BANCROFT'S

FOURTH READER

A. L. BANCROFT & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Snow Storm on Mount Shasta."

See p. 110.

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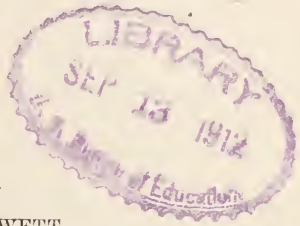
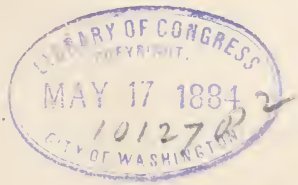


BY

JOHN SWETT,
Principal Girls' High and Normal School, San Francisco;
Ex-State Sup't of Public Instruction, California.

CHAS. H. ALLEN,
Principal California State Normal School.

JOSIAH ROYCE, PH. D.
Instructor in Philosophy in Harvard College.



SAN FRANCISCO:
A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY.

PREFACE.

In presenting the Fourth Reader of this series to the public, the publishers desire to restate the features recited in the preface to their Third Reader. In addition to the continued suggestion and designation of Supplementary Reading, the Memory Exercises, Exercises in Oral and Written Expression, Vocal Training, and Phonic Analysis, which mark, in a special manner, the preceding books of the series, the place given to American Biography, cannot fail to be noticed with approval.

The interest of the young, in history, lies, chiefly, in the lives of great men, and the publishers have, therefore, especial pleasure in presenting numerous sketches of distinguished characters, accompanied by portraits carefully engraved from the best originals which could be procured.

Extracts conveying useful information, in attractive forms, continue, also, to be a feature of the series.

Through the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and G. P. Putnam's Sons, D. Appleton & Co., and the Century Co., of New York, they are also enabled to present the choicest selections from American authors on a great variety of subjects, adapted to those for whom this book is designed.

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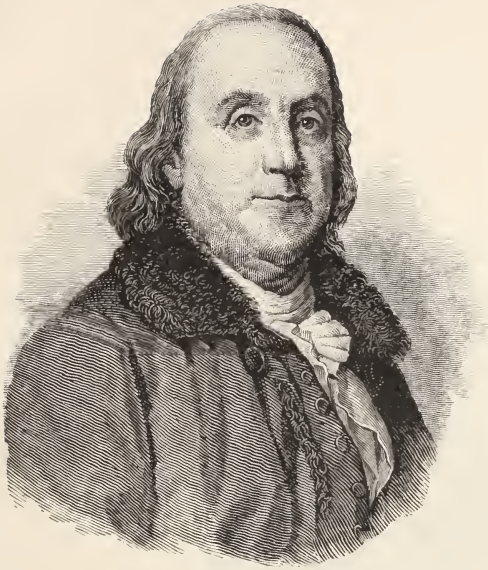
PART I.



1. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

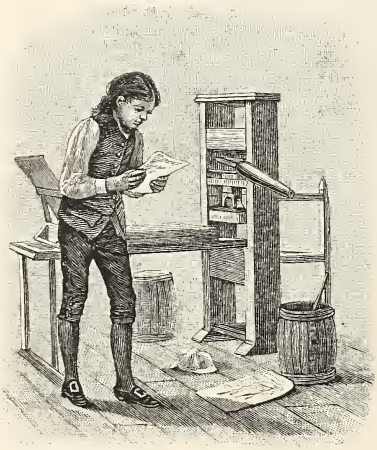
1. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, seventy years before the Declaration of Independence. At school, he was a dull boy in arithmetic, but was fond of reading and writing.

2. At an early age, he was put to work in his father's soap and candle factory, but he disliked the business, and soon went into his brother's printing office as an apprentice.

3. Here, while working hard, he borrowed books, and often sat up half the night to read

them through. He soon began to write, for his brother's paper, short articles which attracted marked notice.

4. Benjamin's brother was a hard master, and young Franklin, when he was nineteen years old, ran away, and set out for Philadelphia to find work. He soon found a place in a printing office, and, as he was temperate, industrious, and saving, he made his way in the world.



5. He became a successful publisher, printer, and editor, and rose to be one of the leading men in his city and state. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence.

6. During the war of the Revolution, he was sent to France, where he succeeded in influencing the French government to aid the Americans in gaining their independence.

7. Franklin was noted for his love of science. Among the many discoveries he made, the most famous, perhaps, was his discovery that lightning is electricity. He went out into a field during a thunder-storm, and by flying a kite into the thunder cloud, drew down sparks of lightning, or electricity.

8. When he was eighty years old, he assisted in framing the Constitution of the United States. Franklin wrote a very interesting account of his early life, which is one of the best autobiographies ever written. He gives the following amusing account of his boyish experience in buying a whistle:

9. "When I was a little boy about seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with spending money. I went directly towards a shop where toys for children were sold; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy that I met by the way, I offered him all my money for it.

10. "I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, sisters, and cousins, hearing of the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for the whistle as it was worth.

11. "This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation.

12. "This little event was afterwards of use to me; for often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself: 'Don't give too much for the whistle,' and so I saved my money."

Questions. Question pupils on the leading facts of this lesson.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. **If Hawthorne's Short Biographies, or Franklin's Autobiography is in the library, let the class read selections about Franklin.**

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write from memory the story of Franklin's whistle.**

2. THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

1. There was a certain king who was very fond of hearing stories. To this amusement he gave up all his time; yet he was never satisfied. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear.

2. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

3. For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months; poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after

another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

4. At last there came a man who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

5. He was warned of his danger; they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations about time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

6. "O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

7. "But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a very small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time.

8. "So *one* locust went in and carried off *one* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then

another locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn—"

9. He had gone on thus, from morning to night, except while he was engaged at his meals, for about a month; when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards."

10. To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately, "If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened *first*."

11. And so he went on again. "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn."

12. The king listened with patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend! I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?"

13. To which the story-teller made answer: "O king! who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way around the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark

with locusts on all sides; but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

14. Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before: "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my kingdom! take anything—take everything! only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts!"

15. And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

DEFINITIONS.

ca price', whim.
heir [*air*], one who inherits.
cu'bit, about eighteen inches.
stip u la'tions, conditions.
req'ui site, necessary.
de vice', contrivance.
a bom'in a ble, hateful; detestable.
in gen'ious, skillful in inventing.
com posed', calm; quiet.

USING WORDS. **Use each of these words in a sentence of your own.**

SPELLING GAME. **Let each pupil, in turn, give and spell the name of some animal; of some plant; of some city; of some article for sale in a grocery store, and the given name of some person.**

3. LOVE OF COUNTRY.

I. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Write on slates or blackboards the following words: āle, ärm, a̤ll, ăd̤d, âir, åsk, wha̤t.

2. Write the following words, using the proper diacritical marks: paper, father, author, answer, parent, after, wand.

3. Let each pupil, in turn, give and spell a word containing the sound of long *a* as in āle; of short *a* as in ăd̤d; of ä; of a̤.

Require pupils to memorize this poem.

Breathes there a man, with soul so déad,
Who never to himself hath sáid:
"*This is my ówn, my native lánd?*"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him búrned,
As home his footsteps he hath túrned,
From wandering on a foreign stránd?
If *súch* there breathe, go, mark him *wèll;*
For *hím*, no Minstrel *ràptures* swell;
High though his *títles*, proud his *náme*,
Boundless his *wèalth* as wish can cláim;
Despite those títles, pówer, and pélf,
The *wrétch*, concentered all in sélf,
Líving, shall forfeit fair renówn,
And, *doubly dying*, shall go dówn
To the vile dust from whence he sprúng,
Unwépt, unhónored, and unsùng.
O Caledónia! stern and wíld,
Meet nurse for a poetic chìld!
Land of brown *héath*, and shaggy *wòod*,
Land of the *moùntain* and the *flòod*,
Land of my *sìres*!—what mortal hánd
Can e'er untie the filial bánd
That knits me to thy rugged *stràn̤d!* WALTER SCOTT.

4. ABOUT THE HAND.

1. Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything (a bit of bread, we will say), that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on one side by himself, whilst the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping, nothing stops in your hand.

2. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see what a long time it will take you to get through a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers, one after another, or all together, as you please; and by this we are enabled to grasp, as if with a pair of pincers, all objects, whether large or small.

3. Our hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal, except the monkey, our nearest neighbor. I may even add, while we are about it, that it is this which distinguishes the hand from a paw or a foot. My foot, which has other things to do than to pick up apples, or lay hold of a fork, has also five fingers, but the largest cannot face the others; it is not a thumb, therefore, and it is because of this, that my foot is not a hand.

From JEAN MACE'S *History of a Mouthful of Bread.*

Questions. 1. What does the elephant use for a hand? 2. How does the hand of the monkey differ from the hand of man?

I. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. Hints to Pupils.

I. Study your reading lesson in advance. Look in the dictionary for the meaning of any word that you do not fully understand. If possible, read your lesson aloud at home.

II. Read every direction or note at the beginning or the end of a lesson. Learn all the defining lessons, and carefully study the spelling lessons.

III. Learn the vowel sounds and the diacritical marks in the exercises placed at the head of the reading lessons. A knowledge of these sounds and their notation, will enable you to find out by yourself the correct pronunciation of words from the dictionary.

IV. Practice the lessons in concert phonic spelling, in order to form the habit of correct and finished articulation.

V. Think about the meaning of every sentence you read. Try to enter into the spirit of what you read, and read it so as to convey that spirit to those who hear you.

VI. Stand when you read, and hold the book in the left hand, high enough to keep the head erect.

VII. Read loud enough for each member of the class to hear every word you utter.

VIII. Breathe freely, and keep your lungs well filled with air.

IX. Before you begin to read, look at your teacher. Try to form the habit of occasionally lifting your eyes from the book to look at the class or the teacher. In order to do this, as you draw near the end of a sentence or a paragraph, run your eye ahead of your voice, take in the words, and then repeat them while looking directly at those to whom you are reading.

II. Hints to Teachers.

I. The sections headed *Vocal Training* are distributed in short lessons throughout the book. They are numbered consecutively in Roman numerals, and may be taken as a whole at the beginning of the year if the teacher prefers to do so.

II. The short lessons in *Phonic Drill*, placed at the head of reading lessons, are designed to give pupils the full command of their vocal organs: to secure correct articulation and pronunciation; and to enable pupils to use the dictionary for themselves.

III. The plan of this Reader, by which oral expression, composition, and spelling, are combined with reading, is fully explained by the directions in connection with each lesson.

IV. In all Concert Drills, require pupils to stand.

V. Train your pupils to use the dictionary. The short *Dictionary Lessons* here given, are only suggestive of longer ones to be given by the teacher.

VI. One of the main objects in reading, is to train children to think about the meaning of what they read. Question them about the subject matter of the lesson before it is read aloud in class, in order to test their previous study of it.

VII. The plan of occasional *Supplementary Readings*, and of reading short compositions, if properly carried out, will prove a never failing source of interest.

VIII. Endeavor, while teaching pupils to read, to cultivate a taste for reading good books; and so direct, in some measure, the home reading of children. If your pupils have access to a school library, or a public library, suggest to them short lists of juvenile books suited to their age and capacity.

IX. Good silent reading is a valuable art, and much neglected. Study the best methods of securing it, and give your pupils frequent exercises for that purpose.

5. THE UNION.

The teacher will read this extract to the class, line by line, the pupils repeating in concert.

Thou too sail on, O Ship of Stàte!
Sail on, O Union, strong and greàt!
Humanity, with all its féars,
With all the hopes of future yéars,
Is hanging breathless on thy fàte!
We know what Master laid thy kèel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of stèel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and ròpe,
What *ànvils* rang, what *hàmmers* beat,
In what a fórge and what a héat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hòpe!
Fear not each sudden sound and shóck,
'T is of the *wàve* and not the *róck;*
'T is but the flapping of the sàil,
And not a rent made by the gále!
In spite of rock and tempest's róar,
In spite of false lights on the shóre,
Sail òn, nor fear to breast the sèa!
Our héarts, our hópes, are all with thèe;
Our héarts, our hópes, our práyers, our téars,
Our fáith triumphant o'er our féars,
Are all with thee,—are all with thèe!

LONGFELLOW.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **Require the pupils to memorize and recite this extract.**

SLATE WORK. **Let the pupils write from memory the first five lines. Exchange slates and correct errors by comparing with the book.**

SUPPLEMENTARY. **If there is a volume of Longfellow's Poems in the library, let the class read the whole poem entitled: "The Launching of the Ship."**

6. RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

II. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Write on blackboards or slates, the following: ēve, ĕnd, ēr, thêre, prey.

2. Write with diacritical marks: evil, errand, her, verdure, where, gray.

3. Repeat four times: ē, ĕ, ē, e.

4. Let each pupil, in turn, give and spell a word having the sound of long *e;* of short *e;* of *e* as in hēr.

1. There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy.

2. On a wooden bridge, you cross a little silver stream; and, anon, come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and, for the most part, painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewed with the fragrant tips of fir boughs.

3. In many villages, there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible, and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heir-loom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have wheaten cakes, baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or, perhaps, a little pine bark.

4. Meanwhile, the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth, one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of peasant women, traveling homeward, or townward, in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

5. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road sides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the church-yard are a few flowers and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

6. The stones are flat and large and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses.

On some are armorial bearings; on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey.

7. In this northern clime, there is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom, one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summer; but winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows, broadcast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

8. The days wane apace. Ere long, the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan; and, in the southern sky, a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. Pleasantly, under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

9. Now, the Northern Lights begin to burn—faintly, at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then, a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light,

Twofold, from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft, purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and, through their vapory folds, the winking stars shine white as silver.

10. With such a pomp as this is the Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. In memory of that day, the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall; and for every one that sticks in a crack, shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed!

11. Now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the songs of nightingales, is come! The sun does not set till ten o'clock, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight, without a candle.

12. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon the earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

13. From the church-tower in the public square, the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke

of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chants:

"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!"

From his swallow's nest in the belfry, he can see the sun all night long; and, farther north, the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

H. W. Longfellow.

Spelling. Dictate from the lesson: **reigns, fan-like, scene, tenants, balmy, sneeze, twofold, icicles, housewife, heir-loom, anise-seed, crimson, chaises, tobacco, initials, zenith.**

For study, pupils should write the words, divide them into syllables, mark the accent, and the sounds of the letters.

Dictionary Lesson. Find the definitions of: **patriarchal, adjoining, primeval, solitary, armorial, sonorous, wan, wane, athwart, trailing, zenith.**

7. PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

1. The clock struck six; and Beth, having swept up the hearth, put a pair of slippers down to warm. Somehow, the sight of the old shoes had a good effect upon the girls, for mother was coming home, and every one brightened to welcome her. Meg stopped lecturing, and lit the lamp. Amy got out of the easy-chair without

being asked, and Jo forgot how tired she was, as she sat up to hold the slippers nearer the blaze.

2. "They are quite worn out; mother must have a new pair."

"I thought I'd get her some with my dollar," said Beth.

"No, I shall!" cried Amy.

3. "I'm the oldest," began Meg, but Jo cut in with a decided—

"I'm the man of the family now papa is away, and I shall provide the slippers, for he told me to take special care of mother while he was gone."

4. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Beth, "let's each get her something for Christmas, and not get anything for ourselves."

"That's like you, dear! What shall we get!" exclaimed Jo.

5. Every one thought soberly for a minute; then Meg announced, as if the idea was suggested by the sight of her own pretty hands, "I shall give her a nice pair of gloves."

6. "Army shoes, best to be had," cried Jo.

"Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed," said Beth.

7. "I'll get a little bottle of Cologne; she likes it, and it won't cost much, so I'll have some left to buy something for me," added Amy.

8. "How shall we give the things?" asked Meg.

"Put them on the table, and bring her in and see her open the bundles. Don't you remember how we used to do on our birthdays?" answered Jo.

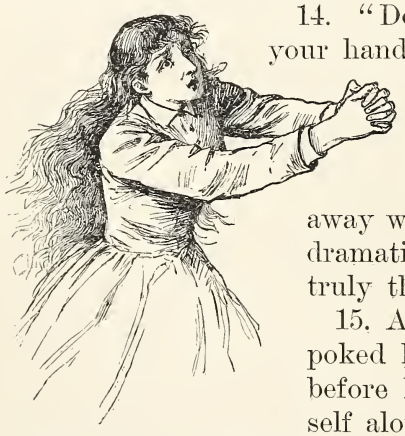
9. "I used to be so frightened when it was my turn to sit in the big chair with a crown on, and see you all come marching round to give the presents, with a kiss. I liked the things and the kisses, but it was dreadful to have you sit looking at me while I opened the bundles," said Beth, who was toasting her face and the bread for tea, at the same time.

10. "Let mother think we are getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her. We must go shopping to-morrow afternoon, Meg; there is lots to do about the play for Christmas night;" said Jo, marching up and down with her hands behind her back, and her nose in the air.

11. "I don't mean to act any more after this time; I'm getting too old for such things," observed Meg, who was as much a child as ever about "dressing up" frolics.

12. "You won't stop, I know, as long as you can trail round in a white gown with your hair down, and wear gold-paper jewelry. You are the best actress we have got, and there'll be an end of everything if you quit the boards," said Jo. "We ought to rehearse to-night; come here Amy, and do the fainting scene, for you are as stiff as a poker in that."

13. "I can't help it; I never saw any one faint, and I don't choose to make myself all black and blue, tumbling flat as you do. If I can go down easily, I'll drop; if I can't, I shall fall into a chair and be graceful—I don't care if Hugo does come at me with a pistol," returned Amy, who was not gifted with dramatic power, but was chosen because she was small enough to be borne out shrieking, by the hero of the piece.



14. "Do it this way; clasp your hands so, and then stagger across the room, crying frantically, 'Roderigo! save me! save me!'" and away went Jo, with a melodramatic scream, which was truly thrilling.

15. Amy followed, but she poked her hands out stiffly before her, and jerked herself along as if she went by machinery; and her "Ow!" was more suggestive of pins being run into her than of fear and anguish. Jo gave a despairing groan, and Meg

laughed outright, while Beth let her bread burn as she watched the fun with interest.

16. "It's no use! do the best you can when the time comes, and if the audience shout, don't blame me. Come on, Meg."

17. Then things went smoothly, for Don Pedro defied the world in a speech of two pages without a single break; Hagar, the witch, chanted an awful incantation over her kettleful of simmering toads, with weird effect; Roderigo rent his chains asunder manfully, and Hugo died in agonies of remorse and arsenic, with a wild "Ha! ha!"

18. "I don't see how you can write and act such splendid things, Jo. You're a regular Shakespeare!" exclaimed Beth, who firmly believed that her sisters were gifted with wonderful genius in all things.

19. "Not quite," replied Jo, modestly, "I do think *The Witch's Curse, an 'Operatic Tragedy,* is rather a nice thing; but I'd like to try Macbeth, if we only had a trap-door for Banquo. I always wanted to do the killing part. 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?'" muttered Jo, rolling her eyes, and clutching at the air, as she had seen a famous tragedian do.

20. "No, 't is the toasting fork, with ma's shoe on it instead of the bread."

"Beth's stage struck!" cried Meg, and the rehearsal ended in a general burst of laughter.

Miss Alcott's *Little Women.*

Dictionary Lesson. Find the definitions of: **dramatic, melodramatic, incantation, weird, rehearsal,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

Slate Work. **Write from dictation the twentieth paragraph.**

8. THE TRAVELERS AND THE BEAR.

III. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Repeat twice the words: īce, ĭt, fīr, pïque.
2. Repeat twice the sounds: ī, ĭ, ĭ, ï.
3. Write the following words, using the proper diacritical marks: lion, instep, irksome, marine.
4. Write: ehȳme, hў̆mn, rhȳme, mў̆th.
5. Let each scholar, in turn, give and spell a word containing the sound of long *i;* of short *i;* of *i* as in fīr.

1. Once on a time, two men were going through a forest. "I am afraid," said one, "that we may meet with wild beasts; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

2. "Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack, we shall stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

3. "Hark!" cried the first, in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble, climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so active, to face the danger alone!

4. But Quickwit's presence of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not flee; but he laid himself flat on the ground, and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit; while Braggart looked down, trembling, from his perch in the tree.

5. One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all around him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath, when its nose was close to his ear! But Quickwit did not wince or move; and the bear, thinking him dead, plunged again into the thicket, leaving him quite unharmed.

6. When Braggart saw that the danger was over, he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed of his cowardly conduct, he tried to pass off the matter with a joke.

7. "Well, my friend Quickwit," he said, "what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?"

"He told me," replied Quickwit, "never again to trust a boaster like you!"

8. The hour of danger often shows that the greatest boasters are the greatest cowards. Let courage be proven by deeds, not by words.

DEFINITIONS.

cour'age, bravery; fearlessness.
nim'ble, active; quick.
thick'et, thick shrubbery.
wince, shrink; flinch.
stout heart, good courage.
perch, a roost.

ORAL EXPRESSION. **Call on some pupil to tell this story in the class.**

1

WRITTEN SPELLING.—CHANGING THE FINAL LETTER.

Form the plurals of the following nouns by changing **y** into **i**, and adding the suffix **es.**

berry	copy	dairy	jury	party
body	baby	city	duty	lady
buggy	cherry	daisy	lily	story

9. ELLEN MORE.

1. "Sweet Ellen More," said I, "come forth
Beneath the sunny sky;
Why stand you musing all alone
With such an anxious eye?
What is it, child, that aileth you?"
And thus she made reply:—

2. "The fields are green, the skies are bright,
The leaves are on the tree;
Among the sweet flowers of the thyme
Far flies the honey-bee;
And the lark hath sung since morning prime,
And merrily singeth he.

3. "Yet not for this shall I go forth
On the open hills to play;
There's not a bird that singeth now
Would tempt me hence to stray;
I would not leave our cottage door
For a thousand flowers to-day!"

4. "And why?" said I; "what is there here,
Beside your cottage door,
To make a merry girl like you
Thus idly stand to pore?
There is a mystery in this thing—
Now tell me, Ellen More!"

5. "Three years ago, unknown to us,
When nuts were on the tree,

Even in the pleasant harvest-time,
My brother went to sea;
Unknown to us to sea he went,
And a woful house were we.

6. "My mother lay upon her bed,
Her spirit sorely tossed
With dismal thoughts of storm and wreck
Upon some savage coast;
But morn and eve we prayed to Heaven
That he might not be lost.

7. "And when the pleasant spring came on,
And fields again were green,
He sent a letter full of news
Of the wonders he had seen;
Praying us to think him dutiful,
As he afore had been.

8. "The tidings that came next were from
A sailor old and gray,
Who saw his ship at anchor lie
In the harbor at Bombay;
But he said my brother pined for home,
And wished he were away.

9. "Again he wrote a letter long,
Without a word of gloom;
And soon, and very soon, he said,
He should again come home:
I watched, as now, beside the door,
And yet he did not come.

10. "I watched and watched, but I knew not then
It would be all in vain;
For very sick he lay the while
In a hospital in Spain.
Ah me! I fear my brother dear
Will not come home again.

11. "And now I watch; for we have heard
That he is on his way—
And the letter said, in very truth,
He would be here to-day.
Oh! there's no bird that singeth now
Could tempt me hence away!"

12. That self-same eve I wandered down
Unto the busy strand,
Just as a little boat came in
With people to the land;
And 'mongst them was a sailor boy,
Who leaped upon the sand.

13. I knew him by his dark-blue eyes,
And by his features fair;
And as he leaped ashore, he sang
A simple Scottish air—
"There's no place like our own dear home
To be met with anywhere!" MARY HOWITT.

DEFINITIONS.

mus'ing, thinking.	**prime**, hours.
mys'ter y, secret.	**thyme**, herb.
pined, grieved.	**strand**, shore.
pore, think.	**wo'ful**, sad.

ORAL EXPRESSION. **Call on some scholar to tell this story to the class.**

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write the story of this poem, and be prepared to read it at the next lesson.**

II. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. Emphasis.

Emphasis, as the term is generally used in reading, is a special force of voice upon certain words in a sentence, in order to express the meaning more clearly. Emphatic words are often printed in *italics,* and very emphatic words in SMALL CAPITALS.

Emphasis is laid on the most significant word or words in a sentence. A change of emphasis often changes the meaning, as will be evident from the following examples.

1. Will you ride to school with me *to-dáy?*
   No; but I will ride with you *to-mòrrow.*
2. Will you ride to school with *mé* to-day?
   No; I shall ride with my *fàther.*
3. Will you ride to *schóol* with me to-day?
   No; but I will ride to *tòwn* with you.
4. Will *yóu* ride to school with me to-day?
   No; but my *bròther* will.
5. Will you *ríde* to school with me to-day?
   No; but I will *wàlk* to school with you.

EXERCISES.

In the following sentences, emphasize, in succession, different words of each sentence, and mark the difference in meaning.

1. Did you strike William?
2. Lend me your pencil.
3. Did Brutus kill Cæsar?
4. That little horse runs well.

KINDS OF EMPHASIS.

A word may be made expressive, not only by increased force, but also by inflection, by a pause before or after it, and by *quantity*, or a prolonging of the vowel or liquid sounds. Emphasis, then, in the widest use of the word, may be defined as *any* means of distinguishing specially significant words. In general, however, emphasis signifies force.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS.

Force.—We must *fight!* I repeat it, sir; we must *fight!*

Inflection.—"*Grĕen!*" cried the other in a fury, "why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my *ĕyes?*"

Quantity.—"Jump! or I *f-i-r-e,*" he said.

O, it was *gl-o-r-i-ous!*

Pause.—The sentence was——*death.*

GENERAL RULE OF EMPHASIS.

In reading, try to find out the exact meaning of what is to be read, and then emphasize the words that will most clearly express the sense. In talking, people emphasize correctly because they *feel* what they wish to express.

Avoid emphasizing too forcibly, and do not read with abrupt, jerking emphasis.

II. Inflection.

Inflection is an upward or downward slide of the voice. All emphatic words are marked by inflection, and the stronger the emphasis, the longer the slides. Inflection, indeed, is one form of emphasis. In words marked by strong emphasis, and high rising or falling inflection, the vowel and liquid sounds are prolonged so as to increase the *force.*

There are three inflections—1. The rising, marked by an acute accent, thus (′). 2. The falling, marked by a grave accent, thus (`). 3. The circumflex, marked thus (ˇ ^). To these three may be added the *monotone*, which is really one uniform level of tone, without either the rising or falling inflection.

The general principles that govern emphasis and inflection, are put, for the convenience of both pupils and teachers, into the form of "rules," illustrated by examples.

Rules for Emphasis and Inflection.

Rule I. Words that express contrast, have opposite inflections, and are emphatic.

1. *Vírtue* is better than *rìches.*
2. Prosperity *gáins* friends; adversity *trìes* them.
3. He that cannot *beăr* a jest should not *mâke* one.
4. Did the teacher call *yóu* or *mè?*
5. I will neither *rúde* nor *wàlk.*
6. As for *mé*, give me *líberty*, or give me *dèath.*
7. *Sínk* or *swìm*, *líve* or *dìe*, *survíve* or *pèrish*, I give my *hánd* and my *heàrt* to this vòte.
8. You cannot *dó* wrong without *sùffering* wrong.

Rule II. When emphatic words are contrasted, negative words generally have the rising inflection, and affirmative words the falling inflection.

1. The teacher spoke to *Màry*, not to *yóu.*
2. She did not call *mé*, but *Jàmes.*
3. I shall go with my *fàther*, not my *bróther.*

4. He is a *frièn̄d*, not an *enémy*.
5. He is not an *énemy*, but a *frièn̄d*.
6. A countenance more in *sòrrow*, than in *ánger*.

Rule III. Words that express strong feeling or passion are emphatic, and generally require the falling inflection.

