-rane*)	mi'cro-scope
Pan-a-ma'	ex-haust'ed	suc-ces'sive	car'bon-ate
a-bund'ance	Span'iards	mis-cel-la'ne-ous	ir'ri-tāt-ing
un-spār'ing	des'o-late	cu-ri-os'i-ty	in-com'par-a-ble

BE KIND.

Ac'cents, sounds of the voice; words.
Cher'ish, foster; tend.
Dearth, want; absence of joy.
In'no-cent, harmless.
In-ter-min'gled, mixed.
Re-nown', glory; fame.

Be kind to thy father: for when thou wast young,
  Who loved thee as fondly as he?
He caught the first accents* that fell from thy tongue,
  And joined in thine innocent* glee.
Be kind to thy father: for now he is old,
  His locks intermingled* with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
  Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother: for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;—
Oh, well may'st thou cherish* and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother: for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother: his heart will have "earth,"
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy brother: wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister: not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.*

QUESTIONS.—Why should you be kind to your father when he is old? What will a mother do as long as she has breath? With what should her child cheer her lone way? What is the love of a brother purer and richer than? What is compared to the wealth of the ocean lying fathoms below the surface? What will affection weave for you?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

fond'-ly	com'-fort	af-fec'-tion	spar'-kles
fear'-less	re-mem'-ber	or'-na-ment	gar'-land
sor'-row	with-drawn'	sis'-ter-ly	prē'-cious

DICTATION:—

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

OBSERVATION.

Cā'-di, a Turkish village-judge.	Scope, room.
Der'-vise, a Turkish monk.	Sor'-cer-er, magician; wizard.

A DERVISE* was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!"

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burthen?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervise.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi;* but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced, to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a

sorcerer,* when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope* for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of an eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

COLTON.

QUESTIONS.—Whom did the dervise meet? About what did he ask them? What did they suppose from his questions? What did they then inquire about? Before whom did they take him? What was the result? As what were they next going to try him? How had he known that the camel had strayed from its owner? How, that it was blind of an eye? How, that it was lame in one leg? How, that it had lost a tooth? How, that its burthen was corn on one side? and honey on the other?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

jour′ney-ing	prob-a-bil′i-ty	false′hood	hu′man
mer′chants	jeal′ous	calm′ness	herb′age
cer′tain-ly	ad-duced′	a-mused′	im-pres′sion
par-tic′u-lar-ly	con-vict′	ob-ser-va′tion	clus′ter-ing
con-clūd′ed	des′ert	ev′i-dence	sur-prise′

WILLIAM TELL.

(A.D. 1307.)

Alt′orf, the chief town in Uri.
Gess′ler, the Austrian ruler of Switzerland.
Reuss (*Roiss*), a river in Switzerland.
U′ri, a canton in Switzerland.

COME, list to me, and you shall hear
A tale of what befell
A famous man of Switzerland—
His name was WILLIAM TELL.

Near Reuss's* bank, from day to day,
His little flock he led,
By prudent thrift and hardy toil
Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown;
In Uri* none was seen
To track the rock-frequenting herd
With eye so true and keen.

A little son was in his home,
A laughing, fair-haired boy;
So strong of limb, so blithe of heart,
He made it ring with joy.

His father's sheep were all his friends;
The lambs he called by name;
And when they frolicked in the fields,
The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent
That life had scarce a sorrow;
They took the good of every day,
And hoped for more to-morrow.

But oft some shining April morn
Is darkened in an hour,
And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes,
Alas! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned
Her day of liberty;
The stranger's yoke was on her sons,
And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour,
To rule in Austria's name;
A haughty man of savage mood—
In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power,
He set his cap on high:—
"Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran;
"Who disobeys shall die!"

It chanced that WILLIAM TELL that morn
Had left his cottage home,
And, with his little son in hand,
To Altorf* town had come.

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil
His father homeward bore,
And prayed to join the hunting crew
When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,
When wondrous feats were told,
He longed his father's bow to take,
And be a hunter bold.

TELL saw the crowd, the lifted cap,
The tyrant's angry frown;
And heralds shouted in his ear,
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gessler* marked the peasant's mien,
And watched to see him fall;
But never palm-tree straighter stood
Than TELL before them all!

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,
"To God, and God alone;
My life is in the Austrian's hand,
My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler cried,
While passion choked his breath;
"He mocks my power, he braves my lord,
He dies the traitor's death;—

"Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true—
So all the world doth say;
That fair-haired stripling hither bring—
We'll try their skill to-day."

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,
To this the youth was bound;
They placed an apple on his head—
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"
Cried TELL, in accents wild;
"On manhood let your vengeance fall,
But spare, oh, spare my child!"

"*I* will not harm the pretty boy,"
Said Gessler tauntingly;
"If blood of his shall stain the ground,
Yours will the murder be.

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,
Your straightest arrow take;
For know, yon apple is your mark,
Your liberty the stake."

A mingled noise of wrath and grief
Was heard among the crowd:
The men, they muttered curses deep,
The women wept aloud.

Full fifty paces from his child,
His strong bow in his hand,
With lips compressed, and flashing eye,
TELL firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe
This crowded Earth has been;
But never, since the curse began,
A sadder sight was seen.

Then spake aloud the gallant boy,
Impatient of delay,
"Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure;
Thou canst not miss to-day."

"Heaven bless thee now!" the parent said,
"Thy courage shames my fear:
'Man tramples on his brother man,
But God is ever near.'"

The bow was bent, the arrow went
As by an angel guided;
In pieces two, beneath the tree,
The apple fell divided!

"'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,
"My plighted word I keep;
'Twas bravely done by sire and son—
Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"
The peasant coldly said;
"To God alone my praise is due,
And duly shall be paid.

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,
Had I but missed my aim;
Not unavenged my child had died—
Thy parting hour the same.

"For see! a *second* shaft was here,
If harm my boy befell;—
Now go and bless the heavenly powers
My *first* has sped so well."—

God helped the right, God spared the sin:
He brings the proud to shame,
He guards the weak against the strong—
Praise to his holy name!

REV. J. H. GURNEY.

THE CHAMOIS.

Chasm, a deep opening, or cleft, between two rocks. | **Dain'-ty**, something very nice; a delicacy.

THE graceful chamois is found in all the mountains of Europe which bound the valley of the Danube, both on the north and on the south. As, however, it prefers the cold air of the highest mountains, it makes Switzerland its chief home.

In general appearance, its head and body are not unlike those of the goat; but it has a more slender neck, and no beard; and its horns are black and stand erect, being curved into hooks only at the tips.

The chamois is not only very swift of foot, but very sure-footed. Its cup-shaped and sharp-edged hoofs have been specially made for the mountains on which it loves to dwell. It makes its way up and down the face of very steep rocks. It bounds swiftly from crag to crag, springing fearlessly on to the top of the sharpest rocks, if only it can find room to place its four feet close together.

The flesh of the chamois is considered a great dainty* by the Swiss; and its skin, when tanned, is the fine soft leather which is called after it, chamois-leather.

Chamois-hunting is a favourite pursuit in Switzerland. The sport is attended with very great peril. The hunter has often to spend days and nights alone upon the mountains. He has to pass over the most dangerous rocks and precipices, and often his rashness costs him his life.

The chamois has the greatest affection for her young; and when they are in danger, she shows wonderful sagacity in planning means for their escape.

A Swiss hunter, while pursuing his dangerous

sport, observed a mother chamois and her two kids on a rock above him. They were sporting by her side, leaping here and there around her.

The hunter, climbing the rock, drew near, intending, if possible, to capture one of the kids alive. No sooner did the mother chamois observe him, than, dashing at him furiously with her horns, she endeavoured to hurl him down the cliff. The hunter drove her off, fearing to fire, lest the young ones should take to flight.

He was aware that there was a deep chasm* beyond, by which he believed the escape of the animals to be cut off. What was his surprise, therefore, when he saw the old chamois form with her body a bridge across the chasm, which she could just span by stretching out her fore and hind legs! As soon as she had done this, she called on her young ones; and they sprang one at a time on her back, and reached the other side in safety! She sprang across after them, and was soon beyond reach of the hunter's bullets.

QUESTIONS.—Where is the home of the chamois? In what is it like the goat? In what do they differ? What is the most remarkable thing about the chamois' running? Where is the chamois hunted? What makes the sport very dangerous? In what does the chamois show wonderful sagacity? Describe the instance of this illustrated by the picture.

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

grace´-ful	**gen´-er-al**	**fear´-less-ly**	**pur-suit´**
cham´ois (sham´-waw)	**ap-pear´-ance**	**con-sid´-ered**	**dan´-ger-ous**
Dan´-ube	**slen´-der**	**fa´-vour-ite**	**prec´-i-pic-es**
Switz´-er-land	**spe´-cial-ly**	**at-tend´-ed**	**sa-gac´-i-ty**

DICTATION:—

The hind legs of the chamois, like those of the hare, are longer than the fore ones.

This not only gives it additional swiftness, but greater security in ascending and descending steep rocks.

FIDELITY.

Brake, thicket; clump.
Cov´-ert, hiding-place; ambush.
Dis-cern´, see; discover
Tarn, a mountain lake

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS.—What attracted the shepherd's notice? What did he discover among the ferns? What question did he then ask? What kind of place was it? What was there in front of it? What below? On what mountain was it? What did the shepherd find on following the dog? What did he then remember? For whose sake does the poet tell the tale? How long had he watched beside his master's corpse?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

scat'tered	Hel-vel'lyn	per'il-ous	re-peat'ing
dis'tance	cul'ti-vat-ed	re-called'	sav'age
in'stant-ly	skel'e-ton	re-mem'bered	nour'ished
crea'ture	ap-palled'	lam'en-ta-ble	sub-lime'
prec'i-pice	dis-cov'er-er	mon'u-ment	es'ti-mate

MODEL COMPOSITION EXERCISE.

THE story in the following Letter is written entirely from the questions to the preceding lesson on "FIDELITY," and shows how the questions appended to the lessons, the narrative ones especially, may be used as Composition Exercises. This example also shows the form in which a letter should be arranged:—

ULLESWATER, 24th *August* 1871.

My Dear Harry,

We are having a splendid time of it here. We have had delightful weather; and as we have a new excursion nearly every day, the time passes very quickly. The holidays are already nearly half done, and it does not seem as if we had been more than a week here!

We had a delightful excursion to Helvellyn last week, and saw the place where the traveller's dead body was watched for three months by his dog. Perhaps you don't know the story. Here it is. It will help to fill my letter.

A shepherd was one day watching his sheep on Helvellyn, when he heard loud barking, as of a dog or fox somewhere near. He went to search for the cause of it, and found a strange-looking dog (not a mountain sheep-dog) glowering at him through the ferns. He was puzzled to know what the creature could be doing there; for it is a huge recess in the very bosom of Helvellyn, in which the winter's snow often lies till June. There is a huge precipice in front, and at the foot of it a little lake. The dog led on, and the shepherd followed it over the rocks and stones. When he reached the foot of the precipice, the dog paused beside a human skeleton lying on the ground.

The shepherd at once remembered that, about three months before, a traveller, who used to roam over the mountains with his dog, went amissing. Evidently he had lost his way in a mist, had fallen over the precipice, and been killed.

But the most extraordinary thing was, that his dog had watched all that time beside the dead body of his master!

Wordsworth the poet, who spent most of his life in this neighbourhood, has a beautiful poem called "Fidelity," in praise of the dog. I advise you to read it.

We go to Windermere to-morrow. Write soon, to your affectionate friend,

FRED BROWN.

To Harry Bush.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

Car'a-van, a company of travellers.
Com-mem'o-rāt-ed, celebrated; praised.
Es-cort', guard; convoy.
Ex-haust'ion, great weakness.
O-ver-pow'ered, subdued; defeated.
Pa-cha' (pa-shaw'), a Turkish governor; viceroy.

A CARAVAN* on its way to Damascus was once attacked and captured by a party of Arabs. While the robbers were dividing their spoils, they were assailed by a troop of Turkish horsemen, that had gone out from Acre to escort* the caravan.

The scales of fortune were at once turned. The robbers were overpowered;* many of them were killed, and the rest were taken prisoners.

Among the wounded Arabs was a man named Hassan, who had a very fine horse, which also fell into the hands of his captors.

As Hassan lay at night by the side of one of the tents, his feet bound together by a leathern thong, he heard the neighing of his horse. As is the custom in the East, it passed the night in the open air near the tents; but its legs were fastened together, so that it could not move. Hassan knew its voice; and wishing to see his favourite once more, he crawled along upon his hands and knees till he reached the spot where the horse stood.

"My poor friend," said he, "what will become of you in the hands of the Turks? They will shut you up in close and unwholesome stables with the horses of a pacha.* Go back to the tent of your master. Tell my wife that she will never see her husband more; and lick the hands of my children with your tongue, in token of a father's love."

While thus speaking, Hassan had gnawed away the thong of goat-skin with which the legs of his horse had been fastened together; and the noble animal stood free. But when the horse saw his wounded master at his feet, he stooped his head, and grasping with his teeth the leathern girdle

round his waist, he ran off with him in his mouth at full gallop. He thus bore him over many a weary mile of mountain and plain, until his desert home was reached; then, having gently laid him by the side of his wondering wife and children, he fell down dead from exhaustion!*

All the tribe to which Hassan belonged wept over the body of the faithful steed; and more than one

poet has commemorated* in song his sagacity and devotion.

QUESTIONS.—By whom was the caravan overpowered? Who assailed the Arabs? What were they doing at the time? Who were successful this time? What was Hassan the possessor of? What did he hear one night? What did he do? What did he say to the horse? How did he set the horse free? What did the horse do? Where did he carry him? What did he do when he laid him down?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

pro-ceed'ing	Turk'ish	neigh'ing	com-pan'ion
Da-mas'cus	horse'men	fa'vour-ite	un-whole'some
at-tached'	for'tune	chil'dren	sa-gac'i-ty
cap'tured	pris'on-ers	grasp'ing	be-longed'
di-vid'ing	leath'ern	gir'dle	faith'ful
as-sailed'	fas'tened	won'der-ing	de-vo'tion

DICTATION:—

An Arab and his horse were both captured by Turkish horsemen. One night the Arab set his horse free.

But when he saw his wounded master at his feet, he grasped with his teeth the girdle round his waist, carried him home in his mouth, and fell down dead from exhaustion.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

Bur'gess-es, citizens, or freemen of a borough.
Ca-reer', time of service.
Cor'po-ral, an officer of the lowest rank.
Cos-tume', official dress.
Dig'ni-ty, elevation of manner.
E-mo'tion, strong feeling.
En-deav'our-ing, trying.
Im'pulse, natural inclination.
Re-as-sur'ing, comforting; encouraging.
Re-lieved', came to his rescue; freed him from his difficulty.
Speak'er, the chairman.
Sur-pass'es, goes beyond; exceeds.

DURING the American War, the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him, about a heavy beam that they were endeavouring* to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power to raise, and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting, "Heave away! There it goes! Heave, ho!"

An officer, not in military costume,* was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!*"

"You *are*, are you!" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said,—

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I shall gladly come to help you a second time!"

The corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

When Washington had closed his career* in the French and Indian War, he became a member of the House of Burgesses.* The Speaker* was directed, by a vote of the House, to return their thanks to that officer for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country.

As soon as Washington entered the House, the Speaker, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse* of his own grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity.* But he spoke with such

warmth of colouring, and strength of expression, that the young hero was entirely confounded.

He rose to express his thanks for the honour which had been done to him; but such were his emotion* and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable.

He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved* him by a happy stroke of address.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a reassuring* smile; "we perceive that your modesty is equal to your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

QUESTIONS.—What work were the soldiers doing? What was the voice of their superintendent often heard saying? What did the officer ask him? What did he reply? What did the officer then do? What did he say to the corporal when the beam was raised? Who was he?—What House did Washington become a member of? What was the Speaker directed to do? How did he speak? What effect had this upon Washington? How did the Speaker relieve him?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

A-mer´i-can　dis-mount´ed　o-be´di-ence　ut´ter-ance
cap´tain　e-nough´　grate´ful　stam´mered
mil´i-tar-y　Wash´ing-ton　dis-charged´　per-ceive´
re-pair´ing　di-rect´ed　col´our-ing　mod´es-ty
cor´por-al　dis-tin´guished　ex-pres´sion　val´our
as-ton´ished　ser´vic-es　con-found´ed　sur-pass´es
em´per-or　ren´dered　con-fu´sion　lan´guage

DICTATION:—

As soon as Washington entered the House, the Speaker discharged the duty of returning thanks to him, with great dignity.

When Washington rose to reply, his emotion and confusion were such, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable.

THE "WHITE SHIP."

(A.D. 1120.)

Be-numbed´, made powerless.
Con-tract´, settle the terms of.
Ret´i-nue, body of followers and attendants.

KING HENRY I. went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue,* to have the prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman nobles, and to contract* the promised marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. When both these things had been done with great show and rejoicing, the whole retinue prepared to embark for the voyage home.

When all was ready, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said: "My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the *White Ship*, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you in the *White Ship* to England."

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot therefore sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince, with all his company, shall go along with you, in the fair *White Ship*, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle

wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of the ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

The prince went aboard the *White Ship* with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair *White Ship*.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the king has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the *White Ship* shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the *White Ship*.

When at last she shot out of the harbour of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set and the oars all going merrily, Fitz-Stephen at the helm.

The gay young nobles, and the beautiful ladies wrapped up in mantles of various bright colours, to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honour of the *White Ship*.

Crash!—a terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The *White Ship* had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But, as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried, in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset. And in the same instant the *White Ship* went down.

Only two men floated;—a nobleman, Godfrey by name; and a poor butcher of Rouen. By-and-by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he had pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen.

When he heard that the prince and all his retinue had gone down, Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe, woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and benumbed' with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend. God preserve you."

So he dropped and sank, and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning, some fishermen saw him floating in

his sheep-skin coat, and got him into their boat,—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king; at length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the *White Ship* was lost, with all on board.

The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile. CHARLES DICKENS.

QUESTIONS.—Why did King Henry go over to Normandy? Who accompanied him? Who came to the king when he was about to embark for England? What did he ask the king to let him do? On what ground? What did the king reply? What did some of the king's people hear in the middle of the night? How many went on board the *White Ship*? What did the prince tell the captain to give the sailors? What delayed their departure? What caused the terrific cry which the king's people had heard? What was done with the prince? Why did he return to the wreck? What happened then? How many were afloat after this? What became of the captain? Who alone survived to tell the tale? How was the intelligence conveyed to the king? What effect had it on him?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

Nor´man-dy	ac-com´pan-ied	whis´pered	ex-haust´ed
ac-knowl´edged	won´dered	sup-port´ed	pre-serve´
suc-ces´sor	at-tend´ance	no´ble-man	brill´iant
mar´riage	com-mand´ed	mer´ci-ful	re-lat´er
con´quer	Bar´fleur	en-cour´aged	in-tel´li-gence
re-plied´	va´ri-ous	com´mon-er	bit´ter-ly

DICTATION:—

As Prince William was returning from Normandy, his vessel, called the "White Ship," struck on a rock, and went down.

A poor butcher of Rouen alone survived to tell the dismal tale. When King Henry heard it, "he never smiled again."

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Blent, blended; mingled.
Fes´tal, holiday; mirthful.
Reck´less, heedless; wild.
Tour´ney, tournament; a mock fight.

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son!
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,—
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless* train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair:—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal* bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's* victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent* with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep:—
He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years:—
He never smiled again!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

A-gog', excited.
A-main', in full force.
Bell, the name of an inn.
Cal'-en-der, one who calenders or presses cloth.
Eke, also.
Fru'-gal, saving; economical.
Guise, manner.
Quoth, says.
Rig, a wild prank.
Train'-band, militia, or volunteer.
Trice, an instant.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band* captain eke* was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell* at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender*
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth* Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal* mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So, three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog*
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,—
But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring to me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "fair" and "softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke* with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig!
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.*

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away!

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight!—he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,

How in a trice* the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow!

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen;
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering
To see how he did ride. [much

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you're come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise* he spoke:

"I came because your horse would
And, if I well forebode, [come;
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:

"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit!

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before!

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;*
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he might,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit!

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till, where he had got
He did again get down. [up,

Now let us sing, long live the king;
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

COWPER.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Pa'-tient, one suffering, and attended by a physician. | Sub-mis'-sive-ly, humbly; in token of obedience.

ONCE at Carthage there was a slave named Androcles, who was so badly treated by his master that he resolved to run away from him. He therefore secretly left his master's house, and hid himself in a forest, some miles distant from the city.

After wandering about for some time, he came to a large cavern, and, overcome by hunger and fatigue, he lay down in it, and soon fell fast asleep.

He was suddenly awakened by the roar of a wild beast; and running to the mouth of the cavern, he was met by a great lion, which stood right in his way, and made it impossible for him to escape!

Androcles expected nothing else than to be at once torn to pieces; but, to his great surprise, the lion came gently towards him, without showing any signs of rage. It gave forth at the same time a low and mournful sound, as if it were begging his assistance. As the lion approached him, he noticed that it limped with one of its legs, and that the foot was swollen, as if it had been wounded.

He then went up to the lion, and taking hold of the wounded paw, examined it as a surgeon would examine a patient.* He was not long in finding out the cause of the swelling; for he saw in the ball of the foot a very large thorn. The slave extracted the thorn, and pressed out of the wound a quantity of matter; which gave the lion immediate relief.

Thereupon the lion began to show his gratitude

by every means in his power. He jumped about like a playful spaniel, wagged his great tail, and licked the hands and feet of his physician. From that moment Androcles became his guest; and the lion never sallied forth in quest of prey without sharing the produce of his chase with his friend.

The slave continued to live in this savage state for several months. At length, wandering carelessly through the woods, he was seized by a company of soldiers who had been sent out to search for him, and was by them led back to his master.

He was tried as a runaway slave, and was sentenced to be torn by a lion in the public arena.

When the time for his destruction came, Androcles stood in the middle of the arena calmly awaiting his fate. Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which made the spectators start and tremble. A huge lion

then sprang out of a den, and darted forward upon its victim with flaming eyes and gaping jaws.

What was the surprise of the multitude when the lion, instead of springing upon the man, and tearing him to pieces, couched submissively* at his feet, and fawned upon him like a dog!

The governor of the city then ordered Androcles to explain how it was that the savage beast had, in a moment, become as harmless as a lamb.

In reply, Androcles told the story of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that that was the very lion, which stood by his side.

The spectators were so delighted with the story, that they begged the governor to pardon Androcles. This he did, and he also presented him with the lion which had in this way twice spared his life.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Androcles go into the forest? Where did he lie down? What startled him? Whence did it proceed? What surprised him greatly? What did the lion seem to be begging? Why did it require it? How did Androcles cure it of its lameness? How did the lion show his gratitude? How long did Androcles remain with him? How was he fed? By whom was Androcles captured? What sentence was passed upon him? What happened when the lion was let loose? Who asked to have it explained? What was the fate of Androcles? and of the lion?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

Car´thage sud´den-ly ap-proached´ grat´i-tude
An-dro´cles a-wak´ened as-sist´ance con-tin´ued
en-joyed´ im-pos´si-ble ex-am´ined de-struc´tion
fa-tigue´ mourn´ful im-me´di-ate mul´ti-tude

DICTATION:—

Androcles cured the lion, and the lion spared Androcles.
The people begged the governor to pardon the slave.
He did so, and also presented him with the lion which had twice saved his life.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

Blus´ter-ing, blowing noisily.
Com-mo´tion, stir.
Gleam´ing, shining.
Hus´tle, shake roughly.
Ker´chiefs, napkins for covering the head.
Trun´dled, rolled.
Ur´chins, mischievous boys.

THE Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion* in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled* about;
And the urchins* that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went, blustering* and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming.
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,—
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle* the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried, gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;

And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm:
There were dames with their kerchiefs* tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the Wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed,—and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud!

Then away went the Wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming* west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

QUESTIONS.—What did the Wind first sweep through? What did it overturn there? Where did it go next? What did it do to the cows? What did all the cattle do? Where did it next play its pranks? What did it say to the oaks? What did it next rush upon? What did the dames go out to see? Whom did it meet in a lane? How did it leave him standing? Where did it go next? What did the great ships feel? When did it sink to rest? and where? What did it laugh to think?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

gal'-lop-ing	thiev'-ish	trav'-el-ler	bil'-low-y
scat'-ter-ing	un-u'-su-al	mid'-sum-mer	stag'-ger-ing
mer'-ci-less	sal-ute'	threat'-ened	laugh'-ing
gin'-ger-bread	ca'-per-ing	strug'-gled	frol'-ic-some
lus'-ti-er	whis'-tling	hol'-i-day	mis'-chief

DICTATION:—

The Wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

LLEWELYN AND HIS DOG.

Be-sprent', sprinkled; bespattered.
Brach (bratch), a female hound.
Guise, behaviour; manner.
Port'al seat, a seat in a gateway.
Rue, lament; regret.
Sto'ried, bearing stories.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach* and many a hound
Attend Llewelyn's horn;

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,—
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewelyn's horn to hear!

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam!
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave!—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,—
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal* seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound was smeared with drops of gore,—
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise;—
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,*
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found!
The blood-stained cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent!*

He called his child—no voice replied!
He searched, with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on every side!
But nowhere found the child!

"Monster! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh;—
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread:
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."*

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied* with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

SPENCER.

QUESTIONS.—Which of Llewelyn's dogs did not answer his call? What effect had this on the booty? What did Llewelyn see on his return? What made him stand aghast? Where did he hasten to? What could he not find? What did he think had happened to it? What did he therefore do? What did Gelert's dying yell do? In what state was the child? What else lay beneath the couch? What had Gelert really done? Where did Llewelyn hang his horn and spear?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*.—

spear'-man	Gel'-ert	venge'-ful	tre-men'-dous
cheer'-i-ly	tru'-ant	sup'-pli-ant	sculp'-ture
Lle-wel'-yn	fa'-vour-ite	slum'-ber-er	for'-est-er

DICTATION:—

Llewelyn, believing that his favourite hound had killed his child, plunged his sword in its side.

Beneath the couch he found his child unharmed, and beside him the mangled remains of a huge wolf.

The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

WORD LESSONS.

WORDS PRONOUNCED NEARLY ALIKE.

ail, to be sick.
ale, malt liquor.

air, the atmosphere.
ere, before.
e'er, ever.
heir, an inheritor.

all, the whole.
awl, a sharp tool.

altar, for worship.
alter, to change.

ant, an insect.
aunt, a relative.

ate, did eat.
eight, four and four.

aught, anything.
ought, is bound.

bad, evil.
bade, did bid.

bale, a package.
bail, surety.

ball, a round body.
bawl, to shout.

bare, uncovered.
bear, an animal.

be, to exist.
bee, an insect.

beach, sea-coast.
beech, a tree.

bean, the seed of a plant.
been, part. of be.

beat, to strike.
beet, a plant.

beau, a fop.
bow, a weapon.

beer, malt liquor.
bier, a frame for bearing the dead.

berry, a small fruit.
bury, to inter.

berth, sleeping-place in a ship.
birth, coming into life.

blew, did blow.
blue, a colour.

boar, a male pig.
bore, to pierce.

bow, to bend.
bough, a branch.

boy, a male child.
buoy, a float.

brake, a thicket.
break, to shatter.

bread, food.
bred, brought up.

bridal, a wedding.
bridle, of a horse.

Britain, the country.
Briton, an inhabitant.

but, except.
butt, a target.
butt, a cask.

by, near.
buy, to purchase.
bye, in good-bye.

calendar, an almanac.
calender, to press cloth.

cannon, a great gun.
canon, a rule.

cask, a barrel.
casque, a helmet.

cede, to give up.
seed, part of a plant.

ceiling, of a room.
sealing, with wax.

cell, a small room.
sell, to give for money.

cent, a hundred.
scent, perfume.
sent, did send.

check, to restrain.
cheque, an order for money.

choir, of singers.
quire, of paper.

claws, of an animal.
clause, of a sentence.

climb, to ascend.
clime, climate.

coarse, not fine.
course, a running.

cord, string.
chord, in music.

core, the heart.
corps, a body of men.

council, an assembly.
counsel, to advise.

crews, sailors.
cruise, to sail about.
cruse, a small cup.

currant, a small fruit.
current, stream.

dear, costly.
deer, an animal.

desert, merit.
dessert, after dinner.

dew, moisture.
due, owed.

die, a stamp.
die, to expire.
dye, to change the colour.

doe, a female deer.
dough, paste for baking.

done, finished.
dun, a colour.

dying, expiring.
dyeing, changing the colour.

ewe, a female sheep.
yew, a tree.
you, the person addressed.

ewer, a jug.
your, of you.

fain, eager.
fane, a temple.
feign, to sham.

faint, feeble.
feint, a pretence.

fair, a market.
fair, beautiful.
fare, food.

feat, an exploit.
feet, of the body.

find, to discover.
fined, punished in money.

flew, did fly.
flue, a chimney.

flour, ground grain.
flower, a blossom.

fool, a stupid person.
full, complete.

fore, in front.
four, two and two.

forth, abroad.
fourth, after third.

foul, not clean.
fowl, a bird.

fur, of an animal.
fir, a tree.

gait, manner of walking.
gate, a door.

gilt, covered with gold.
guilt, wickedness.

grate, for fire.
great, large.

groan, a deep moan.
grown, increased.

hail, to accost.
hail, frozen rain.
hale, healthy.

hair, of the head.
hare, an animal.

hall, a large room.
haul, to pull.

hart, a deer.
heart, the seat of life.

heal, to cure.
heel, of the foot.

hear, to listen.
here, in this place.

heard, did hear.
herd, a flock.

hew, to cut down.
hue, colour.

hie, to go; hasten.
high, lofty.

him, a person referred to.
hymn, a sacred song.

hire, wages.
higher, loftier.

hole, an opening.
whole, entire.

holy, pure; sacred.
wholly, altogether.