1. To *àrms!* to *àrms!* to *àrms!* they cry.
2. We must *fìght*; I repeat it, sir: we must *fìght*.
3. He woke to hear his sentry's shriek—"To *àrms!* they *còme!* the *Grèek!* the *Grèek!*"
4. I would *nèver* lay down my arms—*nèver, nèver, nèver*.
5. "*Sày*, father, *sày*, if yet my task is *dòne*."
6. Thou *slàve!* thou *wrètch!* thou *còward!*

GENERAL EXERCISES.

I. *Breathing Exercises*—inhaling and exhaling slowly.

II. Review of *Concert Phonic Drill*, I to III.

III. *Vocal Drill.* Repeat in concert the long vowel sounds: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

(1) With the rising inflection.
(2) The falling inflection.
(3) The rising circumflex.
(4) The falling circumflex.
(5) The monotone.

2

WRITTEN SPELLING.—IMPORTANT LITTLE WORDS.				
aisle	aghast	hoarse	shawl	cleats
chyle	trout	source	grain	screech
blaze	tattoo	force	catarrh	which
chaise	chicken	pshaw	squeeze	switch

10. SHORT FABLES.

IV. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

ē-ve	ĕ-gg	m-ī-ne	th-ĭ-s	v-ē-rġe
ēa-st	b-ĕ-g	d-ī-ed	m-ĭ-ss	d-ī-rġe
d-ee-d	d-ĕa-d	t-ī-me	w-ĭ-nd	fī-rst

I. THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

1. A farmer once set a net to catch the geese and crows that ate up his grain. He caught a large number, and, with them, a stork.

2. The stork begged hard for his life, saying: "I am neither a goose nor a crow; I do not eat grain. Let me go."

3. "That may be true," replied the farmer, "but you are caught in bad company, and must die with the rest."

Proverb.—One is judged by the company he keeps.

II. THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

1. A crow, ready to die with thirst, flew towards a water pitcher that he saw at a distance. When he came to it, he found there was so little water in it, that he could not even touch the surface with his bill.

2. He tried to tip it over, but in vain. At last, seeing some pebbles near by, he dropped them one by one into the pitcher, until he raised the water to the brim, when he was able to drink all he wanted.

Proverb.—Necessity is the mother of invention.

11. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **Require pupils to learn this piece by heart, and recite it in turn, in the class. After this, require them to write it from memory, exchange slates, and correct errors in capitals, spelling, and punctuation, by comparing with the open book.**

How sleep the brave, who sink to rést,
By all their country's wishes blèst!
When spring, with dewy fingers cóld,
Returns to deck their hallowed móld,
She there shall dress a *sweèter* sód
Than Fancy's feet have ever tròd.
By fairy hands their *knèll* is rung;
By forms unseen their *dìrge* is sung;
There *Hònor* comes, a pilgrim gráy,
To bless the turf that wraps their clày;
And *Frèedom* shall awhile repáir,
To dwell, a weeping *hèrmit*, there.

COLLINS.

12. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

V. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Write with diacritical marks: ōld, ŏdd, m o͝ve, (o͝ = o͞o), ôr, (ô = a͝), dȯne, (ȯ = ŭ), wo͝lf, (o͝ = o͞o).

2. Repeat in concert: ō, ŏ, o͝, ô, ȯ, o͝.

3. Write with diacritical marks: over, honest, prove, nor, come, could, woman, would, should.

4. Let each pupil give and spell some word having long *o;* short *o;* *o* as in *move;* *o* as in *come.*

1. A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

2. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

3. "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many.

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.

4. "He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was very kind and thoughtful.

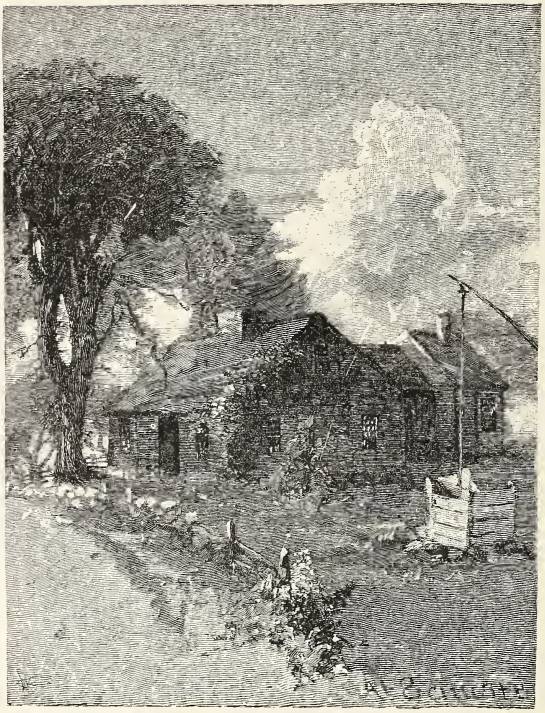
5. "He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

6. "He lifted up the book which I had laid on the floor purposely, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

7. "And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

8. "When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

9. "Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."



13. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **Memorize this piece for recitation.**

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
   When fond recollection presents them to view!
   The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
   And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
   The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
   The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
   The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
   And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

WOODWORTH.

USING WORDS. Write each of these words in a sentence of your own: **cataract, Jupiter, exquisite, nectar, poised.**

3

WRITTEN SPELLING.—BUSINESS ABBREVIATIONS.	
Amt.—Amount.	Do.—Ditto.
Agt.—Agent.	Dr.—Debtor.
Bal.—Balance.	Pkg.—Package.
Cts.—Cents.	Pd.—Paid.
Cwt.—A hundred weight.	Cr.—Credit.

14. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

Select from the library, some interesting book of travels, and let the class read extracts from it.

DEFINITIONS.

Letter.—A character used to represent a sound of the human voice.

Vowel.—A letter representing a vocal sound. The vowels are: *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*.

Consonant.—A letter representing an articulate sound. All the letters of the alphabet except the vowels are consonants.

Syllable.—A word, or part of a word, uttered by a single effort of the voice.

Diphthong.—A union of two vowel sounds in the same syllable.

Diacritical Marks.—The marks used in the dictionary to indicate certain elementary sounds.

Macron.—The diacritical mark placed over a vowel to denote the long sound; as ā.

Breve.—The mark used to indicate a short vowel sound; as ĕ.

Tilde.—The mark used to denote the sound of *e* and *i* before *r*; as hēr, gīrl.

4

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

ġў̈m′nast	ŭn tĭl′	heạ̈rk′en	wĭd′ow
prō′grămme	wĕl′fare	lĕt′tuce	re lēve′
wĕl′come	ạ̈l′most	măt′tress	hĭe′cough
bū′reau	bĭs′cuit	de pōt′	sīr′loin
băl′ance	buṣi′ness	fạ̈u′çet	sûr′name
bĭl′iȯus	sạ̈u′sage	môrt′ġaġe	vĭct′ualṣ

15. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART I.

VI. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

b-ō-ne	d-ŏ-t	m-o̤-ve	f-ô-r	d-ó-ne
m-ōa-n	g-ŏ-t	m-o͞o-n	n-ô-r	s-ŭ-n
st-ō-ne	p-ŏ-nd	pr-o̤-ve	ô-r	s-ó-n

1. In a corner of the barn-yard, near an old farm-house, there sat a duck on a whole nest-full of eggs. The old mother-duck had been waiting a long time to hatch her eggs and get a brood of ducklings. But she had waited so long she was getting almost tired of it; besides, she was lonely, for she had very few visitors.

2. At last, one egg cracked, and then another, and then another. "Peep! peep!" they all cried, as one head after another, popped out of the shells. "Quack, quack," said she; and then the ducklings all broke open their shells, thrust out their heads as well as they were able, and peeped about under the green leaves. And their mother let them look as much as they liked; for green is good for the eyes.

3. "How immense the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think that this is the whole world?" said their mother. "You surely are all here! No, I have not all! The largest egg is lying there still. How long is this to last! I am really growing quite tired of it." And then she sat on the nest again.

4. "Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck that came up to pay her friend a visit.

"It lasts so long with one egg," said the other; "it will never open. The shell must be too hard for the poor little thing to make a hole through it. But now you shall see the others. They are the nicest little ducklings that I have seen in all my life! They are all so like their father."

5. "Let me look at the egg that will not open," said the old duck. "You may be sure it is a turkey's egg! Let it lie; and teach the other little ones to swim."

6. "I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck; "I have been sitting so long, that I may as well devote the rest of the harvest-time to it."

7. At last the great egg burst. "Peep! peep!" said the little one, and tumbled out of the shell; but how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it: "That's a very big creature, however," said she; "none of the others look like it. That can't be a turkey-chick, surely! Well, we'll soon find out. It shall go into the water, even if I am obliged to shove it in; we will see whether it is a real duck, and can dive and swim properly."

8. The following day it was wonderfully fine weather. So mamma duck went down to the pond with all her family at her heels, and, splash! she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" said she; and plump into the water went one duckling after another. Not one wanted to stay behind. Even the hideous gray one swam too.

9. "No, that's no turkey!" said the old duck; "only look how prettily it uses its legs; how

upright it holds itself!—that child is my own! In reality it's quite pretty, if one looks at it well. Quack! quack! now come with me, I will take you into the world, and introduce you into the poultry-yard. But keep close to me, that no one may tread on you; and look out for the cats."

10. And so they came into the poultry-yard. There was a terrible hurly-burly going on there just then; for two families were quarreling about the remains of an eel, which nobody but the cat got, after all.

11. "Behold, my children, such is the way of the world," said mamma duck, and licked her bill; for she too had a taste for fried eels. "Now use your legs," said she; "pay attention, keep together, and bow to the old duck there yonder; she is of higher rank than all the rest. Turn out your toes! a well-bred duckling walks with his legs far apart, like his parents! Look—so! Now give your neck a graceful curve, as I do, and say 'Quack!'"

12. And they did as they were told; but the other ducks all round stared at them, and said quite aloud, "Only look, how ugly that one is! —we won't suffer it here." And a saucy drake flew at the little gray-green intruder, and bit him in the neck.

13. "Let it alone," said the mother; "it does no one any harm, and I will not have it ill-treated."

14. "Yes, but it is so large and strange looking," replied the drake, "and therefore, it shall be teased."

15. "Those are fine children that the mother has," said the old duck with the rag round her leg. "All handsome, except one; it has not turned out well. It is anything but perfect. I wish she could change it or hatch it over."

DICTATION. **The teacher will dictate the last paragraph for slate work.**

16. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART II.

VII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Spell by sound: mūte, ŭp, rụle, ûrge, pụt.
2. Write these words with their diacritical marks.
3. Give the sounds of ū, ŭ, ụ, û, ụ.
4. Write, divide into syllables, and accent: unit, upper, rural, urchin, pudding, true, prune.

1. The poor young duck, that had come last out of the shell and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased, by ducks and fowls. "It's so large!" said they all; and the turkey-cock, that had spurs on when he came into the world, and, therefore, fancied himself an emperor, strutted about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand.

2. Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was hunted about by every one; even its brothers

and sisters were cross to it, and always said, "I wish the cat would get you, you frightful creature!" and its mother, in her sorrow for her suffering little one, said, "I wish you were far from here!" And the ducks bit it, and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot.

3. So at last it made a desperate effort, and ran and flew over the hedge and out of the poultry-yard. The little birds in the bushes started with affright. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duck, and shut its eyes; but still ran on. At last it came to a great moor where wild ducks lived, and lay there all night.

4. In the morning up flew the wild ducks, and saw their new comrade. "What a comical little fellow! Who are you?" asked they; and our little duck turned itself on every side, and bowed to them all as well as it could. "But you are very ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that is of no consequence to us, if you don't marry into our family."

5. So it lay there two whole days; on the third came a couple of wild geese, or rather, ganders; it was not long since they had crept out of the egg, and that was the reason they were so pert.

6. "Hark ye, comrade," said they; "you are so ugly that we like you right well. Will you come with us, and be a bird of passage?"

7. "Bang! bang!" was heard at the same moment, and both wild geese lay dead among the reeds, and the water was as red as blood; "bang! bang!" was heard again, and whole flocks of

wild geese flew out of the rushes; and then the report was heard again.

8. The ugly duckling turned its head to put it under its wing, when at the same moment a great dog stood close beside it; his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, and his eyes sparkling horribly. He opened his jaws just opposite our duck, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash!—away he went without touching it.

9. "Well, heaven be praised!" sighed the duck; "I am so ugly that even a dog won't eat me!"

10. At last all was quiet; but the poor little thing did not yet dare to lift its head; it waited many hours before it looked around, and then hastened away from the moor as quickly as possible. It ran over the fields and meadows, and there was such a violent storm of wind that it could hardly get along.

11. Towards evening the duck reached a little hut. The door had fallen off its hinges, and it hung so much on one side that the little duck could squeeze itself into the room.

17. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART III.

Select the difficult words of this lesson and have them copied in advance by the pupils for study.

1. Here dwelt an old woman with her cat and her hen; and the cat could put up his back and purr. The woman coaxingly called him her little son.

2. The hen had little short legs and, therefore, it was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks; she regularly laid good eggs, and the woman loved it as her own child.

3. In the morning they discovered the new guest; and the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What's the matter?" asked the old woman; but she did not see well, and so she thought the young duckling was a fat duck that had lost its way.

4. "That's something worth catching!" said she. "Now I can get duck's eggs, if only it be no drake. We must try."

And so the duck was taken on trial for three weeks; but no eggs appeared.

5. Now the cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, "*We and the world;*" for they thought that they were the half of the world, and by far the better half into the bargain. The duck thought there might be two opinions on that matter; but the hen would not allow this.

6. "Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you put up your back and purr?"

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinions of your own, where sensible people are speaking."

7. And the duck sat sorrowfully in the corner, and was in bad humor with its two conceited

companions, when suddenly it took it into its head to think about the fresh air and the sunshine; and it had such a longing to swim on the water, that it could not help, at last, telling the hen of it.

8. "What next, I wonder!" said the hen; "you have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies! Lay eggs, or purr, and you'll forget them."

9. "But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck; "so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom!"

10. "Well, that must be a fine pleasure!" said the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest fellow I know, if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and to have it dash over her head?"

11. "You don't understand me," said the duck.

"Understand, indeed! If we don't understand you, who should do so? I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the cat or our mistress, to say nothing of myself? But you are a blockhead, and it is tiresome to have anything to do with you. Now, then, just take the trouble to learn to purr, or to lay eggs."

12. "I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the duckling.

"Well, then, go!" answered the hen.

And so the duck went, and began its wanderings

anew. It left the hut and hastened to the water that it had been pining for so long.

13. The autumn now came on; the leaves in the green woods grew yellow and brown, the wind laid hold of them and danced them about; and it was cold up in the air. The clouds, loaded with hail and snow, hung down heavily, and the crows sat on the fence and cried, "Caw, caw." Yes, it was enough to make one freeze to think of it; and the poor duckling certainly was badly off.

18. THE UGLY DUCKLING.

PART IV.

VIII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—VOWELS.

1. Repeat four times, the vowel extremes: ē, ä, o͞o. (1) In a forcible whisper. (2) With gentle force. (3) With loud force.

1. One evening, there came a whole flock of large beautiful birds out of the bushes. Never had the duck seen anything so beautiful! They were of a brilliant white, with long slender necks —they were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their long wings, and flew away from the cold countries to warmer lands, across the sea.

2. And the winter was so cold that the duck was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing; but every night the opening in which it swam grew smaller and smaller.

3. The coating of ice cracked with the frost, and the duck was obliged to use its legs lustily to hinder the water from freezing entirely; but at last it was exhausted, and lay still faint and weary, and was frozen fast in the ice.

4. Early in the morning, a peasant came by, who saw the duck, took pity on it, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried it home to his wife.

5. Here it revived. The children wanted to play with it; but our duckling thought they wished to torment it, and in its fright, bounced right into the milk-pan, so that the milk splashed about the room.

6. The good woman screamed and wrung her hands; and then it flew into the tub where the butter was, and then into the meal-tub, and out again—but what a fright it looked now!

7. The woman shrieked, and tried to strike it with the tongs; and the children hunted it about, one over the other, in order to catch it, and laughed and shouted.

8. It was fine fun for them; but not so to the poor little bird, who now, instead of being gray, was as white as flour could make it.

9. It was a good thing that the door was open, and out the duck rushed among the bushes in the freshly fallen snow; there it lay as in a dream.

10. But it would be too sad to relate all the sufferings and misery which it had to endure through the hard winter. It lay on the moor under the rushes. But when the sun began to

shine again more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring was come, then all at once, it spread out its wings and rose in the air.

11. They made a rushing noise, louder than formerly, and bore it onwards more vigorously; and it soon found itself in a garden, where the apple-trees were in blossom. And just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers, and swam on the waters so lightly, oh, so very lightly!

12. "To them will I fly," it said, "to the royal birds; they will kill me, because I, poor ugly creature, dare to approach them! But no matter! It is better to be killed by them than bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl that feeds the chickens, and in winter to suffer so much." And it flew into the water, and swam towards the magnificent birds; they looked at him, and, with rustling plumes, sailed towards him.

13. "Kill me," said the poor creature, as it bowed down its head to the water, and awaited death. But what did it see in the water! It saw beneath it its own likeness—no longer that of an awkward, grayish bird, ugly and displeasing—it was the figure of a swan! And the large swans swam beside it, and stroked it with their bills.

14. There were some little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out:

"There is a new one!" and the other children shouted too, "Yes, a new one has come!"—and

they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father and mother. And they threw bread and cake into the water, and every one said:

15. "The new one is the best! so young and so beautiful!" And the old swans bowed their heads before it. Then the young one felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wing, for it knew not what to do. It was too happy, but yet not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

16. It remembered how it had been persecuted and ridiculed, and now it heard all people say that it was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to it in the water, and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook its plumes, the slender neck was lifted up, and, from its very heart, it cried rejoicingly, "Never dreamed I of such happiness as this, in the days when I was the *little ugly duck!*"

Adapted from HANS ANDERSEN'S *Tales.*

LANGUAGE LESSON.

Have these sentences written at the desk, filling in the blanks.

wood
would Charles, —— you like to walk in the —— before dinner? O yes, very much.

wade
weighed Did the soldiers, —— down with their arms and knapsacks, attempt to —— through the river?

won
one I hear that —— of you has —— the first prize, and the other the second.

19. A NOBLE PRINCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

7. In the wild confusion, a little child falls in the middle of the narrow street, right in the

elephant's way. In another moment it will be crushed to death.

8. Will no one save the child? No; it is the child of an outcast. It would be a disgrace to touch the outcast child.

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

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

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

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

13. The emperor's surprise gives place to a pleased smile. Stretching forth his hand, he raises the soldier from the ground, and says: "Truly hast thou said, my brother, that to save life is greater than to destroy it. I take the life thou hast offered me; but thou shalt spend it henceforth in my service. From this day, I make thee one of my palace body-guard."

14. The soldier was melted to tears. He entered Baber's service gladly, and became one of his bravest soldiers. Many a time he saved in

battle the life he had once been so anxious to take. He lived to tell his children's children how his life had been spared by the emperor.

DEFINITIONS.

ac quaint', inform; find out.
peers, looks eagerly.
con cealed', hidden.
con fu'sion, disorder.
de pos'its, lays down.
dis guis'es, dresses to conceal himself.
hence'forth, from this time.
rec'og niz es, sees; knows.
mood'i ly, in anger; sullenly.
thronged, crowded.
sire, one who stands in place of a father.
race, nation.
tur'ban, head-dress.
Del'hi, a city in British India.

5

WRITTEN SPELLING.—IMPORTANT LITTLE WORDS.

1. They *bawled* after the *bald* man.
2. The *air* we breathe. The *heir* of an estate.
3. Hard *fare*. *Fair* weather.
4. He will *hire* at *higher* wages.
5. *Sow* the wheat. *Sew* the seam.
6. *Climb* the mountain to a colder *clime*.
7. *Scent* of roses. *Cent* of money.

ORAL SPELLING. **The teacher will select twenty words from this piece to be marked by the class, and studied for a spelling lesson.**

A RECITATION.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles, a hundredfold,
Are a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.

A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

20. LETTER WRITING.

Directions. Use one of the following forms of complimentary address: "Dear Sir:", "My Dear Sir:", "Dear Madam:". In closing, use "Yours truly," "Very truly yours," "Yours respectfully."

Each pupil should write a short letter to any person he may choose. Direct the letters to be exchanged and read aloud.

Let him also report any misspelled words, and write them on the blackboard.

LANGUAGE LESSON.

Let these sentences be copied at the desks on slates or paper, filling out the blanks with words selected from the list at the head. In the class, exchange copies, and correct errors.

sound	**fruits**	**fear**	**poverty**
employed	**enough**	**master**	**conquers**

1. A good servant makes a good ——.
2. Better face a danger than be always in ——.
3. Debt is the worst kind of ——.
4. Deeds are ——; words are but leaves.
5. Empty vessels make most ——.
6. Poor indeed is he who thinks he never has ——.
7. The greatest conqueror is he who —— himself.
8. He is idle who might be better ——.

21. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

1. I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song:
Ye may trace my steps o'er the waking 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.

2. 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 't is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

3. I have passed o'er 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 reindeer bounds through the pasture free;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek 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.

6

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

wrestle	seizure	effaceable	lying
blamable	metallic	thorough	tying
judgment	crystallize	moneys	eying

22. THE GRAVE.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **To be memorized for recitation.**

1. There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

2. The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

3. The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

III. VOCAL TRAINING.

RULES FOR EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.—*Continued.*

Rule IV. Emphasize any words that are particularly important.

1. What is your *nàme?* How *òld* are you?
2. A *noun* is the *nàme* of anything.
3. So *óne* locust went in and carried off *òne* grain of corn; and then *anóther* locust went in and carried off *anòther* grain of corn; and then *anóther* locust went in and carried off *anòther* grain of corn.

Rule V. Questions that require YES *or* NO *for an answer, generally require the rising inflection, and their answers, the falling inflection.*

1. Is your *fáther* at home? *Yès*, he *is*.
2. Have you found a *knífe? Nò;* but I have found a *pèncil*.
3. Have you anything *néw* to offer on the *súbject? Nòthing.*
4. Poor sweet Piccola! did you *héar*
   What *háppened* to Piccola, children *déar?*
5. Breathes there a man with soul so *déad*,
   Who never to himself hath *sáid:*
   "This is my *ówn*, my *native lánd?*"

Rule VI. Indirect questions that do not require YES *or* NO *for an answer, have the falling inflection.*

1. Where are you *gòing?* I am going to *schòol*.
2. *Whèn* are you going? Nòw.
3. Why did you not *càll* on me?
4. What's the *màtter?*
5. "Well, how are you getting *òn?*" asked an old duck.

23. PAYING FOR AN OPINION.

1. One day a farmer, called Bernard, had been to his county town to attend the market there; and, having finished his business, there still remained some hours before he desired to return to his home. Under these circumstances, having nothing particular to do, he thought he might as well get an opinion from a lawyer. He had often heard people speaking of a certain Mr. Wiseman, whose reputation was so great that even the judge did not like to decide contrary to his opinion. The farmer, therefore, asked for Mr. Wiseman's address, and without delay made his way to the lawyer's house.

2. He found a large number of people waiting to ask the advice of the learned and clever lawyer, and he had to wait a long time. At last his turn came, and he was shown into the room. Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and then, settling his spectacles on his nose so as to get a comfortable look at him, begged him to state his business.

3. "Upon my word, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, uneasily twisting his hat in his hand, "I can't say that I have any particular business with you; but as I happened to be in town today, I thought I should be losing an opportunity if I did not get an *opinion* from you."

"I am much obliged by your confidence in me," replied the lawyer. "You have, I suppose, some law-suit going on?"

"A law-suit?" said the farmer; "I should rather think not! There is nothing I hate so much, and I have never had a quarrel with any one in my life."

4. "Then I suppose you want some family property fairly and justly divided?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; my family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing our property."

"Perhaps, then, you may want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something?"

"Not at all! I am not rich enough to be purchasing property, and not poor enough to wish to sell any."

5. "Then what on earth do you want me to do, my friend?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Well, Mr. Wiseman, I thought I had already told you that," replied Bernard with a sheepish laugh; "what I want is an *opinion*—I am ready to pay for it. You see, here I am in town, and it would be a great pity if I were to lose the opportunity."

6. The lawyer looked at him and smiled; then taking up his pen, he asked the farmer what his name was. "Peter Bernard," said he, quite pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or somewhere about that."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! you mean what do I do? I am a farmer."

7. The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on

a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to his strange client.

"Is that all?" cried Bernard; "well, well! so much the better. I dare say you are too busy to write much. Now, how much does that cost?"

"Half-a-crown."

8. Bernard, well contented, paid the money, gave a bow and a scrape, and went away delighted that he had got his *opinion*. When he reached home it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey, and he resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days, and was now completely dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried in and housed that night.

9. "This night!" said the farmer's wife, "who ever heard of such a thing? Your master is tired, and the hay can just as well be got in to-morrow." The man said it was no business of his, but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were all ready, and the laborers had nothing to do.

10. To this the angry wife replied that the wind was in a favorable quarter, and that they could not get the work done before nightfall.

Bernard, having listened to both sides of the question, didn't know how to decide, when, all of a sudden, he remembered the paper the lawyer had given him.

11. "Stop a minute!" cried he; "I have an *opinion*—a famous opinion—an opinion that cost me half-a-crown. That's the thing to put us straight. You are a grand scholar, my dear; tell

us what it says." His wife took the paper, and, with a little difficulty, read out these two lines:

"PETER BERNARD, NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY."

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! out with the men and the carts, and we'll have the hay in at once."

12. His wife still grumbled, but it was of no use; Bernard was obstinate. He declared that he was not going to pay half-a-crown for nothing, and that, as he had obtained an *opinion* from his lawyer, he would follow it whatever happened. In fact, he set the example himself, and urging his men to the greatest expedition, he did not return to his home until all the hay was safely housed.

13. Whatever doubts his wife might have entertained as to his wisdom, were fully put at rest by the result; for the weather changed suddenly during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and when she woke in the morning she saw running through the meadows a brown and turbid flood, carrying in its current the newly cut hay of her neighbors. All the farmers close by lost their hay: Bernard alone saved his.

14. Having experienced the benefits which followed obedience to the advice of the lawyer, Bernard from that day forward never failed to regulate his conduct by the same rule, and in the course of time he became one of the richest farmers of the district. Nor did he forget the service which Mr. Wiseman had rendered him,

for he sent him every year a present of two fat fowls; and, whenever he had occasion to speak to his neighbors about lawyers, he always said that after the ten commandments, there was nothing that should be more strictly followed than the *opinion* of a good lawyer.

WRITTEN SPELLING. **The teacher will select twenty words from the preceding lesson, to be marked by pupils, and studied for spelling.**

1. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

When *c* has the *hard* sound like *k*, it is marked by a line through it, thus—c̶; when it has the *soft* sound like sharp *s*, it is marked by a cedilla, thus—ç.

c̶ hard = k		ç soft = s sharp	
c̶-āme	c̶-ăt	ç-ĕnt	lā-ç̧e
c̶-är	c̶-âre	ç-ĕll	voi-ç̧e
c̶-a̤ll	c̶-ūbe	ç-ĭty	fā-ç̧e

7

WRITTEN SPELLING.—ABBREVIATED EXPRESSIONS.

can 't = can not.	had n't = had not.
could n't = could not.	has n't = has not.
did n't = did not.	hav' n't = have not.
do n't = do not.	hē 'd = he would or had.
does n't = does not.	hē 'll = he will.
I 'll = I will.	is n't = is not.
wē 'll = we will.	was n't = was not.
they 'll = they will.	wōn't = will not.
must n't = must not.	would n't = would not.

24. RULES OF HEALTH.

Teachers will make these rules the subject for a conversation lesson, explaining to pupils the reasons for the rules.

1. Retire early, and sleep from eight to nine hours every night.

2. Ventilate your sleeping room either by an open door, or an open window.

3. Do not drink *strong* tea or *strong* coffee.

4. Do not eat between meals, or just before going to bed.

5. Wear loose clothing, and easy-fitting boots and shoes.

6. Brush your teeth at least once a day.

7. Avoid all articles of food that your parents tell you are unwholesome.

8. Take care of your eyes. When they begin to ache, stop reading or writing at once. If your eyes are weak, do not study at all in the evening.

9. Never sit at school with the sun shining full in your face or upon your desk.

10. If you wish to avoid becoming near-sighted, hold your book, when studying, at a reasonable distance from your eyes.

11. Take care of your health. Good health is the best capital to begin life with.

8

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.

answer	*question*	end	*beginning*
absent	*present*	lend	*borrow*
attack	*defend*	mountain	*valley*

25. A NEW READING LESSON.

Write a short composition on one of the following subjects, and be prepared to read it when your class is called.

SUBJECTS:

1. HOUSEKEEPING. [For girls.]
2. WORK THAT I CAN DO. [For boys.]

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON HOUSEKEEPING.

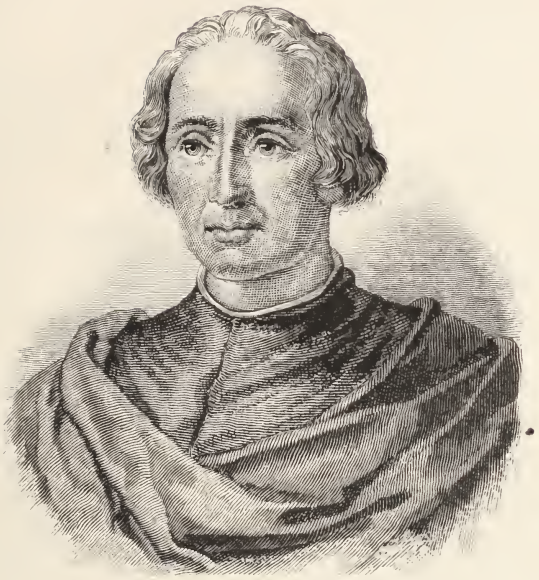
One day my mother went to the country and left me to keep house. I got some mutton, washed some potatoes, and put them into the oven to bake.

I then went up-stairs to read a book in which I was much interested. After some time, I smelt something burning, and when I went down-stairs, there were my potatoes burned to a crisp. But I put in some more, and finally got dinner ready.

The next day I rose early and started the fire. My father said my breakfast was pretty good. I was very tired that day, and came to the conclusion that mother's work was not very easy. I thought I would rather be at school. When mother came back, I was glad to give up housekeeping, and I think my father was glad to have me do it, although he praised my cooking.

The teacher will assist the pupils in discovering the faults in this composition, and let them rewrite it:

1. **What words are used too often?**
2. **Substitute other words for them.**



26. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Gĕn´o a	Pĭn´ta	Săl´va dor	Go mẹ´ra
Pä´los	Ba hā´ma	In´di ans	Ca nā´ries

1. Columbus, who was born in the sea-faring city of Genoa, in Italy, and had been a sailor from boyhood, came to the conclusion, when he was about forty years old, that the common notion of the earth's being flat was a mistake.

2. He was a man of original and daring genius.

He believed that the earth is a globe, and that, by sailing *westward* from Europe across the Atlantic, he would come round to Eastern Asia.

3. Having arrived at this belief, he tried, for several years, to persuade some of the commercial nations of Europe to fit out an expedition to see if his belief was right. He applied to Italy and Portugal. These governments rejected his plan as an idle dream.

4. At last, after long waiting, the government of Spain agreed to make him admiral of a small fleet which should try the adventurous voyage. The sovereigns of Spain, at this time, were Ferdinand and Isabella.

5. What persuaded Queen Isabella to go to the expense of fitting out a fleet for Columbus, was the idea that it would be a great thing for Spain to be mistress of the rich countries of Eastern Asia, and, also, that the discovery of these new realms might be the means of spreading the Christian faith there.

6. The third of August, 1492, he left Palos, and in a few days the little fleet reached Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, with no event of importance except that the *Pinta* unshipped her rudder. This obliged Columbus to delay some time at the Canaries.

7. The sixth of September he set sail from Gomera, and struck boldly out to sea. From this date the fleet, during thirty-five days, sailed westward over the trackless waste of unknown waters. On the night of October 11th, land was seen.

8. Dawn revealed a sunny land of flowers and strange new beauty. The ships were in that island-dotted tropic sea over which Spain was long to hold despotic sway. The land reached was one of the Bahama Islands, and Columbus named it San Salvador.

9. Columbus was not aware of the fact that he had discovered a new continent; he supposed he had realized his hope of reaching the coast of Eastern India, or Cathay.

10. He therefore called the natives (who flocked down to the shore to see the wonderful strangers and their ships), "Indians,"—a name afterwards extended to all the aboriginal inhabitants of the American continent.

11. The landing was made on the morning of the twelfth of October. Columbus took possession of the new country in the name of the Spanish sovereigns.

12. From San Salvador, Columbus sailed southward, discovering a number of islands, among them Cuba and Hayti.

13. At the commencement of the year 1493, Columbus sailed back to Spain to give an account of his discoveries. He was received with great honors by the monarchs and the people.

14. After this, Columbus made *three* voyages across the Atlantic, and planted several Spanish colonies in the West India Islands.

15. Columbus was a man of very commanding presence. His son Ferdinand describes him as above the middle height, with a long countenance, an aquiline nose, and light gray eyes full of ex-

pression. His hair was naturally light, but it turned nearly white before he was thirty.

16. In character he was one of the greatest souls that ever lived. He was a man of lofty intellect, of wonderful enthusiasm, and of a deep religious nature.

SWINTON'S *U. S. History.*

Questions. Question the pupils about the facts of this lesson, and tell them something further about the life of Columbus.

II. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

When *g* has the *hard* sound as in gō, it is marked by a short line over it, thus—ḡ; when it has the *soft* sound like *j*, it is marked with a dot over it, thus—ġ.

ḡ hard		ġ soft = j	
ḡ-ō	bă-ḡ	ā-ġe	ġ-ĕm
ḡ-ă-ḡ	bĕ-ḡ	pā-ġe	ġ-ĭll
ḡ-ĭ-ḡ	bĭ-ḡ	sā-ġe	ġ-ĭn

27. ANECDOTE OF COLUMBUS.

1. After returning from his first voyage of discovery, Columbus was invited to dine with a high Spanish official. At the table, one of the guests, who was envious of Columbus, said to him: "It was easy enough to discover America; you had nothing to do but keep sailing west."

2. "Certainly," replied Columbus, "once done, it is very easy. Who of you at this table can make this egg stand upon its little end?"

3. They all tried, in turn, and failed, declaring that it could not be done.

4. "Give it to me," said Columbus, who took it, gave it a sharp rap on the table to break the shell, and left it standing on the small end.

5. "Oh! anybody can do that!" said the guests with one voice.

6. "Exactly so," was the retort of Columbus, "only you did not happen to hit upon the way to do it."

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Close the books and write this anecdote in your own words. Exchange slates, and correct.**

28. THE DAY IS DONE.

Require the pupils to memorize the first four stanzas for recitation.

1. The day is dòne, and the dárkness |
   Falls from the wings of Níght,
   As a *fèather* | is wafted dównward |
   From an *eàgle* | in his flight.

2. I see the lights of the víllage |
   Gleam through the rain and the míst,
   And a feeling of *sàdness* | comes o'er mé,
   That my soul | cannot resist.

3. A feeling of sadness and lónging,
   That is not akin to páin,
   And resembles sórrow | only |
   As the *míst* | resembles *ràin*.

4. Come, read to me some pòem,
   Some simple and heartfelt lày,
   That shall *soòthe* | this restless feéling,
   And banish the thoughts of dày.

5. Not from the grand old másters,
Not from the bards sublíme,
Whose distant footsteps | echo |
Through the corridors of Tíme;

6. For like strains of martial mùsic,
Their mighty thoughts | suggést |
Life's endless toil | and endeàvor;
And to-níght | I long for rest.

7. Read | from some *hùmbler* poet,
Whose songs | gushed from his héart,
As *shòwers* | from the clouds of sùmmer,
Or *teàrs* | from the eyelids | stàrt;

8. Who, through long days of lábor,
And nights | devoid of éase,
Still heard | in his soul | the music |
Of wonderful melodies.

9. Such songs | have power to quíet |
The restless pulse of càre,
And come like the benedíction |
That follows after pràyer.

10. Then read from the treasured vólume |
The poem of thy chòice,
And lend to the rhyme of the póet |
The beauty | of thy voìce.

11. And the night | shall be filled with mùsic,
And the cares | that infest the dáy,
Shall fold their tents, like the Aràbs,
And as silently steal awày.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **corridors, martial, devoid, benediction, sublime.**

29. PEDRO: A DOG STORY.

PART I.

III. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

When *s* has the *vocal* sound like *z*, it is marked by a suspended bar, thus—s̱; when it has the *sharp* sound like ç, it is unmarked.

s̱ vocal = z		s sharp like ç	
ĭ-s̱	wī-s̱e	s-ĕn-se	s-āint-s
hĭ-s̱	eȳe-s̱	s-ĭn-çe	s-ūit-s
hă-s̱	trīe-s̱	s-a̤u-çe	s-eâr-çe

1. Pedro is a dog, to begin with; so, if any reader thinks this story is to be about an emperor, or even a Portuguese grandee, and wishes to read that kind of a story, and isn't willing to read just an every-day kind of a dog-story, he had better pass by this article altogether.

2. Pedro began life under difficulties. His mother did not move in good society. It may have been on account of her color, for she was very black. It may have been on account of her education, for she hadn't any worth speaking of. It may have been because her mother, or her mother's mother or grandmother, or ever so many great grandmothers, didn't go into good society. They were a very common family of dogs, who would lick the bones they ate, and make a noise with their mouths when they drank.

3. Pedro was born in a barn; that was against him. And it was a rag-dealer's barn at that, and

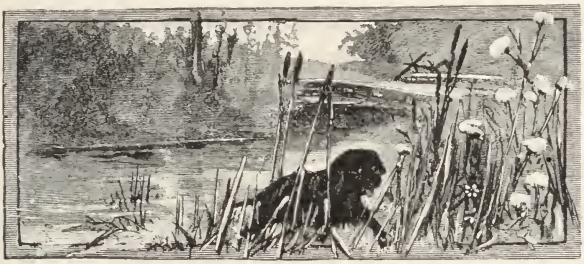
his first bed was a pile of very dirty rags, and as his mother had five other little dogs of exactly his age to look after, she could n't wash and dress him properly, or tie his tail up in papers to make it curl gracefully, or do any of those things that well-bred dog-mothers are in the habit of doing for their dog-babies.

4. Pedro opened his eyes one morning and looked about him. What do you think he saw?

A big boy with a basket and six stones in it. The boy took a stone and began tying it to Pedro's neck with a piece of cord. He did the same thing to all of Pedro's brothers and sisters. Did Pedro think it strange? Not a bit of it—he was so young and ignorant, that he thought that was what boys and stones and cords were for. But Pedro's mother, poor thing, she knew what it all meant. She knew that of all the diseases incident to puppyhood, the disease of boys and stones, complicated with cords, was the most fatal.

Pedro's mother had lost seventeen of her darlings in a similar way. Talk about scarlet fever, or the croup, or diphtheria, after that! She kissed her precious children, moaned over them a little, and when they were taken away in a basket, was so overcome that she had n't even strength enough to lift her drooping tail and wag them a good-bye.

5. The boy took the basket to a bridge, and lifting the puppies one by one, sent them over the parapet—down—down to an anchorage at the



bottom of the river. Pedro did n't like it. It made him dizzy going down; the weight of the stone made the cord cut his neck, and the water was cold. He went straight to the bottom, and would have drowned there like the rest, if the cord had been stronger. But the cord broke. Pedro found out that he could swim, and he made for the shore. He was cold, very wet, very much discouraged. He did not like to go back where that speckled-faced boy was; besides, he did n't know the way. So he made up his mind that he would set up for a tramp—and started at once on his travels.

6. He was a little fellow, but he grew—grew in spite of the kicks and cuffs that he met, in spite of the stonings that bad boys gave him, in spite of being only half fed. Grew to be a big, black, shaggy dog, with a kind eye, and one of the most friendly and waggy tails I ever knew. And could n't he swim! He just plowed right along in the water, steering himself with his shaggy tail, and winking and blinking at the waves, that in the sunlight winked and blinked at him.

7. But he had no home—poor dog. He slept in the by-ways and hedges, and dropped in at wagon-sheds and crept under road-side carts, and sometimes he had to sleep in the great fields among the clover and the daisies. He wanted a home badly enough. But nobody would take him in. He used to get driven off premises with sticks and whips and stones. Nobody seemed to want him, and he would have looked upon this world as a very hard world on dogs had he not seen, now and then, some boys and girls that were treated quite as badly as he was.

8. So things went on for two years. It was the close of summer. The golden-rod had begun to blossom on the road-sides, and Pedro knew that the frost would be along ere many weeks. He was in a sea-side town, for he loved the ocean, and he sat down on the beach to think himself over. He was getting to be shiftless. He would wear burrs in his shaggy coat for days and days, and when a dog gets to this point of shiftlessness, he must either turn over a new leaf, or go to the bad pretty rapidly.

9. He did not want to get into low-lived ways. He was a dog of excellent intentions regarding himself—but it somehow seemed to him that he had had no kind of a chance in life. He almost wished that the stone had n't slipped off his neck when he had been thrown over the bridge. He came very near being in despair. The horrid thought crossed his mind to go and bite somebody in the village, and get shot for mad. It takes so little trouble for a dog to put himself out of misery in this way. I think he would have gone and thrown himself off the bridge, but he knew what an excellent swimmer he was, and that it would be of no use.

10. He was getting almost miserable, when a gentleman passed by who seemed so well fed, so well contented with himself and the world, and so happy, that Pedro really cheered up, and wished that he had such a man for a master; and when, a little behind, came a well-combed, well-kept little blue Skye-terrier, whom this gentleman spoke to gently—even tenderly, Pedro yearned to get up and adopt the gentleman for a master at once. But he hardly dared to do it. He knew that that little blue Skye-terrier would fiercely resent such a familiar proceeding. Perhaps, however, the gentleman might be willing to give him just a second-hand bone, and a far-off corner of a stable to sleep in for a night or two. That much he would try, at any rate. So he rose up and followed the gentleman and the blue Skye-terrier at a little distance. Once the blue Skye caught sight of him, and turned and

gave him a fierce look, as if surmising his intentions, and then curled up his aristocratic little black nose and trotted on, as if, after all, such a matter was quite beneath his notice.

ORAL SPELLING MATCH. **Let the class choose sides. Dictate words of previous spelling exercises from (1) to (7).**

30. PEDRO: A DOG STORY.

PART II.

would n't	low-bred	mongrel	scamp	yelping
bath-house	dripping	another	beach	jacket
sitting-room	bruised	cushion	surf	guess

1. The gentleman at last walked home, and Pedro stood at the garden gate and saw them go in. They had such a welcome, especially the little blue Skye-terrier. Two pretty children came out to meet him; one was a boy of ten years or so, and the other a young lady of fifteen. The young lady caught up the terrier and embraced him, and even kissed him, and talked softly to him, and carried him off at last into the house, where a saucer of milk and dainty bits of cold chicken were awaiting him. That Pedro knew, for he heard the little boy tell him so.

2. "My!" said Pedro, "if they give him milk and chicken, they surely can't grudge me a bone,"—and so saying, he pushed open a gate and trotted straight across an elegant flower-bed, and round the house to the kitchen door. There

was a bone, to be sure, and a very meaty bone too. Of course the little dog inside would n't want it, and of course nobody would object to his having it. It was evident that the bone had been thrown away, and so Pedro first sniffed at it, by way of whetting his appetite, and then fell to, and began to gnaw blissfully. It was about as good a bone as Pedro had ever gnawed. He had almost forgotten his misery, and was beginning to feel that the world was n't so bad after all, when the kitchen door was flung open by a red-faced cook, who bounced out with a pan of dirty water and flung it into Pedro's face and eyes, saying angrily, as she did so:

"Go 'long wid ye, yer great black feller of a dawg. You 're a thavin' baste to come eating poor Blitzen's bone." [Blitzen was the Skye's name it seems.] "Get out wid ye!" and she seized a broomstick and flew at Pedro like a fury.

3. Pedro was surprised; he hung his tail with mortification and shame, and turned to leave, when out flew Blitzen, barking and yelling, and seized him by the heels. Pedro might have shaken the life out of Blitzen in a minute, but he always prided himself upon never turning upon a dog smaller than himself: he only started to run, with Blitzen at his heels. He had nearly reached the gate, when out rushed the benign gentleman with a thick cane, and said:

"Oh, you low-bred mongrel cur, I 'll teach you to run across my flower-beds! How came you out of the pound, you miserable scamp?" and coming up to Pedro he dealt him such a suc-

cession of blows as made him stagger, and left him half-blind with pain.

4. At last Pedro reached the gate, which fortunately had been left open, and darting into the street, he freed himself from the yelping Blitzen, and ran as hard as he could toward the beach. He had a very bitter feeling in his heart. He was not conscious of having done any harm, and yet everybody and everything had turned against him. Surely it was a hard world.

5. He lay down on the beach, and began looking himself over. He was bruised from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. One of his eyes was half-closed. His heel was smarting where Blitzen had bitten him, and he was dripping with the cook's dirty water.

6. He had n't energy enough to wash himself and dress his wounds. He just lay there and moaned. What was he, anyway? An outcast from puppyhood, homeless, hungry, all his brothers and sisters drowned, and everybody, dog and man, beating him. He wondered how long it would take him to lie there and die. He made up his mind that he would never move on—one place was just as good as another.

7. He could n't even solace himself by a swim, because the water was salt, and would give him pain where he was bitten and bruised. So he just stayed still, forlorn, and hating himself and everything and everybody. He had lain there for hours, and had seen the tide come up, and people go walking along the beach. Nobody even noticed him, except one boy, who flung a

pebble-stone at him, and then laughed because he gave a cry of pain.

8. It got to be afternoon, and, as the tide was high, people came out to bathe. Presently he saw the boy and the young lady from the house where he had been so badly treated. They had Blitzen with them, and a servant who brought towels and bathing suits, and a silk cushion. The first thing they all did was to see that Blitzen had his bath. How carefully they bathed him, and then dried him on fine towels, and then the servant put down the cushion in a warm nook, and spreading a soft towel over it, put Blitzen down for a nap.

9. Then the children prepared to bathe. They came out of the bath-house all dressed for the sea, and a very lovely couple they looked as they dimpled the smooth sand of the beach with their pretty pink feet. They plunged into the surf, and had a glorious time of it. The boy could swim, and he was trying to teach his sister. Pedro almost enjoyed seeing them, in spite of himself. They had been in quite a good while, when the servant called them to come out.

10. "All right," shouted the boy; "Florence may go out, and I'll take one more swim and then I'll come." So he turned his face toward the horizon and struck out boldly, and made glorious headway against the waves. He had swum far out, when there was a cry, he threw up his hands, and the golden head disappeared beneath the waves.

11. Pedro was on his feet in a moment, and had run half-way down the beach. The boy was drowning. He had heard that same kind of a cry once before. He would plunge in and save the boy. That was his first thought. Then he stopped. "No," he said, "I'll have my revenge. That boy's father ill-treated me—his dog bit me; let the little cur save him—it is no business of mine," and he turned to go up the beach again.

12. "Help! help!" came from the water. The sister heard it, and ran out of the bathing-house, followed by the servant. They screamed, too, for help, but no help was at hand. The pretty sunny head came in sight once more, and was gone. The women wrung their hands in agony. Pedro could not stand it—he turned, plunged down the beach, in through the surf, out on the rising and falling waves, battling them furiously, as he swam.

13. Now there are two heads side by side—a black, shaggy head, and a sunny head with a pale face. There is no cry now, the poor blanched lips are too weak for that. Pedro gives a little moan of desperation, seizes the bathing-jacket by the neck, and turns. Will he have strength to get this heavy weight to the shore? He feels his strength is going fast. The father has heard the cry of his daughter, and he is flying to the beach. Blitzen has waked and stands staring, wondering what it all means.

14. One wave nearer shore, now on the crest of another, now in the surf, now on the white beach! Pedro drags the boy up on the sand, and lies

down beside him. He is almost exhausted. They don't drive him away now. Perhaps they hardly notice him in this awful moment. They are working over the boy. Oh, the blanched face of the father, and tearful face of the sister! The servant has run for blankets. They are rubbing the child, and trying to detect some signs of life.

15. Now the mother comes—she sees her boy lying there stiff and pale—and gives a quick cry of pain, and then stoops over him, and puts her hand anxiously on his heart. Yes—yes—it beats, but so feebly! In a minute it may stop. She clasps the little hands and prays—oh, how she prays!

16. Yes, he's alive; he's opening his eyes. Pedro is rested a little, and comes and looks on, while they wrap the boy in a blanket, and then he says to himself: "Well, I can't do anything more. I guess I'll be going;" and he goes and touches the little hand with his tongue to be sure there is some life there, and turns to go away.

17. What is this we see? Yes; a strong man falling on this dog's neck and kissing his shaggy head, while the great tears roll down his cheeks; —a pair of fair young arms thrown about poor Pedro's black and dripping body, while a rare pale face buries itself in his shaggy fur and weeps for joy. Pedro is an outcast no longer! The sunshine is coming in upon his life now. It came through doing a simple duty, as most sunshine comes.

18. Pedro has a home now. No bed is too soft for him—no food too choice! He might

have the whole roast off the table any day he chose to ask for it. He wears a silver collar, and he sleeps in the family sitting-room, and they pet him, and talk to him, and sometimes the gentleman whom he followed that morning, will lay his hand on his head, and tears will fall on the black fur, and the dog will hear him say, in a voice that trembles a good deal:

"God bless our Pedro, that saved my boy!"

WM. M. F. ROUND, in *St. Nicholas.*

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definitions of **benign, solace, horizon, blanched, surmising, anchor, age, desperation, outcast, complicated, parapet,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

IV. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

When *n* has the sound of *ng,* it is marked by a line under it, thus—n̲; *ng* is unmarked.

ng		n̲ = ng.	
lŏ-ng	thĭ-ng	ĭ-n̲-k	fī-n̲-ḡer
sŏ-ng	wĭ-ng	wĭ-n̲-k	strŏ-n̲-ḡer

9

WRITTEN SPELLING.—ABBREVIATIONS.

Esq.—Esquire.	Rec'd—Received.
Ed.—Editor.	incog.—unknown.
Cal.—California.	St.—Street; Saint.
Chap.—Chapter.	Mt.—Mount.
N. A.—North America.	B. A—British America.
Mex.—Mexico.	MS.—Manuscript.
Mme.—Madame.	Mlle.—Mademoiselle.
Lon.—Longitude.	Eng.—England.
N. Y.—New York.	LL. D.—Doctor of Laws.

IV. VOCAL TRAINING.

RULES FOR EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.—*Continued.*

Rule VII. Words, or parts of sentences that carry the mind forward to something further to be said, generally require the rising inflection.

1. Peárs, ápples, plúms, péaches, grápes. and óranges, grow in California.

2. The boy on the farm would gladly do all the *wórk* if somebody else would do the *chores*, he thínks; and yét I doubt if any boy ever *amóunted* to anything in the wórld, or was of much use as a mán, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of *chòres*.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the bóy,
Who stood expéctant by;
And then the old man shook his héad,
And, with a natural sígh,
"'T is some poor fellow's *skùll*," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

Rule VIII. Parts of a sentence that express a complete statement, generally take the falling inflection, whether marked off by a comma, or a semicolon.

1. The boy on the farm is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cùt it; he stows it away in the bàrn; he rides the hòrse, to cultivate the còrn, up and down the hot, weary ròws; he picks up the *potàtoes* when they are dug; he drives the cows night and mòrning; he brings wood and wàter, and splits kìndling; he *gets úp* the horse, and *puts oùt* the horse; whether he is *ín* the house or *oùt* of it, there is always *sómething* for him to *dò*.

Just before school in winter, he shovels *pàths;* in summer he turns the *grìndstone.* He knows where there are lots of *wìntergreens* and *swèet-flags,* but, instead of *góing* for them, he is to stay indoors and pare *àpples,* and *stone ràisins,* and pound something in a mòrtar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would *líke* to do, and his hands full of *occupátions,* he is an *ídle* boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but *schóol* and *chòres*!

2. The curfew tolls the knell of parting dày,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lèa,
The plowman homeward plods his weary wáy,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Rule IX. Sentences ending with a period generally require the falling inflection; as,

Take your slàtes. Rùle them. Write.

Exception. Sometimes, answers given in a careless or indifferent manner, have the rising inflection; as,

What do you *wánt?* I want *nóthing,* sir.
Can you tell me the name of the boy? No, sír, I do not know his náme.

Require each pupil to look in this book for sentences illustrating this rule, and the exception.

REVIEW EXERCISES.

I. Read *Vocal Training.* Sections II and III.

II. *Articulation.* Read in concert, without spelling, all the words under the head of *Concert Phonic Drill, Consonants,* I to IV.

III. *Concert Recitation.* Memory Exercises: *The Day is Done;* and *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

31. THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **The teacher will give an account of the battle of Thermopylæ, and then direct the class to memorize this piece for recitation.**

They fell | devóted, but undýing;
The very *gàle* | their *nàmes* | seemed sìghing;
The *wàters* | murmured of their nàme:
The wòods | were peopled with their *fàme;*
The silent píllar, lone and gráy,
Claimed kindred | with their sacred clày:
Their *spírits* | wrapped the dusky mountàin,
Their *mémory* | sparkled o'er the foùntain,
The meanest *rill*, the mightiest *rìver*,
Rolled mingling | with their fame forèver.
Despite of every yoke she béars,
The land is *glòry's*, still, and *thèirs.*
'Tis still a watchword to the eàrth:
When man | would do a deed of wórth,
He points to *Grèece*, and turns to tréad,
So sánctioned, on the tyrant's hèad:
He looks to hér, and rushes on |
Where *lífe* | is lóst, or *fréedom* | *wòn.*

BYRON.

SLATE WORK. **Write from memory the first six lines, exchange slates, compare with the book, and correct errors.**

10

WRITTEN SPELLING.—COMMON WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Divide into syllables, accent, and mark with diacritical marks.

acid	typhus	vehicle	tropic
vinegar	luscious	sheriff	allege
gauge	proceed	shepherd	waffles
palate	recede	possess	ruffles

32. HOW AN INDIAN USED HIS EYES.

V. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

The sound of *th sharp* is unmarked; that of *th vocal* is marked by a short line through both letters, thus—th.

th sharp		th vocal	
th-ĭng	dĕa-th	th-ĭs	brēa-the
th-ĭck	brĕa-th	th-ăt	wĭ-th

1. One day when he returned to his wigwam, an Indian noticed that the game he had hung up to dry was stolen. He at once set out to find the thief.

2. Meeting some men, he asked them if they had seen a little, old, white man, with a short rifle, and a little, short-tailed dog.

3. "Have you seen him yourself?" said one of the men. "No," replied the Indian, "I have not seen him, but I know the thief must be short because he piled up some stones to get at the meat. I know he must be old, because his tracks show that he took short steps. I know his rifle is short, because I saw where the muzzle had rubbed off the bark of the tree against which it had rested. I know the dog had a short tail by the mark it made where he had sat down in the sand."