I, the person speaking.
eye, the organ of vision.

in, into.
inn, a tavern.

isle, an island.
aisle, wing of a church.

key, for a lock.
quay, a wharf.

kill, to slay.
kiln, for burning lime.

knead, to work dough.
need, to require.

lain, reclined.
lane, an alley.

lea, a meadow.
lee, the sheltered side.

leak, a hole in a ship.
leek, a plant.

led, did lead.
lead, a metal.

lessen, to make less.
lesson, instruction.

liar, one who tells lies.
lyre, a musical instrument.

links, of a chain.
lynx, an animal.

lo! look.
low, not high.

loan, something lent.
lone, solitary.

made, did make.
maid, a young woman.

mail, a bag of letters.
mail, armour.
male, a he-animal.

main, chief.
main, the ocean.
mane, of an animal.

manner, method.
manor, domain.

mantel, a chimney-piece.
mantle, a cloak.

marshal, to arrange.
martial, warlike.

mean, low.
mean, to intend.
mien, manner.

meat, food.
meet, to encounter.
mete, to measure.

medal, a coin.
meddle, to interfere.

meter, a measure.
metre, verse.

might, power.
mite, an insect.

miner, one who mines.
minor, junior; smaller.

moan, a deep sigh.
mown, cut down.

mote, a particle.
moat, a ditch.

muscle, of the body.
mussel, a shell-fish.

muse, to meditate.
mews, stables.
mews, cries as a cat.

nave, of a wheel.
nave, of a church.
knave, a rogue.

neigh, as a horse.
nay, no.

new, not old.
knew, did know.

night, time of darkness.
knight, a title of rank.

no, negative.
know, to understand.

none, no one.
nun, a female monk.

nose, of the face.
knows, does know.

not, negative.
knot, a tie.

oar, for a boat.
ore, metal.
o'er, over.

ode, a short poem.
owed, did owe.

oh! exclamation.
owe, to be indebted.

one, a number.
won, gained.

our, of us.
hour, sixty minutes.

pail, for milk.
pale, white.

pain, suffering.
pane, of glass.

pair, a couple.
pare, to cut.
pear, a fruit.

pause, a stop.
paws, of an animal.

peace, quietness.
piece, a part.

peak, the top.
pique, ill-will.

peal, a loud sound.
peel, to pare.

peas, in number.
pease, in quantity.

peer, a nobleman.
pier, of a bridge.

phrase, mode of speech.
frays, quarrels.

plain, level ground.
plane, a joiner's tool.

plait, to fold.
plate, a dish.

please, to delight.
pleas, excuses.

plum, a fruit.
plumb, a leaden weight.

pole, a measure.
pole, a piece of wood.
poll, the head.

pore, an opening.
pore, to study closely.
pour, to empty out.

practice, a custom.
practise, to do habitually.

praise, renown.
prays, entreats.
preys, plunders.

pray, to entreat.
prey, plunder.

pries, looks into closely.
prize, a reward.

principal, chief.
principle, rule.

profit, gain.
prophet, one who foretells.

rain, water from the clouds.
reign, to rule.
rein, of a horse.

raise, to lift up.
rays, of the sun.
raze, to overthrow.

rap, to knock.
wrap, to infold.

read, to peruse.
reed, a plant.

reck, to care.
wreck, ruin.

red, a colour.
read, did read.

right, not wrong.
rite, a ceremony.
write, with a pen.
wright, a workman.

rime, hoar-frost.
rhyme, in verse.

ring, a circle.
ring, to sound a bell.
wring, to twist.

road, a way.
rode, did ride.
rowed, did row.

root, of a plant.
route, line of march.

rose, a flower.
rose, did rise.
rows, does row.

rote, memory.
wrote, did write.

rough, uneven.
ruff, for the neck.

row, a line.
row, to row a boat.
roe, a female deer.

rye, a grain.
wry, crooked.

sale, the act of selling.
sail, of a ship.

scene, a view.
seen, beheld.

sea, the ocean.
see, domain of a bishop.
see, to behold.

seams, joinings.
seems, appears.

sear, to burn.
seer, a prophet.
sere, faded.

sees, beholds.
seize, to take hold of.

sew, to make a seam.
sow, to scatter seed.
so, thus.

site, situation.
sight, vision.

size, bulk.
sighs, moans.

sloe, a berry.
slow, not fast.

soar, to mount.
sore, painful.

soared, did soar.
sword, a weapon.

sold, did sell.
soled, my boot is soled.

some, a portion.
sum, amount.

son, a male child.
sun, that shines.

soul, spirit.
sole, of the foot.

stair, a flight of steps.
stare, to gaze.

stake, a post.
steak, a slice of beef.

stationary, fixed.
stationery, materials for writing.

steal, to take by theft.
steel, metal.

stile, a step in a fence.
style, manner of writing.

straight, not crooked.
strait, narrow.

tale, a story.
tail, of an animal.

tare, a weed.
tear, to rend.

tax, a charge.
tacks, small nails.

team, of horses.
teem, to be full of.

tear, from the eye.
tier, a row.

tease, to annoy.
teas, kinds of tea.

their, of them.
there, in that place.

threw, did throw.
through, from side to side.

throne, a royal seat.
thrown, cast.

tide, a current.
tied, made fast.

time, season.
thyme, a plant.

to, unto.
too, also.
two, one and one.

toe, of the foot.
tow, coarse flax.

told, narrated.
tolled, rung.

trait, feature.
tray, vessel.

use, to employ.
ewes, female sheep.

vain, conceited.
vein, a blood-vessel.
vane, a weather-cock.

vale, valley.
veil, for the face.

wade, to walk in water.
weighed, did weigh.

waist, of the body.
waste, to destroy.

wait, to stay.
weight, heaviness.

ware, goods.
wear, to put on.

weather, state of the air.
wether, a sheep.

week, seven days.
weak, feeble.

weigh, to find the weight of.
way, a road.

wood, a forest.
would, past of will.

yoke, a chain.
yolk, of an egg.

DICTATION EXERCISES.

Let the teacher frame short sentences, introducing the words prescribed for each day's lesson—either a separate sentence for each word, or two words in the same sentence. Thus:—

red.........The officer wore a *red* cloak.
read.........I have *read* the book three times.
principal...The *principal* cause of his failure has been his want
principle of *principle*.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

The pupils are to be required to write short sentences, showing the right use of the words in each day's lesson.

This will be a thorough test, also, of their knowledge of the verbal distinctions.

ELLIPTICAL DICTATION EXERCISES.

Put the Right Word in the Right Place.

Words	Sentences
great large	A man may be noble though he be poor. No one is a man because he has a fortune.
vain proud	We do not blame a man who is of his success, so much as one who is of his learning.
love like	It has been wisely said that we may a friend, though we do not his faults.
little small	I have fear that you will soon be able to master so a book.
fresh new	I have got a supply of eggs, but I cannot say whether they are or not.
aged old	Most of my friends are still young men; but I have lately become acquainted with a very man.
old ancient	His library contains many editions of the classical writers.
want wish	We should only for what is necessary, and be content to what we cannot get.
dwell live	I in an old house, in the same town in which my family has been accustomed to for generations.
bad evil ill	The duke is very . Report says that he has been a man; but there is good reason to hope that he has repented of his deeds.
habits manners	The of the English people are good; but many of their are objectionable.
taught learnt	The master who me grammar was a clever man. I more from him than from any other teacher.
cure remedy	He has tried nearly every in existence; but no has yet been effected.
burden cargo	The camel's may well be spoken of as its , for it has been called the ship of the desert.
faded withered	A tree cannot be expected to revive; a one may recover.
faults defects	The in his education will not excuse the serious in his conduct.
invention discovery	We speak of the of a new planet or island, but of the of a new machine.

OUTLINES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

DIVISION FIRST.

I.—THE ROMAN PERIOD.

55 B.C. to 410 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—Britain a Roman province for three centuries and a half—The Britons unable to defend themselves when the Romans withdrew.

1. The Celts who inhabited Britain were disturbed in the year 55 B.C. by the arrival of Roman soldiers under **Julius Caesar**. The *Roman Period* of British history then began. It lasted four hundred and sixty-five years.

2. It was not until the reign of Claudius, 43 A.D., that the Romans gained any decided success in Britain. Shortly after that time, 51 A.D., a brave British chief named Caractacus (*Ca-răc´ta-cus*) was defeated and taken prisoner; and the Druids, as the priests of the Britons were called, were expelled from Mona (Anglesey).

3. **Agricola** was the chief Roman governor of Britain. During seven years (78–85 A.D.) he held power; and, having invaded Caledonia (Scotland), he defeated a chief named Galgacus in the Battle of the Grampians, 84 A.D.

4. The Romans built several walls across Britain, to secure their conquests from the attacks of the Picts or Caledonians. The principal of these were the Wall of Hadrian, from the Tyne to the Solway Firth (121 A.D.); and the Wall of Antonine, from the Forth to the Clyde (140 A.D.). The Roman Emperor Severus (*Se-vē´rus*) marched through Caledonia, as far as the Moray Firth.

5. The Sack of London by the Picts, in 367 A.D., is a clear sign that the Roman power was decaying in the island. Finally, in 410 A.D., the Emperor Honorius wrote a letter withdrawing his legions from Britain, and leaving it without any native army to repel the attacks of the northern foes.

QUESTIONS.

1. When did the Romans first visit Britain? Under what general? To what race did the natives belong? How long did the Roman Period last? What are its leading features?

2. In whose reign did the Romans first gain any decided success in Britain? What native chief was taken prisoner by the Romans? What were the British priests called? From what place were they driven?

3. Who was the chief Roman governor of Britain? How long did he hold power? What great victory did he gain?

4. Name the principal Roman walls. For what purpose were they built? When was Hadrian's Wall built? And where? When was Antonine's Wall built? And where?

5. What indicates the decay of the Roman power in Britain? When were the Roman legions withdrawn?

MEMORABLE DATES OF THE ROMAN PERIOD.

Landing of Julius Caesar	B.C. 55	Hadrian's Wall	A.D. 121
Invasion under Claudius	A.D. 43	Antonine's Wall	140
Agricola governor	78-85	Departure of the Romans	410

II.—THE OLD ENGLISH PERIOD.

449 A.D. to 1066 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—Britain becomes England—The English become Christian—The Danes struggle with the English—French influence prepares England for the Norman Conquest.

FROM THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT TO EGBERT.

1. NOT long after the departure of the Romans, the Picts again invaded South Britain. The Britons, being unable to resist them, called in the aid of certain Germanic tribes who had been in the habit of visiting their coasts. The Germans gladly came; and they liked the country so much that they were loath to go away again (**449**).

So they wrested from the Britons (or Welsh, as they called them), whom they had come to help, land on which they and their families might settle. These Germanic settlers were the founders of the **English nation.**

By-and-by there came other tribes of the same race, who settled on different parts of the coast. In the end (582), they founded as many as eight distinct states in Britain—or England, as it came to be called—and drove the Welsh into the highlands in the north and west of the country.

2. The names of some of these states (as Essex, Sussex, Wessex) show that they were founded by Saxons. Others (as East Anglia and Nor-

thumbria) were founded by people called Angles. As the earliest settlers were Saxons, the Welsh naturally gave that name to all the invaders.

But the Angles got most of the land, and became the most powerful. So, when the two peoples (who spoke the same language, and were as closely related as brothers) grew into one, they were called Anglo-Saxons (that is, Angles *and* Saxons), or more commonly Angles, or English alone. The Anglian priests were the first to use the language for literary purposes; hence it was called **English.** Saxons as well as Angles called their speech English—never Saxon, or Anglo-Saxon, as is often done now; and the general name which they gave to the country was ENGLAND.

3. When these Germans came to Britain they were heathens in religion, and little better than savages in life and manners. But Augustine (*Au-gus'-tine*) began to preach **Christianity** in Kent in **597**, and then a great change began. The Christian faith was embraced by the King of Northumbria in **627**, and it rapidly spread to the other states, carrying civilization and refinement in its train.

4. These early kingdoms were generally at war with one another; and the weaker states thus became gradually absorbed in the stronger ones. In this way the land came to be divided among three states—Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria. These three then contended; and in the end, **Wessex** (under King Egbert) remained as sole conqueror, having swallowed up the territory of all the other seven (827).

QUESTIONS.

1. What are the leading features of the Old English Period? Why did the Germans come to Britain? Why did they not go away again? Of what were these Germans the founders? How many different states did they found in all?

2. Why did the Welsh call all these settlers Saxons? Which was the most powerful tribe? What name did the combined peoples receive? What was their speech called? Why? What general name did they give to Britain?

3. What were these settlers in religion? When and by whom was Christianity introduced into Kent? When into Northumbria?

4. What was the effect of the wars among the Germanic states? Among what three states was the land first divided? Which state conquered in the end?

EGBERT TO HAROLD.

1. For the next two hundred years, the English were engaged in constant wars with the Norsemen, or **Danes**, who had begun to ravage their coasts as early as 787. The Danes were nearly related to the English in origin and language. If we represent the Angles and the Saxons as brothers, we may call the Danes their cousins.

The kings who were most successful in resisting the Danes were Alfred the Great (871-901) and Athelstane (925-941). Alfred's greatest victory was gained over them at **Ethandune** (878) in the county of Somerset.

In **Athelstane's** reign, a Danish prince of Northumbria tried to assert his independence. He formed a league with the King of Scots and some Welsh princes who were alarmed at Athelstane's growing power. Athelstane met them at **Brunanburgh** (937) in Lincolnshire, and gained a decisive victory.

Thereafter Athelstane reigned in peace. He is regarded as one of the ablest and wisest of the early English princes, and as the first who had any real claim to the title of King of all England. He also encouraged commerce by granting the title of **Thane** to every merchant who made three voyages in his own ships.

2. But their defeats did not prevent the Danes from returning again and again to attack the English, especially when a weak monarch held the throne. Ethelred the Unready (978-1017) tried to get rid of them first by bribing them with money to go away; but this only made them return in larger numbers and demand a larger bribe. Then he ordered a **Massacre** of all the Danes in England (1002); which brought over thousands of their friends burning with revenge.

After a fierce struggle, the Danes at last succeeded in wresting the crown of England from the English (1017); and they held it for twenty four years. **Three Danish kings** in succession filled the English throne. The greatest of them was Canute, or Knut, who was at the same time King of England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

3. On the death of the last Danish king—who left no son to succeed him—Edward (the son of Ethelred) was called to the throne (1041); and thus the true **English line was restored.** This Edward had spent the greater part of his life in Normandy, the duke of which state was his second cousin.

It was quite natural, therefore, that when he came to England he should surround himself with the Norman friends of his youth. **French fashions** and **influence** were thus introduced into England long before the Norman Conquest; and by-and-by the French language was that commonly used, not only in the king's circle, but in the churches and the courts of law. Edward, whose pious life gained for him, after his death, the title of *The Confessor*, died childless in 1066.

4. The nearest heir to the throne was a boy named Edgar Atheling; but as he was too young to wield the sceptre in times so stormy, the Witan, or Great Council, chose as king, **Harold**, Earl of Kent, then the most powerful noble in all England. But Duke William of Normandy

declared that Edward had bequeathed the crown to him; and, moreover, that Harold himself had sworn a solemn oath not to oppose his claims.

He therefore came over with a powerful army, and claimed the throne. The King of Norway invaded England at the same time, and took the city of York. Harold marched to the north and defeated him; and then turning south, he hastened to meet William, who had landed on the coast of Sussex.

The two armies met at **Senlac Hill**, near Hastings, and a terrible battle was fought, which lasted a whole day (**October 14, 1066**). Fearful was the slaughter: thousands of brave men and true fell on both sides. But in the evening, as Harold was again leading on his men to the charge, he was shot in the eye by an arrow, which pierced his brain. His two brothers fell slain by his side, and his army fled to the woods. Thus the Duke of Normandy gained the victory, and was called **William the Conqueror.**

QUESTIONS

1. How long did the struggle with the Danes last? How were they related to the English? What kings were most successful in resisting them? What was Alfred's great victory? What was Athelstane's? What is the character of the latter? How did he encourage commerce?

2. How did Ethelred try to get rid of the Danes first? With what effect? What other means did he try? What did that lead to? How many Danish kings occupied the throne? Who was the greatest of them?

3. When was the English line restored? Where had Edward spent the greater part of his life? With whom did he surround himself when he came to the English throne? What were the consequences of this? What was Edward's surname? When did he die?

4. Who was the nearest heir to the throne? Why was he not made king? Whom did the Witan choose as king? Who claimed the crown? On what grounds? What means did he adopt to obtain it? Who invaded England at the same time? With what result? Where did William land? Where did the two armies meet? What was the issue?

MEMORABLE DATES OF THE OLD ENGLISH PERIOD

The English Settlement........A.D. 449
Eight Germanic States established. 582
Landing of Augustine.............. 597
First landing of the Danes........ 787
Egbert crowned..................A.D. 827
Massacre of Danes................ 1002
The three Danish kings...... 1017-1041
Battle of Hastings, or The Conquest 1066

CHIEF AUTHORS OF THE OLD ENGLISH PERIOD

GILDAS THE WISE—first British historian—a monk—native of Wales—died A.D. 570.

VENERABLE BEDE—wrote History, and translated *Scriptures* into English—died A.D. 735.

KING ALFRED—translated the *Psalms*, *Bede's History*, &c., into English—died A.D. 901.

ASSER—a learned monk—King Alfred's tutor—wrote the *Life of Alfred*—died A.D. 909.

III.—THE NORMAN LINE.

1066 A.D. to 1154 A.D.—88 years.—4 Kings.

LEADING FEATURES:—The Feudal System introduced—Growing power of the Barons.

WILLIAM I. (The Conqueror), began to reign.................. 1066	HENRY I. (Beauclerc), brother 1100
WILLIAM II. (Rufus) son 1087	STEPHEN (Earl of Blois), nephew........................1135-1154

WILLIAM I.—THE CONQUEROR.

1066 A.D. to 1087 A.D.—21 years.

1. WILLIAM, after the Battle of Hastings, marched to London; and was crowned on Christmas-day, 1066. He promised to rule according to the English laws, and was at first just and merciful; but his subjects gave him much trouble by forming plots against his life; and once, when he was in Normandy, they fixed on a day to destroy all the Normans in the country, as Ethelred had destroyed the Danes.

But William soon returned; and, when he heard of it, began to act like a savage tyrant, carrying fire and sword through the country, and laying waste whole counties. Taking away the rich estates of the English, he gave them to his Norman followers, who promised in return to serve him in time of war. Thus began in England the **Feudal System**, or the custom of serving in war instead of paying rent (1085).

2. Three chief acts of his reign were these:—The Domesday Book was written, the Curfew Bell ordered, and the New Forest laid out.

The **Domesday Book** contained an account of every estate in England, with the name of its owner, and an account of the cultivated land, as well as of the rivers, forests, and lakes (1086).

The **Curfew** was a bell which he ordered to be rung in every parish at eight o'clock at night, as a signal for the people to put out their lights and fires.

The **New Forest** embraced all Hampshire, from Winchester to the sea. Here he destroyed sixty villages, and drove out all the inhabitants, in order to make it a fit place for hunting wild beasts.

3. The Conqueror had three sons, Robert, William, and Henry. Robert raised a **rebellion** in France against his father; and, being besieged in a castle, met him in single combat: for both being covered with armour, they did not know each other. Robert knocked his father off his horse, and would have killed him; but the old king's helmet fell off, and Robert saw his face. He was so shocked that he fell down before his father, and implored his pardon for what he had done.

4. Some years after this, King William was besieging a town in France, when his horse, slipping on some hot ashes, began to plunge. The king, who had become very heavy, got bruised upon the saddle, which caused his **death**. He left the crown of England to his second son William, and that of Normandy to Robert.

QUESTIONS.

Give the first and last dates of the Norman line. Name the kings. When did each begin to reign?

1. How long did William I. reign? What was William's first act after the Battle of Hastings? When was he crowned? What did he promise? What was his conduct at first? Why did he alter his conduct towards his subjects? How did he then act? To whom did he give the estates which he took from the English? On what condition? To what system did this lead? What is the Feudal System?

2. What were three chief acts of his reign? What was the Domesday Book? The Curfew Bell? The New Forest? How did he make the New Forest? For what purpose?

3. How many sons had William? What were their names? Which rebelled? What occurred when Robert was besieged?

4. How did William come by his death? In what was he engaged at the time? To whom did he leave the crown of England? What did he leave to Robert?

WILLIAM II.—RUFUS.

1087 A.D. to 1100 A.D.—13 years.

1. William II. was called **Rufus** because he had a ruddy complexion. He was not beloved by the people, as he was false and cruel, and a plot was formed to set Robert upon the throne; for he, though wild and careless, was brave and generous, and the people were fond of him. But William was on his guard, and defeated their plans.

2. After this, William, not content with the crown of England, wished for that of **Normandy** also. He therefore made war upon Robert, and took away part of his dukedom (1091). Soon afterwards he obtained the whole; for Robert, wishing to go to the Crusades, borrowed a large sum of money from him, promising that if he could not pay it back, William should have his lands (1096).

3. In those days it was a custom with many Christians to take a journey to Jerusalem, to see the tomb where Christ was supposed to have been buried. But Jerusalem was then in the hands of the Turks, who were not Christians, and who were very cruel to the pilgrims, and wished to prevent them from visiting Jerusalem. So Peter the Hermit, who had been a pilgrim, went through all Europe preaching the **Crusades** (or Wars of the Cross), and persuading the princes and nobles to sell their lands, leave their homes, and take all the men they could to Jerusalem to drive out the Turks. It was thought that whoever

died in this holy war was sure to go to heaven. Many thousands soon went; and Robert of Normandy was one of their leaders.

4. Several princes besides Robert sold their lands to William, who was now priding himself on becoming a very powerful king, when death put an end to his greatness; for one day, as he was hunting in the **New Forest**, Sir Walter Tyrrel, shooting at a deer, missed his mark, and his arrow, glancing from a tree, pierced the king to the heart. Tyrrel escaped to France.

Some historians say that this was a murder, planned by the followers of Rufus; but the truth is not known. He was so little cared for, that his body was carried in a common cart to Winchester, and buried without ceremony.

QUESTIONS.

1. From what year to what year did William Rufus reign? Why was he called Rufus? Was he beloved? Why? What attempt was made by the people?

2. Upon whom did William make war? Why? Did he obtain Normandy? How?

3. What famous wars were begun in William's reign? Where? Against what people? Why? Who was it that preached the Crusades? How did Robert of Normandy and many others obtain money for this purpose?

4. What caused William's death? Who is said to have shot the arrow? What became of Tyrrel? What do some historians say of the matter? What was done with the body? What does this show?

HENRY I.—BEAUCLERC.

1100 A.D. to 1135 A.D.—35 years.

1. Henry I. was the youngest son of the Conqueror, and brother of the last king. He was called **Beauclerc** (*Bo-clare*), which means "fine scholar," because he was very learned for a king in those days. As soon as Henry heard of his brother's death, he hastened to Winchester to seize the royal treasures; and then to London, where he was crowned king.

2. Robert, on his return from the Holy Land, came over to England with an army, to take possession of the crown, which was his by right. He, however, consented to give up his claim for 3000 marks a-year; which Henry agreed to pay him.

3. Soon after this, Henry invaded and took possession of **Normandy**, took Robert prisoner, and brought him over to England. He was closely confined in Cardiff Castle, in Wales, for the rest of his life—a period of twenty-eight years. Some say that his eyes were burned out with a red-hot needle by Henry's order.

4. Henry had married Matilda, daughter of Malcolm III. of Scotland, and niece of Edgar Atheling (1100). By this marriage the Norman and the English royal lines were united. The issue of this marriage was a son and a daughter, William and Maud. Prince William was drowned on a voyage from Normandy in **1120** (*see page* 79). But Henry, in his will, left the crown to his daughter **Maud**, and made his nobles and his nephew Stephen swear to obey her. He died of an illness brought on by eating too heartily of lampreys.

5. During this reign, the **woollen** manufacture was brought into England by some people who came from Flanders, and settled at Worsted in Norfolk.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Rufus? Give the first and last dates of Henry's reign. Whose son was he? What was he surnamed? Why? What did Henry do when he heard of his brother's death? Where was he crowned?

2. Where was Robert then? What did he do when he returned home? What agreement was made?

3. What did Henry do soon after this? Where was Robert confined? How long? What is he said to have suffered?

4. Whom did Henry marry? What did this marriage effect? How many children had Henry? What was the fate of his son? To whom did he leave the crown? Who swore to obey Maud? What caused Henry's death?

5. What manufacture was brought into England in this reign? By whom? Where did they settle?

STEPHEN.

1135 A.D. to 1154 A.D.—19 years.

1. **Stephen**, Earl of Blois, although he had sworn to support Maud, claimed the crown; and many of the nobles and clergy were in his favour, as they did not like to be governed by a woman. He also promised that they should no longer pay Dane-geld, and should be allowed to build castles on their estates, and hunt in their own forests. By these and other promises he gained over a great party, and was crowned.

2. But David, King of Scotland, being the uncle of Maud, invaded England, ravaged the county of Northumberland, and entered Yorkshire. Here he was met by Stephen's barons, and a great battle was fought, in which the Scots were defeated. This was called the Battle of the **Standard**, because the English carried into the field a large cross hung with flags and banners (1138).

3. Soon after this, **Maud** landed in England with one hundred and forty knights. For some time the country was a scene of bloodshed. At last Stephen was defeated at **Lincoln**, taken prisoner, and cast into a dungeon in Bristol Castle (1141).

4. Maud now became Queen; but her haughty spirit displeased the nation, and so great was the power raised against her that she was compelled to flee. Her half-brother and chief supporter, Robert Earl of Gloucester, was taken prisoner at Winchester. He was exchanged for Stephen, who once more sat upon the throne.

The following winter, Maud was besieged at Oxford; and, the ground being covered with snow, she dressed herself in white that she might not be seen, crossed the Thames on the ice, and soon after escaped to Normandy.

5. Maud had a son named Henry, now almost grown up. In the year 1152 he invaded England to claim the throne. But Stephen agreed that at his death Henry should have the crown; and so the dispute ended. Henry had not to wait long, for Stephen died in 1154, after a reign of nineteen years.

6. During this reign one hundred and twenty-six **castles** were built by permission of Stephen, and the barons became very powerful.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Henry I.? How long did he reign? Give the dates. Who were in his favour? Why? What promises did he make?

2. Who invaded England to support Maud? What harm did he do? How far did he go? By whom was he met? What was the consequence? What was this battle called? Why?

3. Who came to England soon afterwards? What was the state of the country for some time? Where was Stephen at last defeated? How was he treated?

4. Did Maud long wear the crown? Why not? How did Stephen recover his liberty? Where was Maud afterwards besieged? Did she escape? How?

5. Who invaded England in 1152? Why? What agreement was made? When did Stephen die?

6. How many castles were built in Stephen's reign? What was the consequence of this?

SCOTLAND.

1058 A.D. to 1154 A.D.

LEADING FEATURE:—The Scottish Alliance with the Old English Royal Family.

1. Authentic Scottish history does not begin until the reign of Malcolm Canmore, the contemporary of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror. Earlier events are wrapped in fable.

Macbeth slew Duncan in 1041, and reigned for seventeen years. Then Malcolm Canmore, with the aid of an English army, defeated and slew Macbeth in 1056. In the following year, **Malcolm III.** was crowned King of Scotland.

2. In 1068 Malcolm married an English princess—**Margaret**, the sister of Edgar Atheling, who, with her brother and other Englishmen, sought a refuge in Scotland after the Norman Conquest.

Their daughter, Matilda, became the wife of Henry I. of England, whose descendants were thus representatives both of the English and of the Norman royal line.

3. Three of Malcolm's sons filled the Scottish throne in succession. Thus, while Frenchmen filled the English throne, the crown of Scotland was worn by the sons of an Englishwoman. All three were remarkable for the favour they showed to the clergy. The youngest of them, **David I.**,—who fought for Maud, his niece, against Stephen,—founded and endowed six of the chief abbeys in Scotland.

So lavish was he in his gifts to the Church, that one of his successors called him "a sore saint for the Crown." He died in 1153, a year before Stephen.

QUESTIONS.

1. When does authentic Scottish history begin? What is its leading feature during the Norman Period? When was Malcolm crowned king? Whom had he defeated and slain?

2. Whom did Malcolm marry? Whose wife did his daughter become? What union did this effect?

3. How many of Malcolm's sons filled the throne? To what nation did the contemporary kings in England belong? For what were Malcolm's sons remarkable? Who was the youngest of them? How many abbeys did he found? What did one of his successors call him? When did he die?

IRELAND.

800 A.D. to 1154 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—Danish Invasions, and Civil Wars.

1. The **Danes** began to ravage the coasts of Ireland at the beginning of the ninth century; and they continued to make frequent descents upon it, sometimes overrunning the whole island, during a period of two hundred years.

2. At last a deliverer arose in **Brian Boru**, King of Munster, who expelled the Danes from his own realm, and then received the crown of the whole island in 1002.

The Danes returned, however, and in **1014** Brian defeated them decisively at **Clontarf**; but he was treacherously murdered in his tent, after the battle.

3. Brian's death was followed by dissensions and civil war, which continued till **Turlogh**, a contemporary of William the Conqueror, secured the throne. In 1152, a synod of the Irish clergy acknowledged the supremacy of the See of Rome.

QUESTIONS.

1. With whose ravages is the early history of Ireland associated? When did they begin their descents? How long did they continue?

2. What deliverer arose? What did he receive after expelling the Danes? When and where did he finally defeat them? What was his fate?

3. By what was his death followed? When did the civil war come to an end? What took place in 1153? What are the leading features of this period?

MEMORABLE DATES OF THE NORMAN PERIOD.

Malcolm III. marries Margaret ...	1068
The Feudal System introduced....	1085
Domesday Book compiled.........	1086
First Crusade (William II.).......	1096
Henry I. marries Matilda.........	1100
Prince William drowned (Henry I.)	1120
Battle of the Standard (Stephen)	1138
Maud lands..........................	1139
Battle of Lincoln....................	1141
Prince Henry lands.................	1153

CHIEF AUTHORS OF THE NORMAN PERIOD.

INGULF—Abbot of Croyland—historian—died A.D. 1109.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY—historian—died A.D. 1142.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

PART II.

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART I.

Case'ment, window-frame.
Chan'cel, that part of a church where the altar stands.
Charles's Wain, the churl's or farmer's waggon; a cluster of stars, commonly called the *Plough*.
Copse, underwood, for cutting.
Fal'low lea, untilled meadow.
Gran'ar-y, a storehouse for grain.
I' the mould, in the grave.
Mign-o-nette' (min-yo-net'), a sweet-scented flower.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year:
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould,* and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set, and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind:
And the New Year's coming up, mother; but I shall never see
The blossom on the black thorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers;—we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole, and in the hazel copse,*
Till Charles's* Wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high;
I long to see a flower so, before the day I die.

The building rook will caw from the windy, tall elm tree;
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow* lea;
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave;
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel* casement,* and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more, in the long gray fields at night;
You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go:
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

Good night, good night: when I have said good night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green;—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary* floor;
Let her take 'em; they are hers—I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.*

Good night, sweet mother! call me before the day is born;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

TENNYSON.

DICTATION:—

Good night, sweet mother! call me before the day is born;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

THE SKY-LARK.

PART I.

Crin'-kled, marked with wrinkles or folds | Down, a barren plain, or slope | Mot'-tled, spotted; speckled

WHERE does the song come from? We are sitting on the green, open down.* There are no trees near us to shelter any birds; not a living creature is to be seen anywhere, except the shepherd boy, who lies on the grass, gazing up into the sky. Yet a song we do hear, certainly,—a happy, joyous song: the air seems quite full of it; where *can* the singer be?

Look up, look up; it is the sky-lark's song, and there is the sky-lark itself, so high in the air that we can

see it only as a dark speck against the white clouds

over our heads. Now it has gone as high as it cares to go, and it is coming down again, down, down, singing all the while, till it drops like a stone a little way from us, and we get a good look at our friend at last. A brown, sober-feathered bird, a spotted breast, with just a tinge of yellow upon it, and a little crest upon its head—that is all. It has no particular beauty. God meant the lark for singing, and sing it does, with all its might.

Most birds sing their song through, and then stop a minute, as if to take breath; but the sky-lark all the time it is in the air never pauses, and never seems to tire. Most birds sing upon a bough, but the sky-lark sings in the air. It never perches on a tree. Its claws are straight, so that it could not clasp the spray; they are made for running swiftly through the thick grass or clover where it lives and makes its nest.

It has a relation, the wood-lark, which lives partly on trees and partly on the ground; but the sky-lark itself is never seen upon a tree. If it is not singing in the air, it is down in some lowly spot upon the ground. That is where it always springs from; as if to teach you and me that the humblest place is, after all, the nearest to heaven.

The sky-lark sings nearly all the year round. As soon as the first daisy opens its yellow eye, the lark thinks it is full time for it to begin *its* work too. By-and-by the primrose peeps out from its crisp crinkled' leaves, and then it sings more cheerily still. Then comes the honey-suckle, then the wild-rose of summer; the corn-fields turn yellow, the apples grow

red, the leaves fade and presently fall. All the while the sky-lark sings on, and its song blends with every season; it seems to say out for us what we feel in our hearts, and to thank God for us for the summer flowers and the autumn fruits.

The sky-lark is an early riser; it makes a point of springing up to greet the morning sun. It sings at intervals all the day long; and, as the sun sinks in the west it sinks down too, into its grassy home, to begin the day again just the same to-morrow.

For a nest, it simply lines a hole in the ground with dry stalks and bits of grass; and there it lays five or six dark mottled' brown eggs. It chooses its

situation in the meadow or clover-field, or even on the open down. Yet the nest is not so often found as you may suppose; and even if once found, it is difficult to hit upon the same spot again.

QUESTIONS.—Where does the sky-lark go when it sings? When does it stop its song? What is its colour? What has it on its head? Why

does it not perch on trees? What are its claws made for? What kind of lark lives partly on trees? What does it teach us by springing from the ground? During what seasons does it sing? When does it rise? When does it go to rest? What has it for a nest? How many eggs does it lay? Where does it prefer to build?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

shel'ter	par-tic'u-lar	hum'blest	in'ter-vals
crea'ture	min'ute	prim'rose	sit-u-a'tion
cer'tain-ly	clo'ver	cheer'i-ly	mead'ow
sky'lark	re-la'tion	yel'low	sup-pose'

DICTATION:—

Larks are distinguished from other birds by the extreme length of their hinder claws, which extend in an almost straight line behind. From this formation, they have scarcely any power of seizing branches of trees.