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write this story from memory; exchange papers and correct errors.**

33. ABOUT MAGNETISM.

VI. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

sh		ç̣h = sh		ȩh = k
sh-ăll	wĭ-sh	ç̣h-āiṣe	s-ȩh-o͞ol	ȩh-ȳle
sh-o̤uld	bṳ-sh	ma-ç̣hïne	ā-ȩhe	ȩh-ȳme

1. Johnny is a seeker; and like every other little boy who keeps his wits about him and watches things, he is continually making discoveries—the best way for getting knowledge.

The other morning Johnny found on my table a small piece of painted steel, shaped like a capital U, only there was a short bar of iron across the top, which made it look like a flattened D.

2. "What a funny little horseshoe!" said he, picking it up. "Why didn't they put some holes in for the nails?"

"That isn't a horseshoe," I said. "It's a magnet."

"Magnet! What's that?"

3. As Johnny asked the question, he turned the thing over in his hands, and pulled the bar a little to see how it was fastened on. The bar slipped, and when he tried to pull it back into place, one end came off, so that the bar hung only by a corner.

"Never mind," I said, as he looked up with a scared expression that plainly said: "I didn't mean to break it."

"It isn't broken. Put the bar back."

4. Johnny put it back, and it sprang into place with a sharp click.

"That's funny," he cried again. "What made it jump so? And what makes it stick? It doesn't feel sticky."

"We call it magnetism," I said. "Now, take hold of the bar, and see if you can pull it straight off."

"I can't. It sticks fast."

"Pull harder."

5. Johnny braced himself for a strong pull. Suddenly the bar came off, and the little fellow went tumbling backward into the middle of the room.

"Well, I never!" he cried good-naturedly, picking himself up. "What did you say makes it hold so hard?"

"Magnetism," I said again.

"But what *is* magnetism?"

"I couldn't tell you if I tried; but I think you could learn a good deal about it with that magnet."

"Could I? Let me try."

6. That is one of Johnny's ways of amusing himself. He likes to find out things for himself as well as most boys like to work at puzzles.

"You will find a lot of things in that box of odds and ends that may help you."

Saying this, I went about my business, leaving him to pursue his studies as best he might. When I came home in the evening, I found him more puzzled than when I left him.

7. "That's the queerest thing I ever saw," he

said. "Some things just jump at it as though they were alive; some things it pulls; and sometimes you can lift a whole string of things with it, holding on to each other just like a swarm of bees; and some things it does n't pull a bit."

"That's a very long lesson you have learned," I said. "What things does it pull?"

"These," he said, pointing to a pile of things on one side of the box. "And these other things it does n't pull."

8. "Let us see what you have in this pile," I said, looking at the first little heap, "keys?"

"Trunk keys," said Johnny. "It does n't pull door keys. I tried ever so many."

"Try this key," said I, taking one from my pocket. "This is a trunk key. See if the magnet pulls it."

"No-o," said Johnny, thoughtfully, "it does n't; but it pulled all the rest of the trunk keys I could find."

"Now try this key to the door of my office."

9. Johnny tried it, and to his great amazement the key stuck fast to the magnet.

"Clearly," said I, "the magnet pulls *some* door keys, and fails to pull some trunk keys."

Johnny was puzzled more than ever. He looked at one pile of keys, then at the other, thought a moment, then picked up my trunk key, and said: "This key is *brass;* the rest are iron."

"That's so," I said.

10. "And all these door keys that the magnet did n't pull," he continued, "are brass too. May be the magnet can't pull brass things."

"Suppose you try. But first see if there are any brass things in your pile of things the magnet pulled."

11. Johnny looked them over, and found not one. In the other pile he found a brass nail, some brass pins, a hinge, and several other articles made of brass, none of which the magnet would pull. Then we tried the castors of my chair, and all the other brass things we could find, with the same result.

"There's no use trying any more," said Johnny at last. "The magnet won't pull brass."

12. "Then, there's another matter settled," I said. "*The magnet does not pull brass.* Is there anything else that it does not pull?"

"Wood," said Johnny. "I tried lots of pieces."

"Anything else?"

"Stones," said Johnny, decidedly.

13. "What are these?" I asked, holding up a couple of heavy stones he had put among the things the magnet pulled.

"I guess I put those there by mistake," said Johnny, testing with the magnet a number of stones in the other pile.

"Try them," I said.

"Oh!" he said, as the magnet lifted them; "I forgot. It does lift *some* stones."

14. "Well, what else have you in that pile of things the magnet did not pull?"

"Glass, leather, lead, bone, cloth, tin, zinc, corn, and a lot of things."

"Very well. Now let us see what the magnet does pull."

"Iron keys," said Johnny, "and nails."

"Here's a nail in this other pile."

"That's a brass nail. The magnet only pulls iron nails."

15. "Is this an iron nail?" I asked, taking a small white nail from the first pile.

"No; that's tin, I guess, or zinc. It ought not to be in that pile."

"Why not?"

"Because the magnet does not pull tin or zinc. See!" he added, touching first a bit of tin foil, then a piece of sheet zinc, with the magnet.

16. I handed him the white nail, and said: "Try this."

"That is queer!" he said, as the nail sprang to meet the magnet.

"Try this strip of tin."

"Oh! that isn't tin; it is just tinned iron. You told me that the other day. That'll stick."

17. "May be the nail is only covered with tin, and is iron inside. *Is* it?" he concluded eagerly, as I broke the nail in two to look at its interior.

"I think it is," I said. "Try it with the magnet, and then try this white shoe-nail that is white clear through."

The shoe-nail did not stick; the other did, and we classed them accordingly.

"What else have we in this pile?"

"Needles, hair-pins, screws, wire—*iron* wire," John added quickly. "Brass wire doesn't stick, you know."

18. "How about this?" I asked, taking a small coil of red wire from my desk.

"I guess that won't stick," said Johnny.

"Why so?"

"Because that's copper wire, and the magnet does n't seem to pull anything that is n't iron."

19. Much to Johnny's satisfaction, the copper wire had to be placed with the things not affected by the magnet. Then I took up the two stones, one rusty red, the other quite black, and said: "What about these?"

"I guess they must have iron in them too," said Johnny. "Have they?"

"They have," I replied. "They are iron stones, as the miners call them, or ores from which iron is made. But what made you think there was iron in them?"

20. "Because they would n't have stuck to the magnet if there was n't, would they? Anyhow, all these things that do stick have iron in them."

"Quite true. So you have learned another very important fact about the magnet. Can you tell me what it is—the fact, I mean?"

"*The magnet pulls iron*," said Johnny.

"Good," said I; "and it is also true that the magnet does *not* pull—"

"Things that are not iron," said Johnny.

21. "True again," I said, "so far as our experiments go. There may be things besides iron that the magnet will pull, and there may be times when the magnet will not pull iron; but, so far as we have tried it, the magnet pulls iron always, and never anything else."

"But you have n't told me what makes it pull iron."

22. "That I cannot do any more than you. We see that it does pull, and can study generally the manner of the pulling—it will take you a long time to learn all about that; but just how it is that the pulling is done, or what makes it, no one has yet found out. For convenience we call the pulling power *magnetism*. You can keep the magnet and study its action further. When you've tried it in every way you can think of, come to me, and I'll show you ever so many curious things you can do with it."

ADAM STWIN in the *Christian Union*.

11

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS THAT RHYME.

bubble	*double*	evil	*weevil*
saber	*neighbor*	heifer	*zephyr*
copy	*poppy*	isthmus	*Christmas*
column	*solemn*	pewter	*neuter*
drummer	*plumber*	cedar	*feeder*

34. PUNCTUATION.

VII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

x = ks		x = gz	
ŏ-x	vĕ-x	ĕ-x̲-ăct	ĕ-x̲-a̲lt
bŏ-x	nĕ-x-t	ĕ-x̲-ĭst	ĕ-x̲-ămple

I. *A period* (.) must be placed at the end of every declarative or imperative sentence.

II. *A period* must be placed after every abbreviated word.

III. *A period* must be placed after Roman numerals, or Arabic numerals, when they are used to indicate paragraphs, or the divisions of a piece.

IV. *The comma* (,) is used to separate a series of words used in the same construction.

V. The name of a person spoken to should be marked off by *a comma.*

VI. *The hyphen* (-) is used to join the parts of a compound word, and to join the syllables of a word divided at the end of a line.

VII. *The apostrophe* (') is used to denote the omission of a letter or letters.

VIII. *An exclamation* mark (!) must be placed after words or sentences expressing very strong feeling.

IX. *An interrogation* mark (?) must be placed after every interrogative sentence.

X. *A caret* (∧) is used to show the omission of a letter or word interlined above.

XI. *Quotation marks* (" ") are placed before and after quoted words or sentences.

XII. *Brackets* [ ] are used to enclose an explanation or correction.

XIII. *Marks of parenthesis* ( ) are used to enclose explanatory words, phrases, or remarks.

XIV. *The dash* (—) is used to denote an unfinished sentence, or a sudden turn or break in a sentence. It is also used in place of a parenthesis, to mark off an explanatory expression.

XV. *The index or hand* (☞) is used to mark an important direction, or to call special attention to some particular passage.

EXERCISE. **Require pupils to find illustrations of the use of these marks.**

35. RIVERS.

VIII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

wh = hw		gh = f	
wh-ĭch	wh-ĕn	côu-gh	roŭ-gh
wh-o̤	wh-êre	läu-gh	toŭ-gh

1. Rivers are streams of water flowing, in channels, into oceans, seas, lakes, or other waters. They are fed by rains and snows. The warm air, laden with vapor from the surface of the sea, is drifted in currents against the sides or summits of mountains, and condensed into rain or snow.

2. The rain-water trickles down the mountain sides in little streamlets, that unite and form brooks, or else sinks into the ground, appearing again in springs. The brooks flow together and form larger streams, and these in turn unite to make rivers; and many rivers uniting, make a great river.

3. By referring to the maps in your geographies, you will find that most great rivers rise in high mountain ranges. The Amazon rises in the lofty Andes; the Mississippi-Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Ganges, in the Himalayas; the Rhine and the Rhone, in the Alps.

4. Rivers drain some portions of the earth, and supply water to others. They supply fish for the food of man, and are the channels of commerce. They move the machinery of mills and manufactories.

5. The rivers, too, are continually wearing away the land, and washing it into the sea in the form of mud and sand. They are great destroyers, but they are also builders. They build up near their mouths, low level tracts of land called *deltas*.

6. The Nile has been building up a delta of fertile land in Egypt for thousands of years. The Ganges has formed a rich delta in India, and the Mississippi has formed one of vast extent in our own country.

Questions. Question the pupils on the facts of this lesson, and let them turn to the map to find the rivers.

WRITTEN SPELLING. **Write the names of the rivers mentioned in this lesson.**

SPELLING MATCH. **Let each pupil, in turn, give and spell the name of some river in the world, and tell what country it is in.**

36. CAPTURE OF A GORILLA.

1. Suddenly, as we crept along in silence, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of a gorilla, who, seeing us, stood up and looked us in the face.

2. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms; with fiercely glaring, large, deep, gray eyes, and a fiendish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision, this king of the African forest stood before us.

3. He was not afraid of us. He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

4. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark like an angry dog; then glides into a deep bass roll, which closely

resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky—for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it when I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

5. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar.

6. He advanced a few steps—stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced once more, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

7. With a groan, which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what great strength it had possessed.

DU CHAILLU.

37. RULES FOR THE USE OF CAPITALS.

Require these rules to be learned by heart.

I. Begin with a capital the first word of every sentence.

II. Begin with a capital every name of a person.

III. Begin with a capital every name of a city, town, country, river, lake, mountain, or place.

IV. Begin with a capital every title of respect or honor, such as Professor, Doctor, General, etc.

V. Begin with a capital the names of the months, and of the days of the week; also holidays, such as *Christmas Day, Fourth of July*, etc.

VI. The words I and O should always be in capitals.

VII. Begin with a capital all names and appellations of the Deity.

VIII. Begin with a capital the first word of a direct quotation.

IX. Begin with a capital the first word of every line of poetry.

X. Begin with a capital all adjectives formed from proper nouns.

XI. Begin with capitals all nouns, adjectives, and verbs, in the heading of a composition, or the title of a book.

XII. When things are addressed as persons, or spoken of as persons, begin their names with a capital.

XIII. Write as capitals all single letter abbreviations, such as A. M., M. D., D. D., etc.

EXERCISE. **Require pupils to find illustrations of these rules.**

IX. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANT MARKINGS.

ç, ç̣h = s, sh	çent,	ç̣haiṣe	s̱ = z	iṣ̱,	roṣ̱e
c̣, c̣h = k	c̣ake,	ac̣he	th *vocal*	this,	that
ḡ *hard*	ḡo,	ḡet	n̲ = ng	iṅk,	wiṅk
ġ = j	ġem,	aġe	x̱ = ḡz	eẋample	

38. THE WIND AND THE SUN.

1. Once upon a time a dispute arose between the Wind and the Sun as to which of them was the stronger; and they agreed to test their powers on a traveler, by trying which should be the first to force him to take off his cloak.

2. The Wind was the first to try. He blew with all his strength a cold, biting blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower; but the fiercer he blew, the tighter did the man clasp his cloak around him.

3. Next broke out the Sun, dispersing the rain-clouds before him, and shining with bright and welcome rays. His warmth quickly drove off the effects of the wind; and as he shone stronger and warmer, the traveler, overcome by the heat, took off his cloak, and hung it over his arm.

Moral.—Persuasion is often better than force.

12

WRITTEN SPELLING.

e before i.

freight	sēine	veĭn	cēil′ing	lēi′sure
feĭgn	skeĭn	veĭl	ēi′ther	con cēive′
reĭgn	deĭgn	weight	nēi′ther	re cēive′

i before e.

brief	fierce	niece	priest	shield
chief	fiend	piece	sieve	thief
field	grief	pierce	shriek	tier
friend	lief	pier	siege	wield

39. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

If any of the following periodicals are in the library, or in the hands of any member of the class, select from one of them a good story, and let each pupil read one paragraph. This will be an *attention* lesson, as well as a reading lesson.

1. St. Nicholas.
2. Harper's Young People.
3. Youth's Companion.
4. Our Little Ones.
5. Wide Awake.

DICTATION LESSON.

For every evil under the sun
There's a remedy, or there's none;
If there is one, try and find it;
If there isn't, never mind it.

X. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

Consonant sounds are divided into *Subvocals* and *Aspirates*, that is, into articulated *voice* sounds and *breath* sounds. For example, the subvocal *b* is partly a *vocal* sound, and the aspirate *p* is a *breath* sound. The two sounds *b—p* are called *cognates*, because they are formed with the organs of speech in nearly the same position. Spell by sound.

b—p		cognates		d—t
b-ā-be	p-ī-pe		d-ī-d	t-ĕn-t
b-ăr-b	p-ee-p		d-ĕa-d	t-rŏ-t
b-rī-be	p-rō-be		d-īe-d	t-rēa-t

V. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. The Circumflex.

The circumflex inflection is a double slide or wave of the voice on a word or a sound. This inflection is used to express strong surprise, sarcasm, ridicule, irony, or whining entreaty. It is used in expressing a *pun*, or a play upon words.

The circumflex ending with the rising inflection, is marked thus—(ˇ); ending with the falling, thus—(ˆ).

1. I've *căught* you then, at *lăst!*
2. Ah! *indĕed!* is that *sŏ?*
3. Mother, *dŏ* let me go just this *ŏnce.*
4. *Dŏ* let you go? No; I *wŏn't* let you go.
5. "*Lăzy wîre!*" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"*Very gŏod!*" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for *yŏu*, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above *mĕ*—it is vastly easy for *yŏu*, I say, to accuse *ŏther* people of laziness! *yŏu*, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how *yŏu* would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

CONCERT INFLECTION DRILL ON THE CIRCUMFLEX.

1. Repeat four times, in concert, with the strong rising circumflex (ˇ), the long vowel sounds, thus—*ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.*
2. With the falling circumflex—*â, ê, î, ô, û.*

II. The Monotone.

The monotone is one uniform tone, neither rising nor falling above or below the general level of the sentence. It is indicated by a short line like the macron, placed over the vowels—(−).

CONCERT DRILL ON THE MONOTONE.

1. Tōll, tōll, tōll, thōu bēll bȳ bīllōws swūng.
2. Hēar the tōlling of the bēlls, bēlls, bēlls, bēlls.
3. Brēak, brēak, brēak,
   On thȳ cōld grāy stōnes, O sēa.
4. An ancient time-piece says to all:
   "Fōrēvēr—nēvēr;
   Nēvēr—fōrēvēr."

GENERAL INFLECTION DRILL.

Write this table upon the blackboard, and give upon it, the exercises indicated below.

ā–ā–ā	ē–ē–ē	ō–ō–ō	û–û–û
ä–ä–ä	ĕ–ĕ–ĕ	o̤–o̤–o̤	oi–oi–oi
a̤–a̤–a̤	ĭ–ĭ–ĭ	ū–ū–ū	ou–ou–ou

I. With strong force, repeat in concert. (1) With the rising inflection. (2) With the falling inflection. (3) With the circumflex. (4) With the monotone.

II. The same exercise. (1) In a whisper. (2) With gentle force. (3) With moderate force. (4) With loud force.

III. Join successively to each vowel sound, the subvocal *b*, thus: bā, bā, bā; bä, bä, bä, etc.; then *p;* then *d;* then *t;* etc.

IV. Turn to the table of vocals on page 143, and read the words under each of the long vowels, with the different inflections as in the preceding exercises.

40. SNOW STORM ON MOUNT SHASTA.

1. After spending about two hours on the summit of the mountain, enjoying the grand circumference of landscapes that lie around its base, and tracing the outlines of its ancient glaciers and lava slopes, I hastened down through the snow into the edge of the timber where I was to pass the night.

2. The toil of climbing over six thousand feet through snow in which I often sank shoulder deep, caused heavy weariness, and after eating a piece of bread and venison, I was glad to wrap myself in my blankets, and lie down anywhere to rest.

3. Next morning, my eyes opened on one of the most sublime scenes I ever beheld. A boundless wilderness of clouds, in which I seemed to be floating, covered all the landscapes. The clouds were colored purple, and gray, and pearl, and glowing white. It seemed a land, rather than an ocean, of clouds. While I gazed enchanted, the topography of this gorgeous cloud-land became dim; peak after peak disappeared; and detached threads of storm tissue drifted hither and thither, like foam dust on a sea.

4. I knew that a winter storm was coming on, and I prepared to meet it. I hastily gathered a huge pile of knots and limbs. Then I built a storm-nest under the lee of a big lava-block, in a hollow made in the snow. I staked down my upper pair of blankets to secure them against

the wind, and keep out the drifting snow. Then I tucked in my precious bread sack where my head was to lie, and just as the first flakes fell, I was ready for the storm.

5. The wind howled fiercely around the mountain, and darkness came on at noon-day. My storm-nest lay at an elevation of nine thousand five hundred feet above sea level. My fire, about four feet from the side of my blanket-bed, blazed cheerfully through the flying snow-dust, and I had a week's supply of wood and bread.

6. There I lay for two long days and nights, listening to the wild music of the storm, and amusing myself at intervals, by examining snow crystals under a microscope. On the third day, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, I made my way down the mountain, seventeen miles, to *Sisson's Station*, where I was warmly welcomed by my anxious friends.

JOHN MUIR.

DEFINITIONS.

gla'cier, a field of ice, or snow and ice, on the slope of a mountain.
topog'ra phy, outline.
in'ter vals, time between.
mi nute,' very small.
mi'cro scope, an instrument for viewing minute objects; a magnifying glass.
Mount Shasta, a very high mountain peak in the northern part of California.

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write this narrative from memory; exchange slates, and correct errors.**

LANGUAGE LESSON. **Describe, in writing, and read at your next lesson, any adventure of your own in either:**

1. Camping.
2. Gunning.
3. Fishing.
4. Trapping.
5. Picnicking.

41. THE COLD-WATER MAN.

This piece affords a good illustration of the use of the circumflex inflection in expressing a pun, or play upon words. A pause of some length before the word expressing the pun, adds force to it. This pause is indicated below by a dash, thus(—).

1. There lived an honest fisherman,
   I knew him passing well,
   Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
   Within a little dell.

2. A grave and quiet man was he,
   Who loved his hook and rod;
   So *ĕven* ran his *līne* of life,
   His neighbors thought it—*ôdd.*

3. For science and for books, he said,
   He never had a wish;
   No school to him was worth a fig,
   Except—a "*schŏol*" of *fîsh.*

4. This *sĭngle*-minded fisherman,
   A *dôuble* calling had,—
   To tend his flocks, in winter-time,
   In summer, fish for shad.

5. In short, this honest fisherman,
   All other toils forsook;
   And though no vagrant man was he,
   He lived—by "*hŏok* and *crôok.*"

6. A cunning fisherman was he;
   Hĭs angles all were—*rîght;*
   And when he scratched his aged *pŏll,*
   You'd know he'd got—a *bîte.*

7. To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way,
Was just—to "*drŏp a line.*"

8. And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
A mighty—"*tăking wây.*"

9. One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck,—
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And jerking caught—a *dûck!*

10. Alas! that day, the fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And being but a landsman, too,
He could n't "*kĕep the lôg.*"

11. In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;—
Down, down he went to *fĕĕd* the fish
He'd *bāited* oft before!

12. The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:—
A single "drop too much" of rum,
May make a watery—*bĭer.*

13. And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
And keep his promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stark*
Cold-water man, at last.

JOHN G. SAXE.

42. WANTED—A BOY.

XI. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

v—f		cognates		ḡ—k	
v-ăl-ve	f-ī-fe		ḡ-ă-ḡ	k-īte
v-īne	ŏ-ff		ḡ-āuġe	e-ā-ke
v-ōte	läu-gh		ḡ-ĭlls	e-ŏŏ-k

1. Wanted!—An active, intelligent boy, of good habits. None other need apply. An *active* boy, one who does, with a hearty good will, whatever he is set about. A boy who is famous for supplying his mother with stove-wood and chips to burn, and for doing errands promptly, and without mistakes, and who never neglects his work to idle away his time, or to play.

2. An *intelligent* boy,—one that has a mind; who thinks, as well as acts; who reads good books, and means to know something, if he lives to be a man.

3. A boy of good *habits*,—and by this, is meant a boy that will not lie nor cheat; that does not swear, nor fight, nor quarrel; a boy that does not disobey his father, or mother, or teacher, and does not waste his time in idleness.

But who *wants* him! Why, *everybody* wants him.

4. The *merchant* wants him for a *clerk*, to sell goods, or to keep his books, because he knows he will not take money from his drawer, or make false entries.

5. The *mechanic* wants him for an *apprentice* to learn a trade, because he will not hurt the credit of the shop by careless blunders.

6. The *farmer* wants him because he will manage the *farm* so well, and take such good care of the *buildings*, and *crops*, and the *live-stock*, when he is absent.

7. Such boys are *always* wanted, and when they grow up to be *men* they will be wanted. George Washington was such a boy; Benjamin Franklin was such a boy.

13

WRITTEN SPELLING.—CHANGING THE FINAL LETTER.

Change **y** into **i** and add **er** and **est** to:

bloody	dusty	easy	happy	heavy
busy	early	funny	holy	lovely

43. SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.

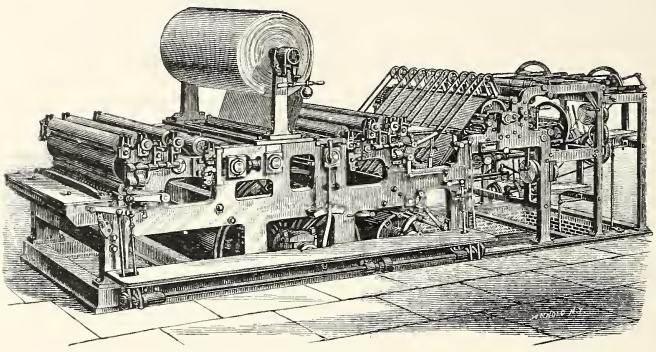
If any one of the following books is in the library, select suitable extracts, and have them read in class.

1. Longfellow's Poems.
2. Whittier's Poems.
3. Holmes's Poems.
4. Bryant's Poems.
5. Longfellow, or Whittier "Leaflets."

XII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

j—ch		cognates	th—th	
j-oy	ch-ûr-ch		th-ou	th-ĭck
j-oin	bĭr-ch		th-ȳ	th-ĭn
ġ-ĕm	ch-âir		th-īne	mou-th

44. THREE GREAT INVENTIONS.



1. The magnetic needle was invented by the Chinese, who used it in the form of a rude float on water. This invention was brought to Europe by the Saracens. In about 1200, A. D., an Italian put the needle on a pivot in a box, and thus invented the Mariner's Compass. This invention enabled mariners to take long voyages out of sight of land, and greatly expanded the commerce of the world. Without the compass, Columbus could not have discovered America.

2. For a long time, the Chinese had used a kind of gunpowder in the manufacture of fire-crackers. This invention the Saracens also introduced into Europe. It was soon applied to warfare in such a way, as to work a wonderful revolution among European nations.

3. But the greatest invention, next to that of the Alphabet, was the Art of Printing. For

centuries the Chinese had printed books by means of carved wooden blocks, but the real invention of printing was made by Gutenberg, of Metz, in 1436. It consisted in the method of making and using movable metal types. The education of the common people in Europe, began with the cheap and rapid printing of books. This era was the dawn of modern science, literature, liberty, and progress.

COMPOSITION. **Shut the book and write all you can remember of this lesson.**

DEFINITIONS.

Sar'a cens, Mohammedans.
Mentz, a city in Germany.
ex pand'ed, enlarged; increased.
e'ra, period of time.

Arrange the following in the form of poetic verse.

Doing mean, dishonest deeds, ever leads to sorrow; short the pleasure won to-day, dark disgrace to-morrow.

14

WRITTEN SPELLING.—DOUBLING THE FINAL CONSONANT.

Monosyllables ending with a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant on adding a suffix beginning with a vowel; as, beg, beg-g-ing, beg-g-ed.

Add the suffixes **ing** and **ed** to:

blot	chop	dot	fan	fret	stop
brag	chat	drop	fit	grin	stir

ORAL SPELLING MATCH. **Choose sides. Let the head pupil on one side give a word of one syllable that comes under the rule, and the head pupil, on the other side, add a suffix and spell the derivative; and so on.**

45. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

Require pupils to memorize and recite the first and second stanzas.

1. How pleasant | the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about | in each leafy tree;—
In the leafy trees | so broad and tall,
Like a green | and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open | unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

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

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

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

Cresting the billows | like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away | to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be | to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

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

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

MARY HOWITT.

15

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.

Write the opposites of each of these words; as, **give, take.**

give	barren	well	health	gain	morning
clean	wealth	big	blame	peace	difficult

WORDS OF LIKE MEANING.

courageous	*bold*	delight	*joy*
construct	*build*	collect	*gather*
commence	*begin*	careless	*heedless*

In a similar manner write synonyms of: **concise, difficult, create, durable, desire, diurnal, decease,** and if you cannot think of a word of similar meaning, look in the dictionary.

46. A GEM.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger and kindred and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt,
That all will be well in the end.

VI. VOCAL TRAINING.

Grammatical Pauses.

Grammatical pauses are those indicated by punctuation. They have no fixed length. In general, make a short pause at a comma; a somewhat longer pause at a semi-colon; and a still longer one at a period. Make a still longer pause at the end of a paragraph of prose, and after a stanza of poetry.

Rhetorical Pauses.

Pauses not indicated by punctuation, but which are made for the purpose of emphasis, or for more clearly expressing the sense of what is read, are called rhetorical pauses.

A good knowledge of grammar is essential to a full understanding of rhetorical pauses; but a few of the simpler principles may be comprehended by beginners in language-lessons.

The general tendency of children to rapid and inexpressive reading, is owing largely to the fact that they fail to make rhetorical pauses.

In all good reading or speaking we run words together in "phrases" or "clauses," making pauses between the groups.

In the following sentences, the words that are run together are connected by hyphens, and the pauses are indicated by a bar, thus—(|).

EXAMPLES.

1. A-little-drop-of-water | fell-into-the-opened-leaves | of-a-rose.

2. The-look | that-spoke-gladness-and-welcome | was-gone.

3. There-was-a-certain-king | who-was-very-fond | of-hearing-stories.

4. Across-the-road | are-gates | which-are-opened | by-troops-of-children.

5. A-gentleman | once-advertised | for-a-boy | to-assist-him | in-his-office.

Note for Teachers. At this point, select a good prose reading lesson and let it be read by pupils. Call their attention, as they read, sentence by sentence, to the rhetorical pauses, and mark them as in the preceding sentences.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

If all of the following rules are not fully understood, pupils will be benefited by reading the illustrated examples. It is not necessary to memorize the rules.

Rule I. Make a pause between the noun and its verb, or between the subject and the predicate of a sentence.

1. Washington | was a great patriot.
2. Longfellow | was a distinguished poet.
3. Arithmetic | is a hard study.
4. To err | is human; to forgive, | divine.
5. That the earth is spherical | is a well-known fact.

Rule II. The object of a verb, when it consists of a phrase or a clause, must be preceded by a short pause.

1. Solomon says | that wisdom is better than riches.
2. John Adams declared | that the Colonies never would submit to Great Britain.

Rule III. When the regular order of a sentence is inverted, make a short pause after any emphatic word at the beginning of the sentence.

1. Sweet | are the uses of adversity.
2. Homeward | the weary plowman | plods his way.
3. Silver and gold | have I none.

Rule IV. Make a short pause before adjectives, and adjective phrases, when they follow the nouns which they modify.

1. Time | once passed | never returns.
2. A sweet little girl | with fine blue eyes.
3. He was my friend | faithful and just to me.
4. His was a soul | | replete with every noble quality.

Rule V. Make a pause before or after any very emphatic word.

1. The sentence for this crime | was | | | *death.*
2. Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one | red | burial | blent.
3. He woke | | | to die | | midst flame and smoke.
4. Independence now, and independence | | forever.
5. *Strike* | | | till the last armed foe | expires.
6. We never *shall* | | submit.

REVIEW EXERCISES.

I. Read *Vocal Training,* pages 89 and 90.

II. Call on pupils to give all the directions and rules they can think of, about emphasis, inflection, and pauses.

III. Concert recitation of Memory Exercises: *Birds in Summer.*

LITTLE WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Pronounce in concert; then, separately, each pupil one column.

a gain′	äunt	sälve	wēre
băde	aȳe (ī)	säu′cy	wo̤und
dȯes	draught	slēek	tru̬e
do̤	gäunt	tūne	ru̬le
hẽrb	hŏst′ler	wĕll	you
nȯne	nāpe	wĭth	yĕt
often	pȧst	yĕs	yo̤ur

47. HORACE GREELEY.

1. Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., in the year 1811. His father owned a small farm, and was at one time well off; but he got into debt, and at length gave up his farm, and moved into Vermont.

2. Horace was a remarkable boy. At four years of age he could read any book put into his hands, and was always at the head of his class in spelling.

3. When he was six years old, he said he was going to be a printer. He read all the books he could get hold of, and often walked five miles to borrow a book. As he grew older, he worked hard on the farm, helping his father to clear the land. He was a thoughtful boy, who always did his work before he went a-fishing.

4. In winter he went to school; but when he was thirteen years old, the teacher told Mr. Greeley that there was no use in sending Horace to school any more because he already knew more than his teacher.

5. When he was fourteen years old, he started on foot for a little Vermont village to find work as an apprentice in a printing office. He secured a place, and worked steadily for four years. Then the printing office was broken up, and young Greeley started on foot to visit his father, who had removed to Erie, Pennsylvania. He walked a distance of six hundred miles, and his expenses on the way were seven dollars.

6. After working at his trade awhile at various

places, he made up his mind to try his fortune in the city of New York. At first, his rustic dress and awkward manner were against him. He tried office after office, and nobody would hire him. But Horace had pluck, and he kept on trying. At the end of three days he found a place, and went to work. For several years he had a hard time of it, but he finally founded the *New York Tribune*, and became one of the leading editors in the United States. He died in 1872.

16

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS THAT RHYME.

cozy	*rosy*	proper	*hopper*
master	*pastor*	heaven	*seven*
thought	*aught*	muddy	*study*
grammar	*hammer*	mortise	*tortoise*

ORAL SPELLING. **Require each pupil in turn to give and spell some word illustrating the rule for doubling the final consonant.**

48. HORACE GREELEY AND THE PRINTER.

1. When Horace Greeley was fourteen years old, he went to East Poultney, in Vermont, to try to get a place in a printing office. He found Mr. Bliss, the editor, working in the garden.

2. "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?" said Horace, in a high-pitched whining tone. Mr. Bliss turned and saw before him a tall, slender, white-haired boy, clad in coarse home-spun, with an old, narrow-brimmed hat stuck on the back of his head. He looked at the

boy with surprise, as he said, "Yes, I'm the man."

3. "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?" said Horace.

"Do *you* want to learn the trade?" asked Mr. Bliss.

4. "I've had some notion of it," answered the white-headed boy.

"Have you been to school much?"

"No, I haven't had much chance at school, but I've *read* some."

"What have you read?"

"Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most everything."

"What's your name?"

"Horace Greeley."

5. Mr. Bliss began to question him. He replied to every question promptly and clearly. He was set to work. At the close of the first day, one of the apprentices said to Mr. Bliss, "You are not going to hire that tow-head, are you?" "Yes, I *am*," said Mr. Bliss, "and you boys will find out there is something *in* that tow-head before you are a week older,"—and they did.

Adapted from PARTON'S *Life of Greeley.*

17

WRITTEN SPELLING.—CHANGING THE FINAL LETTER.

Final **y** *preceded by a consonant is changed into* **i** *on adding a suffix not beginning with* **i**; *as copy, cop-i-es, cop-i-ed.*

Add **es** and **ed** to:

carry	hurry	study	deny	cry
marry	bury	envy	reply	try

PICTURE LESSON.

49. WALKING ON A FENCE.

The pupils should make up a story about this picture; write it, and take it into the class for a reading lesson.

18

WRITTEN SPELLING.—DOUBLING THE FINAL CONSONANT.

Words of two syllables, accented on the last syllable, ending in a single consonant preceded by a single vowel, double the final consonant on adding a suffix beginning with a vowel; as, ad-mit, admit-t-ing, admit-t-ed.

Add the suffixes **ing** and **ed** to:

ac quit′	con trol′	ex pel′	per mit′
com pel′	ex tol′	in ter′	re gret′

50. THE LAST MINSTREL.

Read this extract to the class; explain any difficult lines or allusions; and then require it to be memorized and recited in concert.

The way was lóng, the wind was cóld,
The Minstrel was infirm and òld;
His withered chéek, and tresses gráy,
Seemed to have known a better dày;
The hárp, his sóle remaining jóy,
Was carried by an orphan bòy:
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chìvalry;
For, well-a-dáy! their date was flèd,
His tuneful brethren all were dèad;
And he, neglected and oppréssed,
Wished to be with them, and at rèst.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at mórn;
No longer, courted and cáressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome gúest,
He poured, to lord and lady gáy,
The unpremeditated lày:
Old times were chànged, old manners gòne;
A *strànger* fills the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron tíme
Had called his harmless art a crìme.
A wandering hárper, scorned and póor,
He begged his way from door to doòr;
And tuned, to please a peasant's éar,
The harp a *Kìng* had loved to heàr.

From SCOTT'S *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definition of: **tresses, chivalry, caroled, lay, unpremeditated, bigots, bard, prancing.**

LANGUAGE LESSON. **Write this selection in prose, using the words of the dictionary lesson in your description.**

DRILL EXERCISES IN PRONUNCIATION.

1. *Pronounce in concert.*
2. *Let each pupil in turn pronounce one column.*

I. Sound of Italian or open *a* as in älms.

Avoid the common error of saying hălf for hälf, lăf for läugh, căf for călf, etc.

älms	hälf	läth	guä′va
ärm	hälves	wräth	guä′no
ärt	bäth	äunt	läun′dry
bälm	bäths	däunt	llä′ma
călm	päth	häunt	plä′za
äre	päths	täunt	säun′ter
călf	psälm	läugh	häunt′ed
călves	sälve	heärth	däunt′less

II. Intermediate *a* as in åsk.

This is a medium sound between ä and ă. The teacher will pronounce each word, and require the class to repeat in concert.

åsk	chånce	chåff	åf′ter
ånt	dånce	cråft	bås′ket
åft	cåst	dråft	cås′ket
bråss	fåst	gråft	fåst′er
glåss	påst	råft	mås′ter
gråss	låst	grånt	mås′tiff
clåss	måst	slånt	pås′ture
påss	chånt	pånt	plås′ter

XIII. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

y—h	cognates	z—ʂ

y-ĕt	h-ow	z-ōne	ɛ-ĕn-se
y-ĕll	wh-o̤	bŭ-zz	s-ĭn-çe

51. THE TEETH.

in çī′ṣorṣ	ea nīne′	jạw′-bones
tĕm′po ra ry	mō′larṣ	en ăm′el
pēr′ma nent	sue çĕss′ors	brĭll′ian çy

1. In order to do their work in the best way possible, the teeth divide their labor. Some cut up the food, some tear it, and others grind it.

2. First, there are those thin, sharp-edged teeth in the front of the upper and the lower jaws. These are called *incisors,* from a Latin word that means *to cut.*

3. The next class includes those sharp-pointed teeth which come after the incisors. If we call the first the *knives* of the mouth, we must call these the *forks.* They are called *canine* teeth, because they are like the pointed teeth with which dogs tear the flesh that they eat.

4. The last teeth in the back of the jaws are called *molars,* from the Latin word *molar,* which means a millstone. These *grinders* crush everything that comes in their way. They are the largest and strongest of the three kinds of teeth.

5. That part of the tooth which is in the socket of the jaw-bone is called the *root,* and that above the gums is called the *crown.*

6. The crown is covered with a white substance, harder than bone, called *enamel.* It is this that gives the teeth the polish and brilliancy we so much admire. When the enamel is destroyed, we may as well say good-bye to the teeth themselves.

7. Your first, or milk teeth, were temporary, serving merely to introduce their successors, which are intended to last your whole lifetime.

8. The *milk* teeth numbered only twenty-four; but your *permanent* teeth number twenty-eight. When you are from twenty to thirty years of age, you will have four additional *grinders* or *molars*. These are called *wisdom* teeth, because they appear so late in life, when people are expected to become wise.

Adapted from JEAN MACE.

Questions. Questions to be answered at the next lesson. 1. How many teeth has a dog? (If you do not know, count them.) 2. How many has a cat? How do the teeth of a cow differ from those of a horse?

52. A BRAVE DEED.

XIV. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

w—wh	cognates	z, (zh)—sh
w-o͝od	wh-ēat	ă-zure sh-īne
w-o͝ol	wh-eel	ro͝uge (ro͞ozh)
w-o͝und	wh-eeze	su͝re (sho͞or)

1. In about a year after Tom Black's appointment in the British Navy, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

2. Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous

fashion, sending bomb-shells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some of the timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could readily pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts did.

3. But after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention, and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

4. But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duties, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket. While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bomb-shell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

5. Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone. The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

6. It never took Tom long to make up his mind. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the

smoking fuse; he knew that the bomb was just about to explode, and that it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

7. When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse spluttering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

8. He made one step, a warning cry on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over. When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

9. "My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service, and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little; "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?" "Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile; "I have spoiled a bomb-shell." "And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

JOHN LEWEES in *St. Nicholas.*

19

WRITTEN SPELLING.—OPPOSITES.

Write the opposites of:

little	modern	truthful	wild	doubt
love	safety	true	wise	sweet

53. KITTY.

1.

Alas! little Kitty—do give her your pity!—
Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
Her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue,
And her cheeks were so freckled,
They looked like the speckled
White lilies, which down in the meadow-land grew.
If her eyes had been black, and she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

2.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty, and they were all petted,
While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never caressed;
All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red and her eyes were dull blue.

3.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-bloom sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;
A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet
Than the winds blowing over
The red blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
"See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

4.

Thrice blest little Kitty! She almost looked pretty!
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity!

O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow,
Ruby lips, sunny tresses—
Forms made for caresses—
There is one thing, my beauties! 't is well you should know:
Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft hair,
It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LANGUAGE LESSON. **Put this piece into the form of a prose composition.**

XV. CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—CONSONANTS.

The following subvocals have no cognates, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *ng*. They are sometimes called "liquids," because they can be prolonged into running sounds.

l	m	n	r	ng
l-ŭ-ll	m-āi-m	n-o͞o-n	r-ōa-r	sŏ-ng
ā-le	är-m	n-ī-ne	r-ēa-r	lŏ-ng
p-āi-l	blā-me	n-ō-ne	fī-re	ĭ-n̲-k

EXERCISE. **Let the class in concert, prolong the sound of *l* for ten seconds; then *m*, etc.**

54. A GAME OF RIDDLES.

1. When young people get together round the fire on a winter's night, they are very fond of telling tales, and puzzling each other with riddles. When puzzles are good ones, they exercise intellect and ingenuity in a very pleasant manner. A friend of mine will have it that simple riddles are much better than those which are more intricate; for what is the use of asking a question, which not more than one in ten can find out? Nine out of ten must, in such a case, have more pain than pleasure.

2. Many of us may remember the riddles of our childish days. "Round the house, and round the house, and peeps through the keyhole," was one of the first of them, and happy was the little urchin who was able to solve the knotty problem. Then came "Black and white, and red (read) all over;" and after that followed, what has been a standing dish ever since: "Which is the left side of a round plum-pudding?" We have all of us in our day been stuck fast by the inquiry, "Which is the heavier, a pound of lead, or a pound of feathers?" and we have all of us decided in favor of the former.

3. Some time ago I was at a house, where a party of young people had assembled; a comical stranger was introduced, who made much amusement among them by the odd questions he proposed; but, odd as the questions were, they all had a tendency to exercise the judgment of the little group, as well as to make them cheerful.

4. The first was: "If two hundred eggs be put with two hundred oranges, how many oranges will there be altogether?" "Four hundred!" cried out half a dozen voices at the same time; but after a little consideration, this answer was found out to be wrong, and a little boy with a little more judgment pointed out the mistake of his companions.

5. The next question was: "Which can travel faster—a man with only one sack of flour on his back, or a man with two sacks on his back?" Some said: "The man with one sack of flour, to be sure;" some were silent; and one, more cunning than the rest, said that the man with

the two sacks must win; for that two sacks were lighter than one sack of flour.

6. The third question was: "If a joint of meat weighs twenty pounds when it has been roasted only one hour, what will it weigh when it has been roasted three hours?" Now the other questions had made the young folks more cautious in their replies, and set them a-thinking, so that only one cried out: "Sixty pounds!" "I tell you what, my young friend," said the stranger to him, "I have a notion that you would make a capital cook, and, when I set up housekeeping, I shall think of you."

7. Another question was then put: "If twenty bushels of apples cost seven dollars, what should be given for a wagon-load of paving-stones?" The young folks looked at each other, not being able to make head or tail of the question; for no one could see what the apples could have to do with the paving-stones. The next puzzle, however, was so comical, that they could think of nothing else for some time.

8. "A barrel of oysters," said the stranger, "a Turk's old turban, three pennyworth of stick licorice, the British Museum, a pint and a half of filberts, a red-hot poker, an ounce of pigtail tobacco, a one-legged magpie, and an old pair of broken bellows, all may be expressed by three letters!" There was a great deal of laughing at the odd compound, and he who found out the secret pronounced it to be a capital puzzle, though many of the others thought differently. The three letters were I N K, for there are very few things

that cannot be expressed by ink. The last question was certainly one of the most comical that I ever heard proposed.

9. I thought at the time that it was asked only to call forth the ingenuity and reflection of the boys, and that no correct answer could be given, and I am rather disposed to retain that opinion still. It was as follows:

"Three good fat ducks, three hogs, three frogs,
Three pints of English corn,
Three Polar bears, three hounds, three hares,
A fox, and a goose forlorn;
Three cats, three rats, three bits of cheese,
Were all placed in one pen:
Now tell me, masters, if you please,
How many came out again."

10. There was a general shout at this question, and soon there were a dozen different opinions about it. One was aware that the rats might eat the cheese, and the cats eat the rats; another was certain that the poor goose would soon be killed and eaten by the fox, and that the ducks would gobble up the frogs in a twinkling. Then the hogs might not only eat the corn, but perhaps the ducks too; and many thought the Polar bears would eat them all. Without coming to any decision, as merry a meeting of young people as I can remember was thus ended.

DEFINITIONS.

in'tel lect, power to comprehend.
in ge nu'i ty, skill in seeing a way through difficult questions.
in'tri cate, puzzling.
prob'lem, question difficult of solution.
de cid'ed, formed an opinion.
con sid er a'tion, careful thought.
re flec'tion, continued consideration.
re plies', answers.
dis posed', inclined.
judg'ment, act of comparing ideas.

55. THE USE OF METALS.

1. Gold was most likely the first metal used by man. It is found in river-beds and on the surface of the earth, and its glitter would attract the savage eye. Savage and civilized people are alike in their love for the glitter of gold ornaments.

2. Copper is another metal that came into early use. Like gold, it is often found pure, and is easily worked. Where tin could be had, these two metals were fused together forming *bronze*, which, being harder than either tin or copper, made pretty good knives, axes, spears, and swords.

3. Iron is a metal hard to extract from the ore, or to work after it is extracted. It is not strange, then, that it came into use at a much later period than gold, copper, or bronze. But when its use was discovered, it enabled the tribes armed with iron weapons, to conquer the less fortunate surrounding tribes, that used only stone or bronze weapons.

It marked a great step in human progress.

SPELLING GAME. **Give and spell the name of any article made wholly or partly of iron; of gold; of copper.**

SLATE WORK. **Bring into class at the next lesson a written list of twenty articles made of iron, and ten of gold.**

20

WRITTEN SPELLING.—IMPORTANT LITTLE WORDS.

1. *Bail* out the water. A *bale* of hay.
2. A *quire* of paper. A *choir* of singers.
3. *Coarse* cloth. The *course* of a river.
4. We *rode* over the old *road*.
5. Can you *pare* a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors?

56. SUPPLEMENTARY EXERCISES.

I. Notify the class that, during the week, each pupil will be called on in turn to go upon the platform, and recite some one of the poems memorized from this Reader, or from the *Third Reader*. Each day, at the hour for reading, call on as many pupils as can recite in the allotted time.

II. *Defining Match.* Dictate from the defining lessons of the term or year.

III. *Spelling Match.* Dictate from the lessons headed *Important Little Words.*

IV. Review of *Rules for Spelling,* with exercises.

57. SUPPLEMENTARY READINGS.

I. Let the class read a good selection from *Robinson Crusoe.*

II. Select from the library some biography, such as that of Washington, Franklin, or Columbus, and let pupils read interesting selections.

III. Select stories from *Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hans Andersen's Tales,* or *Arabian Nights.*

IV. Let pupils read selections from their scrap-books, or from newspapers.

V. Require each pupil to reproduce, from memory, some story, fable, or narrative, of his own selection, contained in *Part I* of the Fourth Reader. Allow the class one hour for the exercise, and require the papers to be read at subsequent lessons.

TABLE OF DIACRITICAL MARKS.

I. PHONIC MARKS OF VOCALS.

Macron. ¯	*Breve.* ˘	*Circumflex.* ^	*Two dots.* ¨	*One dot.* ˙	*Wave or Tilde.* ~
āle	ăt	âir	ärm, a̤ll	åsk, wha̤t	
ēve, the͡y	ĕnd	whêre			hēr
īce, bȳ	ĭt, lў̆nx		pïque		sīr
ōld	ŏn	ôr	pro̤ve	són, wo̤lf	
mo͞on	bo͝ok				
ūse	ŭp	ûrge	rṳle	pṳll	

II. EQUIVALENT VOCALS OR SUBSTITUTES.

a̤ = ŏ	wha̤t, nŏt	ȯ = ŭ	dȯne, sŭn
e͡ = ā	the͡y, dāy	o̤, ṳ = o͞o	mo̤ve, rṳle, mo͞on
ī = ē	sīr, hēr	o̤, ṳ = o͝o	wo̤lf, pṳsh, wo͝ol
ê = â	thêre, câre	ȳ = ī	rhȳme, tīme
ï = ē	pïque, wēak	y̆ = ĭ	hy̆mn, sly̆m
ô = a̤	ôr, a̤ll		

III. MARKINGS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

ç, çh = s, sh	çent, çhai͟se	s͟ = z	i͟s, ro͟se
ҫ, ҫh = k	ҫake, a ҫhe	th *vocal*	this, that
g̃ *hard*	g̃o, g̃et	n͟ = ng	in͟k, win͟k
ġ = j	ġem, a ġe	x͟ = g̃z	ex͟ample

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

I. VOCALS.

ā	ā-ge,	n-ā-me	ĭ, y̆	ĭ-ll,	h-y̆-mn
ä	ä-rm,	ä-rt	ō	ō-ld,	n-ō
a̤	a̤-ll,	l-a̤w	ŏ	ŏ-n,	ŏ-dd
ă	ă-t,	ă-n	o̤, o͞o	m-o̤-ve,	m-o͞o-n
â	â-ir,	c-â-re	ū	ū-se,	d-ūe
å	å-sk,	l-å-st	ŭ	ŭ-p,	s-ŭ-n
ē	ē-ve,	m-ē	û	û-rge,	b-û-rn
ĕ	ĕ-nd,	ĕ-gg	ṳ, o͝o	f-ṳ-ll,	w-o͝o-l
ē	h-ē-r,	ē-rr	oi, oy	oi-l,	b-oy
ī, ȳ	ī-ce,	m-ȳ	ou, ow	ou-t,	ow-l

II. SUBVOCALS.

b	b-ĭ-b,	b-ā-be	r	r-ōa-r,	r-ēa-r
d	d-ĭ-d,	o-dd	th	th-īne,	wĭ-th
g̃	g̃-ă-g̃,	g̃-ĭ-g̃	v	v-ăl-ve,	wā-ve
j	j-ăm,	j̇-ĕm	w	w-ĭll,	w-ĕll
l	l-ŭ-ll,	ā-le	y	y-ĕs,	y-ĕt
m	m-āi-m,	nā-me	z	z-ōne,	z-ı̆n̲e
n	n-ŭ-n,	mā-ne	zh, z	ă′zure,	sēi′zure
ng, n̲	ĭ-n̲-k,	ră-n̲-k			

III. ASPIRATES.

f	f-ī-fe,	ŏ-ff	t	t-ĕn-t,	t-är-t
h	h-ăt,	h-ĭll	ch	ch-ûr-ch,	ch-āin
k	k-ĭll,	bo͝o-k	sh	sh-ĭp,	wĭ-sh
p	p-ī-pe,	p-ṳt	th	th-ĭck,	th-ĭn
s	s-ĕll,	s-ŭn	wh	wh-ĕn,	wh-êre

PHONIC DRILL.—VOCALS.

ā	āle, āte, āid, lāid, greāt, gāuge, theȳ.
ä	hälf, läugh, cälf, häunt, gäunt, guärd.
a̤	ca̤ll, ha̤ll, ba̤wl, a̤we, ôught, nôr, fôr.
ă	ănd, ădd, hăve, plăid, thăt, băde, săd.
â	âir, dâre, beâr, thêre, whêre, thêir, fâre.
à	àsk, tàsk, clàss, gràss, pàss, chànce, ànt.
a̤	wha̤t, wa̤nd, wa̤tch, squa̤sh, wa̤sp, squa̤d.
ē	ēve, ēaves, ēat, lēaves, bēet, sēize, kēy.
ĕ	ĕnd, dĕad, thrĕad, said, says, quĕst, zĕst.
ē	hēr, vērge, wēre, sērge, thīrd, gīrl, bīrth.
e̤	theȳ, ne̤igh, de̤ign, ve̤il, we̤ight, fre̤ight.
ī	īce, īsle, aīsle, thȳ, dīe, rȳe, eȳe, aȳes.
ĭ	ĭt, sĭeve; been (bĭn), buĭld, wĭll, quĭll.
ï	pïque, oblïque, machïne, ravïne, polïce.
ō	ōld, ōats, ōar, ōre, ō'er, dōor, ōwn, bōne.
ŏ	ŏn, ŏdd, nŏt, gŏt, ŏff, dŏg, gŏne, lŏss.
o̤	mo̤ve, pro̤ve, mo͞on, rṳle, scho͞ol, ro̤ute.
ô	ôr, nôr, ôught, bôught, lôrd, côrd, sôrt.
ȯ	dȯne, nȯne, cȯme, dȯes, dȯth, lȯve, sȯn.
o̤	wo̤lf, wo̤uld, co̤uld, sho̤uld, bo͝ok, co͝ok.
ū	ūse, mūte, cūbe, hūe, new, view, pūre.
ŭ	ŭp, cŭp, bŭt, dȯne, sȯn, blood, dȯes.
ṳ	pṳt, pṳsh, bo͝ok, wo̤lf, pṳll, bṳsh, fṳll.
û	ûrge, pûrge, sûrge, bûrn, tûrn, ûrn.
ṳ	rṳle, scho͞ol, rṳde, trṳth, yo͞uth.
y̆	sty̆le, by̆, ey̆e, ry̆e, chy̆me, chy̆le.
y̆	hy̆mn, ly̆nx, my̆th, ny̆mph, sy̆stem.
oi	oil, toil, soil, boy, toy, joy, broil, foil.
ou	out, our, owl, trout, town, ground, now.

PHONIC DRILL.—SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

b	bābe, brībe, rĭb, bĭd, rōbe, bīrd, e͡urb.
ç, s	çĕnt, sĭnçe, onçe, īçe, fāce, rāce, sĕnse.
ch	chûrch, bīrch, lŭnch, cheeṣe, chīme.
d	dĭd, dĕad, rīde, dīçe, dĕath, thrĕad, drīed.
f, gh	fīne, ŏff, fīfe, fēar, dĕaf, fo͝ot, läugh.
ğ	ğăğ, ğĭğ, ğāme, ğĭlls, răğ, ğo͝od, ğāuġe.
h	hōme, how, whọ, hâir, hāte, hĭll, hiṣ.
j, ġ	joy, jŭst, jĕt, āġe, pāġe, ġĕm, ġill.
k, e	kĭll, kīte, lo͝ok, e͡ame, e͡ould, e͡ake, e͡rowd.
e͡h	āe͡he, e͡hôrd, e͡hȳme, e͡hȳle, e͡hoir.
l	lo͝ok, lŭll, bạll, boil, lăd, wĕll, tạll, pāle.
m	māke, rō͝om, māin, mo͝on, nŭmb, māim.
n	no͝on, nēat, tĕn, nīne, nŭn, pĭn, nȯne.
ng	sing, ring, thing, băṇk, răṇk, thăṇk.
p	pīpe, e͡ŭp, e͡āpe, hōpe, rīpe, drŏp, pāid.
r	rōar, rēar, fīre, floor, door, stōre, mōre.
s, ç	sạuçe, sĭnçe, sạw, īçe, ĭnçense, sōurçe.
sh, çh	shīne, shăll, çhāiṣe, wĭsh, bụsh, maçhïne.
t	tĕnt, dŏt, tĕll, wrīte, tīme, trŏt, thrĕat.
th	thĭck, dĕath, thĭn, lĕngth, wĭdth, thrōat.
th	thĭs, thēṣe, thōṣe, thĕn, thăt, wĭth, thêir.
v	vīne, ēve, vōte, mọ̣ve, veer, nērve, vĕst.
w	wĭnd, wĕt, wōe, wāit, weâr, wīṣe, wo͝od.
wh	whĕn, whêre, whȳ, whạt, whēat, wheel.
x = ks	ŏx, bŏx, lŏcks, ăx, tăx, lăcks, vĕx.
x̱ = gz	e͡x̱ăct, e͡x̱ĭst, e͡x̱ămple, e͡x̱hạust.
y	yĕs, yĕt, yĕll, yēar, yȯung, yọ̣uth.
z	zōne, bŭzz, breeze, o͝oze, lọṣe, ĭṣ, zĭne.
zh	ăzure, plĕasure, mĕasure, trĕasure.