THE SKY-LARK.

PART II.

Di'et, habitual food. | **May-hap'**, perhaps.

SKY-LARKS are plentiful everywhere in Europe, and in winter they fly about in large flocks. Their summer food is mostly earth-worms, but in winter they are driven to vegetable diet.* We call the wild plants *weeds*, and the garden ones *flowers*; but each alike bears its little seeds after its own kind, and each of these little seeds has its own work to do. We gather the pods of our sweet-peas and our lupines, and store them carefully away till we plant them the following summer. And the wild-flower seeds—does nobody gather *them*? Yes; God lays them in *his* storehouse, and not one is wasted. Some fall to the ground, ready to take root and

grow up in the spring-time, but the greater part are for the spreading of the little birds' table. The larks especially feed on these seeds in the winter, and all the cold weather through they come and eat, and are satisfied.

Everybody loves the sky-lark's song; and sometimes, when people have gone away to other lands, they have taken a sky-lark with them, to remind them of their own old home. There was once a poor old widow, who, finding it hard work to get her living at home, thought that she would like to go to the gold-diggings in Australia. So she crossed the sea to that far-off country. The only treasures she possessed she took with her. One of these was a pet sky-lark, which had been used to live in a small wicker cage, outside her cottage window.

When she got to Australia, she hired a hut, and got her living by washing the gold-diggers' clothes and cooking their dinners. Day after day, the lark sang his happy song beside her door. She listened, and it cheered her at her work. Some of the gold-diggers listened too: it was years since they had heard that familiar song, and many offered to buy the lark, if the widow would only sell it. She shook her head. "No, no, I'll never do that; but you may come on Sundays and hear him sing. May-hap* it'll do you good." Alas! they had no church there; nothing to make Sundays different from other days. But, Sunday after Sunday, they *did* come; and the lark's song told them of the green valleys of England; it brought back memories of their childhood—of the prayers learned at their mothers'

knees—of the thoughts they once had about God and about heaven; alas! how sadly forgotten now! The rough men's hearts were softened; I think—nay, I am quite sure—they were better men for it. The sky-lark preached a little sermon to them. *He* did not know it, *he* did not mean it, but God meant it, and God sent it; and I think, as the poor woman said, "it did them good."

The lark is up—I hear him sing—
See how he mounts upon the wing!
And with a voice so loud and strong,
Pours forth to Heaven his thrilling song.

I listened to his early hymn,
While yet the dawning light was dim;
And bent my head for very shame,
That from my heart no music came.

Oh, shame! to let a little bird
Thus get the start and first be heard!
Come, then, and let us tune our throats,
And join its song with grateful notes.

QUESTIONS.—Where are sky-larks plentiful? How do they fly about in winter? What is their food in summer? and in winter? What did the old widow take to Australia? Who heard its song? What did they wish to do? What did she answer? When did the men come to hear it sing? Of what did its song remind them? What did it preach to them?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

plen´-ti-ful	e-spec´-ial-ly	Au-stra´-li-a	for-got´-ten
veg´-e-ta-ble	sat´-is-fied	fa-mil´-iar	soft´-ened
care´-ful-ly	pos-sessed´	mem´-o-ries	ser´-mon

DICTATION:—

The sky-lark is famed for singing during flight; and there is something very delightful in listening to its melodious strains, as it soars aloft beyond the reach of human eye.

THE MAY QUEEN.

PART II.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came—and now the violet's here.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun;
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet,—His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blessed him as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin:
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that, ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun!—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true!—
And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever all in a blessed home!—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come!
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

bleat´-ing	re-lease´	de-sire´	be-yond´
re-mem´-ber	cler´-gy-man	hun´-dred	troub´-ling

THE BISON, OR AMERICAN BUFFALO.

Ex-ter´mi-nāt-ed, entirely destroyed; made to disappear.

Pem´mi-can, preserved meat, used in exploring voyages.

THE bison, or buffalo as it is popularly called in America, inhabits the interior of the North American continent, especially the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. There, vast flocks of the wild-looking animals, numbering often as many as ten thousand in a single herd, roam over the prairies and snowy plains.

Let us look at the bison as he stands facing us on his native plains, his red eyes glowing like coals of fire from amid the mass of dark-brown or black hair which hangs over his head and neck and the whole fore part of his body, mingling with a beard that descends from the lower jaw to the knee.

From his very awkward and heavy appearance, when seen at a distance, it would not be supposed that he is extremely active, capable of moving at a rapid rate, and of continuing his headlong career for an immense distance. So sure of foot is he, also, that he can pass over ground where no horse could follow; his limbs being in reality slender, and his body far more finely proportioned than would be supposed from its thick coating of hair.

While his thick coat protects him from the cold, he is also provided with a broad, strong, and tough nose, with which he can shovel away the snow, and lay bare the grass on which he feeds.

Many tribes of Indians are indebted to the bison for their means of living. It affords them not only food, but materials for their tents, clothing, and domestic utensils. Indeed, so entirely are the tribes of the far West dependent on the bison, that if it were exterminated,* the Indians would perish too.

Its flesh is their chief, sometimes their only food. It is prepared in a variety of ways. When cut up into long strips, and dried in the sun till it becomes black and hard, it will keep for a long time. It is also pounded with the fat of the animal and converted into *pemmican**— a nourishing food, which, if kept dry, will continue in good order for several years.

The prairie Indians make use of the hide for many purposes. They scrape off the hair and tan it, when it serves them for coverings for their tents, as well as for the bales into which the buffalo meat is packed.

When carefully dressed, it is soft and water-proof, and is used for clothing by day and for bedding by night. Of the coarser parts they make saddles and halters, as well as shields which will resist an arrow, and even turn aside a bullet.

Indirectly, the hide is still more valuable to the Indians as the chief article of their trade with the whites. It is therefore the means by which they supply themselves with knives, guns, blankets, and other useful articles.

Of the horns they make drinking-cups, powder-flasks, and other utensils. They make the sinews into bow-strings and thread; the finer bones into needles, the broader into chisels; and of the ribs they make an ingenious and powerful kind of bow.

QUESTIONS.—What is the bison usually called in America? What region does it chiefly inhabit? How many often go in a herd? What gives the bison his fierce aspect? What use does he make of his broad nose? What is *pemmican?* What uses are made of its skin? Why is this indirectly of so great value to the Indian? What is made of its horns? of its sinews? of its bones?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

pop-u-lar-ly	A-mer'-i-can	de-scend'-ing	in-ge'-ni-ous
in-hab'-its	con'-ti-nent	pro-por'-tioned	nour'-ish-ing
in-te'-ri-or	e-spec'-ial-ly	u-ten'-sils	pow'-er-ful

DICTATION:—

Bisons are being gradually driven westward, and are now never found east of the Mississippi.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Be-tide', happen, arise. | La'va, burning, like volcanic fire.

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

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

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

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava* tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

BISON-HUNTING.

Braved, met with courage; encountered.	**Rods**, measures of 16½ feet each.
	Stam-pede', drive, in a panic.

THE bison is hunted on horseback both by whites and by Indians, though the sport is one in which a

considerable amount of danger must be braved.* Let us set off from a farm in the far Western States, on the border of the prairie.

Mounting our horses by break of day, after an early breakfast, we ride on with the wind in our faces, and at length discover across the plain a number of dark objects moving slowly. They are buffaloes, feeding as they go.

It is proposed that some of our party should ride round, so as to stampede* the herd back towards us; and by dividing them, enable us to reach the centre. We wait for some time, when we see a vast mass of hairy monsters come tearing over a hill towards us.

As the herd approaches us, it swings round its front, at right angles, and makes off westward. We dash forward and divide it into two parties. We also separate, some of our hunters following one part of the herd; the others, the remainder.

We get closer and closer to the buffaloes, when a loud thundering of trampling hoofs sounds behind us. Looking over our shoulders, there, in plain sight, appears another herd, tearing down on our rear.

For nearly a mile in width there stretches a line of angry faces, a rolling surf of wind-blown hair, a row of quivering lights, burning with a reddish-brown hue—the eyes of the infuriated animals. Should our horses stumble, our fate will be sealed. It is certain death to be caught in the herd.

So it is, to turn back. In an instant we should be trampled and gored to death. Our only hope is to ride steadily in the line of the stampede, till we can break out through the side of the herd. Yet the hope of doing so is but small.

On we rush, rapidly as before, when suddenly, to our great satisfaction, the herd before us divides into two columns, to pass round a low hill in front. On we go, pushing our horses up the height. We reach the summit, the horses panting fearfully, the moisture trickling in streams from their sides.

But now the rear column comes on. They see us not fifty rods* off, but happily pay no attention to us. We dismount and face the furious creatures. Should they not divide, but come over the hill, in a few instants we must be trampled to death.

The herd approaches to within a hundred yards

of the hill. At that point they divide, and the next moment we are standing on a desert island, a sea of billowing backs flowing round on either side in a half-mile current of crazy buffaloes.

The herd is fully five minutes in passing us. We watch them as they come; and as the last laggers pant by the mound, we look westward and see the stampeders halting.

We soon understand the cause. They have come up with the main herd. Yes, there, in full sight of us, is the buffalo army, fully ten thousand strong, extending its deep line as far as the western horizon!

Having selected the most useful and portable parts of the animals our party had killed, we returned to the farm with our spoils.

QUESTIONS.—What plan was adopted for reaching the centre of the herd? When the herd approached the hunters, what did it do? Why did they at that moment dash forward? What did they hear as they got closer to the buffaloes? What was in their rear? How wide was the line? To what dangers were the hunters now exposed? How did they escape from their perilous situation? How long did the herd in the rear take to pass them? When did they halt? How many must there have been in the great buffalo army?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

con-sid'-er-a-ble	re-main'-der	sat-is-fac'-tion	stam-pe'-ders
ap-proach'-es	thun'-der-ing	rap'-id-ly	ho-ri'-zon
sep'-a-rate	in-fu'-ri-at-ed	buf'-fa-loes	con'-gre-gat-ed

DICTATION:—

The hunters found themselves between two vast herds of buffaloes. Suddenly the herd in front divided, to pass a small hill.

The hunters galloped on to the top of that hill, and then faced the herd in their rear. They also divided to pass the hill, and the hunters escaped.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

PART I.

Ed'-dies, side currents, with circular motion.
Nook, corner; recess.
Squalls, violent gusts of wind.

FROM the mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, carrying with her her only child, a boy two years old.

The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls,* the surface of the lake.

The wind was followed by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May—for that storm is yet remembered as "the great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock!

Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that, a mile beyond it, there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope of proceeding in that direction failed. To turn home was equally impossible. She

must find shelter. The wild cat's or the fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a sheltered nook.* She crouched beneath a projecting rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom.

The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn.

The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as that. But, whatever might become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies,* entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter.

The night came on. The wretched mother then stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some heather and fern.

And now she resolves, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful

morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the tops of the mountains, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides.

Dark figures, made visible at a distance by the white ground, may now be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain-pass.

They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son.

They have reached the pass. A cry is uttered by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead! her arms stretched forth, as if imploring assistance! Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood.

Many a tear was shed, many a sigh of affection was uttered from sorrowing hearts, when, on that evening, the aged pastor gathered the villagers into the deserted house of mourning, and, by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their souls' good an event so sorrowful.

QUESTIONS.—Who were out in the storm? What part did she succeed in reaching? How far off was her cottage? Where did she at last find shelter? What did she do with her child? What did she resolve to do when night came on? What did the villagers find next morning? How did they discover her child? What did the pastor do that evening?

DICTATION:—

Unlike all other earthly things,
Which ever shift and ever change,
The love which a fond mother brings
Naught earthly can estrange.
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
A holy flame it glows;
A current ever clear and bright,
Deep, deep, and strong it flows;—
All that by mortal can be done,
A mother ventures for her son.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

PART II.

MORE than half a century passed away. That aged and faithful man of God had long ago been gathered to his fathers, though his memory still lingered in many a retired glen, among the children's children of parents whom he had baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities.

The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood, and he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart, if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory; and if the sight of her poor tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in memory of your Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude?"

A few days later, a message was sent to this clergyman by a dying man, who requested to see him. The request was speedily complied with.

The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said, "You do not,

you cannot recognize me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country.

"I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Lord's day I entered your church—the church of my countrymen—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears.

"Yes," he continued, "*I am that son!* Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. Dear, very dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church-yard among the hills.

"But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God who made you tell that story.

"Praise be to his holy name that my dear mother did not die in vain; and that the prayers which, I

was told, she used to offer for me have been at last answered: for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see, as I never saw before, the love of my Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—*in the clift of the Rock*; but it is the ROCK OF AGES!"

And clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"

QUESTIONS.—Who referred to the incident more than half a century afterwards? Where? For what purpose? Who sent for the preacher a few days later? Whom did he declare himself to be? What were his feelings towards his mother's memory? What covered him with shame? What effect had the story had upon him?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

con-gre-ga'-tion sac'ri-fice ut'ter-ance re-peat'ed
il-lus'trāt-ing a-dor'ing for-got'ten fer'vour
grat'i-tude rec-og-nize' de-liv'er-ance com-pas'sion

DICTATION:—

More than half a century later, the child, grown to be a battered old soldier, heard from the pulpit the story of his mother's death; and was thereby led to see the self-sacrificing love of his Saviour.

Yea, fainter than the star's pale ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
Is all of love that man can know,
All that in angel hearts can glow,
Compared, O Lord, with thine!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Bon'ny, pretty.	**Wight**, man.
Water-wraith, water-spirit.	**Win'some**, lovely.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"—

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water!"—
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle;
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter:

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny* bride,
When they have slain her lover!"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,*
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready!—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome* lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith* was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men!—
Their trampling sounded nearer!

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When—oh! too strong for human hand!—
The tempest gathered o'er her!

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing:

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover!—
One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain!—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

DICTATION:—

Thomas Campbell, the author of this poem, and of "Ye Mariners of England," "The Battle of the Baltic," &c., was born at Glasgow in 1777, and died in 1844.

His most elaborate poem is "The Pleasures of Hope."

THE RORQUAL, OR SMOOTH-BACKED WHALE.

Bol´-lard, a post in the bow of a boat, to which ropes are fastened.
Dor´-sal, on the back.
Pil´-chard, a kind of herring.
Sound´-ing, diving.
Vo-ra´-cious, greedy.

In the wide ocean which extends between Greenland and Nova Zembla, the huge rorqual rules, the undisputed monarch of the watery wilds. Though much greater in length than the Greenland whale (varying from 100 to 121 feet), its body is more slender, and its muzzle considerably more pointed.

Being active and fearless, it is avoided by the whalers; especially as, in consequence of the small amount of oil it produces, and the short length and inferior quality of the whale-bone in its mouth, it is of much less value than the true whale.

Having a large gullet, it is able to swallow fish of considerable size; and it is stated that in the stomach of one captured there were found no fewer than six hundred large cod fish, with no small number of pilchards* besides! This will give some idea of the havoc it makes among shoals of fish. To satisfy its voracious* appetite, it follows them in all directions, frequently leaving the Arctic seas in search of its prey; and it has been found hovering round the fishing grounds off the coast of Great Britain.

From its savage disposition, it is a very dangerous animal to attack; for not only does it swim off at rapid speed when a harpoon is struck into it, carrying out line after line, but it often turns on its assailants with open mouth, or dashes their boats to pieces by the strokes of its powerful tail!

Captain Scoresby, the well-known naturalist and commander of Arctic whale-ships, made several attempts to capture one of these monsters. His plan was to assail it by harpoons attached to short lines of only four hundred yards in length, secured to buoys, so as to tire out the monster.

The first whale struck, immediately dived, and tore off the buoys as it dragged them against the surface of the water. Again the attempt was made; but in this case the line was almost immediately severed,—probably by friction against the dorsal* fin.

A fearful accident occurred to the boat's crew of another whaler when attacking a rorqual. A whale was seen between the ship and the ice-field. The boats were lowered, in hope of easily capturing the prize. The leading boat dashes on. The harpooner stands up with his weapon in hand. The whale awaits their approach, floating on the surface. In a minute more he will be down.

The boats are up to him. The weapon flies, plunging deep into his side. As the line runs rapidly out, the harpooner secures it to the bollard.* The monster, instead of sounding,* darts impetuously forward. The boat holds fast by the line. The water hisses, and dense clouds of spray fly over her bows.

The whale continues his onward course. The crew, accustomed only to the less powerful true whale of Baffin Bay, believe that he must soon be tired out. Now they see before them a long, unbroken ice-field. Unwilling to lose their prize, no one gives the order to cut the line.

On, on they dash. Almost before they are aware of it, they are on the edge of the ice.

With the speed of lightning the whale plunges beneath the wide-extending sheet of ice, and in another instant the boat's bow strikes it. Before a hand can be raised to cut the rope, and almost before the crew can utter a despairing cry, downward the boat is drawn; and those who are watching her at a distance, with horror see her and all on board disappear! They row up to the spot, but not a trace of the boat nor of their companions is to be found.

QUESTIONS. — Where is the rorqual found? What is its length? Wherein does it differ from the Greenland whale? Why is it usually avoided by whalers? What enables the rorqual to eat larger fish than the true whale? What quantity of fish has been found in the stomach of one? What may this convey some idea of? What does it sometimes do when it is attacked? What plan did Captain Scoresby adopt to capture it? Did this plan succeed? Why not? What fearful accident occurred to a boat attacking a rorqual near an ice-field? How might the crew have saved themselves? Why was this not done?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

ror'qual	ob-tained'	ap'pe-tite	im-pet'u-ous-ly
un-dis-put'ed	pro-dūc'es	dis-po-si'tion	ac-cus'tomed
mon'arch	in-fe'ri-or	as-sail'ants	light'ning
con-sid'er-a-bly	cap'tured	ac'ci-dent	de-spair'ing

DICTATION :—

The rorqual, which is probably the longest of the whole animal creation, is also called the razor-backed whale, from its having a prominent ridge or spine on its back.

Its usual length is above one hundred feet, and it is from thirty to thirty-five feet in circumference.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

Ab'er-broth-ock', Arbroath, in Forfarshire, Scotland.
Break'ers, waves breaking upon the coast or rocks.
Float, raft to which the bell was attached.
Inch'cape Rock, a dangerous rock twenty miles from the coast of Forfarshire. The Bell Rock light-house now stands upon it.
Me-thinks', it seems to me.
Plague, annoy.
Quoth, said.
Ro'ver, pirate.
Scoured, swept over in quest of plunder.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to this rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

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

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

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

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
O heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!

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

SOUTHEY.

QUESTIONS.—Who had floated a bell on the Inchcape Rock? For what purpose? What did Sir Ralph the Rover do to it? Why? And what was his fate?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

re-ceived′	tem′-pest	low′-ered	o'er-spreads′
wor′-thy	mar′-i-ners	gur′-gling	shiv′-er-ing
warn′-ing	per′-il-ous	plun′-dered	des-pair′

DICTATION:—

A pirate, who had in jest cut the warning-bell from the float on the Inchcape Rock, was himself afterwards wrecked upon that rock, and drowned with all his crew.

THE SWALLOW.

PART I.

Myr′-i-ads, immense numbers. | Tor′-pid, inactive; asleep

THE winter was long and dreary; but it is all over now. Indeed you have almost forgotten it, as you sally forth on this sweet spring morning, to gather primroses from the bank, and to see if the cowslips are out in the fields.

Everything is full of life and joy; and just as you stoop over the green springing meadow-grass, to look for those golden honeycups, something black skims along in front of you, and is away in an instant. "Ah, there is the first swallow!" you say. And the old man coming along the foot-path at the same moment looks after it just as eagerly as you do, though *he* has seen it come and go for seventy years, and you only for a few summers. Yes! and if you

grow to be seventy, you will find, I hope, that you have still a welcome to give to the returning swallow.

It has been spending the winter in the sunny lands of the South; and now it has come back to its old home, to rear its young and live its life anew. Why it should depart, and how it finds its way over land and sea back to the very spot which it left last year, are questions which we cannot answer; and the uncertainty and the mystery give a kind of romantic interest to all birds of passage, as they are called, but especially to the swallows.

> The swallows gay
> In sunshine play,
> And frolic all the summer day.
>
> On nimble wing,
> Alert, they spring,
> Then wheel about in airy ring.
>
> New troops advance,
> In mazy dance,
> Then onward shoot with lightning glance.
>
> Far off we spy
> Their play-place high,
> In the blue vault of summer sky;
>
> And fain would know
> Which way they go
> Ere winter brings its frost and snow.

As they live entirely upon insects, and as the insect tribes either die or remain torpid* in the winter, *something* warns them that they must leave the place which can no longer supply them with food. But when the warmth of spring hatches the

insect eggs, and brings out myriads* of tiny creatures into the sunshine, the same *something* teaches them to return again to the place whence they came. We call it *instinct;* but that is only another name for the guiding hand of that great Creator who, as the Bible tells us, bids the swallow observe the time of her coming.

There are four different species of swallow which visit us—the swift, the chimney swallow, the house martin, and the sand martin. They are all much alike as we see them on the wing, except that the first two are of swifter flight. The martins are smaller, and have more white about their under parts, so that on a summer evening the rays of the setting sun are thrown back from their snowy breasts like flashes of light.

The house martin makes his nest against the sides of houses, as you must often have seen. It is formed of mud taken from the ruts in the lanes and the edges of ponds. The eggs are of a beautiful clear white. He is a cunning as well as a clever little workman; so he only builds a small bit of his house-wall every day, and that early in the morning, that the heat of the sun may dry it well before he goes on.

Last summer, I watched a pair of martins at their work, and it took them five days, from the time that they stuck the first dab of mud against the house, till the outside was finished. After that, they had to put the inside to rights, and make it snug and comfortable, which took several days more.

They almost always avoid a south aspect, as they know that the heat of the mid-day sun would crack

their mud-built house. Next year, the same pair will come back again; and, if possible, they will put the old nest in repair, instead of making a new one.

The swallows are the first to return to us; the martins follow: and they always keep the same order. They all go away together; but when they come back we only see them as stragglers—first one, then another, and at last numbers.

QUESTIONS.—When do the swallows return? Where do they spend the winter? What leads them to depart and return? What is instinct only another name for? Name the four different species of swallow? What is the chief difference between martins and other swallows? Why does the house martin build only in the early morning? How long does he take to build his nest? What aspect do they avoid? Why? Which return to us first?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

for-got'-ten	spend'-ing	mys'-ter-y	cun'-ning
prim'-rose	de-part'	ro-man'-tic	fin'-ished
hon'-ey-cups	ques'-tions	in'-ter-est	as'-pect
in'-stant	un-cer'-tain-ty	dif'-fer-ent	strag'-glers

DICTATION:—

The swallow is the glad prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season. Winter is unknown to him. He flies from land to land, and lives in constant summer.

THE SWALLOW.

PART II.

Com-pla'-cent, indicating happiness. | **Gos'-sa-mer**, cob-web.

THOSE who have watched swallows closely, think them weak of flight and less vigorous when they first appear. They could hardly be tired with the journey! What is a thousand miles to those light and graceful wings, which can with ease fly sixty miles an hour? Probably when they first return, insects are not plentiful enough to give them their full supply of food: at any rate, it is two or three weeks before they think of beginning house keeping.

When they *do* begin, there is no more play, but real and earnest business. You must not think they are only amusing themselves as they dash over your heads, and you fancy what an easy life they must have of it, and how fresh the air must feel to them, and how pleasant it must be to have nothing to do but to play. No! life is work to them; as it is, or ought to be, to every other living creature. Their feet are so formed that they can only with difficulty rise from the ground, so that they rarely settle. But there is no need: the sky is their home; and their eating, drinking, washing, and nearly all the occupations of their lives, are done upon the wing.

The chimney-swallow builds her nest in chimneys, five or six feet down! The nest is made of clay or mud, or like the house-martin's, and lined with grass and feathers. There she lays five or six eggs thickly spotted with pink.

When the young are hatched, there is indeed no play-work; for they have tremendous appetites, and from early dawn till dark the old birds are on the wing to supply their wants.

It is pleasant to wake up in the early summer mornings and hear the low, pleasing twitter of the swallow-brood in the chimney, as they wonder in

their narrow nursery what the great world is like. Other nestlings can peep out and see something of it; but the young swallows know nothing till at last, some happy morning, their father and mother contrive to get them up into the air and place them in a row upon the house-top.

You may often see them there, in the middle of summer, and the parents feeding them. By degrees they learn to fly, but they still require to be fed. At a given signal, the young one flies to meet the old one, uttering a little complacent* squeak, which I suppose means "Thank you." They meet for a moment, and part again; but in that moment the young bird has eaten his dinner—consisting of several courses, too, for the parent supplies him with a whole mouthful of collected insects at once.

At last they are able to shift for themselves: and now will the old birds be able to take breath after their labours, and enjoy themselves a little? No such thing. They begin at once to think about a second family; for they rear two broods every season, and the summer is not long enough to allow of a rest between them. But, you know, if our work is our happiness, we do not care to take much time for play. So the old nest is used again, and the same course gone through.

When the second brood are on the wing, it is high time to think about the journey. The nights grow long and chilly, and the chestnut-leaves are turned quite yellow, and insects are not nearly so plentiful as they were a month before.

The swallows know that they must depart. For a

while we see them in large companies perched upon the house-tops, or wheeling round in a state of great excitement, as in chattering swallow language they discuss their plans and settle their route.

At last all is adjusted. We get up some fresh October morning, and find that they are gone. The dew lies thick upon the grass, as it did yesterday, and the gossamer* is covering the hedges with its fairy net-work; but the summer birds have left us, —we shall see them no more till spring.

Others lead you now, and you have only to follow. But when, in after years, you find that you have to walk alone, and you know not the path which you ought to tread, remember that the God who, over land and sea, guides the swallow, will most assuredly guide *you*.

QUESTIONS.—What has been remarked about swallows when they first appear? What is the probable cause of this? How many miles can a swallow fly in an hour? What is peculiar about their feet? Where does the chimney-swallow build? Where are the young birds placed when they are to be taught to fly? How many broods do swallows rear in one season? What may they be seen doing before they take flight?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

vig'or-ous	be-gin'ning	chim'ney	ex-cite'ment
jour'ney	a-mus'ing	con-trive'	ad-just'ed
grace'ful	dif'fi-cul-ty	col-lect'ed	re-mem'ber
plen'ti-ful	oc-cu-pa'tion	hap'pi-ness	as-sur'ed-ly

DICTATION:—

Swallows fly with ease at the rate of a mile a minute, or sixty miles an hour. They are usually on the wing ten hours a-day: so their average daily flight is six hundred miles!

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

Braced, nerved; strengthened.
Clew, thread.
Di-vine', guess; understand.
Gos'-sips, story-tellers.
Pon'-dered, considered; weighed the matter in his mind.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down,
  In a lonely mood to think;
True, he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
  But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
  To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
  And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
  As grieved as man could be;
And after a while he pondered* there,—
  "I'll give it up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropped,
  With its silken filmy clew;*
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
  To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
  And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
  King Bruce could not divine.*

It soon began to cling and crawl
  Straight up with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
  As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
  To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
  A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
  And travelled a half yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
  And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
  But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
  Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
  Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
  And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
  Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
  Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
  Higher and higher he got,

And a bold little run at the very last pinch
  Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out;
  "All honour to those who try:
The spider up there defied despair;—
  He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced* his mind,
  And gossips* tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
  And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
  And beware of saying, "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
  To idleness, folly, and want.

ELIZA COOK.

QUESTIONS.—In what state of mind did Bruce fling himself down? Why was he in despair? What did he cry? What happened at that moment? What did the spider try to do? How often did it try before it succeeded? What did the king cry out then? Did he try again? With what result? What is "I can't" apt to lead to?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

mon′arch	ceil′ing	quick′ly	stead′i-ly
be-gin′ning	en-deav′our	mount′ed	con′quered
de-spair′	com-plaint′	at-tempts′	de-fied′
mo′ment	del′i-cate	anx′ious	i′dle-ness

DICTATION:—

King Robert the Bruce, in the days of his adversity, flung himself down in despair in a lonely cave.

He had made up his mind to give up the struggle, when he noticed a spider fail nine times to climb up its slender thread.

But it made another attempt, and succeeded. Bruce resolved also to make another effort; and he delivered his country and recovered his throne.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

An-i-ma′tion, liveliness; spirit.
Ec′sta-sy, very great joy.
Fas-ci-na′tion, holding spell-bound.
In-trep′id, fearless; bold.
In-vet′er-ate, never-failing; constant.
Ob′sti-nate, stubborn.

THE sweetest musician in the American forests is the mocking-bird. His voice is strong, and clear, and musical, and seems to fill the woods with a flood of delicious melody. He not only imitates the notes of the other birds, but the song from his throat is richer and more harmonious than when it is uttered by the original songster.

Full of animation,* he seems inspired by his own music. He expands his wings and tail, and sweeps round and round in ecstasy.* He mounts or falls, as his song rises or dies away; and pours forth such streams of song, that any one, not seeing him, might fancy a chorus of birds were singing, instead of only one.

Perhaps the best time to hear him is in the stillness of a moonlight night, when all is silent in the forest, and every bird has gone to roost. Then the mocking-bird begins, and, like the nightingale, sings the whole night through.

He is an admirable mimic, and very mischievous; for he loves to play tricks upon his feathered neighbours. He will scream like a hawk, and then they will hide themselves, fancying that their enemy is upon them; or he will imitate the call of the birds to their mates, and draw them off their nests!

Even the sportsman is often led astray by him; and goes in search of birds that are hundreds of miles away, fancying they are close at hand. In fact, there is no end to the mimicking powers of the mocking-bird; and the ancient Mexicans very properly called him by a hard name, that means "four hundred languages."

Besides being a musician and a mimic, the mocking-bird is, in his way, a hero. He fights obstinate* battles with the black snake, the inveterate* enemy of the forest birds; for the black snake loves to suck their eggs, and devour their young ones.

Often, when the mocking-bird is watching by the nest in which his mate is sitting, a rustling is heard among the leaves at the foot of the tree. Then two bright eyes glisten through the foliage; and presently a shining body begins to wreathe itself round and round the trunk, and slowly to ascend. It is the black snake, who has scented the eggs of the mocking-bird, and is determined to make a feast of them.

The mocking-bird gets into a furious passion at the sight of his enemy. He darts upon him with the rapidity of an arrow; and keeping out of the reach of his fangs, strikes him violently on the head, —the part where he is most easily hurt. The snake, finding he has met his match, draws back a little; and the mocking-bird redoubles his blows.

The snake seems to think that he had better get out of the scrape as quickly as he can; and, descending to the ground, he tries to glide away, and hide himself among the bushes. But the intrepid* bird follows him, and continues the battle with great spirit.

The snake gets decidedly the worst of it. His powers of fascination* avail him nothing. The mocking-bird, seizing him, lifts him from the ground, and then lets him drop, beating him all the time with his wings. Indeed, he never rests until he has pecked him to death.

Then he flies back to the tree, and settling himself on the highest branch, pours forth a torrent of song, as if in praise of his victory.

QUESTIONS.—What kind of voice has the mocking-bird? How does he improve upon nature? What could any one not seeing him fancy, while he sings? What is the best time to hear him? How does he play tricks upon other birds? Whom besides the birds does he often deceive? What is the meaning of the name given to him by the Mexicans? With what does he fight battles? What does the snake try to do? How does the bird attack him? Which generally is victorious? How does he celebrate his victory?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

mu-si'-cian	har-mo'-ni-ous	mim'-ick-ing	vi'-o-lent-ly
sur-round'-ing	o-rig'-i-nal	Mex'-i-cans	de-scend'-ing
de-li'-cious	night'-in-gale	lan'-guage	de-cid'-ed-ly
mel'-o-dy	ad'-mi-ra-ble	de-ter'-mined	con-tin'-ues
im'-i-tates	mis'-chiev-ous	ra-pid'-i-ty	vic'-to-ry

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Brawn´-y, muscular; powerful.
Forge, furnace, or smithy fire.
Like the tan, sunburnt; of a brown colour like tan for tanning hides.
Shaped, must be shaped.
Sin´-ew-y, full of sinews; strong.
Sledge, a large, heavy hammer; a sledge-hammer.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy* hands;
And the muscles of his brawny* arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
  His face is like* the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
  He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,*
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,*
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped*
  Each burning deed and thought:

Longfellow.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST.