PART II.

Daniel Webster

1. DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. Daniel Webster, the great statesman and orator, was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782. He was a studious, thoughtful boy, and his father, though poor, determined to send him to Dartmouth College.

2. His mother fitted him out with a plain, coarse suit of homespun, and, at the age of fifteen, his father took him to college.

3. After he was graduated, he taught school for some time, and used the money he earned to help his older brother, Ezekiel, to go through college.

4. He became a successful lawyer and finally settled in Boston. He was elected a United States Senator from Massachusetts, which office he held for three terms. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Harrison.

5. Meanwhile he had become one of the ablest lawyers in the United States, and the greatest of American orators. His Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill Monument orations rank among the masterpieces of American literature.

6. He was often called the "Expounder of the Constitution," because he thoroughly understood the principles of our government, and was strongly in favor of the preservation of the Union. It is said that when a very small boy he read the Constitution, printed on a cheap cotton pocket-handkerchief. He died at Marshfield, Mass., in 1852.

7. Webster was a man of majestic personal appearance. He had a massive frame, a large head, great black eyes, and a dark complexion.

The following story is told about Daniel Webster as a school-boy:

8. When he entered Phillips Academy, he was placed at the foot of the lowest class. He was an awkward country boy, and he broke down in his first attempt at a declamation. But he applied himself to study, and soon rose to the head of his class. One day the master called him up and

said to him: "Daniel, take your books and go into a higher class. Boys, say good-by to him, for you will never overtake him."

9. And they never did catch up with Daniel. As you have seen, he went through college, became a great lawyer, an eloquent orator, a United States senator, and one of the leading statesmen of our country.

COMPOSITION. **Write from memory a short sketch of Webster. Divide your subject as follows:**

1. **Date and State of his birth; State of his residence when a man.**
2. **His characteristics as a boy.**
3. **His chief distinctions as a man.**
4. **Any anecdotes you have heard of him.**

2. BUGLE SONG.

After training pupils to read this poem, require them to memorize it for recitation.

1. The splendor falls on castle walls
   And snowy summits old in story;
   The long light shakes across the lakes,
   And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
   Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
   Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark! O hear, how thin and clear,
   And thinner, clearer, farther going!
   O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
   The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
   Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying.
   Blow, bugle! Answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky;
   They faint on hill, or field, or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle—blow! set the wild echoes flying!
And answer, echoes—answer! dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

Questions. 1. What is meant by the phrase "old in story?" 2. The phrase "the long light?" 3. By "Elf-land?"

1

WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Study this lesson at your desks by copying it on your slates.

a dieū′	co quĕtte′	ça rāde′	quạd rĭlle′
a chiēve′	cro çhe̱t′	deş şērt′	ro şĕtte′
bou que̱t′	cro que̱t′	fa tïgue′	tăb leau′

3. BREAD-MAKING.

1. When Pussy was ten years old, her mother, one day, hurt her arm by a fall, so that she had to wear it in a sling. This would not be an agreeable thing to happen to anybody's mamma, but Pussy's mother had no servants, and everything that was to be eaten in the house had to be made by her one pair of hands, and she, therefore, felt quite troubled, as the house was far from neighbors, and there were a husband and four hungry young men to be fed.

2. "I really think you 'll have to harness the horse and go over to Aunt Judy's, and get her to come," said Pussy's mother.

3. "That's a trouble," said her father. "The hay is all ready to get in, and there will certainly

be rain by afternoon. The horse cannot possibly be spared."

4. "Now, mother, just let me make the bread," said Pussy; "I've seen you do it time and time again, and I know I could do it."

5. "Hurrah for Pussy!" said her brothers—"let her try—she will do it."

6. "Yes, yes," said her father. "I'd rather have my little Pussy than a dozen Aunt Judys."

Pussy was wonderfully elated by this praise, and got one of her mother's aprons and tied it around her—which, to say the truth, came quite down to her ankles, and made her feel very old and wise.

7. Her mother now told her that she might go into the pantry and sift eight quarts of flour into the bread-tray, and bring it out, and she would show her just how to mix the bread. So away went Pussy, and patted and sifted, and soon came out lifting the bread-tray, with the flour, and set it beside her mother.

8. "Now scatter in a handful of salt," said her mother.

Pussy did so.

"Now make a little hole in the middle, and measure three gills of yeast, and put that in the hole."

9. Pussy found this quite easy, because their tin quart-measure was marked around with rings for the gills; and so, when her yeast was up to the third ring, she poured it into the hole in the middle of the flour, and began stirring it with a spoon, till she had made a nice, little,

foamy lake in the middle of her mountain of puffy, white flour.

10. "And now for your wetting, Pussy," said her mother. "You want about a quart of hot water and a quart of good milk to begin with, and we'll see how you go on. But I'm a little afraid you're not strong enough to knead such a big batch."

11. "O mother, I'm a large girl now," said Pussy, "and you've no idea how strong I am! I want to knead a real batch, just such as you do, and not a little play batch—a baby's batch."

12. "Well, well, we'll try it," said her mother; "and I'll pour in your wetting." So she began to pour in, and Pussy plumped in both hands, and went at her work with a relish.

13. "O mother, I like this—it's the best fun I ever had!" said Pussy. "How soft and smooth I am getting it! Mother, you will always let me make the bread, won't you?"

14. "We'll see," said her mother. "Knead in every bit of the flour. Don't leave any on the sides of the pan. Rub all those ragged patches together, and knead them in. You are getting it quite smooth."

15. In fine, Pussy, elated, took up the whole white round cushion of dough, and turned it over in the tray, as she had seen her mother do, and left one very little fist-mark in the center. "Now, Mrs. Bread," she said, "I shall tuck you up warm and put you to sleep, till it's time to take you up and bake you."

16. So Pussy covered her bread up warm with

an old piece of quilt which her mother kept for this special purpose; then she washed her hands, and put away all the dishes she had been using, and swept up the flour she had dropped on her mother's clean, shining floor.

17. I need not tell my little readers the whole history of this wonderful batch of bread—how, in time, Pussy got down the moulding-board, all herself, and put it on the kitchen-table; and how she cut her loaves off, and rolled and kneaded and patted, and so coaxed them into the very nicest little white cushions that ever were put into buttered bake-pans.

18. One small portion Pussy left to be divided into delicate little biscuits; and it was fun for her to cut, and roll, and shape these into the prettiest little pincushions, and put them in even rows in the pans, and prick two small holes in the top of each.

19. Then came the baking; and very busy was Pussy, putting in her pans, watching and turning and shifting them, so that each might get its proper portion of nice, sweet, golden-brown crust.

20. She burned her fingers once or twice, but she didn't mind that, when she drew her great, beautiful loaves from the oven, and her mother tapped on them with her thimble and pronounced them done.

21. Such a row of nice, beautiful loaves—all her own making! Pussy danced around the table where she had ranged them, and then, in the pride of her heart, called Bose to look at them. Bose licked his chops, and looked as wise as a dog

could, and, seeing that something was expected of him, barked aloud for joy. That night Pussy's biscuits were served for supper, with cold beef, and Pussy was loudly praised on all sides.

22. "Wife, you'll take your ease now," said her father, "since you have such a little housekeeper sent to you."

Pussy was happier that night, than if three servants had been busy dressing dolls for her all day.

23. "Mother," she said, soberly, when she lay down in her little bed that night, "I'm going to ask God to keep me humble."

24. "Why, my dear?"

25. "Because I feel tempted to be proud—I can make such good bread!"

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

COMPOSITION. **The girls may write a story of some piece of housework they have done. The boys may write of some piece of gardening or other out-of-door work which they have done.**

2

WRITTEN SPELLING.—OPPOSITES AND SYNONYMS.

Write the following words and their opposites; as, **ancient, modern.**

ancient	public	industrious	increase	torrid
pleasure	weak	heat	plenty	friend
fruitful	liberty	knowledge	superior	wisdom

Write the following words and their synonyms; as, **expire, die.**

expire	insane	pupil	pagan
edible	injure	fool	language
finish	instructor	courageous	genuine

If you cannot think of a word of like meaning, refer to the dictionary.

4. SILENT READING.

1. Most of our reading is not oral but silent. As oral reading is not all equally good, so there are degrees of excellence in silent reading. Clearly, too, excellence in silent reading does not consist in the qualities which constitute good oral reading.

2. Good silent reading consists mainly in ability to gather, accurately and rapidly, the idea and force of what is read. The ordinary rules of oral reading do not apply. The silent reader's ability lies in his power to look rapidly through what he reads and gather with certainty the essential thought or statement. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were said to be masters of this kind of reading.

3. This ability, too, may be easily increased by special training, and in view of its importance it seems reasonable to ask that a portion of the effort made to teach reading in the schools should be turned in the direction of silent reading.

Public Journal.

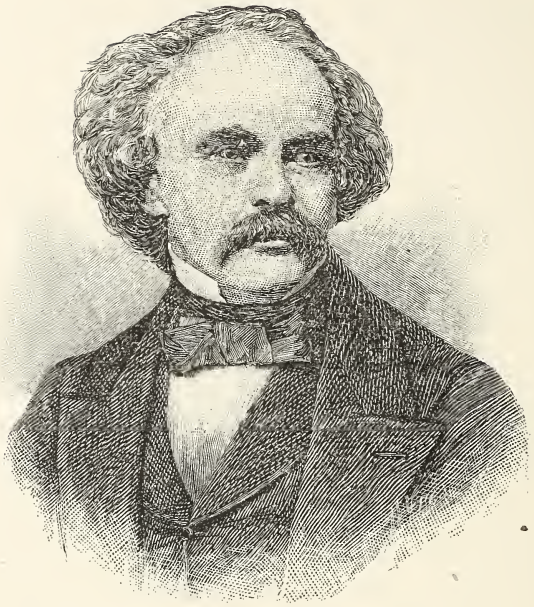
SUGGESTIONS FOR SILENT READING. 1. Select a piece of easy reading, not before studied, and assign what you think the class can, by close attention, read once through in a given time of say, one, three, or five minutes.

2. Direct the class to read silently for that time, and stop promptly at the end of it.

3. Immediately after reading let each pupil write what he has gathered in the time occupied by the reading.

4. Gradually increase the matter assigned, leaving the time unchanged.

This exercise may be profitably given at least twice each week. At the end of one or two months no doubt will remain of the value of such work, either in securing what is directly sought, or in stimulating the interest and activity of the pupil.



5. HERCULES AND ATLAS.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., in 1804, and died in 1864. He graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, in the same class with Ex-President Pierce and Longfellow, the poet, who knew him then only as a shy youth in a bright-buttoned coat, flitting across the college grounds. His first publication was "Twice-told Tales," which had previously appeared in annuals. These attracted no attention, and at this time he speaks of himself as "the most obscure author in America." He went to reside in Concord in the "Old Manse," and while living in that house, he published a collection of papers entitled "Mosses from an Old Manse." In 1846 he was appointed Surveyor in the Custom House at Salem, which post he held for a year. On being dismissed from that office, he went home to inform his wife. The sensible woman, without a word of regret, placed pen, ink, and paper upon the table before him, and said with a smile: "Now you can write your book." The result was "The Scarlet Letter," among the most imaginative and powerful fictions ever written, and which instantly established his reputation as an author of peculiar and extraordinary genius. In 1860 he published an Italian romance, "The Marble Fawn," and afterwards a volume of his impressions of England, in which country he had resided as consul

to Liverpool. He possessed a wonderful and vivid imagination, and a keen and subtile humor. The dead past lives again in his books. Every subject—even the most common—upon which he wrote, seemed to be transformed by his touch into something rich and strange. His style is a model for its clearness, purity, and vigor. The young will be interested in "The Snow Image," "The Wonder-Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "True Stories from History and Biography," "Twice-told Tales," "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The House of Seven Gables."

The teacher will relate to pupils the introductory part of the story about Hercules in quest of the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides.

1. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features; eyes, each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength.

2. What the sky was to the giant, such are the cares of earth to those who let themselves be weighed down by them. And whenever men undertake what is beyond the just measure of their abilities, they encounter precisely such a doom as had befallen this poor giant.

3. Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, of six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

4. The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and, perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder proceeding out of the cloud that had just flitted away from his face:

5. "Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come, in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

6. "Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads?"

7. "I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!" roared the giant.

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But, can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

8. "What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

9. "There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides, and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half-a-dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

10. "You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But, if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some

strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?"

11. Hercules, as you must be careful to remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking, that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

12. "Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why, not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome, after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

13. "O, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden." Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

14. When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a prodigious spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then, the other. Then, all at once,

he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed—Ho! ho! ho!—with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

15. Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a distant mountain. At last, the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by-the-by, its weight began already to be a little irksome to his head and shoulders.

16. "I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

17. I know not how long it was, before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

18. "I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes, and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

19. "No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste—and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples—will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

20. "Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air, twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down, "as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take

my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

21. Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next.

22. "O, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience!"

23. "What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain, if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the back-ache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant it!"

24. "Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me,

and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

25. "That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling towards Hercules, and was merely acting with a too selfish consideration of his own ease. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

26. Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

27. And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

Adapted from HAWTHORNE'S *Wonder Book*.

LANGUAGE LESSON. **Call attention to the use of interrogation, exclamation, and quotation marks in this lesson, and dictate one or more paragraphs containing them, for slate-work.**

6. ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem,—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An *angel* writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What *writest* thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is *mine* one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came *again* with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! *Ben Adhem's* name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

A RECITATION.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

3

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write for each of the following words a word of like meaning.

amicable	terror	agriculture	celestial
abandon	terrestrial	sepulcher	affectionate
intimidate	ovate	acquire	fortunate

7. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

The teacher will tell to the class, briefly, the causes that led to the American Revolution.

1. In April, 1775, General Gage, royal governor and commander-in-chief, had in Boston about three thousand troops. With this large force he fully expected to be able to quell any unruly conduct of the colonists.

2. Learning that there were some military supplies at Concord, he sent a body of men to destroy them. Some patriots heard of this movement, and promptly sent out messengers along the supposed route of the troops to warn the "minute-men."

3. Early in the morning of April 19th, the British troops reached Lexington. There they found a small body of American militia. An English officer rode up to them, saying, "Disperse, you rebels!" As the Americans did not obey, he ordered the soldiers to fire. Eight Americans were killed and several wounded. The rest dispersed, without returning the fire.

4. The British then marched on to Concord, where they destroyed the stores. While this was going on, the militia around Concord and Lexington hastily collected. A spirited little attack was made by the Americans at Concord Bridge, and then the British began to retreat towards Lexington.

5. It was only a few miles; but these miles were made very hot. The British experienced

what American *bush-fighting* is. From every patch of woods, every rock, stream, and fence, came a savage fire from the flint-locks of the American farmers.

6. The retreat became a rout, and the whole British force would have been destroyed, had it not been met at Lexington by reinforcements, under cover of which, the broken battalions made their way to Charlestown. The British loss in killed and wounded was about two hundred and eighty; the Americans lost about ninety.

7. The effect of the news of Lexington was electric. The Colonies rushed to arms. The New England militia, in great numbers, hastened to Boston, and on the night of the 19th of April, the royal governor and his troops were closely beleaguered in Boston.

8. Before the end of the month, over twenty thousand men were encamped in the vicinity. A line of fortification was run from Roxbury to the river Mystic, thus confining the British to the Boston peninsula.

SWINTON'S *History of the United States.*

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. **If there is any history of the United States in the school, let the class read from it an account of the "Stamp Act," and the "Boston Port Bill." Also, read Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride."**

COMPOSITION. **After learning all you can from these readings, write in your own words, an account of the battle of Lexington.**

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **quell, militia, dispersed, fortification,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

ORAL SPELLING MATCH. **Let the class choose sides. Dictate words from the oral and written spelling lessons of Part I of this book.**

I. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. Pitch, or Key.

Read the following examples and let the class repeat them in concert.

I. HIGH PITCH.

1. Hear the sledges with the bells—*silver* bells!
   What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
2. *Arm! àrm!* it is—it is the *cannon's* opening roar!
3. And thus from morn to eve he cried,
   "Charcó! Charcó!"
4. See the red flames leaping higher,
   Fire! fire! fire!
5. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
   Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

II. MIDDLE PITCH.

1. I met a little cottage girl,
   She was eight years old, she said;
   Her hair was thick with many a curl
   That clustered round her head.
   "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
   How many may you be?"
   "How many? seven in all," she said,
   And, wondering, looked at me.

2. The day is *donè*, and the darkness
   Falls from the wings of night,
   As a *feather* is wafted downwards
   From an *èagle* in his flight.

III. LOW PITCH.

1. Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!
2. But hush! hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

3. No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

4. Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

5. Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach,
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

6. Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the éarth; and the hèavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall pérish, but Thou shalt endùre; yea, àll of them shall wax old like a gàrment; as a vèsture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be chànged: but Thou art the sáme; and Thy years shall have no ènd.

IV. CONCERT DRILL ON PITCH.

1. Repeat, three times, the long vocals, ā, ē, ī, ō, ū:
(1) With low pitch.
(2) With middle pitch.
(3) With high pitch.
2. Sing the scale in music.
3. Give the sound of ä prolonged for five seconds: (1) On the note of dō; (2) On the note of mī; (3) of sōl.

THE PILOT.

Illustrating high pitch and loud force.

1. "*Stand by your braces!*" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness; "*heave away that lead!*" The piercing cry of the leadsman rose above the tempest as he shouted: "*By the mark, seven!*"

The short pause was succeeded by another cry: "*And a half-five!*"

2. "*She shoals! she shoals!*" exclaimed Griffith. Then the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle: "*Breakers! breakers! dead ahead!*"

Then a second voice cried: "*Breakers on the lee bow!*"

3. "*Clear away that best bower!*" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"*Hold on! hold on èverything!*" cried the Pilot in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him.

4. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the Pilot was heard shouting: "*Square away the yards! in màinsail!*"

5. A general burst from the crew echoed: "*Square away the yàrds!*" and quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind.

COOPER.

8. USES OF THE OCEAN.

Before reading this piece, let the class read that section of Vocal Training in Part I., relating to Pauses.

1. It is common, in speaking of the sea, to call it | "a waste of waters." But this | is a mistake. Instead

of being a waste | and a desert, it keeps the *earth ìtself* | from becoming a waste | and a desert. It is the world's fountain | of lífe, and héalth, and beaùty; and if it were taken awáy, the grass | would perish from the moúntains, the fórests | would crumble on the hìlls.

2. Wáter | is as indispensable to life, vegetable and animal, as the air itsèlf; and the wáter | is supplied entirely | by the sea. The séa | is the great, inexhaustible fountain, which is continually forcing *úp* | into the sky | precisely as many streams, and as large, as all the *rívers* | of the world | are pouring into its bòsom.

3. The séa | is the real birth-place | of the clouds | and the rìvers, and out of it | come all the rains | and dews of heaven. Instead of beìng a waste | and an encumbrance, therefore, it is a vast fountain of frùitfulness, and the nurse | and mother | of all living. Out of its mighty breast | come the resources | that feed and support the population of the world.

4. We are surrounded by the présence | and the boùnty | of the sea. It looks out upon us | from every vìolet in our garden-bed; from every spire of gràss | that drops upon our passing feet | the beaded dew of the mòrning; from the bending gràin | that fills the arm of the rèaper; from bursting prèsses, and from bàrns | filled with plènty; from the broad foreheads of our cáttle | and the rosy faces | of our chìldren.

5. It is the *séa* | that feeds us. It is the *séa* | that clothes us. It cools us | with the summer clóud, and warms us | with the blazing fires of wìnter. We make wealth for ourselves and for our children | out of its rolling wáters, though we may live | a thousand leagues away from its shòre, and may never have looked | on its crested beauty, or listened | to its eternal ànthem.

6. Thus the séa, though it bears no harvest on its bósom, sustains all the harvests of the world, and makes all the wildernesses | of the earth | to bud and blos-

som | as the rose. Though its own waters are as salt and wórmwood, it makes the clouds of heaven | to drop with swèetness, opens springs in the valleys, and rivers | among the hìlls.

7. The sea | is a perpetual source of health to the world. Without it | there could be no drainage for the land. It is the scavenger | of the world. The sea | is also set | to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy | and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands | over which they have blown, are sent out | to range over these mighty pastures of the deep, to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and to dip their pinions | over and over | in its healing waters.

8. There they rest | when they are weary; there | they rouse themselves | when they are refreshed. Thus their whole substance | is drenched, and bathed, and washed, and winnowed, and sifted | through and through, by this glorious baptism. Thus they fill their mighty lungs once more | with the sweet breath of ocean, and striking their wings for the shore, they go | breathing health and vigor.

9. The ocean | is not the idle creature | that it séems, with its vast and lazy length | stretched between the cóntinents, with its huge bulk | sleeping along the shore, or tumbling in aimless fury | from pole to póle; it is a *mighty gìant*, who, leaving his oozy bed, comes up upon the land | to spend his strength | in the service of man.

Dictionary Lesson. Find the meaning of the following words: **indispensable, inexhaustible, eternal, anthem, perpetual, malaria, pinions, oozy, scavenger, crested, encumbrance,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

Composition. **Write, in two short sentences, two uses of the ocean. Add an account, in your own language, of the part played by the winds, for which see paragraphs seven and eight.**

9. PSALM OF LIFE.

Read this poem to the class, giving pauses and inflections as marked, Let pupils repeat in concert. Then require the poem to be memorized for recitation.

1. Tell me *not* | in mournful númbers,
   Lífe | is but an empty *dréam;*
   For the soul | is *dèad* | that slúmbers,
   And things | *are* not | what they *seèm.*

2. Life | is *rèal!* Life | is *èarnest!*
   And the grave | is *nòt* its goal;
   Dust | thou árt, to dust retúrnest,
   Was not spoken | of the sòul.

3. Not *enjóyment,* and not *sòrrow,*
   Is our destined end or wáy;
   But to *àct* that each to-morrow |
   Finds us farther | than to-dày.

4. Art | is lóng, and Time | is fleèting,
   And our héarts, though stout and bráve,
   Still, like muffled drums, are beáting |
   Funeral marches | to the gràve.

5. In the world's broad field of báttle,
   In the bivouac of Lífe,
   Be not like dumb, driven *cáttle,*
   Be a *hèro* | in the strife!

6. Trust no Fúture, howe'er *plèasant!*
   Let the dead Past | *bùry* its dead!
   Act—act in the *living Prèsent!*
   Heart *within,* and Gód | *o'erhèad.*

7. Lives of great men | all remínd us |
We can make *our* lives | sublìme,
And, depárting, leave behínd us |
Foot-prints | on the sands of tìme.

8. Foot-prints, that perhaps anóther,
Sailing o'er life's solemn máin,
A forlorn | and shipwrecked bróther,
Seeing, shall take *hèart* again.

9. Let us, then, be *úp* and *dòing*,
With a heart | for *àny* fate;
Still *achiéving*, still *pursúing*,
Learn to *lábor* | and to *wàit*.

LONGFELLOW.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **goal, bivouac, achieving, main, sublime,** and use each word in a sentence of your own.

SLATE WORK. **Write from memory the first two stanzas. Exchange and correct errors in spelling, capitals, and punctuation.**

ORAL SPELLING. **Dictate the words that rhyme; as, numbers, slumbers; dream, seem.**

PHONIC DRILL IN ARTICULATION.

br	brŏŏk, brĕad, brute	skw	squâre, squash
rb	ôrb, hĕrb, cûrb	spt	gàsped, clàsped
dr	drīve, drĕad, drĭll	sts	màsts, fàsts, fĭsts
rd	härd, ĕôrd, lôrd	wh	whēat, wheel, wheeze
tr	truth, trŭst, trȳ	dn	glădden, măddeu
rt	cärt, heärt, ärt	pn	ōpen, hăppen, rīpen
spr	sprāy, sprĭng, sprout	kn	spōken, tōken,
str	strŏng, strĕngth	vn	ēven, sĕven, elĕven
rm	färm, härm, fôrm	aw	law, straw, eaw, daw
skt	àsked, tàsked, bàsked	ow	how, cow, now, bow

10. THE ATMOSPHERE.

1. The atmosphere is a fluid surrounding the earth and pressing upon its surface. It is an invisible air-ocean from fifty to one hundred miles deep.

2. The alternate heating and cooling of the air, going on over the whole globe, produces the breezes, winds, storms, and hurricanes that blow in all directions over the face of the earth.

3. The atmosphere is the water-carrier, without which the land surface of the earth would become a barren waste—destitute of either animal or vegetable life. The air receives its moisture from the surface of the sea and floats it away, to be condensed by the mountains into refreshing rains or wintry snows.

4. There are two great air-currents always steadily blowing, the North-east and the South-east Trade Winds. The heated air of the equatorial regions is constantly rising and floating off towards the poles, while the colder and heavier air of the polar regions is sweeping towards the equator.

5. In consequence of the earth's diurnal rotation, these two currents are turned in a westerly direction, so that one becomes a north-east wind, the other a south-east wind. They are called Trade winds, because ships take advantage of them in crossing the ocean.

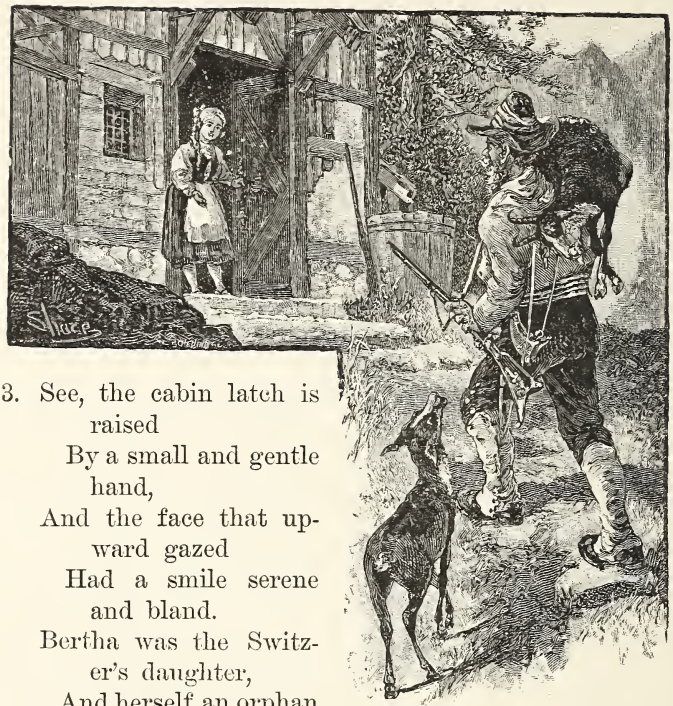
DEFINITIONS.

al ter'nate, by turns; one after another.
di ur'nal, daily.
ro ta'tion, the act of turning around like a wheel.

11. THE GEMSÉ FAWN.

1. In a sunny Alpine valley,
'Neath the snowy Wetterhorn,
See a maiden by a châlet
Playing with a Gemsé fawn.
How he pricks his ears to hear her,
How his soft eyes flash with pride,
As she tells him he is dearer
Than the whole wide world beside:
Dearer than the lambkins gentle,
Dearer than the frisking kids,
Or the pigeon on the lintel,
Coming, going, as she bids.