PART I.

Ae´rie (ē´ry), the nest of an eagle or a bird of prey.
Bairn (Sc.), child.
Brakes, tall, coarse ferns, forming a thicket.
Copse, brush-wood.
Joc´und, lively; merry.
On´y (Sc.), any.
Puir (Sc.), poor.
Shin´gle, loose gravel.
Strath, valley.
Ta'en (Sc.), taken.
Wains, wagons.
Wee wean (Sc.), little child.

ALMOST all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind; and huge heaped-up wains,* that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions toward the snug farm-yards. Never before had the parish seemed so populous. Jocund* was the balmy air with laughter, whistle, and song.

But the trees threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth; the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing; groups of men, women, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row; and the great Being, who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his eternal home on many a thankful heart.

The great golden eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and flew away with something in its talons. One single, sudden, female shriek arose; and then shouts and outcries, as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at service. "Hannah Lamond's bairn!" Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud, fast-spreading

cry;—"the eagle has ta'en* off Hannah Lamond's bairn!"

And many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying toward the mountain. Two miles of hill and dale, and copse* and shingle,* and many brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people.

The aerie* was well known, and both the old birds were visible on the rocky ledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Steuart, the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, attempted in vain? All kept gazing, weeping, wringing their hands, rooted to the ground, or running backward and forward, like so many ants essaying their new wings. "What's the use—what's the use o' ony* puir* human means? We have no power but in prayer!" and many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a rock, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the aerie. Nobody had noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eye-sight.

"Only last week was my sweet wee* wean baptized!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes* and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death, fearless as a goat playing among the precipices.

No one doubted—no one could doubt—that she would soon be dashed to pieces.

No stop, no stay. She knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear but once crossed her heart, as she went up—up—up—to the little image of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perish-

ing,—will not the same God save me when my child is on my bosom?" Down came the fierce rushing of the eagles' wings, each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes!

All at once they quailed and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the frantic mother, falling across the aerie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—not dead, as she had expected, but unmangled and untorn, and swaddled just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay, in a nook of the harvest field!

Oh, what a pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry, "It lives—it lives—it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love!

Below were cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees, far, far down, and dwindled into specks; and a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary, or running to and fro!

Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?" and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die; and, when her breast is exhausted, her baby too! And these horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, will return, and her child will be devoured at last,

even within the dead bosom that can protect it no more!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

QUESTIONS.—What were the people doing in the fields? What did they do at one o'clock? What alarm was raised? Where did the people hasten? Who attempted to scale the cliff in vain? Who then darted up the mountain side? What did the eagles do all at once as she went near the nest? What did she find in the nest? In what state was it? What was the first thing she then did?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables:*—

mid'sum-mer	un-yoked'	con-gre-ga'tion	at-tempt'ed
di-rec'tions	col-lect'ed	hur'ry-ing	wring'ing
pop'u-lous	e-ter'nal	in-cred'i-bly	sta'tion-ar-y

DICTATION:—

The golden eagle is the largest and noblest of the European eagles. Its usual length is three feet, three inches; the extent of its wings, seven feet, six inches; and its weight, from twelve to sixteen pounds.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S NEST.

PART II.

Bit (*Sc.*), little.
Cal'lous, insensible; hardened.
Lang claes (*Sc.*), long clothes.
Maun hae (*Sc.*), must have.
Reefed, taken in, and fastened to the yard.
Snood'ed, wearing a snood or fillet round the hair. The snood is worn only by maidens.
Wark (*Sc.*), work.
Wauk'en (*Sc.*), awake.

WHERE, all this time, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Half way up the cliffs. But his eye had got dim, and his heart sick; and he, who had so often reefed* the top-gallant-sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared not look on the swimming heights.

"And who will take care of my poor bed-ridden

mother?" thought Hannah, whose soul, through the exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in its grasp that hope which it had clutched in despair. A voice whispered, "God." She looked around, expecting to see an angel; but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye watched its fall; and it seemed to stop, not far off, on a small platform.

Her child was bound within her bosom—she remembered not how or when, but it was safe; and, scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm, root-bound soil, with bushes appearing below.

With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leaped over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so far down was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the rocks, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them, but she felt no pain. Her body was callous* as the cliff.

Steep as the upright wall of a house was now the face of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy, centuries old, long ago dead, and without a single green leaf, but with thousands of arm-thick stems, petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellis. She bound her baby to her neck, and, with hands and feet, clung to that fearful ladder.

Turning round her head and looking down, lo! the whole population of the parish—so great was

the multitude—on their knees! And hush! the voice of psalms! a hymn, breathing the spirit of one united prayer! Sad and solemn was the strain, but nothing dirge-like—breathing not of death, but of deliverance. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy; and, in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature.

Again her feet touched stones and earth. The psalm was hushed; but a tremulous, sobbing voice was close beside her, and, lo! a she-goat, with two little kids, at her feet! "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb, but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths; for oh, even in the brute creatures, what is the power of a mother's love!" and, turning her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and, for the first time, she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never before touched by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamed of scaling it; and the golden eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their aerie, they had brushed it with their wings. But all the rest of this part of the mountain-side, though scarred, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible; and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff.

Many were now attempting it; and, ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another; and she knew that God had

delivered her and her child in safety into the care of their fellow-creatures.

Not a word was spoken—eyes said enough. She hushed her friends with her hands, and, with uplifted eyes, pointed to the guides lent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent; trodden lines, almost as easy as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs; sublime was the shout that echoed afar, the moment she reached the aerie; then had succeeded a silence, deep as death; in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication; the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway; and now that her preservation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood.

And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor, humble creature, unknown to many even by name; one who had but few friends, nor wished for more; contented to work all day, here, there, anywhere, that she might be able to support her aged mother and her little child; and who on the Lord's day took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the church!

"Fall back, and give her fresh air," said the old minister of the parish; and the close circle of faces

widened around her, lying as in death. "Give me the bonnie bit* bairn into my arms," cried first one mother, and then another; and it was tenderly handed around the circle of kisses, many of the snooded* maidens bathing its face in tears. "There's no a scratch about the puir innocent; for the eagle, you see, maun* hae stuck its talons into the lang* claes and the shawl. Blin', blin' maun they be who see not the finger o' God in this thing!"

Hannah started up from her swoon, and, looking wildly around, cried, "Oh! the bird! the bird! the eagle! the eagle! the eagle has carried off my bonnie wee Walter! Is there none to pursue?" A neighbour put her baby to her breast, and, shutting her eyes and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said, in a low voice, "Am I wauken*? oh! tell me if I'm wauken, or if a' this be the wark* o' a fever, and the delirium o' a dream!"

PROFESSOR WILSON.

QUESTIONS.—Where did Hannah carry her child in the descent? How did she get down the steep cliff? What did she hear? In what attitude were the people? What animals did she come upon in her way down? As what did she use them? Who now came to her help? What happened when she reached the strath? What did she say when she awoke? What, when her child was given to her?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

ex-haust'ion	cen'tu-ries	mul'ti-tude	sup-pli-ca'tion
strength'ened	pet'ri-fied	de-liv'er-ance	con-grat'u-la-tor-y
hes'i-tat-ed	pop-u-la'tion	trem'u-lous	be-wil'dered

DICTATION:—

The golden eagle builds its nest on the top of a rock or lofty cliff. The nest is very large and strong, being composed of twigs or branches, interlaced and covered by layers of rushes and heath.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,—
He lies where pearls lie deep:
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned,
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,—
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(A.D. 1314.)

PART I.

Re-coiled', *fell back.*
Sic'-cur-ly, *surely; assuredly.*
Sur'-coats, *overcoats.*
Vet'-er-an, *aged; experienced.*

King Robert the Bruce, well aware of the mighty force advancing against him, mustered his army. It did not exceed 30,000 fighting men, while the English host numbered altogether more than 100,000. His plan was to await the enemy on ground where their vast cavalry should not have room to act with effect. He chose his position in what was then called the New Park, near Stirling—a space of ground studded and encumbered with trees.

The Scottish army, fronting to the expected advance of the English, looked towards the south-east. The enemy could not get in upon their right, for it was protected by the Bannock Burn, whose banks were steep and wooded.

On the left, again, where the ground was open, Bruce caused a vast number of pits to be dug, and covered carefully with turf; so that the field, which looked level and firm to the eye, was in reality like a honeycomb, and perfectly impassable to cavalry. The front of the position was so far protected by a marsh, that only one way of approach was left open to the English.

On Sabbath the 23d of June they came in sight. Countless banners, standards, and pennons floated gaily above their broad and dense battalions. The sun shone brightly, and the land seemed in a blaze

with their burnished helmets, and the brilliant colours of the surcoats' which the knights wore above their mail. They came so near, that it seemed as if they were going to attack at once.

Bruce was in front of his own line, arraying his men. He had his full armour on, and a battle-axe in his hand, but he rode only a little palfrey. He could easily be known by a light crown of gold which he wore upon his helmet. He was laughing and talking gaily as he rode along the line.

An English knight, Sir Henry de Bohun, riding out a bow-shot from the front, knew the king by the crown on his helmet. Seeing him so poorly horsed, he thought that he could easily have him at his will. Levelling his spear and spurring his charger, he came on at speed.

The king, measuring him with steady eye, awaits his approach. He comes rushing at full career; the Bruce, by a touch on his palfrey's rein, avoids the shock, and rising in his stirrups as the English knight sweeps past, smites him fiercely on the helmet with his battle-axe. The axe crashes through helmet and skull deep into the brain, and the riderless steed gallops wildly away! This was the first stroke of the fight.

It was not the purpose of the English, however, to attack that night. They drew off and encamped. All night long, sounds of revelry were heard from their lines. The Scots lay in arms upon the field.

Early in the morning the English host advanced, pressed by the narrowness of the ground into one immense, unwieldy column. When King Edward

came near enough to have a full view of the Scots, he was astonished to see so small a force awaiting on foot, on a level field, the attack of his mighty army. He could scarce believe it possible.

"Will you Scotsmen fight?" he asked of Sir Ingram de Umfraville, a veteran* leader in his father's wars, who chanced to be at his side. "Yea, siccarly,* sire," said the knight.

At this moment the Scots, as their custom was on the edge of battle, all knelt down, and made a short prayer to God. When the English king saw them kneeling, he cried, "Yon folk kneel to ask mercy." Umfraville answered, "You say truth; they ask mercy, but not of you. Believe me, yon men will win or die." "Be it so," said the king, and immediately ordered the trumpets to sound the charge.

The English horse, spurred to full speed, rushed to the shock. The Scots, with their long spears levelled, stood like a wall. The crash of their meeting and the breaking of spears could be heard far off. Many a good horse fell, and threw its rider to the earth. Many a bold rider, unable to recover himself, was slain on the ground.

The ranks behind came dashing on. Their horses either fell dead from deep spear wounds, or, stabbed and maddened, they reared and recoiled,* and rushed masterless, with blood-streaming breasts, spreading disorder among the advancing squadrons.

Randolph now came up with his division and attacked the English. So small, in comparison, was his force, that they seemed to be lost in the crowd, as if they had plunged into a sea of

steel. The third division of the Scots also closed, and the battle was presently general along the whole front.

QUESTIONS.—What was the strength of the English army? and of the Scottish? Where did Bruce choose his position? How was he protected on the right? and on the left? What happened on the evening before the battle? What astonished King Edward next morning? What did he ask Umfraville? What was his answer? What did Edward say when he saw the Scots kneeling? What did Umfraville reply? How did the battle begin? How was the English force thrown into disorder?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

pur'pose	nar'row-ness	as-ton'ished	squad'rons
cav'al-ry	un-wield'y	re-cov'er	com-par'i-son

DICTATION:—

Bannockburn means Bannock-stream. It is a village on the Bannock, near Stirling. The battle was fought in 1314, to prevent the English army from relieving the garrison of Stirling Castle, then besieged by the Scots.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

PART II.

Sheen, brightness; glitter. | Symp'toms, signs; indications.

THE English archers, 10,000 strong, had taken up their position on a piece of elevated ground, whence they shot their arrows thick and fast upon the Scots. If that sharp and deadly shower were to last, it would go hard with them.

But King Robert has an eye to everything. At his signal, a body of five hundred horsemen, kept ready for the purpose, are let go. They dash in

ENGLISH ARCHERS

among the archers, spearing and scattering them. The archers, having neither spear nor axe to defend themselves at close quarters, are so utterly broken and dispersed that they never rally again. Their bow-strings are effectually cut, for this time at least.

Meanwhile a battle grim and great was raging. The shouts and cries, the groans of the wounded and the dying, the clang of blows struck in the fierceness of deadly hate, made a noise which it was hideous to hear. The field was red with blood. Whoever lost his footing in that fierce tumult never rose again.

Many a valiant knight lay upon the ground, the sheen' of his armour dimmed in blood, and his gay surcoat all foul by the trampling of feet dyed in the gory grass. The vast and dense mass of the English rocked to and fro like waves of the sea, and their banners rose and fell as the battle swayed this way or that.

At length they visibly wavered. The cry rose from the Scottish ranks, "On them, on them! they fail!" With that they charged in so compact and solid a mass, so swiftly and so fierce withal, that the English were borne back a good space beyond the point where the battle began.

At this moment a singular event occurred, which had an effect in deciding the battle. The king had left his baggage and camp-followers behind a small hill immediately to the rear of his position. These camp-followers and servants numbered about fifteen thousand.

They made banners of sheets and blankets fixed on sticks and tent-poles, and forming themselves into a column, appeared marching down the hill, and looked like a new army coming to the assistance of the Scots. King Robert, depend upon it, knew all about the stratagem.

His marking eye now detected symptoms' of wavering among the English. Shouting his war-cry, he charged in person at the head of his own division upon their reeling squadrons. The other divisions of the Scottish army advanced. The English masses were rent in pieces and scattered in complete rout.

Many of them were drowned in the river Forth. Many were overthrown and slain among the pits which Bruce had dug on his left wing. Others, attempting to cross the rugged valley of the Bannock stream, were overtaken and slain in such numbers, that the bodies of men and horses filled up the hollow, and formed a bridge over which the pursuers passed from bank to bank. Thirty thousand English dead remained to rot on Scottish earth.

Edward, sufficiently convinced by this time that the Scots meant fighting, fled to Dunbar, without drawing bridle, accompanied by no more than five hundred horsemen. All the way of his sixty miles' gallop he was followed by the good Lord James, with a handful of riders.

Dunbar Castle was in the hands of a friend of Edward's, and lowered its drawbridge to take him in. Thence he escaped to his own dominions in a fishing-boat.

Such was the Battle of Bannockburn, by which the independence of Scotland was completely secured. Fourteen years later, this was formally acknowledged by an English parliament which met at York.

QUESTIONS.—Where were the English archers posted? How were they dislodged? What cry arose from the Scots when the English wavered? What singular incident then occurred? What did the English mistake it for? When did King Robert charge in person? What was the result? How many did the English leave dead upon the field? What became of King Edward?

DICTATION:—

By this battle the independence of Scotland was completely secured. This was formally acknowleaged by England in 1328. In 1329 Robert the Bruce died.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Be-tide', happen.	Rout, uproar and confusion.
De-scry', see; discover.	Wreaths, volumes; curls.

THERE was joy in the ship, as she furrowed the foam;
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight in the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

Hark! hark!—what was that? Hark! hark to the shout!—
"Fire! fire!"—then a tramp and a rush and a rout,*
And an uproar of voices arose in the air:
And the mother knelt down; and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;—
Oh! there was her refuge whatever betide!*

Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke in thick wreaths* mounted higher and higher!—
O God! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction!—alone on the sea!
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in thee!
They prayed for the light, and at noontide about
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out,
"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
"A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us!—thank God! we are saved!"

CHARLES MACKAY.

QUESTIONS.—Who were returning home in the ship referred to? What did the husband see in fancy? By what cry were they alarmed? What was the mother's prayer? What did the man on the lee cry? What was the result?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

fur'-rowed	de-light'	ref'-uge	fear'-ful
dream'-ing	roam'-ing	cin'-ders	per'-ish
hus'-band	al-read'-y	blind'-ing-ly	de-struc'-tion
cheer'-i-ly	a-wait'-ing	glis'-tened	joy'-ous-ly

DICTATION:—

There was joy in the ship, as she furrowed the foam;
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest.

CROSSING THE ALPS.

Av'a-lanche, a mass of snow and ice, rolling down a mountain. | Sled, a vehicle, on runners, for carrying loads over snow.

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Italy the second time (A.D. 1800), he led his army across the cold and stormy Alps, where the snow lies deep all the year round, and the roads are often blocked up by masses of ice. (*See picture.*)

He himself crossed by the St. Bernard Pass in May; and a few months later he ordered one of his generals, Marshal Macdonald, to cross by the Splugen,[1] with 15,000 soldiers, and join him on the plains below. It was then the end 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, past overhanging precipices, six thousand feet up, up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps!

The cannon were placed on rough sleds,* each drawn by a long team of soldiers, or, when the roads permitted, by oxen; and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides, driving their long black poles into 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 whom followed the main body of the army.

They encountered severe storms and piercing

[1] Pronounce Splü-gen (g hard).

cold. When half way up the mountains, 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 mountains, striking the line of march and sweeping away thirty dragoons

in its wild plunge. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared for ever.

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.

"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 pressed on. Sometimes a whole company of soldiers was suddenly swept away. 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 and 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.

This passage of the Splugen is one of the bravest exploits in the history of Napoleon's generals, and illustrates the truth of the well-known saying,

"Where there is a will, there is a way." No one can read of heroic deeds like this, 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 determined courage and perseverance.

QUESTIONS.—How did Napoleon lead his army into Italy the second time? By what pass did Macdonald cross? In what season? How were the cannon transported? What noise was heard, when they were half way up the mountains? What was the cause of it? What damage did it do? Relate the incident of the drummer. How long did the march occupy? How many men perished in the undertaking? What proverb does the exploit illustrate?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

Splü'-gen	sol'-i-tudes	des'-o-lāt-ing	rap'-id-ly
per'-il-ous	am-mu-ni'-tion	ex-claimed'	il-lus'-trates
prec'-i-pice	en-coun'-tered	be-numbed'	per-se-vēr'-ance

DICTATION:—

The chief passes of the Alps are the Great St. Bernard, the St. Gothard, the Simplon, the Splugen, and the Stelvio pass in the Tyrol, which is the highest of all.

Napoleon crossed the Alps by the St. Bernard pass; the same by which Hannibal had invaded Italy two thousand years before.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, in 1769. He became Emperor of the French in 1804. After the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, he was sent by the English Government to St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

His remains were removed to France in 1840, by consent of England, and reinterred at Paris.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Low'-ered, darkened the sky; threatened.
Me-thought', it seemed to me.
Pal'-let, a small rude bed.
Wolf-scar-ing fag'-ot, a fire of wood to drive the wolves from the slain.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,*
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet* of straw,
By the wolf-scaring* fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought* from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far far I had roamed, on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart:—

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

sen'-ti-nel	dread'-ful	trav'-ersed	sor'-row
o-ver-pow'-ered	des'-o-late	bleat'-ing	re-turned'
re-pōs'-ing	pleas'-ant	ful'-ness	dream'-ing

THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.

Ar'-dour, eagerness.
Clam'-or-ous-ly, with loud cries.
E-merg'-ing, coming out of the water.
Fledge'-lings, newly fledged birds.
Free'-boot-er, robber.
Out-soar', fly higher than.
Pois'-es, balances.
Sur'-ges, waves.

The white-headed or bald eagle takes the foremost place among the feathered tribes of America, both because he stands first in natural order, and because he has been selected by the people of the United States as a type of their nation. Their choice was, by-the-by, objected to by Benjamin Franklin, on the plea "that he is a bird of bad moral character, and does not get his living honestly." There was justice in the remark; for the bald eagle is a determined robber, and a perfect tyrant.

He is, however, a magnificent bird. His wings, when expanded, measure nearly eight feet from tip to tip. His body is three and a half feet in length. His snow-white head, from which he takes his name, shines in the sun. He has a large hooked yellow beak, with which he tears his prey.

The bald eagle preys chiefly on fish, but sometimes also on sea-fowl and other animals. He may often be seen darting down upon fish as they swim near the surface of the water.

He does not always take the trouble to fish for himself, but freely avails himself of the labours of others. He keeps a careful look-out for the appearance of the fish-hawk; and when he sees him settling over his victim, he earnestly watches him.

His eye, says Wilson, kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the

rock or branch on which he sits, he eagerly waits for the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the fish-hawk, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges* foam around.

At this moment the look of the eagle is all ardour;* and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerging,* struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of triumph.

This is the signal for the eagle to give chase. He gains on the fish-hawk. Each exerts his utmost power to out-soar* the other. At last the fish-hawk, heavily laden with his prey, is overtaken by the savage freebooter,* and, with a cry of despair, he drops his fish.

The eagle poises* himself for a moment, as if to take more certain aim, then descending like a whirlwind, he snatches the fish ere it reaches the water, and bears it away to the woods.

These birds build their nest in some lofty tree amid a swamp; and as they repair and add to it every season, it becomes of great size. Its position is generally known by the offensive odour arising from the refuse of fish scattered around.

Robbers as they are, the white-headed eagles exhibit great parental affection, tending their young as long as they are helpless and unfledged; nor will they forsake them even should the tree in which their nest is built be surrounded by flames!

Wilson mentions seeing a tree cut down in order to obtain an eagle's nest. The parent birds continued flying clamorously* around, and could only with great difficulty be driven away from the bodies of their fledgelings,* which were killed by the fall of the lofty pine.

QUESTIONS.—Why does the white-headed eagle take precedence amongst the birds of America? Who objected to it as a national emblem? On what ground? What is the span of his wings? On what does he feed? Of what bird's labours does he sometimes take advantage? How does he do this? Where do these birds build their nest? Why does it become of great size? What instance of their parental affection does Wilson mention?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

nat'u-ral	de-ter'mined	meas'ure	strug'gling
se-lect'ed	ty'rant	ap-pear'ance	of-fen'sive
ob-ject'ed	mag-nif'i-cent	bal'anc-ing	sur-round'ed
hon'est-ly	ex-pand'ed	dis-ap-pears'	dif'fi-cul-ty

DICTATION:—

The nest of the white-headed eagle is formed of large sticks, sods, moss, hay, &c. It is usually found in a lofty tree, in a swamp or morass; and as it is increased and repaired every season, it becomes of great size.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Corse, dead body; corpse.
Dis-charged', fired.
Gor'y, covered with blood.
Mar'tial, military.
Ram'part, a mound of earth in fortifications.
Ran'dom, not aimed at a particular object.
Reck, care.
Shroud, winding-sheet.
Sods, turfs.
Sul'len-ly, in gloomy anger.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse* to the rampart* we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged* his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods* with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud* we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial* cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck,* if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random* gun
 That the foe was sullenly* firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;*
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

fu'-ner-al	strug'-gling	bit'-ter-ly	spir'-it
bur'-ied	en-closed'	hal'-lowed	re-tir'-ing
bay'-o-nets	stead'-fast-ly	light'-ly	dis'-tant

DICTATION:—

Sir John Moore defeated the French at Corunna, 16th January 1809. He received a mortal wound in the battle, and died soon after the victory was won.

Before daybreak next morning, when his troops had to embark, his body, wrapped in his martial cloak, was buried on the ramparts of the town.

BRAVE WOMEN.

Am-bus-cade', place of concealment; ambush.
Cov'-ert, hiding-place.
De-coy', tempt; entice.
In-ev'-i-ta-ble, unavoidable; certain.
In-vest'-ed, besieged; surrounded by an enemy.
Pi-o-neers', first settlers, who prepare the way for others.
Ren'-e-gade, runaway; deserter.

UPON the banks of a river in the State of Kentucky, there was once a fort to which the settlers frequently resorted as a place of refuge from the savages. Its gallant defence by a handful of pioneers* against the allied Indians of Ohio, led by two renegade* white men, was one of the most desperate affairs in the Indian wars of the West.

The pioneers had not the slightest idea of their approach, when, in a moment, a thousand rifles gleamed in the corn-fields one summer night! That very evening the garrison had chanced to gather under arms, to march to the relief of another station that was similarly invested.* They were therefore unexpectedly prepared for the attack.

The Indians saw at a glance that the moment was not favourable to them; and having failed to surprise the garrison, they attempted to decoy* them from the fastness by presenting themselves in small parties before it. The whites were too wise to risk a battle till help should arrive, so they resolved to stand a siege.

But the fort, which was merely a collection of log cabins, arranged in a hollow square, was unhappily not supplied with water; and the besieged were aware that the enemy had placed his real force in ambush near a neighbouring spring. The females of the station determined to supply it with water from this very spring!

But how? Woman's wit never devised a bolder plan, and woman's courage never carried one more dangerous into successful execution.

These brave women, being in the habit of fetching the water every morning, saw that if armed men were now to take that duty upon them, the Indians would perceive that their ambuscade* had been discovered, and would instantly commence the assault.

Morning came, and the random shots of the decoy-party were returned with a quick fire from one side of the fort, while the women issued from the other, as if they expected no enemy in that quarter.

Could anything be more appalling than the task before them? But they shrink not from it; they move carelessly from the gate; they advance with

composure in a body to the spring; they are within shot of five hundred warriors! The slightest alarm will betray them. If they show that they are aware of their thrilling situation, their doom is inevitable.* But their nerves do not shrink; they wait calmly for each other, till each fills her bucket in succession.

The Indians are completely deceived, and not a shot is fired. The band of heroines retrace their steps with steady feet; their movements soon become more agitated, and are at last hurried. But tradition says that the only water spilt was as their buckets crowded together in passing the gate.

A sheet of living fire from the garrison, and the shrieks of the wounded Indians around the spring, at once proclaimed the safety of the women and the triumph of the white men. Insane with wrath to be thus outwitted, the foe rushed from his covert,* and advanced with fury upon the rifles of the pioneers. But who could conquer the fathers and brothers of such women? The Indians renewed the attack again and again; but they were foiled every time, and at last withdrew their forces.

HOFFMAN.

QUESTIONS.—Where was the fort here spoken of? Who attacked it? By whom led? Who defended it? Why was the garrison under arms at the time of the attack? What plan did the Indians adopt when they failed to surprise the garrison? Where did they place their real force?

What did the females of the fort resolve to do? What if armed men had done this? On which side of the fort was the attack returned? What did the women do at the same time? What did they wish the Indians to suppose? How did they therefore advance? How did they return? Where was the only water spilt? What proclaimed their safety? What did the Indians then begin? With what result?

THE DEATH OF DE BOUNE.

Bas´in-et, a light helmet.
Glove of Ar´gen-tine, in token of his having accepted a challenge to fight him.
Plan-tăg´e-net, King Edward's family name.
Selle, saddle, or seat on horseback.
The whiles, whilst.
Tour´ney, tournament.
Trun´cheon, a baton of office.
Van, front of his army.
Wight, powerful.

THE Monarch rode along the van,*
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,*
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet;*
And clasped within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove* of Argentine;
Truncheon* or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bow-shots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms a while,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.
Oh, gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and Peers:
And who, that saw that Monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,*

And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege: I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle day," the King replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.—
Still must the rebel dare our wrath!
Set on him!—sweep him from our path!"
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renowned for knightly fame.
He burned before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.—
As motionless as rocks that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye:
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed, the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock;—
But swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!

High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first, the last!
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp!
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse.—
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

SCOTT.—*Lord of the Isles.*

OUTLINES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

(Continued from page 112.)

IV.—THE PLANTAGENET LINE.

PLANTAGENETS PROPER.

1154 A.D. to 1399 A.D.—245 years.—8 Kings.

LEADING FEATURES:—Feudalism in its prime and its decay—Struggles between Kings and Barons—Rise of the Commons; and foundation of English freedom.

HENRY II. ....began to reign	1154	EDWARD I. (son)	1272
RICHARD I. (son)	1189	EDWARD II. (son)	1307
JOHN (brother)	1199	EDWARD III. (son)	1327
HENRY III. (son)	1216	RICHARD II. (grandson)	1377-1399

HENRY II.—CURTMANTLE.

1154 A.D. to 1189 A.D.—35 years.

1. **HENRY II.** was the son of Geoffrey **Plantagenet**, Count of Anjou, and Maud, daughter of Henry I. He was the most powerful king of his time—ruling not only England, but also the greater part of France. He also subdued Wales and Ireland.

2. His first care was to lessen the power of the barons; and this he did by causing many of their castles to be destroyed. Then, wishing

to rule the clergy, he took into his favour one **Thomas a Becket**, a man of Norman race, but born in England, gave him great wealth and power, and made him Archbishop of Canterbury.

But Becket, when he had got this great power, did not do as Henry wished. He gave up his rich and costly manner of living, and all his long train of attendants, began to eat coarse food, wore sackcloth next his skin, keeping it on until it was full of dirt and vermin, and daily washed the feet of thirteen beggars.

He then took the part of the clergy against Henry, and gave him so much trouble, that one day, when Henry was in France, and heard of Becket's determined opposition, he became very angry, and said, "Is there not one of my cowardly knights eating of my bread that will rid me of this turbulent priest?"

Four of his knights, hearing what was said, and being very jealous of Becket's power, went away secretly, crossed over to England, and proceeded to Canterbury to murder Becket. They found him in the cathedral, at the altar, where they fell upon him and dashed out his brains (1170).

When Henry heard of this horrid murder, he was not only very sorry, but also much afraid of the Pope's anger; so he had a splendid tomb built for Becket, and did penance by walking barefoot through Canterbury, falling down before the tomb, and allowing himself to be scourged with knotted cords (1174).

3. The chief event of Henry's reign was the invasion of **Ireland**. That country was at this time divided into six provinces, ruled by as many kings. Two of the most powerful of these quarrelled, and one of them applied to Henry for help. Henry allowed some of his nobles with their knights to go to his assistance, and soon after went himself, and received the homage of the chieftains (1172).

4. Henry had four **sons**, Henry, Geoffrey, Richard, and John, who were very rebellious, and caused their father much trouble in the latter part of his reign. They even persuaded the kings of France and Scotland to help them; but Henry put to flight all his enemies. He died, however, of a broken heart, because his favourite son John was amongst the rebels.

5. In this reign **London** became the capital of England—**Winchester**, the old capital, having been laid in ruins during the civil wars in Stephen's reign.

QUESTIONS.

1. How many years does the period of the Plantagenets proper include? Give the first and last dates. What are the leading features of the period? Name the Plantagenets proper. Give the dates of their accession. What was the surname of Henry II.? How long did he reign? Whose son was he? What relation to Henry I.? What is said of his power?

2. What was his first care? What means did he use? Whom did he take into favour? Why? To what dignity was Becket raised? What was his conduct? Whose part did he take? What effect had this on Henry? How did he express his anger? What was the consequence? Where was Becket murdered? How did it affect the king? What did he do to atone for the murder?

3. What was the chief event in Henry's reign? What led to the invasion? Give the date.

4. Name Henry's sons. What was their conduct? Whom did they ask for help? Were they successful? What caused Henry's death?

5. What was the former capital of England? Why was the change made?

RICHARD I.—COEUR DE LION, OR LION-HEARTED.

1189 A.D. to 1199 A.D.—10 years.

1. Richard I. succeeded to the throne, his elder brothers having died before their father. He cared very little for the welfare of his subjects; and though king for ten years, he only spent six months in England.

2. Wishing to join the **Third Crusade**, he began his reign by raising all the money he could; and for this purpose he used improper means,—selling the offices of State; and taking away by force much wealth from the Jews, who at that time were very rich. Many of them were basely murdered, and their dwellings were plundered and burned to the ground.

3. Richard was joined in the Crusade by the King of France. They raised an immense army, and at **Acre**, a town in Palestine, fought a great battle, in which thousands were slain. After taking this strong city, Richard marched to Jerusalem; but his army was not strong enough to take it, so he left for England (1192).

4. On his way home, he was shipwrecked on the north coast of the Gulf of Venice; and was making his way through Germany, in the dress of a pilgrim, when he was seized by the Duke of Austria, and sold for a great sum of money to the Emperor of Germany, who cast him into prison.

It is said that a French musician, who knew Richard, happened to arrive at the walls of the very castle where he was confined, and beneath the grated window of his cell played upon his harp a tune which Richard had composed. Richard, hearing it, remembered the harper, and sang the same tune in reply.

The harper immediately knew the voice of the king, and went and made known in England the place of his confinement. A great ransom was paid for Richard's freedom, and he returned home (1194).

5. During his absence the country was in a shocking state. It was

infested by bands of robbers, and no man's life or property was safe. The famous Robin Hood lived about this time.

Shortly after Richard's return from the Holy Land he was besieging a castle in France, when he was shot by an archer from the walls. The wound mortified and caused his death.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Henry II.? How long did he reign? Did he care much for his people? Give proof.

2. In what war did he engage? How did he raise money? What is said of the sufferings of the Jews?

3. Who joined Richard in the Crusade? What city was taken? Whither did he next march?

4. What happened on his way home? How did he try to get home? What befell him in Germany? Who discovered the place of his confinement? How? What afterwards took place?

5. What was the state of the country during his absence? What famous outlaw lived about this time? How did Richard come by his death?

JOHN—SANSTERRE, OR LACKLAND.

1199 A.D. to 1216 A.D.—17 years.

1. John was the youngest son of Henry II., and brother of the late king. He was not the rightful heir, as Geoffrey, his elder brother, had left a son named Arthur, now twelve years old. John's first care, therefore, was to get rid of Arthur; and having shut him up in the Castle of Rouen, he there murdered him, it is said, with his own hands.

By this act he so enraged the King of France and other princes, that they took away from him all his French provinces (1205).

2. Soon after this, John quarrelled with the Pope about the choice of an Archbishop of Canterbury. John set the Pope at defiance. The Pope, in return, caused all the churches in the land to be shut up for six years, and forbade any service to be read at burials (1208).

He then told the King of France to invade England, and take possession of the throne. This so alarmed the cowardly John, that he submitted to the Pope, acknowledged him as his over-lord, and even agreed to pay him rent for the crown (1213).

3. John, being now free from danger, began to use his subjects very cruelly—making the rich pay him very heavy fines, and giving the highest offices of State to his foreign favourites. By these acts he so roused the spirit of the barons, that they drew up an agreement, in which they made the king promise never more to oppress the people, nor take away their rights, but to govern according to the laws of the land.

This document was called **Magna Charta**, or the Great Charter. In order to compel John to sign it, they collected a large force and took

possession of London. John at last consented; and in the year 1215, at Runnymede, near Windsor, this Great Charter of liberty was signed. It is still carefully preserved in the British Museum.

4. When John had signed the deed, and the barons were gone away, he raved like a madman, and as soon as possible raised an army of hired soldiers, and began to lay waste the country with fire and sword. The barons, in their fear, sent to the son of the King of France, asking him to come and take the crown. They were led to think of him because he had married John's niece (1216).

Louis was not slow to accept the offer, and landed with an army in Kent. John marched to meet him; but as he was crossing the Wash, the tide rose so fast that he and his army had scarcely time to escape from the waves; and, in their hurry and fear, the crown, jewels, and money were lost. This had such an effect on the king that it threw him into a fever. He was carried to Newark Castle, where he died, despised and hated by every one.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Richard? What relation to him? Whose son was John? Was he the rightful heir? Why not? What was his first care? What means did he use? What effect had this murder?

2. With whom did John quarrel? About what? How did the Pope act? Who threatened an invasion? What effect had this upon John?

3. How did John now treat his subjects? Whose anger did he thus rouse? How did they act? What was the deed called? Why did John sign it? When? Where? Where is it still kept?

4. What was John's conduct after he had signed Magna Charta? Whose protection did the barons seek? Why did they think of him? Did he come? Where did he land? What did John do? What occurred on his march? What effect had it upon him? Where did he die? With what feelings was he regarded?

HENRY III.—WINCHESTER.

1216 A.D. to 1272 A.D.—56 years.

1. Henry III., eldest son of John, was only nine years old when he came to the throne; and the Earl of **Pembroke**, a wise and prudent man, was made Protector.

2. Louis of France, however, who had invaded the southern counties, was not willing to return home without making a struggle for the English crown; but the barons who had invited him had now changed their minds, and instead of favouring his plans, raised all their forces to oppose him.

He was completely defeated at Lincoln. His fleet was also destroyed off the coast of Kent, the sailors being blinded by quicklime which the

English threw in their faces. Louis was therefore compelled to return to France.

Henry afterwards invaded France, to regain those provinces which John had lost; but through his cowardice and weakness he returned without success (1242).

3. The king at length lost the esteem of his subjects, by showing favour to foreigners; and a great rebellion was raised, headed by **Simon de Montfort**, Earl of Leicester. A battle was fought at **Lewes** in Sussex, the king's army was defeated, and he and his son Edward were taken prisoners (1264).

During their imprisonment, Montfort called together a **Parliament**. This consisted not of nobles only, as before, but also of members from towns and cities, chosen by the people. This is the first outline of Parliament as we now have it (1265).

4. Edward soon found means to escape from confinement. Being allowed to ride out with his guards, one day he set them to ride races with each other, until all their horses were tired; then putting spurs to his own, which he had kept fresh, he soon left them far behind!

He quickly collected a large army, marched to meet Montfort, and fought the Battle of **Evesham**. Montfort, knowing Edward's bravery, and fearing he should lose the battle, basely placed the king in front that he might be slain. Henry, however, saved himself by crying out, "I am Henry of Winchester, your king!" Edward knew his father's voice, and hastened to his assistance. In this battle Montfort was killed, and almost torn to pieces.

5. Young Edward afterwards went to the **Crusades**, taking with him his wife Eleanor, who saved his life by sucking the venom from a wound he received from a poisoned arrow. During his absence his father died, after having reigned longer than any English monarch, before or since, except George III.

6. In this reign the **linen manufacture** was introduced into England. About the same time, the mariner's compass was invented; also magic-lanterns and magnifying glasses by Roger Bacon, a learned English monk.

QUESTIONS.

1. How long did Henry III. reign? Give dates. Whose son was he? How old was he? Who was made Protector?

2. How did the barons treat Louis of France? Where was he defeated? What became of his fleet? How was it defeated? What did Henry afterwards do? Was he successful?

3. How did he lose the esteem of his people? Who headed the rebellion? What battle was fought? With what result? What took place during the

king's confinement? Relate the particulars?

4. How did the prince escape? What battle followed? What base act did Montfort commit? How was the king saved? What became of Montfort?

5. Whither did Edward afterwards go? Who went with him? How did Eleanor save his life? What happened in his absence? What is remarkable about the length of Henry's reign?

6. What manufacture was introduced in this reign? Name three inventions of this time. Who was Roger Bacon?

EDWARD I.—LONGSHANKS.

1272 A.D. to 1307 A.D.—35 years.

1. Edward I., eldest son of Henry III., was a wise and prudent king. He began his reign by restoring order in the kingdom, and making many wise laws. He then led an army into Wales, as the Welsh had been very troublesome. He gained a great battle over them, in which their prince, Llewellyn, was slain (1282).

2. The Welsh, however, were not easily conquered. For a long time they held out amongst the mountains, and would not consent to acknowledge Edward as their king. But at last, Edward had a son born in Wales, at Caernarvon Castle which he had just built, and him they promised to obey as king. Ever since that time the eldest son of the English sovereign has been called **Prince of Wales** (1284).

3. Edward now turned his attention to Scotland, which he resolved to subdue. But **Sir William Wallace** gained a great victory over the English near Stirling, and for several years defied the armies of Edward. A few years afterwards, **Robert Bruce** drove the English forces out of his country, and was crowned king. This so enraged the warlike Edward that he set out for Scotland with a large army, swearing that he would never return until he had subdued it; but before he reached Scotland he was taken ill and died. His last request was, that his body should be carried before the army and not buried until Scotland were conquered.

4. During this reign it was enacted that no tax should be raised by the king without the consent of Parliament. The Jews, who had already suffered unnumbered cruelties, were banished from the kingdom.

QUESTIONS.

1. How long did Edward I. reign? Give dates. Whose son was he? What was his character? How did he begin his reign? What country did he subdue? What prince was slain?

2. Where did the Welsh hold out against Edward? Whom did they agree to obey? Where was the first Prince of Wales born?

3. What was Edward's next undertaking? Who opposed him? What battle was fought? With what success? Who was the next Scottish hero? What did he do? How did Edward act? What took place on his march? What was his last request?

4. What law was made in this reign? How were the Jews treated?

EDWARD II.—CAERNARVON.

1307 A.D. to 1327 A.D.—20 years.

1. Edward of Caernarvon took little notice of his father's dying wish. He buried his body at Westminster, and gave up the war with Scotland. Like Henry III., he forfeited the esteem of his people by his partiality for worthless foreigners; and so roused the anger of the nobles that they seized his three chief **favourites** and put them to death.

2. In the seventh year of his reign he renewed the war with Scotland, and crossed the Border with an army of 100,000 men—the largest that had ever marched out of England. He was met at **Bannockburn**, near Stirling, by Bruce with 30,000 men, and completely defeated (*see p.* 167). Edward himself narrowly escaped with his life (1314).

3. Edward's queen, Isabella, was a very wicked woman, and caused the king many troubles, having allied herself with a worthless man named **Mortimer**. An open quarrel ensued. The queen fled to France, raised an army, and returned. The barons declared in her favour, and Edward was forced to flee. He went into Wales, but was taken prisoner; and his son was crowned king in his stead.

4. Edward was removed from prison to prison, and treated with the greatest cruelty. His brutal keepers one day shaved him for sport in the open fields, using dirty water from a ditch.

He was at last imprisoned in **Berkeley Castle**. The stillness of one dark night was broken by fearful shrieks which came from his dungeon; and next morning the body of the murdered king was openly shown to the people of Bristol.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Edward I.? How long did he reign? Did he fulfil his father's dying wish? What did he do instead? How did he offend the nobles? What was the result?

2. What war was renewed? How many English crossed the Border? By whom was he met? Where? Who won?

3. Who was Edward's wife? What was her character? With whom did she ally herself? What ensued? How did Isabella then act? What were the consequences?

4. How was the king treated? Where was he at last confined? And what took place there?

EDWARD III.

1327 A.D. to 1377 A.D.—50 years.

1. Edward III., eldest son of Edward II., was only fifteen years of age when he came to the throne, and all the power was in the hands of the queen and Mortimer. But when Edward came of age, he caused

Mortimer to be seized at Nottingham **Castle**, in presence of Isabella, carried to Tyburn, and hanged on a gibbet. The guilty queen was imprisoned in Nottingham Castle during the rest of her life.

2. Edward next marched to Scotland, to support the claim of Edward Baliol to the throne; and fought the Battle of **Halidon Hill**, in which the Scots were signally defeated (1333).

3. But his greatest desire was to reign over France as well as England; and as there was at that time a dispute about the crown of that country, he collected all the money he could and went over to try for it himself.

After fighting several battles, he marched towards Calais, and was met by the French army at **Creçy**, where a great victory was gained by the English, chiefly through the bravery of Edward, Prince of Wales, then a young lad of only fifteen years of age, surnamed the Black Prince from the colour of his armour (1346).

4. Whilst Edward was carrying on the war with France, David II., King of Scotland, invaded England; but Philippa, Edward's wife, bravely put herself at the head of some English troops, defeated the Scottish army at **Nevil's Cross**, and took the king prisoner.

5. Edward, after the Battle of Creçy, laid siege to Calais. This brave little city held out against him nearly a year; but when all the food was gone, the inhabitants were forced to submit. Edward was so enraged at their resistance, that he demanded that six of the chief citizens should be sent to him, barefoot, with ropes round their necks, ready to be put to death!

Six brave men offered themselves, and went to the king, who ordered them immediately to be executed. But his queen, Philippa, who had just arrived at Calais, threw herself at his feet, and by her tears and entreaties obtained their pardon (1347).

6. In the year 1349 a stop was put to the war by a terrible plague, called the Black Death, which, after raging through Europe, visited England, and carried off 50,000 people.

7. Ten years after the Battle of Creçy, the French war was again commenced by the Black Prince, and the great Battle of **Poictiers** was fought, in which a very small English force put to flight the French army of seven times their number. The French king and his son were taken prisoners, and brought over to England. Thus there were two kings prisoners in England at the same time—David of Scotland and John of France (1356).

8. In the year 1376 the brave and generous Prince of Wales died of consumption; and the king, his father, was so grieved at his loss that he died the following year, after a reign of half a century. He was brave, wise, and merciful.

9. It must be remembered that from the sons of Edward III. sprang the Houses of **York** and **Lancaster**;—the House of York from Lionel, Duke of Clarence; and that of Lancaster from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, a younger brother. The descendants of these two sons, in their contests for the crown in after years, deluged England with blood.

10. In this reign the Lords and Commons began to sit in separate houses. The title of Duke again came into use, the Black Prince being made Duke of Cornwall—a title since borne by every Prince of Wales. Windsor Castle was no longer used as a fortress, but as a royal residence. The weaving of cloth and blankets was introduced. Gunpowder was invented by Schwartz, a German monk.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Edward II.? How long did he reign? Give dates. Whose son was he? Who had the power? What became of Mortimer afterwards? How was the queen treated?

2. What was Edward's next undertaking? What battle was fought? And with what result?

3. What was his greatest desire? What means did he use? What great battle was fought? Who gained the victory? Through whose bravery?

4. Who now invaded England? Who opposed him? With what effect?

5. What siege took place after the Battle of Cressy? How long did it last? How did Edward show his anger? Who just then arrived at Calais? What act of mercy did she do?

6. What stopped the war? When? How many died of the Black Death in England?

7. When was the war resumed? Under whose command? What battle was fought? What was the relative strength of the two armies? Who won? Who were taken prisoners?

8. What took place in 1378? And in the following year? What was Edward's character?

9. What Houses sprang from the sons of Edward III.? Who was the head of the House of York? Of the House of Lancaster?

10. What change in Parliament was made? What title again came into use? To whom was it given? What is said of Windsor Castle? What manufacture was introduced? Who invented gunpowder?

RICHARD II.—BORDEAUX.

1377 A.D. to 1399 A.D.—22 years.

1. Richard II., the son of the Black Prince, and grandson of the late king, came to the throne when only eleven years of age; and the kingdom was ruled by a council of twelve nobles until he came of age.

2. The first great event of his reign was a rebellion of the common people, headed by a blacksmith named **Wat Tyler**. It was caused by a tax of one shilling a head on every person above fifteen years of age.

This tax was felt to be unjust, as the poor had to pay as much as the rich. A great mob of lawless men, therefore, with Tyler at their head,

entered London, destroyed the houses of the nobility, and murdered every one they met that looked like a gentleman.

The king next day met them in Smithfield, when Wat Tyler spoke to him with such insolence that Sir William Walworth, the Lord Mayor, struck him from his horse with a blow of his mace, and one of the king's knights rode up and slew him. The rebels were preparing to take vengeance; but the young Richard bravely rode up to them, and told them not to be concerned at Tyler's death—he himself would now be their leader, and remove all their grievances (1381).

This bold and yet gracious address at once quieted the rebels, who soon returned peaceably to their homes. Richard, however, did not keep his promise; and many hundreds of the rebels were afterwards hanged on the gibbet.

3. When Richard came into power, he was found to be a vain, weak and foolish king—quite unable to rule the fierce spirits of the time. He soon therefore lost the esteem and affection of his subjects; and at length an event happened which cost him his crown and life.

A quarrel having arisen between the Dukes of **Hereford** and **Norfolk**, Richard ordered them to decide it by single combat. When they entered the lists, Richard would not allow them to fight, but banished them both—Hereford for ten years, and Norfolk for life (1398).

Soon afterwards, Hereford's father, the Duke of Lancaster, died, and Richard seized his estates. When Hereford heard of this, he was so enraged that he resolved to attempt the king's destruction. He landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire with a few followers; and finding the nobles very much in his favour, soon raised an army of 60,000 men, and entered London.

4. Richard was at this time in Ireland, and when he returned he found that his kingdom had changed hands; and he who left England as king was compelled to surrender himself a captive to Hereford, who had now become Duke of Lancaster. He was conveyed to London, where he gave up the crown; and was afterwards confined in **Pontefract Castle**, where he was murdered, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

5. Richard II. was fond of show, and lived in grand style. There were in his household ten thousand persons—in his kitchen alone, three hundred. During his reign the celebrated **John Wycliffe** lived. He translated the Bible into English. His followers were called Lollards.

6. Under the Plantagenets proper, the English language, modified by its contact with Norman-French during two centuries, began to assume its present form. Learning was chiefly confined to the clergy, who were also the best gardeners and farmers. The nobles cared more for war and sports than for learning. Few of them could either read or

write? The population of England was only about three millions,—a number now exceeded by London alone.

QUESTIONS

1. Who succeeded Edward III.? How long did he reign? Give dates. Whose son was he? How old? Who ruled during his minority?

2. What was the first great event of his reign? What was the cause? Who headed the rebels? What damage did they do? Where did the king meet them? What was Tyler's conduct? How was he punished? Describe the conduct of Richard. And its effect. How did Richard break his promise?

3. What was Richard's character when he came into power? What two nobles quarrelled? How did Richard act? For how long did he banish them? What took place in Hereford's absence? What effect had it on Hereford? Where did he land? To what number did his followers increase? Where did he then go?

4. Where was Richard at this time? What did he find on his return? To whom did he surrender? Whither was he taken? What did he do there? In what castle was he murdered? In what year of his age?

5. In what style did he live? What great reformer lived in his reign? What literary work did Wycliffe do? What were his followers called?

6. What change took place in the English language during the Plantagenet Period? What was the state of learning? What was the population?

SCOTLAND.

1154 A.D. to 1370 A.D.

LEADING FEATURE:—Struggles for Independence crowned with Success.

1. After the Battle of the Standard, **Northumberland** and **Cumberland**, which had previously been claimed by the Scottish kings, were secured to Scotland by treaty. This was done by Stephen, who was willing to buy off in this way a dangerous enemy.

But Henry II., taking advantage of the youth and weakness of Malcolm the Maiden, induced him to give up to England all claim to the northern counties (1165).

2. An attempt was made by William the Lion, Malcolm's brother and successor, to recover these counties in 1174. He led an army into England, but he was surprised and taken prisoner.

The wily Henry now resolved to push his success a step further. As the condition of his release, William was required not only to resign his claim to the northern counties, but also to swear fealty to the English king as **Over-lord of Scotland**. It was on this concession that Edward I. afterwards founded his claim to the lordship of Scotland; but when Richard of the Lion-Heart was in need of money for the Crusades, he gave it up for 10,000 marks.

3. When Alexander III., a boy of ten, went to York to marry Mar-

garet the daughter of Henry III. (1251), the latter tried to extract from the boy king a promise of fealty. But this trick failed, either because the young king was too sharp, or because he was well advised by shrewd counsellors. So there is an end for the present to the English claims.

4. At this time, all the Scottish isles, from Shetland to the Isle of Man, were in the possession of **Norsemen**, who were as troublesome to Scotland as they had ever been to England or Ireland. In some places, as at Caithness, they had settled on the mainland; and they were always ready to join the enemies of the Scottish king, whether they were the English, or the wild Scots of Galloway, or the Highland Celts.

Alexander III. determined to subdue them. He sent a fleet and an army to the Hebrides, and all the chiefs who refused to own themselves vassals of the King of Scotland were driven out. They carried their complaints to Haco, King of Norway, their over-lord; and he, ere long, entered the Firth of Clyde with a fleet of one hundred and sixty ships.

A storm drove many of them ashore near **Largs**; and when the Norsemen landed to rescue them, Alexander fell upon them, and drove them to their ships with terrible slaughter.

Thus were the Western Isles united to the Scottish crown; and there was peace between the Scots and the Norse, confirmed by the marriage of Alexander's daughter, Margaret, to Eric, the young King of Norway.

5. Unhappily for Scotland, this Alexander, who was a wise as well as a brave king, was cut off in the prime of his days. While riding along the Fife shore on a dark night, he fell over a cliff near Kinghorn, and was taken up dead (1286).

All his children had died before him; but one grandchild survived him—Margaret, the daughter of Eric of Norway. So this tender **Maid of Norway** (as she was called) became Queen of Scotland in the fourth year of her age.

Edward I. of England, who had lately revived the claim of his ancestors to the lordship of Scotland, proposed a marriage between his son and Margaret, with a view to the union of the two crowns.

A treaty was entered into for this purpose. But on her way from Norway to Scotland, the Maid of Norway died at Orkney (1290); and then began that struggle for the crown which laid Scotland for many years under the English yoke.

6. Twelve competitors for the Scottish crown now appeared, the chief of whom were Robert Bruce (the elder) and John Baliol. Edward got himself appointed umpire, and placed **Baliol** on the throne as a vassal of England.

By insults and annoyances, the over-lord soon contrived to goad his vassal into revolt; and he made this an excuse for overrunning Scotland

with an army and subduing it to himself. Baliol was dethroned, and Scotland was placed in the hands of English governors.

7. But the Scots did not tamely submit to the English yoke. First, **William Wallace** arose to be the champion of Scottish independence. He defeated the English governor at **Stirling Bridge** in 1297. Soon not an English soldier remained north of the Tweed, and Wallace was elected Governor of Scotland.

For eight years, in spite of the coldness and jealousy of the old nobility, and the treachery of the English, he nobly maintained Scotland's cause. At last he was betrayed by a false friend, and hanged in London (1305).

8. Then **Robert Bruce** (the younger) claimed the crown. He had a rival in the Red Comyn. But Comyn made a secret compact with Bruce, to help him to secure the crown on condition of receiving Bruce's lands.

Comyn betrayed this compact to Edward. Bruce stabbed Comyn in the Greyfriars' Church at Dumfries. This rash deed of bloodshed committed Bruce to making Scotland's cause his own.

He was crowned at Scone in 1306. Reverses compelled him for a time to retire to the north of Ireland; but he soon returned, and by an unbroken series of successes, he recovered nearly the whole of Scotland. His work was made much easier by the death of Edward I. in 1307; and in a few years he expelled the English garrisons from every fortress in Scotland, except Stirling Castle alone.

Edward II. made a great effort to relieve Stirling; but the great victory of **Bannockburn** (1314) not only led to the surrender of Stirling, but completely broke the fetters with which, for upwards of twenty years, the English had held Scotland in bondage (*see page* 165).

The independence of Scotland was formally acknowledged by an English Parliament at York in 1328. In 1329, Robert Bruce died.

9. While Edward III. was engaged in his French war, David II. of Scotland, the Bruce's son, led an army into England. But Queen Philippa, marching northward, met him at Nevil's Cross, where he was not only beaten, but also made prisoner. He obtained his freedom, after a captivity of eleven years, by promising a very large ransom.

He tried to sell the independence of his country by making the English king his heir, in return for the remission of his ransom. But the Scottish people were so indignant and furious when they heard of the base bargain, that it had to be given up.

QUESTIONS

1. When were Northumberland and Cumberland annexed by treaty to Scotland? By whom were they regained for England?

2. Who attempted to recover them for Scotland? With what result? What was William obliged to do, besides resigning his claim to these counties? When and how was the English claim given up?

3. How did Henry III. try to recover it? With what success?

4. Who had possession of the Scottish isles at this time? How did they harass the Scottish kings? Who determined to subdue them? What did he therefore do? To whom did the expelled Danes complain? What did Haco do? Where was he defeated? How was the peace between the Scots and the Norsemen confirmed?

5. How did Alexander III. die? Who succeeded him? What proposal did the King of England make? What prevented its accomplishment? What struggle then began?

6. Who were the chief competitors? Who was made umpire? Whom did he place on the throne? On what condition? Why did Edward insult and annoy Baliol? What did he make that an excuse for? What were the consequences?

7. Who was the first champion of Scottish independence? Where did he defeat the English governor? How long did he maintain the struggle? What had he to encounter? What was his end?

8. Who was the second Scottish champion? Who was his rival for the crown? Why did Bruce stab Comyn? Where was Bruce crowned? What had he to do for a time? What made his work easier? What was the last English garrison in Scotland? Who made a great effort to relieve it? What battle was fought? With what result? When was the independence of Scotland formally acknowledged?

9. What befell David II.? How did he obtain his freedom? How did he try to escape from paying his ransom? What prevented this bargain from being completed?

IRELAND.

1154 A.D. to 1490 A.D.

LEADING FEATURE:—Internal Strife leading to English Intervention.

1. When **Dermot**, King of Leinster, was driven from his throne by O'Connor, he asked Henry II. to allow him to seek the aid of his subjects in order to recover it. Henry readily gave his consent, hoping thereby to gain the island for himself.

The chief of the Englishmen who agreed to join Dermot were Fitz-stephen, Fitzgerald, and Richard le Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed **Strongbow**.

2. Dermot recovered his throne, but his English allies were loath to depart. He had promised to make Strongbow his heir, if he regained his crown; so Strongbow now married Eva, Dermot's daughter; and as Dermot died soon after, the English adventurer became master of Leinster, and prepared to extend his authority over all Ireland.

Henry II., jealous of the success of his own subjects, then crossed the sea, and spent a few months at Dublin, where he received homage from every part of the island except the north (1171-1172). Thus did the English power obtain its first footing in the island.

3. But Ireland was not yet wholly subdued. Not more than one-third

of the country—chiefly the coasts on the east and south—owned English authority. This part of Ireland, called the Pale, was subjected to English law in the reign of King John.

4. A desperate but unsuccessful effort to recover their lost independence was made by the Princes of Connaught and O'Neill of Tyrone in the reign of Henry III.

The English barons settled in Ireland showed a brutal tyranny towards the natives, and a savage jealousy of each other. The latter feeling broke out into open strife in the time of Edward I., and the land was reduced to a most wretched condition.

5. Robert Bruce sympathized with the down-trodden Irish, and wished to see them freed from the English yoke. He therefore encouraged his brother Edward Bruce (1315) to invade Ulster at the head of 6000 men.

The Irish flocked to his banner, and he inflicted several severe defeats on the English. But he was defeated and slain at **Fagher**, near Dundalk; and the hopes of Ireland for delivery by Scottish help were at an end.

6. As the descendants of the first English settlers had come to be on friendly terms with the natives, it was resolved, in the reign of Edward III., to exclude the former from office, and to import a fresh set of Englishmen to fill their places.

A bitter feud thus arose between these new comers and the old English settlers, who naturally allied themselves with the native Irish.

This, as well as an Act called the **Statute of Kilkenny**, forbidding the English and Irish to intermarry, weakened very much the hold of the English upon Ireland; and of the twelve counties which formed the *Pale* under John, only four submitted to the English law under Edward III.

Richard II. made two attempts to re-establish the English authority in Ireland by force of arms, but he was only partially successful; and he returned to England on the second occasion to find himself discrowned.

QUESTIONS.

1. What led the English to interfere in Irish affairs? Why did Henry II. agree to Dermot's request? Who were the chief Englishmen who joined him?

2. What was the result of the enterprise? What promise had Dermot made to Strongbow? How was it confirmed? Who then crossed to Ireland? What part of the country withheld its homage?

3. What part of the country chiefly owned English authority? What was it called? When was it subjected to English law?

4. Who made a determined effort to recover their independence? How did the English barons treat the natives? What feeling did they show towards each other? When did this lead to open strife?

5. Who sympathized with the Irish? Whom did he encourage to invade Ulster? In what year? With how many men? How was he received by the Irish? What was the result of the expedition?

6. Why were more Englishmen sent over to Ireland in Edward the Third's reign? What feud did this cause? Whom did the old English settlers join? What did the Statute of Kilkenny forbid? Of how many counties did the Pale then consist? How many in the reign of John? Who attempted to re-establish English authority in Ireland? With what success?

MEMORABLE DATES UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS PROPER.

Event	Date
Ireland reduced (Henry II.)	1172
Third Crusade (Richard I.)	1190
Magna Charta (John)	1215
Battle of Lewes (Henry III.)	1264
House of Commons founded (Henry III.)	1265
Battle of Evesham (Henry III.)	1265
Wales conquered (Edward I.)	1282
Robert Bruce crowned King of Scotland	1306
Battle of Bannockburn (Edward II.)	1314
Battle of Halidon Hill (Edward III.)	1333
Battle of Cressy (Edward III.)	1346
Battle of Nevil's Cross (Edward III.)	1346
Calais taken (Edward III.)	1347
Battle of Poictiers (Edward III.)	1356
Tyler's Rebellion (Richard II.)	1381

CHIEF AUTHORS OF THE EARLY PLANTAGENET PERIOD.

JOHN GOWER—moral poet—died A.D. 1408.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER—father of English poetry—wrote *Canterbury Tales*—died A.D. 1400.

JOHN WYCLIFFE—first English Reformer—translated the *Bible*—died A.D. 1384.

JOHN BARBOUR—wrote *The Acts of Robert Bruce*, about A.D. 1375.

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS—TIME OF THE CRUSADES.

PART III.

STORY OF SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

De-nounced′, threatened.
En-hanced′, increased.
In-no-va′-tion, change in usual custom.
Pri-va′-tions, need; destitution.
Sub-ter-ra′-ne-ous, under-ground.
Trun′-dle-bed, a low bed, on wheels.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1752, any one passing along a certain obscure alley in Preston, then a mere village, might have observed projecting from the entrance to the under-ground flat of one of the houses a blue and white pole, with a battered tin plate dangling at the end of it.

The object of the sign was to intimate that if any one wanted his hair cut, or his chin shaved, he had only to step down-stairs, and the owner of the sign would be delighted to accommodate him.

But Richard Arkwright, the owner of the pole and plate, had few opportunities of displaying his talents. He spent most of his time in whetting his razors on a long piece of leather, and in keeping the hot water and the soap ready for customers who seldom or never came.

"As he sat one night, before tumbling into his trundle-bed," meditating on the hardness of the times, a bright idea struck him. If he could not get customers to come to him to be shaved for two-pence—then the standard charge—it occurred to him that they might be induced to try his powers

if he asked a lower fee. Accordingly, the next morning the attractions of the sign-pole were enhanced," by a staring placard, bearing the urgent invitation :—

Come to the
SUBTERRANEOUS' BARBER!
He Shaves for a Penny!!

As soon as this innovation" became known, we can fancy how indignant the fraternity were at the unprincipled conduct of one of their number—how they denounced" him, and prophesied his speedy ruin.

A number of people, tickled with the originality of the placard, and not unmindful of the penny saved, began to patronize the "Subterraneous Barber;" and he soon drew so many customers away from the higher-priced shops that they were obliged to come down, after a while, to a penny as well. Not to be outdone, Arkwright lowered his charge to a half-penny, and so retained his rank as the cheapest barber in the place.

Arkwright's parents had been very poor people; and as he was the youngest of a family of thirteen, it may be readily supposed that all the schooling he got was of the most meagre kind,—if, indeed, he ever was at school at all. He was of a very ardent temperament, however, and when he once took "a thing in hand, he stubbornly persevered in carrying it through to the end.

About the year 1760, being then nearly thirty years of age, Arkwright got tired of the shaving, which brought him but a very scanty livelihood, and

resolved to try his fortune in a trade where there was more scope for his activity. He therefore began business as a dealer in hair, travelling up and down the country to collect it, dressing it himself, and then disposing of it in a prepared state to the wig-makers.

He throve so well, that in a short time he was able to lay by a little money and to marry. He was very fond of spending what leisure time he had in making experiments in mechanics; and for a while he was very much taken up with an attempt to solve the attractive problem of perpetual motion. Although he of course left the question unsolved, the bent thus given to his thoughts had most valuable consequences.

Living in the midst of a manufacturing population, Arkwright was accustomed to hear daily complaints of the difficulty of procuring sufficient yarn to keep the looms employed, and of the restriction thus placed on the manufacture of cotton goods. Being of a mechanical turn, he was led to think how the difficulty might be lessened, if not got rid of altogether.