2. By a gushing glacier fountain,
On the giant Wetterhorn,
'Midst the snow-fields of the mountain,
Was the little Gemsé born;
And the mother, though the mildest
And the gentlest of the herd,
Was the fleetest and the wildest,
And as lightsome as a bird.
But the hunter watched her gliding
In the silence of the dawn,
Seeking for a place of hiding
For her little, tender fawn;
So he marked her, all unheeding
(Swift and sure the bolt of death),
And he bore her, dead and bleeding,
To his Alpine home beneath;
And the orphan Gemsé followed,
Calling her with plaintive bleat,
O'er the knolls and through the hollows,
Trotting on with trembling feet.



3. See, the cabin latch is raised
By a small and gentle hand,
And the face that upward gazed
Had a smile serene and bland.
Bertha was the Switzer's daughter,
And herself an orphan child;
But her sorrows all had taught her
To be gentle, kind, and mild.
You might see a tear-drop quivering
In her honest eye of blue,
As she took the stranger, shivering,
To her heart, so warm and true.
"I will be thy mother, sweetest,"
To the fawn she whispered low;
"I will heed thee when thou bleatest,
And will solace all thy woe."
Then the tottering Gemsé, stealing
Towards her, seemed to understand;

Gazing on her face and kneeling,
Placed his nose within her hand!

4. Every day the Switzer maiden
Shared with him her milk and bread;
Every night the fawn is laid on
Moss and ling beside her bed.
Blue as mountain periwinkle
Is the ribbon round his throat,
Where a little bell doth tinkle
With a shrill and silvery note.
When the morning light is flushing
Wetterhorn, so cold and pale,
Or when evening shades are hushing
All the voices of the vale,
You might hear the maiden singing
To her happy Gemsé fawn,
While the kids and lambs she 's bringing
Up or down the thymy lawn.

5. Spring is come, and little Bertha,
With her chamois by her side,
Up the mountain wandered further
Than the narrow pathway guide.
Here the royal eagle rushes
From his eyrie overhead;
There the roaring torrent gushes
Madly o'er its craggy bed.
Hark! from whence that distant bleating,
Like a whistle clear and shrill?
Gemsé! ah, thy heart is beating
With a wild and sudden thrill!
Voices of thy brothers scouring
Over sparkling fields of ice,
Where the snow-white peaks are towering
O'er the shaggy precipice.

6. Bertha smiled to see him listening
(Arching neck, and quivering ear,
Panting chest, and bright eyes glistening)
To that whistle wild and clear.
Little knew she that it severed
All that bound him to the glen;
That her gentle bands were shivered
And the tame one—*wild again!*
To the next wild bleat that soundeth
Makes he answer, strong and shrill;
Wild as wildest off he boundeth,
Fleet as fleetest, o'er the hill!
"Gemsé! Gemsé! Komm, mein lieber!"
Echoes faint from height to height.
Dry thy tears, sweet Bertha! never
Will he glance again in sight;
But when paling stars are twinkling
In the twilight of the morn,
Thou mayst hear his bell a-tinkling
'Midst the snows of Wetterhorn.
And the kindness thou bestowest
On the helpless, thou shalt prove,
Somehow, when thou little knowest,
In a blessing from above.

DEFINITIONS.

chal'et, *(chal-le)*, a cottage.

cham'ois, *(cham-my)*, a kind of antelope living on the highest mountains in Europe. A soft leather is prepared from its skin.

ey'rie, nest (literally, an eggery).

Gem'se, *(gem-ze)*, in the German-Swiss cantons, the chamois is called Gemse.

per'i win kle, a wild flower.

sol'ace, cheer; comfort.

Komm, mein lieber, (*Komm mine leeber,*) come, my darling.

Wet'ter horn, a mountain in Switzerland; one of the grandest in the Alps.

gla'cier, a mass of ice, or of snow and ice, moving slowly down a mountain slope. As it passes into the lower and warmer regions, it gradually melts and becomes a river of water. Hence the "glacier fountain" of the poem.

ling, a kind of heath.

4

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.

Write the opposite of each of the following words; as, **clean, soiled.**

clean	lofty	pointed	courage
guilty	strong	import	right
misery	rough	inside	death

12. THE BOARDING SCHOOL OF MR. SQUEERS.

1. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

2. Obedient to this summons, there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

3. "This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

4 "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor

window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. *C-l-e-a-n*, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. *W-i-n*, win, *d-e-r*, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

5. "Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. *B-o-t*, bot, *t-i-n*, tin, bottin, *n-e-y*, ney, *bottinney*, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

6. "It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there is n't," said Squeers.

7. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

8. "As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after mine, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down."

DICKENS'S *Nicholas Nickleby.*

SUPPLEMENTARY READING. **If you can get a copy of Dickens's Nicholas Nickleby, let the class read further extracts about Dotheboys Hall.**

5

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write a synonym of each of the following words: as **reply, answer.**

reply	predict	ludicrous	folks
remain	king	spelling	house
victuals	idea	spine	see

If you cannot think of a synonym when you are studying this lesson, refer to the dictionary.

13. A LESSON ABOUT HEAT.

1. Johnny found a big brass button the other day, and set to work to make it shine by rubbing it on a piece of woolen cloth.

"Is n't it bright?" he said, after working a while. "Just like gold."

2. He rubbed away again for a moment as hard as he could, then—to brush off some chalk-dust that clung to the button, for I had told him to chalk the cloth to make it brighten the button quicker—he put the brass to the back of his hand.

"Oh!" he cried, dropping the button.

"Oh! what is the matter?"

3. "It's hot."

"Hot!" echoed Mary, laying down her book. "How can it be hot?"

"I don't know," said Johnny, "but it burnt me."

4. "Nonsense!" replied Mary, picking up the button. "It's as cold as anything."

"It's cold now, perhaps," Johnny admitted. "But it was hot—*warm* anyway."

"What a silly boy! You just imagined it."

"I didn't," retorted Johnny.

5. Seeing that they were likely to do as a great many older people have done—dispute about a matter that neither understood—I took the button and rubbed it smartly on my coat sleeve, and put it to Mary's cheek.

"There!" exclaimed Johnny, as Mary cried "Oh!" and put her hand to her face.

6. "I shouldn't have thought your arm could make it so warm," she said.

I rubbed the button on the table-cloth and placed it once more against her cheek, saying, "It couldn't have been my arm that warmed it this time."

"Of course not," observed Johnny, patronizingly.

7. "What *did* warm it?" Mary asked, her interest fully awakened.

"That's a good puzzle for you two to work at," I said. "Don't rub the button on the varnished furniture or on the marble table, for it might scratch them; but you can try anything else."

8. They worked at the puzzle a long time and still were puzzled.

"It may be the heat comes from our fingers," Mary suggested at last.

I thrust a stick through the eye of the button so that it could be held without touching the hand, rubbed it a moment on the carpet, and it was as hot as ever.

"I guess it's just the rubbing," said Johnny.

9. "A very good guess indeed, for that is precisely where the heat comes from," I replied. "*How* it comes is not so easy to explain to those of your age. The simple fact that heat comes from rubbing is enough, perhaps, for you to know about it now. We say that rubbing makes *friction*, and friction develops heat. When you are older, I'll try to make it all clear to you."

10. "I thought heat always came from fire," said Mary, "or else from the sun."

"Sun-heat is fire-heat too, it is believed," I replied; "but there are still other sources of heat —our bodies, for instance. We keep warm when out of the sunshine and away from the fire."

"I didn't think of that," said Mary.

11. "Do you remember the day the masons were pouring water on a pile of quicklime to make mortar for the new house over the way? The lime hissed and crackled, sending up great clouds of steam. I have a piece of quicklime here, and see! when I pour water on it how it drinks up the water and grows hot. I saw a wagon loaded with lime set on fire once by a shower of rain."

12. "Fred told me about that, and I didn't

believe him. Who would expect fire from water?"

"Get me a small piece of ice, and I'll show you how even that may kindle a fire."

While Mary was getting the ice, I took from my cabinet a small vial with a metal bead at the bottom.

"Is it lead?" asked Johnny, when I showed it to him.

13. "It is potassium," I said, "and I'm going to set a little piece of it a-fire with the ice Mary has brought. There!"

"Isn't it splendid!" cried Mary, as the metal flashed into flame.

14. "You can do anything, can't you?" said Johnny admiringly. His confidence in my ability is something wonderful. Really, if I were to tell him I could set the moon a-fire, I think he'd believe me!

15. "No, Johnny," I replied. "There are very few things that I can do, as you will discover in time. But now, while we are talking of heat, let me show you another way of warming things. Please fetch me a flat-iron, Mary, while Johnny brings my little hammer. Thank you! Now watch me while I pound this piece of lead, and put your finger on it when I stop. Now!"

16. "Does the pounding heat it?"

"It does. I have seen a blacksmith take a piece of cold iron and hammer it on a cold anvil with a cold hammer until it was hot enough to set wood a-fire."

"Where did the heat come from?"

17. "From the blacksmith's arm, but in such

a roundabout way that I should only puzzle you if I tried to describe it. You have seen that heat does come from fire, from the sun, from our bodies, from rubbing, from pounding, and from mixing things, such as quicklime and water; *how* it comes in any case you will learn by-and-by, when you are older.

18. "But we have got a long way from Johnny's button. Can you think of any other time you have seen things heated by rubbing?"

"We rub our hands when they are cold," Mary said, seeing Fred go through these motions, having just come in from outdoors.

19. "I'll tell you something I noticed coming across the bridge," said Fred. "It was freezing cold, yet the snow in the sled-tracks was melted when a heavy sleigh passed, leaving the boards bare sometimes. I could n't think what made it; was it friction?"

20. "Evidently. I've noticed the same thing many times. The snow 'wears out,' as the teamsters say—that is, the heat of the rubbing melts it."

"I've read of savages making fire by rubbing sticks together," Fred continued.

21. "They have several ways of doing it—or rather, different savages have different ways. One of the simplest is to rub one stick in a groove of another, rubbing briskly and bearing on hard. There is a bit of soft pine board that I tried the experiment with the other day. That is it. See! when I plow this stick up and down in the groove, the fine wood-dust that gathers at the bottom

begins to smoke a little and turn black. By working long enough and fast enough I could set the dust on fire; but it is too tiresome when a match will do as well, and one can buy a whole bunch of matches for a penny. We get our fire by rubbing too, only we use something that kindles quicker than wood, so that a single scratch on some rough surface develops heat enough to light it."

22. "What is it?" Mary asked.

"Phosphorus; I have some in this bottle. You rub the button, Johnny, while I take some of it out on the point of my knife. Now touch it with the button. See! it is hot enough to set the phosphorus a-fire. We might kindle our fires that way, but we find it more convenient to put the phosphorus on the end of a stick and mix it with something to keep it from lighting too easily. Then all we have to do is to rub the phosphorus point against anything rough, the friction heats it, it takes fire, and our light is ready. Did you ever hear of the traveler who was stopped by some barbarous people who knew nothing of matches?

23. "They would not let him go through their country, and, while they were debating whether to kill him or send him back, he grew tired of waiting and thought he would take a smoke. So he filled his pipe, and taking a match from his pocket, struck it against his boot, lighted his pipe, and thought no more about it. To his surprise, the people who were watching him, suddenly ran off, and directly there was a great commotion in the village.

24. "After a while the chief men came back very humbly, bringing him loads of presents, and begged him to go his way in peace. What was the reason? They had seen him draw fire from his foot, as they thought, and were afraid that such a great conjurer might burn them all up if they offended him. That was a lucky match for the traveler."

ADAM STWYN in the *Christian Union*.

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write the story of "The Traveler and the Matches."**

14. THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

As an oral introduction, the teacher will tell the class about the assembling of the American troops around Boston.

1. The battle of Bunker Hill, the first great battle of the American Revolution, was fought on the 17th of June, 1775. Soon after the skirmishes of Lexington and Concord, an army of 20,000 Americans assembled in the vicinity of Boston, which was held by the British.

2. The Americans sent 1,500 men, at night, to take possession of Bunker Hill in Charlestown, now a part of Boston. In the darkness, the troops occupied Breed's Hill, a height near Bunker Hill.

3. Early in the morning, as soon as General Gage, the British commander, saw the rude earthworks thrown up during the night, he sent a force of 2,500 men to dislodge the Americans.

4. The British soldiers with their glittering

bayonets and scarlet uniforms, presented an imposing array, as in regular columns they marched up the hill and charged on the American lines. They expected the American militia to run.

5. But the brave farmers under command of General Prescott had no idea of running away. They went there to fight. They coolly waited behind their rough breast-works until the British were within a few rods of them, and then poured in so deadly a fire that the enemy retreated down the hill in confusion.

6. The British officers rallied their men and made a second attack, but were again driven back with terrible slaughter. By this time the Americans were nearly out of powder, and their guns had no bayonets. A third time the British advanced, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove the Americans from the hill.

7. The British loss was a thousand men in killed and wounded; the American loss, about four hundred. Though the British held the hill, the Americans regarded the battle as a victory for themselves, because it showed that the rough farmers and hunters could successfully fight the trained regular troops of the British army.

Questions. Question pupils on the facts of this lesson, before it is read aloud in the class, to ascertain if the lesson has been studied.

6

WRITTEN SPELLING.—SYNONYMS.

Write after each of the following words a word of like meaning:

labor	mamma	odor	people
laborer	oriental	perform	possess
maternal	occur	prohibit	perceive

15. THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Require pupils, in reading this poem, to raise their eyes from the book and look at the teacher while repeating the last half of each line.

1.

It was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"

2.

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All 's well!"

* * * * * * * *

3.

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight; and now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still, and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep.

4.

And now they're forming at the Point; and now the lines advance;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear anear the throbbing drum, the bugle-challenge ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom—
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

5.

And so we waited, till we saw at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accursed.
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire.

6.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel;
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,—
"Hurrah! they run! the field is won! Hurrah! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for home and native land.

7.

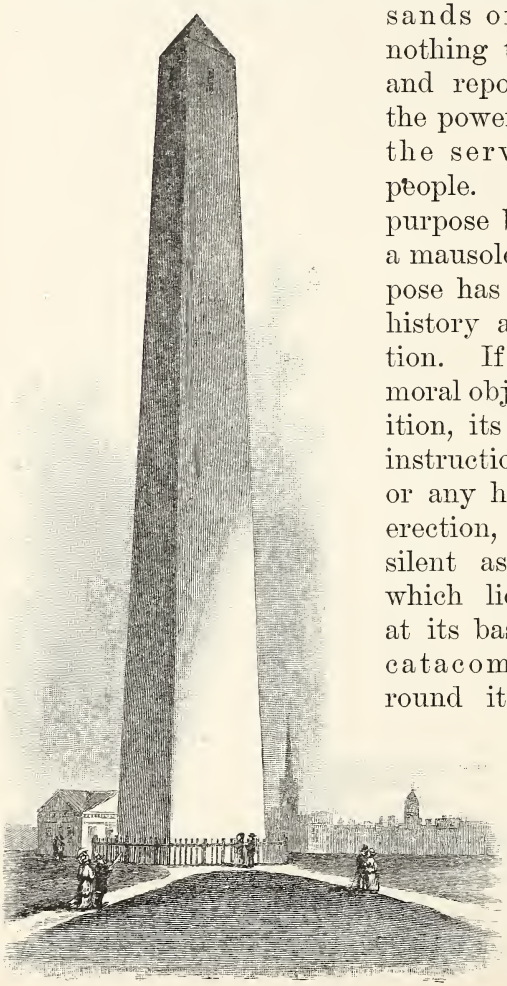
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose;
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the flaming columns rise,
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

Abridged from COZZENS.

DEFINITIONS.

trench, a ditch to prevent the approach of an enemy.
mat'tock, a kind of pick-axe.
bul'wark, rampart; breastwork; means of defense.
ire, anger; wrath.
liv'id, lead-colored; black and blue.
yeo'man, farmer.
tro'phy, memorial of victory.
quail, to fail in spirit; to cower.

16. BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.



The mighty pyramid itself, half buried in the sands of Africa, has nothing to bring down and report to us, but the power of kings, and the servitude of the people. If it had any purpose beyond that of a mausoleum, such purpose has perished from history and from tradition. If asked for its moral object, its admonition, its sentiment, its instruction to mankind, or any high end in its erection, it is silent—silent as the millions which lie in the dust at its base, and in the catacombs which surround it. Without a just moral object, therefore, made known to man, though raised against the skies, it excites only

conviction of power, mixed with strange wonder. But if the civilization of the present race of men, founded, as it is, in solid science, the true knowledge of nature, and vast discoveries in art, and which is stimulated and purified by moral sentiment, and by the truths of Christianity, be not destined to destruction before the final termination of human existence on earth, the object and purpose of this edifice will be known till that hour shall come. And even if civilization should be subverted, and the truths of the Christian religion obscured by a new deluge of barbarism, the memory of Bunker Hill and the American Revolution will still be elements and parts of the knowledge, which shall be possessed by the last man to whom the light of civilization and Christianity shall be extended.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

USING WORDS. Write sentences employing the following words with the meaning they have in this selection: **mausoleum, tradition, admonition, catacombs, subverted.**

17. HOW MONKEYS MADE A BRIDGE.

1. At a cry from the chief, several of the largest and strongest monkeys swung themselves into the tree that stood on the edge of the water. Here, they were seen to get upon a horizontal limb that projected over the creek. The foremost of the monkeys let himself down upon his tail, and hung head downward. Another slipped down the body of the first, and clutched him

around the neck and forearms with his strong tail, his head down also. A third succeeded the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, until a string of monkeys dangled from the limb.

2. A motion was now produced by the monkeys, striking other branches with their feet, until the long string swung back and forwards like the pendulum of a clock. This oscillation was gradually increased, until the monkey at the lower end was swung up among the branches of the tree on the opposite side of the creek. After touching them once or twice, he discovered that he was within reach; and the next time, when he had reached the highest point of the oscillating curve, he threw out his long, thin forearms, and firmly clutching the branches, held fast.

3. The living chain stretched across the creek from tree to tree, and, curving slightly, hung like a suspension bridge. A loud screaming, and gabbling, and chattering, and howling, proceeded from the band of monkeys, who, up to this time, had watched their comrades in silence—all except the old chief, who occasionally had given directions both with voice and gestures. But the general gabble that succeeded was, no doubt, an expression of the satisfaction of all, that the bridge was built.

4. The troop now proceeded to cross over, one or two old ones going first—perhaps to try the strength of the bridge. Then went the mothers, carrying their young on their backs, and after them the rest of the band.

5. It was quite an amusing scene to witness;

and the behavior of the monkeys would have caused any one to laugh—those who formed the bridge biting the others that passed over them, both on the legs and tails, until the latter screamed again! The old chief stood at the near end, and directed the crossing. Like a brave officer, he was the last to pass over. None dared to bite at *his* legs. They knew better than to play off their tricks on *him;* and he crossed quietly and without any molestation.

6. Now, the string still remained suspended between the trees. How were the monkeys that formed it to get themselves free again? Of course, the one that had clutched the branch with his arms might easily let go; but that would bring them back to the same side from which they had started, and would separate them from the rest of the band. Those constituting the bridge would, therefore, be as far from crossing as ever! The one at the tail end of the bridge simply let go his hold, and the whole string swung over, and hung from the tree on the opposite bank, into which they climbed at their leisure.

MAYNE REID.

SUPPLEMENTARY. **Call on pupils to tell any additional anecdote or story that they have ever read, about monkeys.**

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **horizontal, oscillation, suspended, molestation,** and use each word in a sentence of your own.

7

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS AND THEIR OPPOSITES.

Write the opposites of each of the following words:

slave	junior	foolish	quiet
affirm	motion	water	hope

II. VOCAL TRAINING.—Force.

Force, as the term is used in reading, means loudness, or intensity of voice. The general rule of voice. is to read loud enough for every one in the room to hear distinctly every word that is uttered. But selections are to be read with gentle force, moderate force, or loud force, according to the feeling or emotion to be expressed.

Quiet, peaceful, or subdued feeling is expressed by gentle or subdued force, while the passions, such as joy, anger, revenge, etc., are expressed by loud or intense force. In calling to persons at a distance, and in shouting, the force is loud. In general, the stronger the emotion, the louder the force.

I. GENTLE OR SOFT FORCE.

To be read by the teacher and repeated by the class.

1. I walk down the valley of silence—
   Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
   And I hear not the fall of a footstep
   Around me—save God's and my own;
   And the hush of my heart is as holy
   As hours when angels have flown.

2. But far on the deep there are billows
   That never shall break on the beach,
   And I have heard songs in the silence
   That never shall float into speech;
   And I have had dreams in the valley,
   Too lofty for language or speech.

II. MODERATE FORCE.

1. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

III. LOUD FORCE.

1. Hear the loud *alàrum* bells—*brâzen* bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!

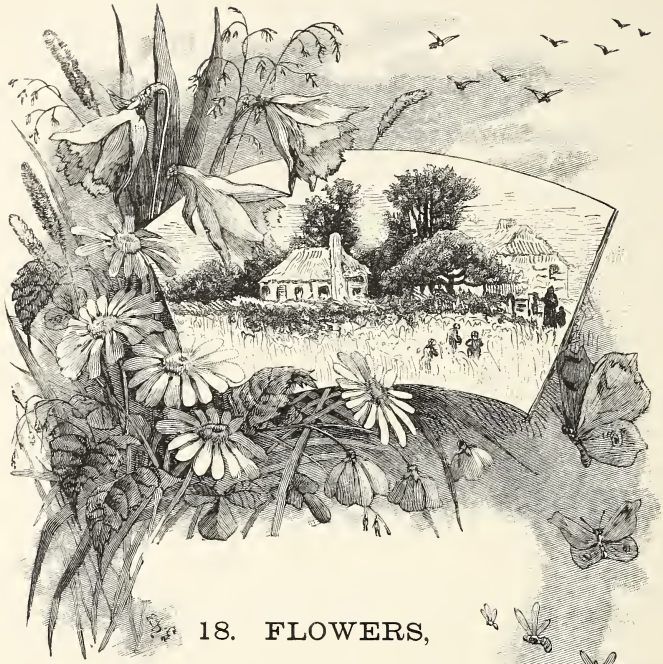
2. To *àrms!* to *àrms!* to *àrms!* they cry.

3. Thy threats, thy mercy, I *defy*,
Let recreant yield who fears to die.

4. The monotony of the calm was suddenly broken by the long-expected cry, "There she blows!" from the man at the mast-head. "Where away?" asked the captain. "Three points off the lee bow, sir." "Raise up your wheel. Steady!" "Steady, sir." "Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?" "Ay, ay, sir. A school of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breathes!" "Sing out! Sing out every time!" "Ay, ay, sir. There she blows! There, there, *there*, she blows!" "How far off?" "Two miles and a half." "So near? Call all hands! Clew up the fore-top-gallant-sail—there! belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul back the main-yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?" "All ready, sir." "Lower away!"

IV. CONCERT FORCE DRILL.

Read the tables of elementary sounds at the end of *Part I*, p. 142; (1) With gentle force; (2) Moderate force; (3) Loud force; (4) Very loud force.



18. FLOWERS,

THE STARS OF EARTH.

[The poet, by a figure, compares flowers to stars, which convey lessons as striking and numerous as those taught by the stars of heaven. We have flowers in all places, and in all seasons; and they teach the same truth, written by God, to all classes of men.]

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

2. Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
   As astrologers and seers of eld;
   Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
   Like the burning stars which *they* beheld.

3. Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

4. Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Writ all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

5. Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn:

6. Not alone in spring's armorial bearing,
And in summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old autumn's wearing,
In the center of his brazen shield:

7. Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink:

8. Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes carved in stone:

9. In the cottage of the rudest peasant;
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the past unto the present,
Tell us of the ancient games of flowers:

10. In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

11. And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

DEFINITIONS.

a kin', related to.
cred'u lous, believing.
eld, ancient times.
em'blems, representations; pictures.
ev'i dent, plain.
fir'ma ment, sky.
flow'er ets, little flowers.
quaint, curious.
res ur rec'tion, rising from the dead.
rev e la'tion, a making known.
seers, prophets.
se ques'tered, out of the way.
astrologers, men who professed to foretell events by studying the position of the stars at certain times.

Castled Rhine. The river Rhine is so called because of the number of castles on its banks.

Spring's armorial bearing. Flowers are here compared to the devices on a shield or coat-of-arms. "Green-emblazoned field," in next line has the same meaning. The "field" is the ground on which the devices are shown; "green-emblazoned" means adorned with green.

Her vast dome of glory. Nature's canopy; the sky.

19. THE ROMANS.

1. At one time the greatest people in the world were the Romans. These were originally the people of the city of Rome in Italy. They were not so bold at sea as the Phœnicians, nor were they so clever and learned a people as the Greeks. They could not build such fine temples, or carve such beautiful statues, or make such eloquent speeches and poems as the Greeks could;

but they were the best soldiers and the wisest law-makers that the world ever saw.

2. At Rome, in the best days of Rome, every man knew both how to command and how to obey. The Romans chose their own rulers; but when they had chosen them, they submitted to all their lawful commands. They made their own laws; but they did not think that, because they made the laws, they might therefore break them. Thus they were able gradually to conquer, first all Italy, and then nearly all the world that they knew of, that is, all the countries round about the Mediterranean Sea.

3. The people of Italy, itself, they gradually admitted to the same rights as themselves, so that at the time of which I am speaking, every Italian was reckoned as a Roman; but the lands out of Italy they made into provinces, and the people of those lands were their subjects.

4. There was no king at Rome, but the people of the provinces had to obey the laws made by the Senate and people of Rome, and to be governed by the magistrates whom the Romans sent to rule over them. The Romans were very proud of their freedom in having no king or master of any kind, and for a long time they were worthy of their freedom, and used it well.

E. A. Freeman.

Composition. **Write in what particulars the Romans were:**

1. **Inferior to the Phœnicians.**
2. **To the Greeks.**
3. **In what particulars superior to all other nations.**
4. **Why they were able to conquer the world.**
5. **What people were counted Romans?**

20. THE SAHARA.

1. The Sahara is the most parched, sandy, and desolate waste on the face of the globe. It is almost a rainless region, and, with the exception of a few springs in the *oases*, is destitute of water.

2. It would be uninhabitable by man and impassable for camels, were it not for the *oases* that are scattered over it like islands in the ocean. The only vegetation of the Sahara, except on the *oases*, consists of thistles, acacias, and other hard and thorny shrubs. The only animals are scorpions, vipers, lizards, and ants.

3. Notwithstanding one half of it lies in the temperate zone, the Sahara, as a whole, is the hottest region of the globe, the thermometer sometimes rising to 130 degrees in the shade. There is only one season, a hot, dry, changeless summer.

4. Camels have been justly called by the Arabs "the ships of the desert." The caravans move at the rate of about three miles an hour for six hours a day. In many parts of this sandy waste there are no traces of a path except the whitened bones of animals that have perished from fatigue and thirst. When the hot *simoom* overtakes a caravan, the riders dismount, and the camels plunge their noses into the sand to escape the air, hot as the blast of a furnace.

SPELLING MATCH. **Dictate words selected from previous spelling lessons.**

21. BABIE BELL.

Let pupils memorize this beautiful piece for recitation.

Have you not heard the poet tell,
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar—
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out of Paradise!
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged seraphs go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers!
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours!

* * * * * * *

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands—
And what did dainty Babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands!
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours! T. B. Aldrich.

CONCERT PHONIC DRILL.—SILENT LETTERS.