Arkwright, assisted by a clock-maker of the name of Kay, soon became so engrossed in his new task, and so confident of success, that he began to neglect his regular business. All his thoughts, and nearly all his time, were given up to the great work he had taken in hand. His trade fell off; he spent all his savings in buying materials for models, and in getting them put together; and he got into very poor circumstances.

His wife reasoned with him on what she considered his foolishness, but in vain; and one day,

in a rage at what she believed to be the cause of all their privations,* she broke some of his models. Such an outrage was more than Arkwright could bear, and they separated.

In 1768, Arkwright, having completed the model of a machine for spinning cotton thread, removed to Preston. At this time he had hardly a penny in the world, and was almost in rags. On the occasion of a contested election, the party with whom he voted had to supply him with a decent suit of clothes before he could present himself at the polling-booth! He got leave, however, to set up his machine in the dwelling-house attached to the Free Grammar School; but, afraid of the hostility of the spinners, he thought it best to leave Lancashire, and go to Nottingham.

Poor and friendless, it may easily be supposed that Arkwright found it a hard matter to get any one to back him in a speculation which people then regarded as hopeless. He at length succeeded in convincing Messrs. Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers in the place, of the value of his invention, and induced them to enter into partnership with him. In 1769 he took out a patent for the spinning-frame as its inventor, and a mill, worked by horse-power, was erected for spinning cotton by the new machine.

In a year or two, the success of Arkwright's invention was fairly established. The manufacturers were fully alive to its importance; and Arkwright now reaped the reward of all the toil and danger he had undergone, in the shape of a disgraceful attempt to rob him of his patent rights.

Besides trying to defraud him, the rival manufacturers did their best to discountenance the use of the yarns he made, although they were much superior to those made by them. Arkwright retaliated by working up his own yarn into stockings and calicoes; which became a very profitable business.

For the first five years, Arkwright's mills yielded little or no profit; but after that, the adverse tide against which he had struggled so bravely turned, and he followed a prosperous and honourable career till his death. He died in 1792, leaving a fortune of about half a million sterling!

QUESTIONS.—What was Arkwright's first trade? Where was his shop? About what time was that? What placard did he hang out one morning? With what result? What did the other barbers do? What did he then do? What trade did he next try? With what success? How did he spend his leisure time? What complaint did he often hear? What did he think of trying? Who joined him? Why did his wife leave him? Where did he go when he had completed his model? Why did he leave Preston? Where did he go? Who entered into partnership with him? How did the manufacturers try to injure him? What was the result of the first five years of his mills? What after that? When did he die? What fortune did he leave?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

pro-ject´ing	dis-play´ing	in-dig´nant	me-chan´i-cal
de-light´ed	cus´tom-ers	un-prin´ci-pled	im-port´ance
ac-com´mo-date	tem´per-a-ment	ex-per´i-ments	dis-coun´te-nance
op-por-tu´ni-ties	med´i-tat-ing	con´se-quence	pros´per-ous

DICTATION:—

Sir Richard Arkwright, born at Preston in 1732, invented the spinning-frame in 1769.

As hand-labour was thereby dispensed with, and the production of yarn was greatly accelerated, he may be considered the founder of the cotton manufacture.

THE LEGEND OF THE HEART OF BRUCE.

Am´bi-ent, surrounding
Bald´ric, belt.
Ben´i-son, blessing
Buck´ler, shield.
Cres´cent, the emblem of the Turkish power.
Dight, adorned.
Fane, temple: Melrose Abbey, in which the heart of Bruce was buried.
Gage, pledge; namely, the royal heart
Mêl-ée, a confused fight.
Mos´lem, Mussulman, or Mohammedan.
Os´myn, the Moorish King or Sultan of Granada.
Phil´ip of Valois, King of France
Rocks, mutiers
Sluys, a port in Holland

A GALLEY seeks the port of Sluys,*
And o'er the azure wave
Rode never bark more fair than she,
More royal and more brave.
The white sails swelling to the breeze
Are mirrored in those summer seas,
As ocean birds with snowy wing
O'er the blue deep their shadows fling;
And round the prow the dancing spray
Blushes to catch the sunny ray,
And melts in ambient* air away.
High on the prow a warrior band
In trim array are seen to stand;
Banner and pennon, sword and spear,
And mace and battle-axe are there;
And crested helm, and armour bright,
Buckler* and baldric* richly dight.*
They do not come with sword and lance
To devastate the fields of France;
Nor, led by policy, resort
A mission to King Philip's* court:
They come not with rich merchandise
To seek the crowded mart;
But pilgrims to Jerusalem,
They bear King Robert's heart.

And chief among the gallant throng
Was Douglas—he for whom so long
Woke the wild harp of Scottish song;

Whom still a fond tradition names
With benison,* "The good Sir James."—
He was both bold and blithe of mood,
Of faith unstained, and lineage good;
Loyal of heart and free of hand
As any knight in Christian land;
Fair largess he to minstrels gave,
And loved the faithful and the brave.
So many graces did commend
The knight who was King Robert's friend.

* * * *

For as in Cardross' sea-washed tower
  He stood beside the bed
Whereon, in life's departing hour,
  Was good King Robert laid,—
Whose failing breath and nerveless form
Bespoke him brother of the worm,
While visions of the days gone by
Flitted before his glazing eye,
And the old monarch's failing breath
Spoke of the fast approach of death—
Brave Douglas kissed the feeble hand
That once had fought for fair Scotland,
  And pledged his knightly word
That he the Bruce's heart would bear
Unto the Holy Sepulchre
  Of our most blessed Lord.

[Alphonso, King of Castile, induced the Douglas to fight with him against the Moors of Granada.]

  On rushed the Douglas—never knight
More valiant sought the field of fight.
Amidst the fray his snowy crest
Danced like the foam on ocean's breast:
Like lightning brand his broad-sword flashed,
And foemen bent and helmets crashed!
With stalwart arm and giant form
He charged like spirit of the storm!
And, as upon the mountain side,
So late the trackless forest's pride,

Uprooted by the wintry blast,
The prostrate sapling oaks are cast;
So where he spread his dread career
Bent Moslem* crest and Moslem spear;
While ever 'midst the mêlée,* high
And clear pealed forth his battle cry.
It seemed, indeed, a spell of power
Nerved Douglas' arm that fatal hour;
For, lo! to his faithful bosom pressed,
  In its jewelled casket of orient gold,
The heart that once throbbed in the Bruce's breast
  Was borne into fight by that baron bold.
Marvel ye, then, that his arm was strong!
That he humbled the pride of the Moslem throng?
That where'er he turned, from his dreaded track
The Moors, in their wild dismay, drew back!

* * * *

"Pass on, brave heart, as thou wert wont
  The embattled hosts before:
Douglas will die or follow thee
  To conquest, as of yore!"
They met, they closed; dread was the strife—
More dear the gage* than fame or life:
There, foot to foot, and hand to hand,
They stood opposed, and brand crossed brand!
Steel rang on steel—the war-steeds' tread
Trampled the dying and the dead;
The lurid clouds of dust on high
Rose eddying to the darkened sky;
The vulture snuffed the scent of blood,
And, screaming, roused her loathsome brood.
But the pale Crescent* waned—the host
Of Osmyn* saw the battle lost;
And loath to fly, but forced to yield,
Abandoned sullenly the field.

Where was the Douglas?—On the plain
They found him, 'midst the heap of slain,
Faithful in death, his good right hand
Held with firm grasp his broken brand;

While, o'er the sacred casket laid,
A bulwark of his corse he made.
And deem ye not, though fallen there,
The dying Douglas breathed a prayer
For that far land he loved the best,—
The land where Bruce's ashes rest ;—
For Scotland's worth, and Scotland's weal ;
For truth to guide, for peace to heal ;
For freedom and for equal laws,
And men to strive for freedom's cause !

The fane* is fallen, the rite is o'er,
The choral anthem peals no more ;
The moonbeam strays through nave and aisle,
And the verdant ivy clings round the pile.
It recks* not—like dew 'neath the sunny ray,
The crumbling fabric may pass away ;
It recks not—for deep in the patriot's breast
The names of his country's heroes rest ;
And a thrill of pride it will aye impart,
That Scottish earth wraps the prince's heart.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

QUESTIONS.—What was Bruce's dying request to Lord James Douglas? Where did Douglas fight on his way to Palestine? What befell him there? How did he address the royal heart, before he fell? Where was the casket found after the battle? Where was it at last deposited?

DICTATION :—

King Robert Bruce, on his death-bed, at Cardross on the Clyde, charged Lord Douglas to bury his heart in Jerusalem. Douglas, faithful to his promise, sailed for the Holy Land ; but on the Spanish plains, near Gibraltar, he died in battle with the Moors.

When he saw that death was certain, he threw the king's heart among the enemy, crying, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die."

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

Clear'-ing, a space cleared of trees.
En'-gines, military machines for throwing missiles.
Gal'-leys, low flat-built boats navigated with oars.
Le'-gion, a body of infantry, of from three to five thousand men.
Quern (kwern), a flour-mill turned by the hand.
Stock-ade', fence made of stakes.

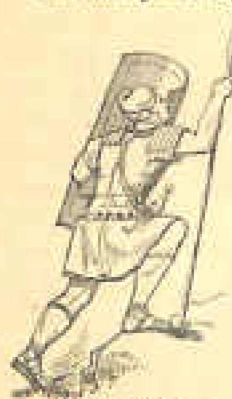
It was the afternoon of a September day, and the forest leaves were already touched with the first tints of autumn, when Julius Caesar's fleet of eighty ships drew up off the shore of Kent. The natives lined the beach with horse, foot, and chariots, and stood prepared to defend their island home. The Roman soldiers, clad as they were in heavy plate-armour of brass, and afraid of being struck down before they could gain firm footing, hesitated to leap into the water.

Caesar opened on the Britons a heavy discharge of stones and darts from the engines* used in sieges, which his galleys* had on board. This made the enemy give back a little. Still the soldiers hesitated to leap from the ships. Then the standard-bearer of the tenth legion,* crying "Leap, comrades, unless you wish to see your standard taken by the enemy!" sprang overboard, and began to carry forward the standard.

Roused by his example, the whole twelve thousand soldiers dashed at once into the sea. The Britons met them in the water. A fierce and deadly struggle took place, and much brave blood reddened the waves. Gradually the Romans fought their way to land. They formed and charged, and the terrible rush of their disciplined battalions swept the Britons before them.

This was the beginning of the Roman invasion of Britain. Nearly a century and a half passed after this, however, before they invaded Scotland. Up to the year 80 after Christ, while nearly the whole of England had been reduced to the condition of a Roman province, the Romans possessed no land north of the Solway Firth.

In that year, Agricola, governor of the province, led an army across the border, and began to hew his way into the Caledonian forests. The wary general advanced slowly, and secured his ground as he advanced, by building forts in commanding situations. The native tribes struggled bravely against the formidable invader, but having little union or combination among themselves, they were taken singly, and overcome in detail.


ROMAN SOLDIER.

The Romans carried on their operations with merciless vigour. Tacitus, Agricola's son-in-law, who writes an account of his life, tells us that it was his policy to overcome the Britons by the terror of his ravages. We understand what that means.

Yonder, for example, in a forest clearing,* is a native village, fenced with its ditch and stockade* of posts. It has children playing, cattle feeding, and patches of growing corn. The women sing the quern-song as they grind the meal for the evening repast in the quern* or hand-mill. Some of the men are doing a little smith-work, or bit of homely carpentry; others are away hunting.

Suddenly, at the edge of the forest, there is a gleam as of the sun's rays on polished metal. A body of armed men, sheathed in brass, issue from the wood, and sweep across the clearing, their burnished mail flashing as they go. The lightsome quern-song changes into shrieks of terror. The villagers close the gate of their stockade, and grasp their bows. The arrows shot through the openings of the posts rattle vainly against the strong plate-armour of the assailants. The gate goes down before the strokes of the axe; sword and torch do the rest. The cattle are driven away, and the crops destroyed.

The village hunters, alarmed by the smoke seen rising high over the forest, hasten back, and find a waste of blackened ruin, with the women and children wailing over the slain.

Yonder, again, is a British hill-fort. It is provided with ditch and rampart, and the natives have gathered their families and most valuable effects into it for security. The Romans have come to the foot of the hill, and prepare to carry the fort by storm. They form a "tortoise" as they called it; that is to say, they advance to the attack covered with their great shields, overlapping each other like the plates in the shell of the tortoise, or as slates do on a roof.

They take their way up the hill with swift and firm tread. The shower of darts and arrows, from the rampart above, falls harmless on the roof of shields. The defenders loosen a block of stone on

THE "TORTOISE."

the hill-top, and roll it over. The mass comes thundering down, crashes through the "tortoise," and leaves behind it a ghastly and bloody lane. The stern assailants close up their cleft roof without delaying their rapid advance for a moment. They reach the ditch, push planks and ladders across it, storm over the rampart, and put the defenders to the sword to the last man.

Such, no doubt, was the style of the Roman doings. In three of these stern campaigns Agricola penetrated to the Firths of Forth and Clyde. These two arms of the sea run so far inland that the distance between them, from water to water, is less than

forty miles. Across this neck of land Agricola built a chain of forts at regular intervals. This line of fortified posts was meant to defend the conquered territory against the warlike tribes of the north.

Dreading an attack from the northern tribes, Agricola resolved to strike them within their own bounds. Leaving his fortified line, and crossing the Forth at Queensferry, he advanced northward through Fife. The clans rose for the defence of their country against the fierce people whose lust of dominion had brought them so far; and they put a chief named Galgacus at their head.

What manner of man he was who has come down to us under this name, what life he lived, or what death he died, we have no means of knowing; but the man around whom these old clans gathered, to bleed and die for country and freedom, must have had in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made.

The Romans found the Caledonian army drawn up on the moor of Ardoch, in Perthshire, at the foot of the Grampian mountains (A.D. 84). Tacitus says that they were 30,000 strong—the Romans 26,000. The Caledonians fought with desperate courage, but the vastly superior discipline and arms of the Romans gave them every advantage.

They fought with a large, oblong shield, and a short, heavy sword, formed either to thrust or to cut. The Caledonians fought with small, round shields, and long, heavy swords without a point. The mighty downward stroke of the Caledonian sword was received on the upper edge of the Roman

shield. Pushing it up, the Roman plunged his short keen sword into the body of his adversary.

The Caledonians were defeated with great slaughter. Night alone put a stop to the carnage. Next morning 10,000 dead lay on the face of the moor. Agricola led back his army to the south. Then, when the retiring host was out of sight, the natives would venture down to search for their dead on the field of slaughter. The raven beat his wings and croaked hoarsely when disturbed in his feast; and the wolf looked up and growled fiercely when the widow tried to scare him from the corpse of her husband.

MACKENZIE.

QUESTIONS.—At what part of the coast did Julius Caesar land? Why did the Roman soldiers hesitate to leave their ships? Who was the first to leap into the water? Where did a fierce struggle take place? What gave the Romans the advantage? How long was it after that before they invaded Scotland? Under what governor? What was his policy for overcoming the Britons? Describe an attack on a native village; and on a hill-fort. How far did Agricola penetrate into Scotland? How did he defend the conquered territory? In what great battle did he afterwards defeat the North Britons? Where is Ardoch? Who was the British leader?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

hes´i-tāt-ed	in-vād´ed	car´pen-try	thun´der-ing
com´rades	Cal-e-do´ni-an	de-stroyed´	as-sail´ants
dis´ci-plined	com-mand´ing	val´u-a-ble	pen´e-trāt-ed
bat-tal´ions	sit-u-a´tions	se-cu´ri-ty	des´pe-rate

DICTATION:—

Julius Caesar, during an interval in his Gallic Wars, invaded Britain first in B.C. 55. He returned in the following year; but the Romans did not plant themselves firmly in the island till the time of Agricola, A.D. 78–87.

BOADICEA.

Dru´id, one of the priests of the ancient Britons; so called because they worshipped under *the oak*.
Har´mo-ny, the musical art.
Mien, bearing; manner.
Prog´e-ny, race; descendants.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,*
Counsel of her country's gods:

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid,* hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:—

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish!—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt!
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony* the path to fame.

"Then the progeny* that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew—
None invincible as they."—

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,—
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,—
Shame and ruin wait for you!"

COWPER.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

in-dig'nant	ab-horred'	in-vin'ci-ble	ruff'ians
coun'sel	re-nowned'	pro-phet'ic	pit'i-less
match'less	thun'der	preg'nant	venge'ance
re-sent'ment	pos-ter'i-ty	ce-les'tial	be-stowed'

DICTATION:—

Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, was shamefully scourged by the Romans, though her husband, at his death, had left them half his wealth.

She raised an army, to avenge her wrongs and deliver the country. London was reduced to ashes, and seventy thousand Romans were massacred.

The Roman general avenged this cruelty in a great battle, in which eighty thousand Britons were killed.

Boadicea poisoned herself, rather than fall into the hands of her enemies.

ARCHERY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

PART I.

Bal'dric, belt or girdle.
Brag'gart, boaster.
Cra'ven, coward.
Dis-com'fit-ure, defeat.
No'ble, a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.
O-ver-shoot', shoot better than; excel in shooting.
Per'emp-tor-y, positive; unavoidable.
Serfs, vassals; slaves.
Sil'van, belonging to the woods.

"THE yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs* is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the prince; "thou remindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory* public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn mounted with silver,

and a silken baldric' richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of silvan' sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known, for many miles around him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more closely the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides fearing discomfiture' and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince

John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles;' but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow-strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart.'"

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman.—"Your Grace's power, supported as it is by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bow-string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven.'"

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they

should overshoot* me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full scope for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

QUESTIONS.—Why were the sports to be discontinued? What did Waldemar propose? What prize was to be given to the best archer? How many competitors were there at first? Why did a number withdraw? How many remained? Whom did Prince John then address? What reasons did he give for not competing? What was his name? On what terms was he ordered to compete? What mark was set for them to shoot at? Who superintended the sports?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

dis-con-tent'ed	com-pe-ti'tion	in-di-vid'u-al	pre-ce'dence
ful-fil'ment	coun'te-nance	un-wit'ting-ly	con-de-scend'ed
in'so-lent	ad-vent'ure	pre'vi-ous-ly	su-per-in-tend'
en-ter-tain-ments	re-frain'ing	de-ter'mined	yeo'man-ry

DICTATION:—

The great pastime of the people in Norman England was archery. They were even bound by royal proclamation to practise it on Sundays and holy-days, after divine service.

ARCHERY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

PART II.

Buck'lers, the baldric, &c., forming the prize.	**Ju'bi-lee**, a general shout.
Clout, the centre of the target.	**Sith**, since.
	Whit'tle, a small knife.

ONE by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeoman-like and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target; and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin; who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith* it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh

one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly, in appearance, as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

Hubert resumed his place, and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a

stranger. "In the clout!" in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley. And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers! The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "Who can this be?" whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill.

"For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, though it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the Battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers,*—or rather, I yield to the Evil One that is in him, and not to any human skill: a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle,* or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man that ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill;—his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed! A jubilee* of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if I ever took service it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

QUESTIONS.—Who was pronounced victorious? On what condition did Locksley agree to compete with him? Where did Hubert's first arrow light? Where did Locksley's? And Hubert's second? And Locksley's second? What mark did the latter then set up? What did Hubert say when asked to shoot at it? What success had Locksley? What offer did Prince John then make to him? What did he reply? What did he do with the twenty nobles?

JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

Bale′-fire, signal-fire
Burn (Sc.), streamlet
De-lir′-i-um, raving
Din′-na ye (Sc.), do you not
Gow′-an-gem (Sc.), the daisy
Hur′-tles, sounds loudly, clashes.
Lea, meadow.
Pi′-broch (pē′-broch), the martial music of the Scottish bagpipe.
Slo′-gan (Sc.), war-cry, gathering-word
Swart, black
Tru′-ant, wandering

[The incident on which this spirited piece is founded is said to have occurred while the British were besieged in Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny, and when despair was at its height. Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal, had all through the siege been in a state of high excitement, and was labouring under a constant fever. "At last," says the lady correspondent of the *Pays*, "she lay down on the ground and fell into a profound slumber, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream, close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin': it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!'"—It is to be regretted that subsequent information threw discredit on this romantic story; yet even with this drawback the editor cannot refrain from inserting the poem.]

In her veins the red river is fast running high,
The bale-fire* of fever is lit in her eye;
And by Reason unmastered her truant* thoughts roam—
Roam o'er the ocean-wave, back to her home.
There, where the gowan-gem* spangles the lea;*
There, where the laughing burn* flits to the sea;
There is she waiting the set of the sun,
For the ploughman's return when the ploughing is done!
"Wake me," she said, "when the ploughing is done,
And my father returns at the set of the sun."

Wrapped in her Highland plaid, sunk on the sod,
She's asleep—she is still—Is her spirit with God?
Breathless and motionless, there doth she lie,
While the boom of the battle-field hurtles* on high;

And still as she lies, round the walls of the dwelling
All wildly a host of black demons is yelling.
Why springs she from earth as the hind from her lair?
What meaneth that scream as an eagle's in air?
"Dinna* ye hear it? What! dinna ye hear?
O God, we are saved! for the clansmen are near."

Was it only an echo borne down on the air?
Was it only the hope that is born of despair?
Was it only the dream that delirium* may bring,
When the wild brood of fancy is all on the wing?
Was it only—'Tis false! She's awake! She is sane!—
"What! dinna ye hear it? I hear it again!
'Tis the pibroch* Diarmid played ages ago—
'Tis the slogan* Clan Alpine still hurls on the foe!
The Campbells are coming! M'Gregor is near!—
Oh! dinna ye hear it yet? dinna ye hear?"

They are come, the avengers! Their bayonets gleam!
It was not delirium, it was not a dream.
They are come! they are come! Of that Highland array
Is it maid, is it matron, that pointeth the way?
Shamed, outraged, maimed, murdered, their phantoms arise,
But shrink in their shame from their countrymen's eyes!
By each warrior's side a child-cherub hath stood,
And it pointeth—"its bright hair" all "dabbled with blood;"
And the bayonet gleams, and with yell of despair,
At each thrust a swart* demon flies back to his lair.

PROFESSOR WEBB.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

fe′-ver	laugh′-ing	clans′-men	phan′-toms
un-mas′-tered	plough′-man	a-veng′-ers	point′-eth
span′-gles	breath′-less	bay′-on-ets	de-spair′

DICTATION:—

The Mutiny at Lucknow broke out on May 30, 1857. The British besieged in the Residency were joined by Havelock and Outram on Sept. 25. The garrison was finally rescued by Sir Colin Campbell on Nov. 17.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Ac-cu-mu-la´tion, collection; heaping up
De-vōt´ed, doomed.
Fran´tic, wild; mad-like.
Per-cep´ti-ble, able to be seen.
Pro-trac´tion, drawing out; prolonging of misery.

THE most striking feature of North America is the vast chain of lakes which separates Canada from the United States.

Lake Superior, the greatest of these inland seas, is the largest body of fresh water in the world. The four other principal lakes are, Lakes Huron, Michigan, Erie, and Ontario; from the last of which issues the noble river St. Lawrence, which runs an uninterrupted course of seven hundred miles before it reaches the Atlantic. There is thus a continuous current from the most remote tributary of Lake Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of more than two thousand miles.

Lakes Erie and Ontario are united by the river Niagara, the length of which is thirty-three and a half miles. On this river, about twenty miles from Lake Erie, the celebrated Falls are situated.

The Niagara, as it leaves Lake Erie, is three quarters of a mile in width. Before reaching the falls it is one mile broad, and twenty-five feet deep, and flows with great swiftness. An island, on the verge of the cataract, divides it into two sheets of water. One of these, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty-eight feet in height. The other, called the American Fall, is two hundred yards wide and one hundred and sixty-four feet high.

About once in ten years—generally in January or in the beginning of February—the ice at the foot of the falls makes a complete bridge from the one shore to the other. A great frozen mass, of irregular shape, is formed on the edge next to the cataract, from blocks of ice being forced under the surface and raising it up, and from the accumulation* of frozen spray.

When this breaks up in the spring, the crashing of the several fragments, driven together by the force of the waters, rivals the noise of the falls themselves. In a mild winter, the ice of Lake Erie sometimes breaks up, and large pieces float over the falls. These are smashed to atoms, and rise to the surface in immense quantities of a substance like wetted snow. A severe night's frost binds this into a solid mass, and forms a large portion of the bridge.

The rise and fall of the great body of the water is very slight at any season; but, as you watch the plunging stream, it seems to tumble down sometimes in gushes, as if every now and then an additional influence came into play.

About the centre of the Horse-shoe, or Canadian Fall, there is a clear, unbroken spout of water, twenty feet in depth before its leap. For seventy feet below, it continues deep, and of a pure blue; presently it becomes shrouded in a soft spray, which waves like a plume in the wind, at times tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. When the weather is very calm, this beautiful mist rises to a great height into the air, becoming finer by degrees, till at last it is no longer perceptible.*

There is already a list of fearful accidents at this place, though frequented by civilized man for so short a time. The last few years have been fertile in them. Perhaps the most frightful of all was one which happened in May 1843.

A Canadian villager was engaged in dragging sand from the river three miles above the falls. Seated in his cart, he backed the horses into the water, ignorant of the depth. The cart sank; but a box on which he sat floated, and was soon driven by a high wind from the land into the strong but smooth current. He was unable to swim, but he clung to the box.

A boat was on the shore; but, by the mismanagement of the bystanders, it was let loose into the stream, and floated past the unhappy man, empty and useless. There was no other for two miles lower down. Beyond that point aid was impossible.

The people on the banks, instead of hastening to get a boat ready to meet him lower down, ran along the shore talking to him of help, which their stupidity rendered of no avail. He knew that he was doomed. "I'm lost! I'm lost!" sounded fainter and fainter as the distance widened.

This dreadful protraction* lasted nearly an hour, the current being very slow. At first he scarcely appears to move; but the strength of the current increases, the waters become more troubled, he spins about in the eddies, still clinging with the energy of despair to his support. He passes close to an island—so close, that the box touches and stops for

one moment; but the next it twists slowly round, and is sucked into the current again.

The last hope is that a boat may be ready on the shore at his native village. It is vain; there are none there but frail canoes, and these are all high up on the bank. By the time that one of them is launched, the boldest boatman dares not embark.

Just above the falls, they see the devoted* victim whirled round and round in the foaming waves, appealing for aid with frantic* gestures. His frightful screams pierce through the dull roar of the torrent—"I'm lost! I'm lost!"

He is now in the smooth flood of blue unbroken water, twenty feet in depth, in the centre of the Canadian Fall. Yet another moment, and he has loosed his hold. His hands are clasped, as if in prayer; his voice is silent. Smoothly, but quickly, as an arrow's flight, he glides over, and is seen no more, nor any trace of him from that time.

WARBURTON.

QUESTIONS.—Out of what lake does the river Niagara flow? What is its breadth as it leaves the lake? How broad does it become before reaching the falls? and how deep? What divides the cataract into two parts? What are they called? How wide is the Horse-shoe Fall? and how high? How wide is the American Fall? and how high? What sometimes forms a bridge at the foot of the falls? How often does this occur? At what point is the water resolved into a beautiful mist? To whom did the frightful accident in 1843 happen? How did it occur? On what was the man carried down the stream? What mistake did the people on shore make? What was his last act?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*.—

Ni-ag'ar-a	be-gin'ning	sub'stance	fre-quent'ed
swift'ness	Feb'ru-ar-y	ad-di'tion-al	civ'il-ized
cat'a-ract	ir-reg'u-lar	in'flu-ence	mis-man'age-ment
gen'er-al-ly	frag'ments	Ca-na'di-an	by'stand-ers
Jan'u-ar-y	im-mense'	ac'ci-dents	stu-pid'i-ty

DICTATION :—

The cataract of Niagara is divided into two parts by an island on its verge.

One of these, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is six hundred yards wide and one hundred and fifty-eight feet in height.

The other, called the American Fall, is two hundred yards wide and one hundred and sixty-four feet high.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Re-sent′-ment, anger; wrath. | **Un-a-vail′-ing**, useless; vain.

IF Fortune, with a smiling face,
  Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those who have wronged us own their fault,
  And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
  Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
  And plead his ruin thorough,

When shall we weigh his breach of faith?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
  The minutes will not stay;—
We have always time to welcome them
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment,* angry words,
  And unavailing* sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

CHARLES MACKAY.

QUESTIONS.—When should we gather Fortune's roses? When grieve over her cares? When should we forgive the penitent? When should we chide them? When strive to pay our debts? When blame our debtor? When welcome virtuous acts and harmless joys? Mention the different things we should do to-day, and to-morrow. What things come too soon to-morrow?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

smil′-ing	list′-en	mem′-o-ry	vir′-tu-ous
sor′-row	for-give′	debt′-or	harm′-less
kind′-ly	jus′-tice	thor′-ough	wel′-come

DICTATION :—

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
  The minutes will not stay;—
We have always time to welcome them
  To-day, my friend, to-day.

But care, resentment, angry words,
  And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

AN ICEBERG.

Lar′board, the left-hand side, looking forward.
Lay-to′, slackened sail, and moved slowly.
Lee′ward, the side of a ship opposite to the quarter from which the wind blows.
Scut′tle, hatchway; opening in the deck.
Stu-pen′dous, of wonderful size.

AT twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle,* and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen.

"Where away, cook?" asked the first man who went up. "On the larboard* bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean several miles off, an immense irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, one of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean.

As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light; and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun.

All hands were soon on deck looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur; but no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and real sublimity of the sight.

Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds: the dashing of the waves upon

it, which, breaking high with foam, covered its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces, together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear,—all combined to give it the character of true sublimity.

The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour; its base was crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It

seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it.

It was in sight all the afternoon; and as we got to leeward of it the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately there was no moon; but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars.

Several times in our watch, loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg; and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning a strong breeze sprung up, so we filled away and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight. DANA.

QUESTIONS.—At what distance was the iceberg seen? With what was its top covered? What colour was its centre? What did its circumference measure? How high was it? How did it move? With what was its base covered? What caused the thundering sounds which came from it? In what direction was it drifting? What did the ship do during the night? When did it leave the iceberg?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

im-mense'	cav'i-ties	de-scrip'tion	thun'der-ing
ir-reg'u-lar	pin'na-cles	strange'ness	char'ac-ter
in'di-go	glit'ter-ing	splen'dour	trans-pa'rent
north'ern	ad-mir'ing	sub-lim'i-ty	a-void'ed
di-rec'tion	va'ri-ous	cir-cum'fer-ence	un-for'tu-nate-ly

DICTATION:—

The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest.

MONTGOMERY.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Cal-e-do'ni-a, Scotland | Pelf, riches

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

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

SCOTT.—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

min'strel	de-spite'	for'feit	un-hon'oured
rap'tures	con-cen'tred	re-nown'	po-et'ic

DICTATION:—

Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh in 1771. His chief poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." "Waverley," the first of his novels, appeared in 1814. He died at Abbotsford in 1832.

THE HAND.

Be-hold'en, indebted.
De'vi-ous, crooked.
Dis-cor'dant, inharmonious.
En-hance'ment, increase in value.
Trans-fixed', immovable; spell-bound.

In many respects the organ of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive: the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostril stand simply open: light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.

It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed* at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant* sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odours.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious* way: it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear stopped, its fingers

speak eloquently to the eye, and enable it to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the other senses, also, even in their greatest perfection, are beholden* to the hand for the enhancement* and the exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range among the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope, and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated, and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distils for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and, without any play of words, is the handmaid of them all.

And if the hand thus munificently serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power of man.

Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plough into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him, plead for him, pray for him.

What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand, made to extend

its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with! All our huge cannons and other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier!

What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a light-house, or a palace; what, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man has changed it, but the work of that giant hand, with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will!

When I think of all that the human hand has wrought, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree, to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, I lift up my hand and gaze upon it with wonder and awe. What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil! and all the day long it never is idle.

There is no implement which it cannot wield, and it should never in working hours be without one. We unwisely restrict the term "handicraftsman," or hand-worker, to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet.

For the Queen's hand there is the sceptre, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer;

for the farmer's hand the plough; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for the woman's hand the needle.

If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank. But for each willing man and woman there is a tool which they may learn to handle; for all there is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

GEORGE WILSON.

QUESTIONS.—What great difference is there between the organ of touch and the organs of the other senses? Illustrate this. How does it take upon it the duties of the eye? and of the ear? How does it increase the powers of the eye? and of the ear? What does the hand give expression to in man? What may a steam-engine be considered? and an electric telegraph? and weapons of war? To whom does the term *handicraftsman* properly apply?

PRONOUNCE in *syllables*:—

won′der-ful	tel′e-scope	e-lec′tric	pre-dict′ed
fra′grance	mi′cro-scope	tel′e-graph	im′ple-ment
el′o-quent-ly	ab′di-cate	con′ti-nent	la-bo′ri-ous
un-wont′ed	mu-nif′i-cent-ly	ex′e-cūt-ed	scep′tre
per-fec′tion	ed′u-cāt-ed	ef-fec′tu-al	car′pen-ter
ex-al-ta′tion	min′is-ter	for-bid′den	sculp′tor

DICTATION:—

Dr. George Wilson was born at Edinburgh in 1818. His life was devoted to the study of Natural Science.

He was appointed to the Chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh in 1855, and died in November 1859.

THE BONFIRE OF CRAIG-GOWAN.

Brae, hill; steep road. | Flinch, shrink; yield

A HORSEMAN sweeps at the dead of night
Through the forest braes of Mar;
And headlong is his star-lit flight—
The messenger of war!
Wildly panteth his foaming steed,
Yet for brae* nor bank stays he,
But flies, with a Highland eagle's speed,
By the rushing waves of Dee.
In the cot the herd-boy lifts his head
At the strange and startling sound;
And stares, with slumber's wondering dread,
As the hoof-sparks flash around.
The roe-buck springs from his lonely lair
Beneath the birch-tree's branches fair,
While down his sides the fear-drops stream;
And the white owl sails through the troubled air,
Like the creature of a dream!

But on flies the steed, with flowing mane,
On his dark and desolate track,
And proudly he champeth the useless rein,
For Vict'ry rides on his glossy back!
On to the gentle Lady's halls
Who wears old Scotland's crown;
And "Hurrah! hurrah!" the horseman calls,
"Sebastopol is down!"
Swift as light is the tidings' flight,
And with beating heart, but air serene,
'Neath the glorious stars of a Highland night,
Forth steps the Queen!

"Fire the pile on Craig-gowan height!"
The fair Victoria cries,
While the triumph-glance of Britannia's might
Beams through her queenly eyes;—
"Light the pile on Craig-gowan high,
Light the mountain's head,

Till every peak 'neath my Highland sky
With the victory-fire is red!
Let it tell with its mighty tongue of flame
To Scottish heath and town,
That my foot stands on the proudest gem
Of the Russian tyrant's crown!
Let it flush the glens with its glorious light,
Where my kilted lads were born,
Who led the fight up Alma's height
On the dreadful battle morn;
The men who nobly knew to die,
But cannot learn to flinch* or fly;—
Who on Balaklava's plain,
When the death-shot poured like rain,
Bore the waving feathers high
In face of Russia's chivalry;
And bade them in their might come on,
Till the fiery horsemen's shock
Broke like spray on granite rock,
Where my Highland bayonets shone!

"Oh! that yonder flame could light
The hill-tops of the world,
Till sighing and down-trodden Right
Its sunny flag unfurled—
Till, with the bonds of serfdom riven
By his own triumphant sword,
Man proudly raised his eyes to heaven—
The freeman of the Lord!

"But fire the pile on Craig-gowan height,
Light mountain, glen, and sky—
Right tramples on the throat of Might—
Light, light the bonfire high!"

W. S. DANIEL.

DICTATION:—

On receipt of the intelligence of the capture of Sebastopol (8th September 1855), a bonfire was, by the Queen's orders, immediately kindled on Craig-gowan Hill, which overlooks the Castle.

NOBLE REVENGE.

Hi-er-o-glyph'ic, symbolic; by signs or pictures.
In-ex'o-ra-ble, unyielding.
Men'ace, threat.
Re-doubt', an out-work.
Re-tal-i-a'tion, revenge.

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable* laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any redress,—he could look for no retaliation* by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it!"

This, wearing the shape of a menace,* naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this, a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt,* which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see

a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership. The party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half-hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic* reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return.

From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks.

That perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that.* For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; "high and low" are words without a meaning; and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? Oh, reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer who struck him! Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is

upon them. If for a moment a doubt divided them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: "Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it!"

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

QUESTIONS.—Whom did the young officer strike? For what was the private distinguished? Why could he have no redress? What did he say as he turned away? What effect had his words? What occasion arose for a desperate service? Who led the storming party? What was the result? Who rushed forward to meet the wreck of the conquering party? Whose hand did he seize? Why did they suddenly pause? Who were thus brought face to face? What did the officer then do? What did the private do? And what did he say?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

dis-tin´-guished	in-dig-na´-tion	des´-per-ate	dis-tinc´-tions
mil´-i-tar-y	in-ter-cept´-ed	re-cap´-tured	for-give´-ness
dis´-ci-pline	sen´-ti-ment	vol-un-teered´	in-dig´-ni-ty

DICTATION:—

A private soldier, being struck by a young officer, said he would make him repent it; and he did so, not by any vengeful act, but by extorting from the officer admiration for his noble courage.

THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

Ank´-er, a cask containing ten gallons.
Boom, a bar stretched across a river or harbour.
Flitch, the side of a hog, pickled.
Foyle, the river on which Londonderry stands.

IT was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle.* Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores.

The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake[1] performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect.

At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom.* The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded and stuck in the mud! A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder.

Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach

[1] Captain John Leake, afterwards Admiral Leake, commanded the *Dartmouth*, a thirty-six gun frigate.

which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths,—in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction.

The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes.

Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began.

First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches* of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks

of pease and biscuit, ankers* of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease.

It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance.

Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

MACAULAY.

QUESTIONS.—What did the evening sentinels see coming up the Foyle? Why were the ships in great danger? Which went at the boom? With what effect? What did the Irish prepare to do? What prevented them? What did the *Phœnix* do? How did the *Mountjoy* get afloat again? When did the ships reach the quay? What ration did each man then receive? What had they received not many hours before? How did the besieged celebrate their triumph? What did the besiegers do all night? How did the city make answer? When did the besiegers finally withdraw from the city?

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

ca-the´dral	nav´i-ga-ble	mul´ti-tude	im-ag´ine
sep´a-rat-ed	nu´mer-ous	un-ut´ter-a-ble	res´cued
sen´ti-nels	bar´ri-cade	sus-pense´	de-fi´ance
be-sieg´ers	de-struc´tion	nig´gard-ly	re-treat´ing

DICTATION:—

The siege of Londonderry, in 1689, was conducted by the generals of the exiled King of England, James II., whom Louis XIV. of France sought to restore to the British throne.

The inhabitants of the town remained faithful to the interest of William III., Prince of Orange; and under the leadership of George Walker, a clergyman, bravely endured the worst miseries of famine for three months.

HOHENLINDEN.

Dun, dark; gloomy.
Frank, the French.
Hun, the Austrians.
I´ser, a tributary of the Danube, not far from Hohenlinden.
Lin´den, poetical form of Hohenlinden.
Mu´nich, the capital of Bavaria.
Rev´el-ry, tumult of battle.
Riv´en, rent asunder.
Sul´phu-rous can´o-py, the air filled with the smoke and smell of gunpowder.

ON Linden,* when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,* rolling rapidly.

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

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

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

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

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

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich!* all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

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

CAMPBELL.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

blood´less	dark´ness	char´ger	blood´i-er
un-trod´den	scen´er-y	dread´ful	com´bat
rap´id-ly	ar-rayed´	thun´der	chiv´al-ry
com-mand´ing	fu´ri-ous	ar-til´ler-y	sep´ul-chre

DICTATION:—

The war between France and Austria was renewed in 1799. In 1800, Napoleon defeated the Austrians at Marengo.

On the 3rd of November, in the same year, one of his generals, Moreau, defeated them with great slaughter at Hohenlinden, a village in Bavaria.

THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

Bab′blers, foolish talkers.
Clam′our-ing, shouting.
Con′stan-cy, firmness of purpose; devotion.
Dis′ci-pline, obedience to orders.
Flank, side.
Thrilled, trembled; vibrated.

THE *Birkenhead*, a large troop-ship, with 632 souls on board, was sailing off the coast of Africa on a clear night in February 1852. As the captain was anxious to shorten the voyage, and the sea was calm, he kept as near as possible to the shore.

Off Cape Danger, the vessel was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour. Suddenly she struck upon a sunken rock with such force that in a few minutes she was a wreck.

The roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every man knew that it was his death-summons. There they stood, as if on parade, no man showing restlessness or fear, though the ship was every moment going down, down.

Their commander, Colonel Seton of the 74th Highlanders, told them that there were only boats enough to carry the women and children to shore, and that these must be saved first.

No man muttered an objection. Orders were given coolly and obeyed promptly. The boats were got ready and lowered. Everything was done quickly, for there was no time to lose; but there was no haste, no panic, no wailings of despair.

The women and children were got into the boats. They pushed off, and made for the shore, landed their freight, and returned for another. Again and again this was done, till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved—the soldiers all the while giving help or looking on without a murmur.

All was now done that could be done. There were no boats for the troops; and the ship was sinking so fast that it was vain to expect the boats to return in time to save any of them.

The soldiers stood on deck in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder, officers and men together, watching the sharks that were waiting for them in the waves, and patiently abiding the end.

And the end soon came. In half an hour from the time when she struck, the *Birkenhead* went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen.

The following verses (by Sir F. H. Doyle) are put into the mouth of a soldier who is supposed to have survived:—

Right on our flank* the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled* as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread; for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.

The boats could hold !—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."
The man thus clamouring* was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers,* and made no reply;
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line—to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What followed why recall! The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

There stands in Greenwich Hospital a monument, erected by command of Queen Victoria, in memory of the "heroic constancy* and unbroken discipline*" which officers and men displayed.

QUESTIONS.—Where was the *Birkenhead* lost? When? How many souls were on board? What was the cause of the wreck? Why was the drum sounded when she struck? What did their commander tell the soldiers? What did they do? Who were put in the boats? How did the troops stand while this was going on? What became of them? How is their memory preserved? How is their conduct described there?

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

Baf'fled, disappointed; beaten.
Con'stan-cy, fixedness; absence of change.
Surge, swell; rise to a great height.
Un-fath'om-a-ble, that cannot be fathomed, or measured.

HERE, the winds, free from that cramped prison called the Earth, are out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long.

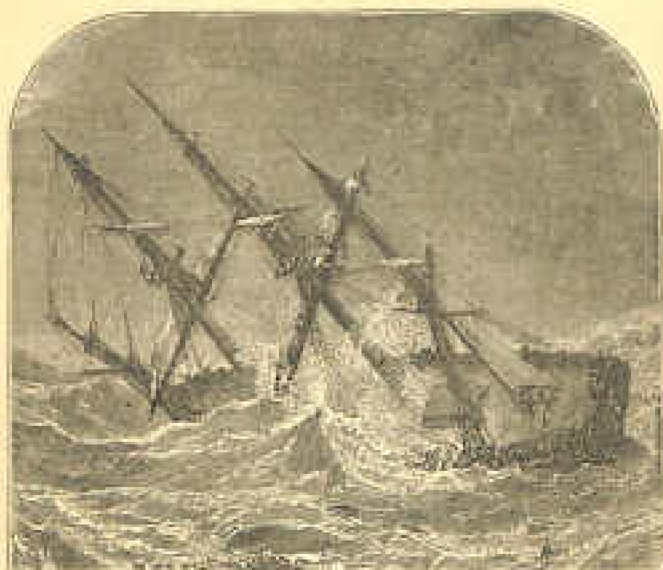
On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not: for what is now the one, is now the other; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water.

Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggling, ending in a spouting up of foam that whitens the black night; ceaseless change of place, and form, and hue; constancy* in nothing but eternal strife!

On, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A ship!"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes—now high upon the curling billows—now low down in the hollows of the sea, as if hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about



the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break, and round her surge* and roar; and, giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled* anger: still she comes onward bravely.

And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep; as if no deadly element were

peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable* depths below.

CHARLES DICKENS.

PRONOUNCE *in syllables*:—

shriek'-ing	gal'-lant	cu-ri-os'-i-ty	dis-cov'-ers
cease'-less	trem'-bling	frag'-ments	e-ter'-ni-ty
clam'-or-ous	mar'-i-ners	mul'-ti-tude	yawn'-ing

DICTATION:—

On, on, on they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A ship!"

OUTLINES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

(*Continued from page* [illegible].)

HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

1399 A.D. to 1461 A.D.—62 years.—3 kings.

LEADING FEATURE:—Rise and Fall of the English Power in France.

HENRY IV. (son of John of Gaunt)..........began to reign 1399	HENRY V. (son)................ 1413
	HENRY VI. (son)..............(1422-1461)

HENRY IV.—BOLINGBROKE.

1399 A.D. to 1413 A.D.—14 years.

1. Henry IV., having obtained the crown by unjust means, found it no easy task to manage the fiery spirits of the nobles. Many were the quarrels and disputes amongst them, and many were the plots laid to deprive him of the throne; but he was watchful and active, and well knew the temper of the people he had to govern.

2. The greatest rebellion of his reign was that raised by the Earl of Northumberland, who, with his son Harry Percy, surnamed Hotspur,

raised an army, and, assisted by the Scots and Welsh, fought the bloody Battle of **Shrewsbury** (1403). The rebels were defeated, and Hotspur slain.

3. Henry's latter days were troubled by the vices and follies of his son Henry, called **Madcap Harry**. This youth, though brave and generous, was fond of low company, and with his riotous companions often got into mischief. On one occasion they even went so far as to commit a robbery on the highway.

Some of his companions having been captured and brought to justice, Harry went into court and requested their release; and being refused, struck the judge in the face! He was immediately sent to prison; but seeing he had done wrong, he quietly submitted to the punishment. When the king heard of it, he said that he was "happy in having a judge with courage to execute the laws, and happier still in having a son willing to obey them."

4. Henry died in a fit of epilepsy (1413). During his reign the **Lollards**, followers of Wycliffe, were much persecuted, and several of them burned to death in Smithfield. The first English Protestant martyr was a priest named William Sawtré (1401).

The power of the **Commons** continued to increase. In particular, they established their right to vote supplies of money and to inquire into the expenditure.

QUESTIONS.

1. Name the Kings of the House of Lancaster. What is the leading feature of the period? Whose son was Henry IV.? How long did he reign? Give dates. What difficulties did he meet with? What was his character?

2. Between whom was the Battle of Shrewsbury fought? What gave rise to it? How did it end?

3. How were Henry's latter days troubled? What was his son called? Relate the circumstances that caused his son's imprisonment. What did the king say of it?

4. What caused Henry's death? Who suffered persecution in his reign? Where were some of them burned to death? Who was the first martyr? How was the power of the Commons increased?

HENRY V.—MONMOUTH.

1413 A.D. to 1422 A.D.—9 years.

1. When young Henry became king, his first act was to send for his wild companions, tell them that he was determined to lead a new life, and beg them to follow his example. He took into his favour the judge who had sent him to prison, and called to his assistance the wisest and best men in the land. But in his religious zeal he persecuted the Lollards.

2. His great ambition was to obtain possession of France. He therefore invaded it with an army of 30,000 men, and took Harfleur. But his army was soon wasted by disease; and when, on his march to Calais, he was met at **Agincourt** by the French army of 100,000 men, under the Duke of Orleans, he could only raise about 12,000, and these were almost worn out by hunger and fatigue.

During a dark and rainy night Henry's little army lay encamped in sight of the French watch-fires. The French soldiers passed the night in idle jollity; but Henry, like a wise general, laid down his plans for battle.

Early in the morning the English archers led the way, and pouring in upon the French a deadly shower of arrows, threw them into disorder. Then the whole force rushed forward with sword and battle-axe, and gained a complete victory. The French lost 8000 knights and nobles, besides common soldiers; the English only a few score in all.

After this great victory Henry returned to England. He was warmly welcomed home; many even rushed into the sea to meet the boat that was bringing him to land; and Parliament voted him large supplies of money (1415).

3. Two years later, Henry returned to France; and after gaining several successes, he was made Regent of France, and married the daughter of the French king (1420). He took the field again in 1422; but just when he seemed about to reach the height of his glory, he was seized by illness and died.

He was a brave warrior and a clever statesman. His widow, Catherine, married a Welsh gentleman named Owen Tudor; and from them sprang the royal house of **Tudor**, of which the first king was Henry VII.

4. During this reign it was enacted that no law should have force until agreed to by the **Commons**. It was also ordered that every citizen of London should hang a lantern at his door on winter nights: hence the custom of lighting the streets of towns. Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, made his fortune as a merchant by trading with a ship called the *Cat*: hence the tale of "Whittington and his Cat."

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Henry IV.? How long did he reign? Give dates. What was young Henry's first act? Whom did he take into favour? Whom did he persecute?

2. What was Henry's great ambition? What means did he use? What place did he take? Whither did he then march? By whom was he met? Where? What was the condition of his army? Their number? And that of the French? How did they pass the night? Describe the battle. What was the loss on the side of the French? Of the English? What did Henry now do? How was he welcomed home?

3. When did he revisit France? What was he made? Whom did he marry?

What was his character? Whom did Catherine afterwards marry? What royal house sprang from the union?

4. Name two Acts passed in this reign. What famous merchant was made thrice Lord Mayor of London?

HENRY VI.—WINDSOR.

1422 A.D. to 1461 A.D.—39 years.

1. **Henry VI.**, son of the late king, being an infant when his father died, a council of twenty, with the Duke of Gloucester at their head, managed the affairs of the nation. The Duke of Bedford went to France as English Regent. There several battles were fought, and fresh conquests made by the English forces.

Siege was then laid to **Orleans**; and it was thought that this too would fall into their hands. But suddenly a change came, by which almost all that had been gained was lost.

2. In a certain village of France there lived a country girl, named **Joan of Arc**, who imagined that Heaven had raised her up to save her country from the English armies. This was told to the French king, who, being much alarmed at the successes of the English, was willing to do anything to check their progress.

He therefore put Joan at the head of some troops; and the soldiers, quite believing in her mission, fought under her command with the greatest bravery (1429). She entered Orleans, drove the English from before the walls, defeated them in several battles, and restored to the French king the provinces he had lost. By these successes she gained the name of "The Maid of Orleans."

Thus all the blood shed in the last reign for the conquest of France had been shed in vain; and no part now remained in the hands of the English but Calais. Joan of Arc was afterwards taken prisoner by the English, and, it is said, was burned as a witch at Rouen (1431).

3. To Henry's foreign troubles were added greater troubles at home; for the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, the two most powerful friends of the House of Lancaster, died; and there was growing up a great rival in the person of Richard, Duke of York, who was really the rightful heir to the throne.

And now commenced that long and bloody contest known as the **Wars of the Roses**, which lasted thirty years. Those who were on the side of the Duke of York wore a white rose, and those who favoured that of Lancaster a red one. Many and fierce were the battles fought between them, Henry being sometimes victorious, and at other times a prisoner.

At the Battle of Wakefield Green (1460), Margaret, Henry's wife, defeated the Yorkists; the Duke of York was slain, and his head stuck

upon the walls of York; but his son Edward continued the contest, and at last obtained the crown as **Edward IV.**

Henry was deposed in 1461, after a reign of thirty-nine years, and Edward was declared to be the lawful king.

4. In this reign a rebellion was raised in Kent by one **Jack Cade**, who, pretending that he was heir to the crown, defeated the royal army, and took possession of London. He was, however, defeated in turn, and killed by a gentleman in whose garden he had hidden himself (1450). About this time the art of printing was invented in Germany.

QUESTIONS

1. Who succeeded Henry V.? How long did he reign? Give dates. How old was Henry VI. when his father died? Who governed the kingdom? Who was regent in France? What then took place? What town was besieged by the English?

2. Who defeated the English forces? What was Joan of Arc? How did she get the command of troops? How did her soldiers fight? Why? What name did she gain? What successes followed? What became of Joan of Arc afterwards?

3. Whence did fresh troubles now arise? What friends of Henry died? What great rival arose? What contest commenced? How long did it last? Why was it so called? In what great battle were the Yorkists defeated? By whom? Who was slain? Who then continued to oppose Henry? With what success? When was Henry deposed?

4. What rebellion took place in this reign? With what success? What became of Cade? What art was at this time invented in Germany?

HOUSE OF YORK.

1461 A.D. to 1485 A.D.—24 years.—3 kings.

LEADING FEATURES:—Civil War—Destruction of the Nobility—Extinction of Feudalism.

EDWARD IV. (son of Richard of York) .... began to reign 1461

EDWARD V. (son) 1483

RICHARD III. (uncle) 1483–1485

EDWARD IV.

1461 A.D. to 1483 A.D.—22 years.

1. Though young Edward had obtained the crown, he was not allowed to enjoy it in peace. The northern parts of the country were still in favour of Henry, and raised for him considerable forces. Several battles were fought, in which Henry was worsted; and at last he was taken prisoner and thrown into the Tower.

2. But the Earl of Warwick, called **The King-maker**, the most powerful noble in the land, having lost some of his influence at Court by

Edward's marriage, took offence, and resolved to try to deprive him of the throne. Assisted by the Duke of Clarence, Edward's brother, and Margaret, Henry's queen, he raised so great an army that Edward was obliged to flee; and Henry was once more released from prison, and set on the throne.

3. Edward, however, soon returned from Holland, where he had taken refuge; and was joined by vast numbers. The two armies met at **Barnet (1471)**; and a terrible battle was fought, in which the Lancastrians were defeated, and Warwick slain.

Henry was again thrown into the Tower; but Margaret was resolved to strike another blow for her royal husband, and met Edward's forces at **Tewkesbury (1471)**. She was defeated, and she and her son Henry were taken prisoners. Edward had them brought before him; and, enraged at the dauntless bearing of the young prince, cruelly struck him in the face with his iron glove. Clarence and Gloucester then stabbed the noble youth to death with their daggers.

It is said that after this Gloucester went privately into the Tower, where the unfortunate King Henry was confined, and murdered him in cold blood.

4. Edward's life was almost made up of bloody deeds and wicked pleasures. Great numbers of gentlemen were put to death for favouring the House of Lancaster; and his brother Clarence was murdered in the Tower by being drowned in a butt of wine. Edward died in 1483.

5. In this reign the art of printing was brought into England from Germany by William Caxton, a silk-mercer, who set up a press at Westminster Abbey. The first book printed in England was called *The Game and Playe of the Chesse*. Letters were for the first time carried by post from London to Scotland, horsemen being placed at distances of twenty miles apart all along the road.

QUESTIONS.

1. Name the kings of the House of York? What are the leading features of the period? How long did Edward IV. reign? Give dates. Did he reign in peace? Why not? Where was Henry imprisoned?

2. What powerful noble took offence at Edward? Why? What did he resolve to attempt? By whom was he assisted? What was the consequence?

3. Where had Edward taken refuge? How was he received on his return? Where did the armies meet? Who was victorious? Who was slain? What followed? Where was the next battle fought? How did it end? Give date. What cruel act of Edward and his brothers followed? What is said of the death of King Henry VI.?

4. What was the character of Edward IV.? How were the Lancastrians treated during his reign? What became of the Duke of Clarence?

5. What art was brought into England? Whence? By whom? Where was the first press set up? What was the first book called? Mention another improvement effected in this reign.

EDWARD V.

1483 A.D., April to June.—2 months.

1. This little prince was only twelve years of age at the death of the late king his father; and, though proclaimed king, was never crowned. His uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was **Protector**, and wanted to be king. He therefore had the young king and his little brother, the Duke of York, conveyed to the Tower, pretending that it was for their safety; though, in reality, it was that they might be completely in his power.

2. Richard's next step was to get rid of all those nobles who were faithful to the young king. Accordingly, Lords Rivers, Grey, and Hastings were falsely accused of treason, and beheaded without trial.

After this he spread a report that young Edward was not the rightful king. The crown was then offered to him by some nobles whose favour he had gained; and after a pretence of unwillingness, he accepted it, and was proclaimed king.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded Edward IV.? How long did he reign? Give date. What was his age? Who was Protector? How did he act?

2. What was Gloucester's next step? Whom did he cause to be put to death? What report was then spread? What followed?

RICHARD III.—CROOKBACK.

1483 A.D. to 1485 A.D.—2 years.

1. Richard then hired assassins to go and murder the little **Princes** in the Tower. These ruffians accordingly went in the dead of night to their bed-room, where they found the innocent children locked in each other's arms asleep; so they took up the pillows, and forcing them down upon their faces, smothered them, and buried their dead bodies at the foot of the stone stair that led to their room.

Two hundred years afterwards, as some alterations were being made in the Tower, the bones of the unfortunate princes were discovered, and removed to Westminster Abbey.

2. Richard, though he had waded through blood to the throne, did not long wear the crown he had so foully obtained; and his life was one of great misery, through the constant fear of being murdered, and the torments of a guilty conscience. It is said that his nights were sleepless, or else disturbed by horrid dreams which often made him start from his bed with a cry of terror.

There was also a strong party in the nation against him; and it was proposed that **Henry Tudor**, Earl of Richmond, who was of the House of Lancaster, should have the crown.

3. Richmond accordingly sailed from Normandy with about 2000 men, and landed at Milford Haven in Wales. His army soon increased to 6000. Richard met him at **Bosworth Field**, near Leicester, with a larger force, and a desperate battle ensued, in which Richmond was victorious (1485).

When Richard saw that his cause was lost, he ran furiously into the midst of his enemies, fighting with the rage of a wild beast, and fell covered with wounds. His crown, which he had worn in the battle, was found in a hawthorn bush close by. It was placed on the head of Richmond by Lord Stanley, who proclaimed him "King Henry the Seventh."

The body of Richard, the last of the Plantagenets, was found amongst heaps of slain. It was thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester, and there buried.

4. During the reigns of the Houses of Lancaster and York, very little progress was made in art, science, or civilization. Hundreds of towns and villages were destroyed, many castles laid in ruins, and the fields in many parts of the country left uncultivated.

The **Feudal System**, which had flourished under the early Plantagenets, now came to an end, together with **villenage** or **slavery**, which had been common in England for many centuries.

The government of the country became then what it is now—a **limited monarchy**. The king could make no law, nor lay any tax upon the people, without the consent of Parliament. The language became settled by the writings of the great poets Gower and Chaucer, though the spelling of words was very various.

QUESTIONS.

1. How did Richard now proceed? Relate the account of the murder of the princes. Were the bodies ever found? When? Whither were their bones carried?

2. How long did Crookback Richard reign? Give dates. Was he happy? Why not? What was his state of mind? What was proposed by his enemies?

3. Whence did Richmond sail? With what force? Where did he land? To what number did his army increase? By whom was he met? Where? Who won? What did Richard do? Where was the crown found? Who placed it on Richmond's head? What became of Richard's body?

4. What was the state of the country during the last six reigns? In what was little progress made? What system came to an end? And what else was put an end to? What change took place in the constitution? What is said of the language?

SCOTLAND.

1370 A.D. to 1488 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—Lawlessness—Frequent Regencies—Feuds of Rival Factions.

1. David II. having died childless, the crown passed to his nephew, **Robert Stewart**, the first king of the famous but unfortunate Stewart line. Robert II. was the son of Marjorie Bruce (daughter of the great Robert) and of Walter, the High Steward of Scotland. The family name was thus originally the name of an office.

One of the forays or inroads, which the Scots frequently made into England, led, in the reign of Robert II., to the famous Battle of **Otterburn** (1388), celebrated in old ballads, in which Earl Douglas was slain, and Hotspur, Earl Percy, was taken prisoner.

2. Robert's son John assumed the sceptre in 1390, under the name of **Robert III.**; for Baliol had made the name John ominous of evil. He was a weak and gentle prince, and the change of his name could not change his nature.

The government was really managed by his brother, the Duke of Albany, as Regent. David, the king's eldest son, having defied the power of his uncle, the regent imprisoned him in Falkland Castle, where he was starved to death.

To save his second son, James, a boy of eleven, from a similar fate, the king sent him off to France; but the ship in which he sailed was boarded by an English vessel, and the prince was carried a prisoner to the court of Henry IV. (1405). His father died soon afterwards, and the young prisoner was a king.

3. The captivity of **James I.** lasted for nineteen years, during thirteen of which Albany was regent.

The march of Donald, Lord of the Isles, into the heart of Scotland is an instance of the wild lawlessness that prevailed. He laid claim to Ross, and ravaged that district when opposed. The Earl of Mar and the men of Aberdeen then met him at **Harlaw** (1411), and, after great slaughter, drove the Islesmen out of the field.

When James returned to Scotland in 1424, he found his country in a state of almost hopeless tumult and disorder. But he set himself resolutely to the work of spreading enlightenment and enforcing respect for the laws.

The iron rigour of his rule was distasteful to some of his subjects, who formed a plot against his life, and murdered him in the Dominican Monastery at Perth in 1437.

4. His son, **James II.**, was then only six years old; and Scotland had

again the distressing prospect of a long regency. During the king's minority, the land was, as usual, convulsed by factions.

At length the house of **Douglas** gained the ascendency, and threatened even to overturn the throne of the Stewarts. James, when he became king, could only break their power by stooping to murder. In Stirling Castle he stabbed the Douglas with his own hand.

This crime led to a war with England, during which James was killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of **Roxburgh Castle** (1460).

5. The new king, **James III.**, was only eight years of age; and Scotland was once more plunged into the horrors of a minority.

When James became a man, he submitted himself entirely to the influence of mean and unworthy favourites. This incensed the nobles, who resolved to get rid of the tailors and fencing-masters with whom the king associated.

But who was to take the bold step? who was to "bell the cat?" Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, undertook the task. Six of the king's favourites were hanged on the Bridge of Lauder; and Angus was known ever afterwards as "Bell-the-Cat."

The nobles then rose in open revolt, and placed Prince James, the king's eldest son, at the head of their movement. They defeated the king in the Battle of **Sauchieburn**, in Stirlingshire. While galloping from the field, his horse was startled, and threw him. And, as he lay in a cottage close by, in a half-conscious state, a straggler from the field, who pretended to be a priest, stabbed him to the heart (1488).

QUESTIONS.

1. Who succeeded David II.? What dynasty did he found? What is the origin of the name of Stewart? What famous battle was fought in the reign of Robert II.?

2. What was Robert the Third's proper name? Why was it changed? What was his character? Who really managed the government? Who defied his power? What was his fate? How did the king try to save his second son? What befell him?

3. How long did the captivity of James I. last? Who was regent during the greater part of that time? Who ravaged Ross? In what battle was he overthrown? In what state was Scotland when James returned to it? What task did he set to himself? What led to a plot against his life? What was the result?

4. How old was James II. when his father died? In what state was the country during his minority? What house gained the ascendant? How did he break the power of the Douglases? Where and how did the king die?

5. What incensed the nobles against James III.? What name did the Earl of Angus acquire? Why? Where were six of the king's favourites hanged? Whom did the nobles place at their head? In what battle was the king defeated? How did he die?

IRELAND.—1400 A.D. to 1485 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—Three Opposing Parties—Sympathy with the Yorkists.

1. In the reign of Henry IV. of England, the Scots gained a footing in Ulster, from which they were never afterwards entirely dislodged. There were at that time **three opposing parties** in Ireland, all more or less hating one another: the native Celts; the descendants of the original English settlers, who inclined to sympathise with the Celts; and the recently imported English, who treated both the other factions with unbounded contempt.

2. A better day seemed to dawn for Ireland when Richard, **Duke of York**, who began the Wars of the Roses, held the vice-royalty of the island. He contrived to reconcile the contending factions; and when he raised the standard of the White Rose in England, numbers of Irish soldiers were ranged under his banner.

Yet the Irish were by no means reconciled to the English yoke. During the reign of Henry VI., the English rule did not extend much beyond the county of Dublin. But Ireland continued to adhere faithfully to the White Rose, even after fortune finally forsook it on the field of Bosworth (1485).

QUESTIONS.

1. Who gained a footing in Ulster in the time of Henry IV.? What were the three opposing factions in Ireland at that time?

2. When did a better day seem to dawn for Ireland? What was the secret of his success? What proves his popularity? To what area was the English rule chiefly confined? To which English faction did the Irish chiefly adhere?

MEMORABLE DATES OF THE LANCASTER AND YORK PERIODS.

Battle of Shrewsbury (Henry IV.)	1403
Battle of Agincourt (Henry V.)	1415
English possessions in France lost except Calais (Henry VI.)	1453
Wars of the Roses commenced by the first Battle of St. Albans (Henry VI.)	1455
Battle of Wakefield Green (Henry VI.)	1460
Battle of Barnet (Edward IV.)	1471
Battle of Tewkesbury (Edward IV.)	1471
First book printed in England	1474
Battle of Bosworth Field (Richard III.)	1485

CHIEF AUTHORS OF THE LANCASTER AND YORK PERIODS.

JAMES I.—King of Scotland—studied Chaucer when a prisoner in England—wrote *The King's Quhair*, or Book—died in 1437.

THOMAS WALSINGHAM—monk and historian—flourished about 1440.

JOHN LYDGATE—monk and poet—wrote *History of the Siege of Troy*, and many other works—died 1461 A.D.

WILLIAM CAXTON—first English printer—died about 1491.

SCOTLAND.

1488 A.D. to 1603 A.D.

LEADING FEATURES:—The Reformation—The Union of the Crowns.

1. As a penance for the part he had been forced to take against his father, **James IV.** is said to have worn round his body an iron belt, which he caused to be made heavier each year of his life. Yet never had the Scottish court been so gay as in the time of this king, whose character was a strange mixture of devotion and wild gaiety.

In 1502 James married **Margaret**, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England—a marriage which led in **1603** to the union of the English and Scottish Crowns.

James IV. was the founder of the **Scottish Navy.** In this work he was greatly assisted by two famous merchant-seamen, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo and Sir Andrew Barton. Barton's ship, the *Great Michael*, was the largest ship then known in the world.

In 1513 James, by request, it is said, of the fair Queen of France, picked a quarrel with his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., and invaded England. The Earl of Surrey marched northwards with a powerful army, and met him on **Flodden Field** (1513).

James foolishly allowed the English force to cross the Till and march between him and Scotland without attacking them. This fatal blunder lost him the day. The bravest and noblest of the Scots formed a ring around the king, and ere evening fell he and they were hewn down as they stood.

2. As **James V.** was then only three years old, the troubles of a long minority were again inflicted on the country. James ultimately fell into the hands of the **Douglases**, who kept him in Falkland Palace for two years.

At sixteen he escaped to Stirling, and took the reins of government into his own hands. He vowed vengeance on the Earl of Douglas; and the latter found it necessary to leave Scotland, not to return so long as James lived.

The progress of the **Reformation** in Scotland caused James much trouble and anxiety. The persecution of the Protestants was commenced at St. Andrews; but this did not check the progress of their doctrines. James took as his second wife **Mary of Guise**, and thus allied himself with the Catholics of France. But all his efforts to check the rising power of the new faith were vain.

Henry VIII. asked James to assist him in his quarrel with the Pope. James refused, and Henry made war upon him. James's nobles

turned against him, and refused to fight. One of his favourites led an army into Cumberland, but it was scattered by a small body of English horsemen, and many Scots perished on **Solway Moss** (1542). This broke James's heart. A few days before his death a daughter was born to him—the celebrated **Mary Queen of Scots.**

3. Yet another minority; and this time the minor is a girl a few days old. The Earl of Arran was made regent; but the real power was in the hands of **Cardinal Beatoun**, who had the regent entirely under his control.

Henry VIII. proposed a marriage between the young queen and his son, afterwards Edward VI., and a treaty was signed at Holyrood completing the contract. But Cardinal Beatoun and the queen mother, Mary of Guise, naturally preferred an alliance with France; and the regent was easily induced to tear up the English treaty. To avenge this breach of faith, Henry sent a fleet to the Forth, which sacked Leith, and burned Edinburgh for three days (1544).

George Wishart provoked Beatoun by the boldness with which he preached the reformed doctrines. He was seized near Haddington, and burned opposite Beatoun's Castle of St. Andrews, the cardinal viewing the sight from his windows, March 1546. Three months later the castle was taken by a band of the reforming party. The cardinal was put to death, and his bleeding body was thrown upon the battlements in sight of the citizens.

On the accession of Edward VI., the marriage project was renewed by the Protector, who marched an army of 18,000 men into Scotland to compel the Scots to consent to it. He defeated Arran at Pinkie with terrible slaughter on *Black Saturday* in 1547. But he could not thus force the wooing; and the Scots, to put their young queen out of harm's way, sent her to France, where she married the Dauphin (1560). But her husband died before they had been a year married, and Mary returned to Scotland (1561).

Meantime the Reformation had taken firm root in Scotland, chiefly through the energy and fiery eloquence of **John Knox.** When Mary returned from France, where she had imbibed the most violent hatred of the reformers, she found the country divided into two powerful parties—the Catholics and the Protestants—and she very naturally sympathized with the former.

Her frivolous mode of life soon alienated from her the best and ablest men in Scotland. By marrying her cousin, Lord Darnley (1565), she disappointed Elizabeth of England, to whom she had promised to submit herself in the choice of a husband; and lost the favour of her half-brother, the **Earl of Murray**, now the head of the Protestant party.

Darnley joined Lord Ruthven and others in a conspiracy against an Italian musician named Rizzio, whom Mary had made her secretary and chief favourite. One night, at supper time, Rizzio was dragged from the queen's presence, in Holyrood, and murdered in an adjoining passage (1566). A few months afterwards, Darnley was himself murdered in the **Kirk of Field**, on the outskirts of Edinburgh, the house in which he lived being blown up at midnight.

Three months later, Mary married the Earl of **Bothwell**, though he had been strongly suspected of Darnley's murder. No wonder that this brought suspicion upon Mary herself, and lost her the affections of her people. The nobles then took up arms against her. Deserted by her followers, she surrendered at **Carberry Hill** (1567), and was imprisoned in **Lochleven Castle**. There she abdicated in favour of her son James, then one year old, and appointed the Earl of Murray regent.

After eleven months of captivity Mary escaped from Lochleven, and found an army of 6000 men prepared to fight under her banner. Murray, with 4000 men, defeated her army at **Langside**, and she escaped to England, where she threw herself on the mercy of Elizabeth. By her she was confined, in different prisons successively, for nineteen years, and was beheaded in 1587.

4. For nearly three years after the flight of Mary, Murray, known as **The Good Regent**, held power in Scotland. After his death (by the hand of an assassin in the main street of Linlithgow) the Earls of Lennox, Mar, and Morton held the regency in succession. In 1578 the king, though only twelve years of age, began to reign in person.

Educated by the famous **George Buchanan**, James became a good scholar, but a wretched pedant, and a man of a mean and shuffling spirit. At the beginning of his reign, he gave himself up to the guidance of unworthy favourites. The nobles removed him from their influence for a time by an event known as the **Raid of Ruthven** (1582), by which the Earl of Gowrie and his friends kept him in their hands for nearly a year.

Eighteen years later, a mysterious affair, known as the **Gowrie Conspiracy**, in which the Ruthvens also figure, made a great noise in the land. It was said that the king had been decoyed to Gowrie House, and attacked or threatened by Alexander Ruthven; that, having called for help, his attendants burst in, and slew first Ruthven, and then the Earl of Gowrie, his brother. It remains uncertain whether the conspiracy was formed by the Ruthvens against the king, or by the king against the Ruthvens, to avenge himself for the Raid of Ruthven and its consequences (1600).

The feuds of the **Border** clans came to an end in this reign, the last

clan-battle, between the Maxwells and the Johnsons, having been fought near Lockerby in 1593.

The death of Elizabeth in 1603 made James VI. the unquestioned king of the whole island. All the descendants of Henry VIII. were dead. It therefore became necessary to revert to the line of Henry VII., from whose daughter Margaret (the wife of James IV.) James VI. was directly descended. This event is called the **Union of the Crowns**.

QUESTIONS.

1. Mention the leading features of this period of Scottish history. Why did James IV. wear an iron belt? Of what was his character a mixture? Whom did he marry? What did this lead to? Who assisted him in founding the Scottish Navy? Why did he invade England? Who marched against him? Where did they meet? Who won? What was James's fatal blunder? What was the fate of James? Give the date of this battle.

2. Who succeeded to the crown? How old was he then? Into whose hands did he fall? When did he begin to reign in person? What became of Earl Douglas? What caused James much trouble? How did he try to check it? Whom did he marry? Why did Henry VIII. make war upon him? Where were his troops scattered? What effect had this upon him? When did he die?

3. Who succeeded? How old was she? Who was made regent? In whose hands was the real power? What proposal did Henry VIII. make? How was it ratified? At whose instigation was this treaty broken? Why? What did Henry do? What was the fate of Wishart? and of Beaton? Give the date. Who renewed the marriage project? How did he try to enforce it? What battle was fought? With what result? Give the date. What did the Scots then do with their queen? Whom did she marry? When did she return to Scotland? Why? Who was the chief Scottish reformer? With which party did Mary sympathise? Why? How did she disappoint Elizabeth? Whose favour did this also lose her? Into what conspiracy did Darnley enter? What was the result? What was the fate of Darnley? Who was suspected of the crime? What brought suspicion on Mary herself? Where did she surrender to the nobles? Give the date. Where was she imprisoned? For how long? What change in the government then took place? Where was she finally defeated? On whose mercy did she then throw herself? How long was she a prisoner? When and how did she die?

4. How long did Murray continue regent of Scotland? What was he called? How did he die? Who were then regents in succession? When and at what age did James VI. begin to reign in person? Who educated him? What was the Raid of Ruthven? Why did the nobles seize the king? What was the Gowrie Conspiracy? What is uncertain about it? When did it take place? When and between whom was the last clan-battle fought? What did the death of Elizabeth make James? Why did he succeed her? What is the event called? Give the date.

WORD LESSONS.—OLD ENGLISH PREFIXES.

A or *an* signifies *at*, *in*, or *on*.

Examples.	Literal Meanings.	Secondary Meanings, or Synonymous Phrases.
Abreast	at the breast ... *hence*	side by side
Afloat	on the water	swimming, moving
Afoot	on foot	running, in action
Aground	on the ground	stranded, stopped
Ahead	at the head	forward, further on
Alive	in life	sprightly, cheerful
Anon	in one (instant)	immediately.
Asleep	in sleep	at rest, dead

Be signifies *to make*, and prefixed to Substantives forms Verbs.

Becalm	to make calm ... *hence*	to make quiet, to stop
Becloud	to raise clouds over	to dim, to obscure.
Bedew	to let dew fall upon	to moisten, to wet.
Befriend	to act as a friend to	to assist, to favour
Beguile	to use guile towards	to amuse, to deceive.
Belie	to give the lie to	to contradict, to falsify.
Benight	to cover with night	to blind, to deceive
Bestead	to go in place of	to serve, to benefit.
Bestow	to give a place to	to confer, to present.
Betoken	to give a token to	to signify, to show by signs
Betroth	to give troth to	to promise in marriage
Bewitch	to act as a witch to	to fascinate, to charm.

Be prefixed to Verbs signifies *about*, *over*, *for*.

Bedaub	to daub over ... *hence*	to soil.
Bedeck	to deck over	to adorn, to ornament.
Begird	to gird about	to surround, to encircle.
Bemoan	to moan over	to lament, to weep.
Beseech	to seek for	to entreat, to implore.
Beseem	to seem suitable for	to become, to befit.
Beset	to set about	to surround, to enclose.
Bespeak	to speak for	to order beforehand.
Besprinkle	to sprinkle over	to scatter water over.
Bestrew	to strew over	to scatter, to sprinkle.
Betake	to take over	to resort.
Bethink	to think about	to consider, to recollect.

In Adverbs or Prepositions *be* has the force of *by* or *in*.

Because	by cause of ... *hence*	for this reason
Before	in front of	in preference to.
Behind	in the rear of	after, remaining
Below	in lower place	inferior in rank
Beneath	in nether, or lower place	unworthy of, unbecoming.
Beside	by the side of	near, in addition to.
Betimes	in time	seasonably, early.
Beyond	by yonder	at a distance, further on

En signifies *to make*;—*en* becomes *em* before *b* or *p*.

Enable	to make able ... *hence*	to give power.
Endear	to make dear	to attach.
Enfeeble	to make feeble	to weaken, to enervate
Enfranchise	to make free	to liberate, to naturalize.
Enlarge	to make large	to increase.
Enliven	to make lively	to gladden, to animate.
Ennoble	to make noble	to elevate, to exalt.
Enrich	to make rich	to supply, to fertilize.
Enslave	to make a slave of	to put in bondage.
Embellish	to make beautiful	to adorn, to decorate.
Embolden	to make bold	to encourage, to inspirit.
Empower	to give power to	to authorize, to warrant.

En signifies *on*, *in*, or *into*.

Enamour	to put into love with ... *hence*	to charm, to captivate.
Encage	to put into a cage	to shut up, to confine.
Encamp	to form into a camp	to pitch tents, to settle.
Encircle	to put into a circle	to surround, to environ.
Enclose	to close in	to fence in, to encompass.
Encourage	to put courage into	to animate, to incite.
Endanger	to put into danger	to hazard, to risk.
Engorge	to put into the throat	to swallow, to devour.
Enkindle	to set on fire	to inflame, to arouse.
Enlist	to put on a list	to enroll.
Enthrone	to put on a throne	to install.
Embalm	to put in balsam	to preserve from decay.
Embark	to go into a bark (ship)	to engage in any pursuit.
Embattle	to put in battle order	to furnish with battlements.
Embody	to form into a body	to incorporate, to include.

Fore signifies *before*, either in time or place.

Fore-arm	to arm beforehand ... *hence*	to prepare.
Forefathers	fathers gone before	ancestors.
Forefinger	the finger which points forward	an index.
Foreground	ground in front	lower part (of a picture).
Foreland	land pointing forward	a cape, a promontory.
Fore-ordain	to ordain beforehand	to predestinate.
Forerunner	one who runs before	a messenger, a herald.
Foreshadow	to shadow forth	to typify.
Foresight	seeing beforehand	prudence.
Foretell	to tell beforehand	to predict, to prophesy.
Forewarn	to warn beforehand	to caution, to admonish.

Mis signifies *ill*, *wrong*.

Misadventure	an ill adventure ... *hence*	unlucky accident.
Misapply	to apply improperly	to embezzle.
Misbehaviour	ill behaviour	improper conduct.
Miscomputation	wrong computation	false reckoning.
Misconduct	bad conduct	wrong management.
Misdoubt	to doubt amiss	to suspect.
Misfortune	ill fortune	calamity, disaster.
Misguide	to guide wrongly	to lead astray.

Mislay	to lay in a wrong place ...... *hence*	to lose.
Misrule	bad rule	disorder, confusion.

Out signifies *above*, *beyond*.

Outbid	to bid above ...... *hence*	to offer a higher price.
Outcast	one cast beyond (society)	an exile.
Outcry	a crying above (usual)	clamour, uproar.
Outdo	to do more	to excel, to surpass.
Outgrow	to grow beyond	to surpass.
Outlandish	beyond (our) land	foreign.
Outlaw	one beyond the law	a robber.
Outpost	position beyond camp	a picket, a guard.
Outset	the setting out	beginning, opening.
Outspread	to spread beyond	to diffuse, to extend.
Outstretch	to stretch above	to expand.
Outstrip	to go beyond	to outrun.

Over signifies *above*, *too much*.

Overawe	to cause too much fear ...... *hence*	to terrify.
Overbear	to bear too heavily	to repress, to use harshly.
Overcast	to cast above	to darken (as with clouds).
Overcome	to come over	to conquer.
Overdo	to do too much	to fatigue.
Overflow	to flow over	to deluge, to rise, to abound.
Overlook	to look above others	to superintend, to omit.
Overpower	to act with too much power	to subdue, to vanquish.
Overrule	to rule above	to control, to disallow.
Oversee	to see over others	to inspect, to superintend.
Overshadow	to place a shadow over	to protect, to shelter.
Overshoot	to shoot over, or beyond	to excel in shooting.
Overtask	to task too much	to oppress.
Overwhelm	to whelm over	to crush down.

Un signifies *not*, or *the opposite of*.

Unbar	the opposite of to bar ...... *hence*	to open.
Unbelief	the opposite of belief	infidelity.
Unburden	the opposite of to burden	to ease, to relieve.
Uncover	the opposite of to cover	to open, to disclose.
Unfetter	the opposite of to fetter	to set at liberty.
Unfold	the opposite of to fold	to disclose, to declare.
Unhealthy	the opposite of healthy	sickly.
Unusual	the opposite of usual	rare, strange.

Under signifies *beneath*.

Undergo	to go under ...... *hence*	to endure, to suffer.
Underhand	beneath hand	sly, secret, clandestine.
Undertake	to take in hand	to bargain, to contract.
Undervalue	to value below real worth	to despise.
Underwood	small trees beneath larger	coppice, thicket.

With signifies *from* or *against*.

Withdraw	to draw from ...... *hence*	to recall, to retire.
Withhold	to hold from	to refuse, to restrain.
Withstand	to stand against	to oppose, to resist.

WORD LESSONS.—LATIN PREFIXES.

A, *ab*, or *abs*, signifies *from* or *away*.

Examples.	Literal Meanings.	Secondary Meanings, or Synonymous Phrases.
Avoid	to part from ...... *hence*	to shun.
Avert	to turn away from	to prevent.
Abjure	to swear away from	to abandon, to renounce.
Abscond	to hide from	to conceal, to withdraw.
Abstain	to hold from	to refrain.
Aberration	a wandering from	a departure from right.

Ad, with its forms, *a*, *ac*, *af*, *ag*, *al*, *an*, *ap*, *ar*, *as*, *at*, signifies *to*.

Accept	to take to (oneself) ...... *hence*	to receive.
Advance	to put to the van	to promote, to improve.
Affix	to fix to	to join, to connect.
Aggravate	to give heaviness to	to exaggerate, to make worse.
Allege	to send to	to declare, to quote, to cite.
Annex	to tie to	to unite, to affix.
Append	to hang to	to add, to attach.
Arrive	to come to the shore	to reach, to attain by effort.
Ascend	to climb to	to rise, to mount.
Assist	to stand to	to help, to succour.
Attain	to touch or reach to	to gain, to accomplish.

Ante or *anti* means *before*, in time or place.

Anticipate	to take beforehand ...... *hence*	to foresee, to prevent.
Antechamber	chamber before principal one	waiting-room.

Circum means *round about*.

Circumscribe	to write around ...... *hence*	to enclose, to limit.
Circumvent	to come round another	to cheat.
Circumstance	that which stands around	something relative to a fact.

Con, with its forms, *co*, *cog*, *col*, *com*, *cor*, means *together*.

Coincide	to fall in together ...... *hence*	to concur, to agree.
Collect	to gather together	to accumulate, to infer.
Combat	to fight together	to oppose, to resist.
Correct	to make straight with	to rectify, to amend, to punish.
Conflict	a dashing together	strife, struggle.
Commerce	a trading together	barter, interchange of goods.
Cognate	born together	of the same family or root.

Contra or *counter* signifies *against*, *in opposition to*.

Contradict	to speak against ...... *hence*	to assert the contrary.
Counteract	to act against	to hinder, to frustrate.
Countermand	to order against	to revoke orders.
Contrast	to make to stand against	to oppose, to show difference.

De signifies *a moving down* or *from*, hence *separation*.

Decapitate	to take the head from ...... *hence*	to behead.
Decay	to fall down	to fall, to decline.

Decide .... to cut down .... *hence* to end, to settle.
Deduct .... to lead from .... to subtract, to take off.
Decline .... to lead downwards .... to fall, to deviate, to refuse.

Dis signifies *not*, or *the opposite of*.

Disable .... opposite of enable .... *hence* to hurt, to maim.
Disagree ...... opposite of agree .... to differ, to quarrel.
Disappear ..... opposite of appear .... to hide, to flee, to abscond.
Disarm .... opposite of arm .... to strip, to deprive.

Dis, with its forms *di* and *dif*, signifies *asunder* or *apart*.

Dissect .... to cut asunder .... *hence* to divide, to anatomize.
Distract .... to draw asunder .... to perplex, to derange.
Digress .... to go aside .... to wander from the subject.
Divert .... to turn aside .... to amuse, to entertain.
Differ .... to bear apart .... to disagree, to be distinct.
Diffuse .... to pour apart .... to spread, to scatter.

Ex, with its forms *e*, *ec*, *ef*, signifies *out of*, *out*.

Exceed .... to go beyond .... *hence* to surpass, to excel.
Eccentric ...... out of the centre .... peculiar, odd.
Educate .... to lead out .... to train, to cultivate.
Eject .... to throw out .... to dismiss, to drive away.
Elect .... to choose out .... to pick out, to prefer.
Effect .... to work out .... to produce, to accomplish.
Event .... a coming out .... occurrence, incident.

Extra signifies *beyond*.

Extraordinary beyond ordinary .... *hence* remarkable, uncommon.
Extravagant .. wandering beyond limits .... wild, wasteful, prodigal.

In, with its forms *il*, *im*, *ir*, signifies *in*, *into*, *on*, in Verbs and Nouns.

Illuminate .... to put light upon .... *hence* to enlighten.
Incline .... to bend towards .... to lean, to be disposed.
Include .... to shut in .... to comprise, to contain.
Inscribe .... to write upon .... to address, to dedicate.
Impel .... to drive on .... to force, to incite to action.
Irradiate ...... to let rays upon .... to brighten.

In, with its forms *ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*, signifies *not*, in Adjectives.

Inaccurate .... not done with care .... *hence* erroneous, not correct.
Incorrect ...... not straight together .... faulty, not exact.
Ignoble .... not noble .... mean, worthless, base.
Ignorant .... not knowing .... not acquainted with.
Illiberal .... not free or generous .... of a contracted mind.
Illiterate ...... not acquainted with letters .... ignorant, untaught.
Immortal ...... not dying .... endless, continual.
Imprudent .... not prudent .... indiscreet, rash, heedless.
Irregular ...... not according to rule .... uneven, vicious.

Inter signifies *between* or *amongst*.

Intercede ...... to go between .... *hence* to mediate, to plead for.
Intercept ...... to take between .... to stop by the way.

Interdict ...... to speak between .... *hence* to prohibit, to hinder.
Intermit .... to send between .... to stop for a time.

Intro signifies *within*.

Introduce ..... to lead within .... *hence* to make acquainted.
Intromit .... to send in .... to admit, to allow, to enter.

Ob, with its forms *oc*, *of*, *op*, signifies *in the way of*, *against*.

Object .... to throw against .... *hence* to find fault, to oppose.
Obstruct .... to build in the way of .... to interrupt, to stop.
Occupy .... to take what is in the way ..... to hold for use, to employ.
Occur .... to run in the way of .... to happen, to appear.
Offend .... to strike against .... to attack, to displease.
Oppose .... to place against .... to resist.

Per or *pel* signifies *through* or *thoroughly*.

Perforate ...... to bore through .... *hence* to pierce, to make holes.
Perfect .... thoroughly done .... complete, finished.
Permanent .... staying through (time) .... durable, lasting.
Pellucid .... bright through and through ... clear, transparent.
Pervert .... to turn completely .... to corrupt.

Post signifies *after*.

Postpone ...... to put after .... *hence* to delay.
Postscript ..... something written after .... addition to a letter.
Posterity ...... those going after .... children, descendants.

Pre signifies *before*.

Prefer .... to choose before another. *hence* to regard, to advance.
Preside .... to sit in front of others .... to rule over, to direct.
Presume .... to take before (given) .... to venture, to suppose.
Pretend .... to stretch before .... to feign.
Prevent .... to come before .... to hinder, to obstruct.
Preposterous .. having the back in front ...... absurd, ridiculous.

Pro or *pur* signifies *for*, *forth*, or *forward*.

Proceed .... to go forward .... *hence* to advance.
Project .... to throw forward .... to plan, to scheme.
Promote .... to move forward .... to advance, to prefer.
Protect .... to put a cover forth .... to shelter, to shield.
Provide .... to look forward .... to prepare.
Pursue .... to follow after .... to chase.
Purpose .... something put forth .... design, intention.

Re signifies *back* or *again*.

Recline .... to lean back .... *hence* to repose, to rest.
Redeem .... to buy back .... to ransom, to save.
Refer .... to carry back .... to appeal.
Reflect .... to bend again .... to turn, to meditate.
Reform .... to form again .... to improve, to amend.

Retro signifies *backward*.

Retrograde .... to step backward .... *hence* to become worse.
Retrospect .... a looking backward .... a review.

Se signifies *aside, from.*

Secede	to go aside .... *hence*	to withdraw, to leave.
Seclude	to shut apart	to separate.
Select	to choose from	to pick, to cull.
Security	freedom from care	safety.

Sine, sin, or *sim,* signifies *without.*

Sinecure	without care .... *hence*	an office with pay but no work.
Sincere	without wax	real, unfeigned.
Simple	without a fold	single, plain, artless.

Sub, with its forms, *suc, suf, sug, sup, sus,* signifies *under.*

Submit	to send under .... *hence*	to yield, to resign.
Subject	to throw under	to expose, to conquer.
Succeed	to go under or after	to follow, to prosper.
Suffer	to bear up under	to endure, to permit.
Suggest	to bring under	to hint, to propose first.
Support	to carry from beneath	to uphold, to maintain.
Suspect	to look under	to apprehend danger.
Sustain	to hold from beneath	to uphold, to suffer.

Super or *sur* signifies *above* or *over.*

Superintend	to direct from above ..... *hence*	to have charge, to oversee.
Superlative	carried above	highest, best.
Supernatural	above natural	miraculous.
Surmount	to mount over	to overcome.
Surpass	to pass over	to excel.

Trans, tra, or *traf,* signifies *beyond, across.*

Transcribe	to write over again .... *hence*	to copy.
Transgress	to go beyond	to break a law, to offend.
Traverse	to turn across	to wander.
Traffic	to pass goods across	to trade.

Ultra signifies *beyond.*

Ultramarine	beyond the sea .... *hence*	a colour brought from Asia.
Ultramontane	beyond the mountains	foreign.

WORD LESSONS.

WORDS DERIVED FROM THE NAMES OF PERSONS.

Burke, to murder or destroy ...... *from*	Burke, a notorious murderer (1829).
Ci-ce-ro´-ne, a guide who describes what he shows	Cicero, the Roman orator.
Da-guerre´-o-type, a sun-picture on metal	Daguerre, the inventor.
Da´-vy-lamp, a safety-lamp, used in mines	Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor.
Fri´-day, the sixth day of the week	Frigg, the wife of Odin.
Gal´-van-ism, chemical electricity.	Galvani of Bologna, the discoverer (died 1798).

Guil´-lo-tine, an instrument for beheading .... *from*	Guillotin, a physician, the inventor.
Han´-som, a light two-wheeled cab	Hansom, the inventor.
Jer-e-mi´-ad, a doleful story	Jeremiah the prophet, author of Lamentations.
Jo´-vi-al, merry, cheerful	Jovis (of Jupiter).
La´-zar, a diseased person	Lazarus, the leprous beggar (Luke xvi.).
Mac-ad´-am-ize, to pave a road with small stones	Macadam, the inventor (died 1836).
Mack´-in-tosh, a waterproof overcoat.	Mackintosh, the inventor.
Mar´-tial, warlike	Mars, the Roman god of war.
Mar´-ti-net, a strict disciplinarian	Martinet, an officer in the French army, under Louis XIV.
Mau-so-le´-um, a splendid tomb	Mausolus, a king of Caria, to whom his widow erected a magnificent tomb.
Mer´-cu-ry, quicksilver	Mercury, the active messenger of the gods.
Ni-co´-tian, belonging to tobacco	Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France (1560).
Pan´-ic, sudden fright	Pan, the god of the woods, who often startled shepherds in the fields.
Phil-ip´-pic, a discourse full of invective	Philip of Macedon, against whom Demosthenes thundered his Philippics.
Pla-ton´-ic, pure, free from baseness ...	Plato, the Greek philosopher.
Sat´-ur-day, the seventh day of the week	Saetor, a Northern god; probably the same as the Latin Saturn.
Sat´-ur-nine, grave, gloomy	Saturn, the planet, whose influence was so described by the astrologers.
Spen´-cer, a short over-jacket	Lord Spencer, by whom it was made fashionable.
Sten-to´-ri-an, very loud	Stentor, a Homeric herald, who had a powerful voice.
Tan-ta-lize´, to torment by offering pleasures which cannot be reached...	Tantalus, in Greek mythology, who was made to stand up to his chin in water, which receded when he tried to drink, &c.
Thurs´-day, the fifth day of the week...	Thor, the chief god of the Goths.
Tues´-day, the third day of the week...	Tui, or Tuisco, a Gothic hero.
Vol´-ta-ism, galvanism	Volta, an Italian, the discoverer.
Wednes´-day, the fourth day of the week	Woden, or Odin, a Gothic god.

WORDS DERIVED FROM THE NAMES OF PLACES.

Bay´-on-et, a dagger fixed on the end of a rifle or musket .... *from*	Bayonne, in France.
Bed´-lam, a lunatic asylum	Bethlehem, a monastery in London, afterwards used as an asylum.
Cal´-i-co, cotton cloth	Calicut, in Asia.
Câm´-bric, fine linen	Cambray, in Flanders.
Can´-ter, an easy gallop	Canterbury: from the easy pace of the pilgrims who rode to Becket's shrine.

Word	Derived from
Cash´-mere, ... **Cas´-si-mere,** ... **Ker´-sey-mere,*** — a rich kind of woollen cloth.... *from*	Cashmere, in India.
Cham-pagne´, a light, sparkling wine.	Champagne, in France.
Cher´-ry, a bright red stone-fruit......	Cerasus, on the Black Sea.
Cop´-per, a reddish-coloured metal.....	Cyprus, an island in the Levant.
Cur´-rant, a small fruit of the grape kind..............................	Corinth, in Greece.
Cy´-press, an evergreen, used as an emblem of death......................	Cyprus, an island in the Levant.
Dam´-ask, figured linen..................	Damascus, in Syria.
Fust´-ian, coarse, twilled cotton cloth.	Fostat (Cairo), in Egypt.
Gin, an alcoholic liquor flavoured with juniper berries........................	Geneva, in Switzerland.
Guin´-ea, an old gold coin=21s	Guinea, in Africa, which yielded the gold of which it was first made.
Guin´-ea-fowl, a dark-gray fowl, with white spots................................	Guinea, in Africa.
Gyp´-sy, one of a wandering race	Egypt, in Africa, whence they were supposed to have come.
Hol´-land, a kind of linen .... **Hol´-lands,** a kind of gin	Holland.
In´-di-go, a blue dye.....................	India.
Jer´-sey, a woollen jacket	Jersey, one of the Channel Islands.
Ma-dei´-ra, a rich wine	Madeira, an island on the north-west of Africa.
Mag-ne´-si-a, a medicinal powder ..... **Mag´-net,** the lead-stone.................	Magnesia, in Lydia.
Malm´-sey, a strong sweet wine.........	Malvasia, in Greece.
Me-an´-der, a winding course..........	Meander, a winding river in Asia Minor.
Mil´-lin-er, a maker of bonnets and head-dresses.............................	Milan, in Italy.
Mo-roc´-co, a fine kind of leather	Morocco, in Africa.
Mus´-lin, a fine kind of cotton cloth...	Moussul, in Mesopotamia.
Nankeen´, a buff-coloured cotton cloth....................................	Nankin, in China.
Pis´-tol, a small hand-gun	Pistoja (Pistola), in Italy.
Port, a dark-purple wine	Oporto, in Portugal.
Sher´-ry, a light amber-coloured wine.	Xeres, in Spain.
Span´-iel, a kind of dog	Spain.
Tar´-iff, a table of duties or prices	Tarifa, in Spain.
To-le´-do, a finely-tempered sword-blade....................................	Toledo, in Spain.
Tur´-key, a large domestic fowl.........	Turkey, whence it was erroneously supposed to have come.
Worst´-ed, twisted thread or yarn	Worsted, near Norwich, in England.

* *Kerseymere* is also derived from *Kersey*, a village in Suffolk, and its adjacent mere.

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