After phonic spelling and pronunciation, dictate the words for slate work, requiring diacritical markings.

b	e͎ōmb, e͎rŭmb, dĕbt, lămb, nŭmb, to͎mb
b	e͎līmb, dŭmb, doubt, lĭmb, thŭmb, plŭmber
d	bădġe, brĭdġe, lĕdġe, hĕdġe, jŭdġe, plĕdġe
d	bŭdġe, sĕdġe, lŏdġe, grŭdġe, nŭdġe, rĭdġe
gh	bôught, blīght, fôught, heīght, rīght, nīgh
gh	brīght, e͎a͎ught, flīght, nīght, sīght, plīght
gh	brôught, fīght, hīgh, mīght, thīgh, sīght
t	ŏften, sŏften, glĭsten, lĭsten, chāsten

8

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OF OPPOSITE MEANING.

Write the opposites of each of the following words:

minus	handsome	tears	tallest
addition	modest	worse	strongest
shallow	talkative	seek	best

22. WE ARE SEVEN.

William Wordsworth was born in Cumberland, England, in 1770, and died in 1850. His parents, who were of the middle class, designed him for the church, but poetry turned him into another path. His pursuit through life was poetry; his profession that of stamp-distributor for the government. He was one of the members of the "Lake School of Poetry," the others being Coleridge and Southey. He lived at Rydal Mount, among the lakes, a quiet and dignified life. His early poems were received with ridicule, and it was only by departing from his theory of poetry that he obtained admirers. He was the poet of nature; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine:—

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him were opening Paradise."

His minor poems were his best. Read "We are Seven," and the lines, "A Portrait," addressed to his wife.

1. I met a little cottage girl;
   She was eight years old, she said;
   Her hair was thick with many a curl
   That clustered round her head.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
   And she was wildly clad;
   Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
   Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
   How many may you be?"
   "How many? Seven in all," she said,
   And, wondering, looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you, tell."
   She answered, "Seven are we;
   And two of us at Conway dwell,
   And two are gone to sea.

5. "Two of us in the churchyard lie—
   My sister and my brother—
   And in the churchyard cottage I
   Dwell near them, with my mother."

6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,
   And two are gone to sea,
   Yet ye are seven. I pray you tell,
   Sweet maid, how this may be."

7. Then did the little maid reply,
   "Seven boys and girls are we;
   Two of us in the churchyard lie,
   Beneath the churchyard tree."

8. "You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green; they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door;
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

11. "And often, after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

13. "So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go;
And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"Oh, master! we are seven."

16. "But they are dead—those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven."
'T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

9

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORD EXERCISE.

Write the following words, divide into syllables, mark the accented syllables, and use diacritical marks.

mosque	lattice	mortise	committee
granite	opaque	lettuce	levee
docile	trestle	pamphlet	sphinx
nasal	stucco	veneer	piazza

ABBREVIATIONS.

Acct.—Account. C. O. D.—Collect on delivery.
Vols.—Volumes. Prox.—Of the next month.
Ult.—Of the last month.

The pupils may write the following letter, using the abbreviations in their proper places.

Boston, June 15, 1883.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your favor of the 30th of last month, I beg to say that I will ship fifteen volumes on the first of next month, with bill, to be collected on delivery. I herewith enclose your old account.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

23. THE MOST USEFUL OF METALS.

1. The splendid color of gold, its great density, its durableness, and its scarcity, have obtained for it the epithet of *precious*, although, in point of utility to man, iron has far higher and more numerous claims to such a title.

2. The innumerable applications of iron in our own day result from the various useful properties of this metal. It can be brought to a fluid state, and made to assume whatever form has been given to the mould designed to receive it. It can be drawn out into bars of any degree of strength, or into wires of wonderful fineness. It can be spread out into plates or sheets. It can be twisted and bent in all directions. It can be made hard or soft, sharp or blunt.

3. Iron may be regarded as the parent of agriculture and of the useful arts, for without it the plowshare could not have rendered the earth fertile. Iron furnishes the scythe and the pruning-hook, as well as the sword and the cannon. It forms the chisel, the needle, and the graver. It is the material of which springs of various kinds are made, from the spring of a watch to that of a carriage. The chain, the anchor, and the compass, all owe their origin to this most useful of all the metals.

4. We can scarcely move without meeting with new and surprising proofs of the fact that we are indeed living in the iron age. We travel on land, drawn by engines of iron, on iron railroads. We

pass over bridges constructed of iron, and often suspended by iron rods. Our steamboats are of iron; our pens are of iron; our bedsteads, chairs, stools, and ornaments are frequently of iron. Clumsy wooden gates are being superseded by light and elegant structures of iron. Buildings of all kinds are supported on pillars of iron; and to crown all, we build dwelling-houses and light-houses of iron, and transport them to the most distant parts of the globe.

5. Iron is found more abundantly in the earth than any other metal, and its importance is equal to its abundance. There is no other substance which possesses so many valuable properties, or is so well adapted to form the instruments which have assisted to bring about the dominion of mind over matter.

6. Iron in a natural state is rarely pure, though in different parts of the world several large masses of pure iron are known to exist, and other similar masses have, at various times, been observed to fall from the atmosphere. In South America there is a mass of meteoric iron estimated at thirty-six thousand pounds weight: and there is one in Siberia which weighs sixteen thousand pounds.

7. The first process in the manufacture of iron is roasting the ore, which is done in kilns or furnaces, or in large heaps in the open air. The effect of roasting the ore is to drive off the water, sulphur, and arsenic which it generally contains. It is then mixed with limestone and coke, and brought to the blast furnace, which is the most

important feature in an iron-work. This furnace rises to the height of from fifty to seventy feet, and at times, it lights up the country around like a small volcano.

8. As the materials are placed in the top of the furnace, and as they gradually sink to the bottom, the ore, being thus for several hours in contact with the burning fuel, is almost saturated with carbon when it reaches the lower or hottest part of the furnace. Here the melted iron is drawn off at intervals of from eight to twelve hours. This work is continued with double sets of workmen day and night, without stoppage, for two or three years; for if the furnace were allowed to cool, the contents would become solid and the furnace would be ruined.

9. Previous to drawing off the iron, a channel, called the *sow*, is formed in a bed of sand in front of the furnace. Branching off from the sow, at right angles to it, are a number of smaller channels, called *pigs*. Into these the melted metal is run. The bars when cooled are in the state known as *pig iron*. The general name of the metal in this state is *cast iron*.

10. Iron is employed in the arts in three different states: as *crude* or *cast iron*, as *steel*, and as *wrought iron*, the difference depending upon the relative amount of carbon with which the metal is combined. Cast iron contains a larger proportion of carbon than steel, and steel more than wrought or malleable iron, the best malleable iron having only a very minute portion of carbon. The presence of carbon in cast iron

renders the metal more fluid when melted, and, consequently, better suited for casting in moulds.

11. When converted into ordinary machinery, a piece of cast iron, originally worth five dollars, becomes worth about twenty dollars; into large ornamental work, two hundred and twenty-five dollars; into buckles, three thousand dollars; and into buttons, twenty-five thousand dollars. A bar of wrought iron, originally worth five dollars, becomes worth about twelve dollars when worked into horse-shoes; one hundred and fifty dollars when made into table-knives; three hundred and fifty dollars when turned into needles; three thousand two hundred and eighty dollars when in the form of pen-knife blades; and more than all, it becomes worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars when manufactured into watch-springs.

DEFINITIONS.

com bus'ti ble, easily burned.
com mer'cial ly, in trade.
con struct'ed, built.
con vert'ed, changed.
de signed', planned.
ep'i thet, description; title.
in nu'mer a ble, countless.
kilns, (*kills*), large stoves.
mal'le a ble, capable of being hammered out.
o rig'i nal ly, at first.
sat'u rat ed, filled to excess.
su per sed'ed by, set aside for.
trans port', carry.
ul'ti mate ly, at last.

The dominion of mind over matter. The power by which man makes material things his servants. The "instruments" which have brought about this are all kinds of machinery used in the arts and the manufactures.

Meteor'ic iron. Iron that has fallen to the earth from the surrounding atmosphere. Meteoric stones, or aerolites, are believed to be fragments thrown off from shooting stars which have approached the earth. These stars become luminous on entering the atmosphere of the earth, and the fragments reach the earth in a red-hot state.

COMPOSITION. **Let each pupil write the facts about iron which seem to him the most interesting.**

24. A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back:
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred;
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

WHITTIER.

25. THE DRUMMER BOY IN THE SNOW.

1. One cold December morning, about the beginning of the century, a French army was crossing the Alps. They carried muskets and bayonets, and dragged along with them some fifty or sixty cannons. A very hard time they seemed to be having. It was trying work, certainly, even for the strongest, to wade for miles through knee-deep snow in the bitter frost and biting wind, along those narrow, slippery mountain-paths, with precipices hundreds of feet deep all around.

2. The soldiers looked thin and heavy-eyed, from want of food and sleep; and the poor horses that were dragging the heavy guns stumbled at every step.

But there was *one* among them who seemed to enjoy the rough marching, and who tramped along through the deep snow and cold gray mist as merrily as if he were going to a picnic.

3. He was a little drummer boy of ten years old, whose fresh, rosy face looked very bright among the grim, scarred visages of the old soldiers. When the cutting wind whirled a shower of snow in his face, he dashed it away with a cheery laugh, and awoke the echoes with the lively rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if the huge, black rocks around were all singing in chorus.

4. "Bravo, little drummer!" cried a tall man in a shabby gray cloak, who was marching at the head of the line with a long pole in his hand, and striking it into the snow every now and then, to see how deep it was. "Bravo, Pierre, my boy! With such music as that one could march all the way to Moscow!"

5. The boy smiled, and raised his hand to his cap in salute; for this rough-looking man was no other than the general himself—"Fighting Macdonald," one of the bravest soldiers in France, of whom his men used to say that one sight of his face in battle was worth a whole regiment.

6. "Long live our general!" shouted a hoarse voice; and the cheer, flying from mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent mountains like a peal of distant thunder.

7. But its echo had hardly died away when the silence was again broken by another sound of a very different kind—a strange, unearthly sound, far away up the great white mountain-side. Moment by moment it grew louder and harsher till, at length, it swelled into a deep hoarse roar.

"On your face, lads!" roared the general, "it's an avalanche!"

8. But before his men had time to obey, the ruin was on them. Down thundered the great mass of snow, sweeping the narrow ledge-path like a water-fall, and crashing down along with it came heaps of stones, and gravel, and loose earth, and uprooted bushes, and great blocks of cold, blue ice. For a moment all was dark as night, and when the rush had passed, many of the brave fellows who had been standing on the path were nowhere to be seen. They had been carried over the precipice, and were either killed or buried alive in the snow.

9. But the first thought of their comrades was not for them. When it was seen what had happened, one cry arose from nearly every mouth: "Where is our little drummer?"

10. Where, indeed! Look which way they would, nothing could be seen of their poor little favorite; and when they shouted his name, there was no answer. Then there broke forth a terrible cry of grief, and many a hardy old soldier, who had looked without flinching at a line of leveled muskets, felt the tears start into his eyes, at the thought that that bright face would never be seen among them again.

11. But all at once, far below them, out of the shadow of the dark unknown gulf that lay between those tremendous rocks, arose the faint roll of a *drum*, beating the charge! The soldiers started and bent eagerly forward to listen; and then up went a shout that shook the air.

12. "He's alive, comrades! our Pierre's alive, after all!"

"And beating his drum still, like a brave lad! He wanted to have the old music to the very last!"

"But we must save him, lads, or he'll freeze to death down there. He must be saved!"

13. "He shall be!" broke in a deep voice from behind; and the general himself was seen standing on the brink of the precipice, throwing off his cloak.

"No, no, general!" cried the grenadiers with one voice, "you must n't run such a risk as that. Let one of us go instead; your life is worth more than all of ours put together!"

14. "My soldiers are my children," answered Macdonald quietly, "and no father grudges his own life to save his son. Quick now, boys! cast loose the drag-rope of that cannon, loop it under my arms, and let me down."

15. The soldiers knew better than to make any more objections. They obeyed in silence, and the next moment the general was swinging in mid-air, down, down, down, till he vanished at last into the darkness of the cold black depth below.

16. Then every man drew a long breath, and all eyes were strained to watch for the first sign

of his re-appearing; for they knew well that he would never come back without the boy, and that the chances were terribly against him.

17. Meanwhile, Macdonald, having landed safely at the foot of the precipice, was looking anxiously around in search of Pierre; but the beating of the drum had ceased, and he had nothing to guide him.

"Pierre!" shouted he as loudly as he could, "Where are you, my boy?"

"Here, general!" answered a weak voice—so faint that it could scarce be heard.

18. And there, sure enough, was the little fellow half buried in a huge mound of soft snow. Macdonald made for him at once; and although he sank waist-deep at every step, he reached the spot at last.

19. "All right now, my brave boy," said the general, cheerily. "Put your arms around my neck, and hold on tightly; we'll have you out of this in a minute!" The boy tried to obey, but his stiffened fingers had lost all their strength.

20. What was to be done? A few minutes more, and the numbing cold of that dismal place would make the rescuer as powerless as he whom he had come to rescue. But General Macdonald was not the man to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his sash, and knotting one end of it to the rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly together with the other, and then gave the signal to draw up.

21. When the two came swinging up into the day-light once more, and the soldiers saw their pet still alive and unhurt, cheer upon cheer rang out, rolling far back along the line, till the very mountains themselves seemed to be rejoicing.

"We've been under fire and under snow together," said Macdonald, chafing the boy's cold hands tenderly; "and nothing shall part us two after this so long as we both live."

22. And the general kept his word. Years later, when the great wars were all over, there might have been seen walking in the garden of

a quiet country house in the south of France, a stooping white-haired old man, who had once been the famous Marshal Macdonald; and he leaned for support on the arm of a tall, soldier-like fellow, who had once been little Pierre, the drummer.

DEFINITIONS.

The Alps. High mountains—the highest in Europe—between France and Italy.

Mos'cow. The old capital of Russia, in the middle of the country. It was seized by the French under Napoleon in 1812; but the inhabitants set fire to the city, and the French were forced to withdraw.

Fighting Macdonald. Etienne Macdonald, descended from an old Scottish family long resident in France. He greatly distinguished himself as one of Napoleon's generals. He died in 1840.

The great wars. The wars with which the Emperor Napoleon disturbed the peace of Europe for many years. They came to an end in 1815.

COMPOSITION. **Assist pupils to select and arrange for themselves the heads they would employ in writing this story, thus:**

1. **December—Soldiers weary.**
2. **One exception—The Drummer Boy.**
3. **The Avalanche, etc.**

Requiring the pupil himself to arrange the topics as above indicated, will give him an excellent exercise. The pupil should not have the work wholly done for him either by the author or the teacher.

10

WRITTEN SPELLING.—DROPPING THE FINAL LETTER.

Words ending in silent **e** *drop it on adding a suffix beginning with a vowel; as, blame, blam-ing, blam-ed, blam-able.*

Add the suffixes **ing** and **ed** to:

move	seize	perceive	believe
prove	live	conceive	grieve
love	guide	receive	precede

Require each pupil, in turn, to name and spell the derivatives of some word illustrating the above rule.

A LESSON IN SYNONYMS.

Put the right word in the right place.

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.

habits
manners — The —— of the English people are good; but many of their —— are objectionable.

drive
force — John will —— the horse into the barn, and —— him to submit.

cure
remedy — He has tried nearly every —— in existence; but no —— has yet been effected.

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.

26. THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

1. Gusty and raw was the morning,
   A fog hung over the seas,
   And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
   Were torn by the mountain trees;

No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

2. The pescador, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall!

3. Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds
Drove cold on Paso del Mar.

4. Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
Had traveled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason he had to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead, in vain.

5. With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trode;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar!

6. "*Back!*" shouted Bernal full fiercely,
And "*Back!*" shouted Pablo, in wrath,
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And "*Back or you perish!*" cried Bernal,
"*I turn not on Paso del Mar!*"

7. The gray mule stood firm as the headland;
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle,
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

8. They fought, till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning further,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.
And frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed round him his terrible grasp,

And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the mule, in his clasp.

9. They grappled with desperate madness
On the slippery edge of the wall,
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall!
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the Paso del Mar!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEFINITIONS.

Pa'so del Mar, pass of the sea.
pes ca dor', fisherman.
shal'lop, small boat.
fren'zied, maddened; raging.
swart, tawny; dark-colored.
San Diego, [*de-a'go*], a town in the southern part of California, settled by the Spanish in 1768.

DICTATION. **Dictate the first stanza, to be written on slates.**

COMPOSITION. **Give each pupil one stanza to re-write in prose form.**

27. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

1. John Adams, the second President of the United States, was born in Massachusetts in 1735. When a boy, he once became tired of going to school, and his father set him at work digging a ditch in the meadow. John shoveled hard for two days, and then went to his father and told him he wanted to go back to the study of Latin.

2. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and took a leading part in urging the

Declaration of Independence. He was elected President in 1796, and died on the Fourth of July, 1826.

3. Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, and one of the greatest of American statesmen, was born in Virginia in 1743. Like Adams, he was a lawyer, and like him, he early took sides against the oppression of the British Government. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was elected Governor of Virginia, and was afterwards sent as Minister to France. Then he became Vice President, and in 1801, President of the United States.

4. We are indebted to Jefferson for our decimal system of currency. He was a great political philosopher—that is, he was an able writer about the principles of our free government.

5. Adams and Jefferson both died on the same day, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1826. The following eloquent extract is taken from Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson:

6. "No two men now live, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived, in one age, who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind; infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they

water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very center; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader; and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

7. "We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come, in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is—one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come, in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the Fourth of July, 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honor, in producing that momentous event."

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definitions of **commemorate, infused, principles,** and use each word in a sentence of your own.

MEMORY EXERCISE. **Require the boys of the class to memorize the extract from Webster.**

11

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS OFTEN MISSPELLED.

Study this lesson by copying it on your slates.

specimen	grizzly	guardian	cylinder
average	mucilage	hyacinth	dying
science	parallel	milliner	halloo

28. LUCY GRAY.

1. Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day,
A solitary child.

2. No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door.

3. You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

4. "To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

5. "That, father, will I gladly do!
'T is scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

6. At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

7. Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

8.

The storm came on before its time
She wandered up and down:
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

9.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

10. At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

11. They wept; and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"—

When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet!

12. Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the foot-marks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

13. And then an open field they crossed—
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

14. They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

15. Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

WORDSWORTH.

DEFINITIONS.

com'rade, companion.
min'ster, cathedral.
main tain', declare and insist upon.
blithe, cheerful and light-hearted.
dis perse', scatter.
plied, went on with.

29. ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.

1. The most careful attention and painstaking industry always mark the true worker. The greatest men are not the men who despise small things, but those who improve them most carefully. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor in his studio what he had been doing to a statue since his last visit.

2. "I have retouched this part, polished that; softened this feature, brought out that muscle; given some expression to that lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

3. So it is said of another celebrated painter, that the rule of his conduct was, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well;" and when asked late in life by a friend, by what means he had gained so high a reputation in Italy, he emphatically answered, "Because I have neglected nothing."

4. The difference between one man and another, consists very much in their manner of observing. A Russian proverb says of a man who does not observe things, "He goes through the forest, and sees no fire-wood."—"The wise man's eyes are in his head," says Solomon; "but the fool walketh in darkness."—"Sir," said Dr. Samuel Johnson on one occasion to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage-coach than others in the tour of Europe."

5. The mind sees, as well as the eye. Where unthinking gazers observe nothing, men of intelligent vision see into the very root of the matter put before their eyes, attentively noting differences, making comparisons, and seeing what the thing means exactly. In this way the telescope was invented by Galileo, and this proved the beginning of the modern science of astronomy.

6. While Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning. He saw a tiny spider's web suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be made in the same way; and the result was the invention of the suspension bridge.

7. It is the intelligent eye of the careful observer which gives apparently trifling sights their value. So trifling a matter as the sight of sea-weed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to put an end to the mutiny which arose among his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the New World was not far off. There is nothing so small that it should remain forgotten; and there is no fact, however trivial, but may prove useful in some way or other, if carefully interpreted.

8. The famous chalk cliffs of England were built by tiny animals, detected only by the help of the microscope. Creatures of the same order have filled the sea with islands of coral. And who that contemplates such wonderful results, arising from infinitely minute causes, will venture to doubt the power of little things?

9. The close observation of little things is the secret of all true success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit in life. Human knowledge is but the accumulation of small facts,

made by successive generations of men—the little bits of experience carefully treasured up by them growing into a mighty pyramid.

SMILES.

COMPOSITION. **Let each pupil select from this lesson the proverb he thinks most useful, and write his reasons for thinking so.**

12

WRITTEN SPELLING.

Words ending in **ce** *or* **ge** *retain* **e** *before* **able** *and* **ous.** *In a few words* **e** *is retained before* **ing.** *An exception to the general rule is* **mileage.**

changeable	courageous	dyeing	toeing
chargeable	outrageous	hoeing	singeing
traceable	serviceable	shoeing	tingeing

30. CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

To be memorized by boys for declamation.

1. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

2. Washington—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"—Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions.

3. I would cheerfully put the question to-day

to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

4. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgivings of friends—I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation.

5. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuit and advancement of happiness—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory—to him who denies that we have contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DEFINITIONS.

ven er a'tion, respect mingled with awe.
suf'frage, vote: united voice.
u na nim'i ty, state of being of one mind.
tran scend'ent, surpassing all others.
fer'vid, fiery; boiling.
ex al ta'tion, elevation in rank or dignity.

31. THE STORY OF A LEAF.

1. Once on a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle

wind is about. And one of the twigs said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

2. "The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that some day it would pull me off and throw me to the ground to die." The twig whispered this to the branch, and the branch whispered it to the tree.

3. When the tree heard it, it rustled all over and sent back word to the leaf not to be afraid, but to hold on tightly, and it should not be shaken off until it was ready to go itself. Then the leaf stopped sighing and crying, and went on singing and rustling; and so it grew all summer long till October.

4. When the bright days of autumn came, the leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some were scarlet, and some were striped with colors. Then the little leaf became curious, and asked the tree what this meant.

5. The tree told it that those leaves were getting ready to fly away, and that they were putting on those colors because they were so glad to go. Then the little leaf began to wish to go too, and it grew very beautiful in thinking of it.

6. After a while a puff of wind came, and the leaf let go its hold; and the wind took it up and turned it over, and then let it fall gently down among hundreds of other leaves, where it went quietly to sleep, and never waked up to tell what it dreamt about.

COMPOSITION. **Read this lesson a second time, silently and carefully, then close the book and write the story from memory.**

III. VOCAL TRAINING.

I. Stress of Voice.

Stress denotes the manner of applying force to words. The two forms of stress most used in reading are the smooth or median stress, and the abrupt or radical stress. Smooth stress corresponds to the swell in music and is indicated thus (<>). Abrupt stress is the opposite of smooth stress, and is indicated thus (>).

In the median stress the voice prolongs and dwells upon the vowel sounds; in the radical stress the sounds are cut short, and are abrupt or explosive.

CONCERT DRILL ON STRESS.

To be given by the teacher and repeated by the class.

1. Repeat four times with smooth stress, that is with a prolonged swell, the long vowel sounds: ā, ē, ī, ō, ū.

2. In the same manner: ā, ä, a̱, ē, e̱, ō, o͞o, oi, ou.

3. Repeat with abrupt, emphatic force the short vowel sounds: ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ.

EXAMPLES OF MEDIAN STRESS.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
   Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

2. Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

3. I heard the bells on Christmas Day
   Their old familiar carols play,
   And wild and sweet
   The words repeat
   Of peace on earth, good will to men.

4. Recite in concert, as an illustration of medium stress, Memory Exercise, *The Union*, page 20.

EXAMPLES OF ABRUPT STRESS.

1. To *àrms!* to *àrms!* to *àrms!* they cry.
2. *Fìre! fìre! fìre!*
   See the red flames leaping higher!
3. And rounder, *rounder*, ROUNDER,
   Roared the iron six-pounder.

II. Pronunciation Drill.

I. Intermediate a.

Pronounce these words and let the class repeat in concert.

åsk	clåss	påst	åft′er	a lås′
tåsk	påss	låst	mås′ter	per chånce′
cåsk	gråss	cåst	pås′ture	com månd′
chånce	glåss	fåst	pås′tŏr	de månd′

After concert drill let each pupil read five words.

II. Short e.

ĕgg	says	kĕt′tle	lĕath′er	a gain′
said	kĕg	man′y	plĕas′ure	for gĕt′
bĕg	dĕaf	an′y	prĕf′ace	a gainst′

III. Short i.

sĭnçe	dĭs′trict	en′gĭne	doc′ĭle
rĭnse	trĭb′une	fer′tĭle	duc′tĭle
been	pret′ty	hos′tĭle	rep′tĭle

IV. Long, Italian, and Short a.

mā′cron	hälf	bäth	băde	păt′ent
pā′tron	läugh	päth	plăid	măr′ry
nā′ked	cälf	häunt	ăn′swer	băr′rel
māy′or	äunt	heärth	răth′er	hăr′row

32. YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

1.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
Through all the wide border his steed is the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

2.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk River, where ford there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

4.

"I long wooed your daughter—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

5.

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

6.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

7.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

8.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SPELLING MATCH. Dictate from previous spelling lessons.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the meaning of **dauntless, ford, dastard, galliard.** Write each word in a sentence of your own.

13

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORD EXERCISE.

Add **ing** *to each of the following words; observing the rule already given.*

admire	desire	bite	hire	rise
arrive	mistake	dive	hide	shine
define	perceive	dine	ride	strike

33. JOHN MAYNARD, THE PILOT.

1. John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest, and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon, when smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:

2. "Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

3. All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

4. "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we can reach there?" "Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

5. Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet: "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?" "South-east by east, sir." "Head her south-east and run her on shore," said the captain.

6. Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out: "John Maynard!" The response came feebly this time. "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said. "By God's help, I will."

7. The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set; with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God. JOHN B. GOUGH.

14

WRITTEN SPELLING.—WORDS THAT RHYME.

sneeze	seize	grain	skein
please	tease	which	witch
chaise	blaze	scourge	verge
straight	freight	purse	hearse

SPELLING GAME. **Make a game in oral spelling by letting one pupil name and spell some word of one syllable, and requiring the next pupil to name and spell a word that will rhyme with it.**

34. THE CREATION.

Require pupils to memorize this poem for recitation.

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

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

3. What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

Questions. What is the meaning of "a shining frame," "the unwearied sun," "from pole to pole," "evening shades prevail"?

SLATE WORK. **Write the first stanza from memory; exchange, compare with the book, and correct errors in spelling, capitals, and punctuation.**

DICTIONARY LESSON. Find the definitions of **firmament, proclaim, planets, tidings, terrestrial, radiant,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

35. ANDREW JACKSON.

1. Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, was born in North Carolina, in 1767. When a boy, "Andy," as he was called, was fond of fishing, hunting, wrestling, and fighting; but he loved and obeyed his mother, and

was noted for his courage and honesty. When a mere lad, Andy, with his older brother, was fighting the British and Tories in South Carolina, during the Revolutionary War. Both the boys were taken prisoners, and treated very cruelly.

2. One day, Andy stoutly refused to black the boots of a British officer, and was punished by a severe saber cut across his head and arm. Andrew's brother was wounded too, and before their wounds were healed, both were attacked by the small-pox. His brother died, but Andrew was saved by the skillful nursing of his mother, after his release from prison.

3. After the war, young Jackson studied law, and then removed to Tennessee, where he engaged in the practice of his profession. In the war of 1812, he was appointed by the President as Major-General. He at once entered into a brilliant and successful campaign against the Indians in the South.

4. In 1815, he rallied the Western troops to the defense of New Orleans, against which the British were fitting out a great expedition. On the eighth of January, 1815, he won the glorious victory of New Orleans. The splendid British army was repulsed and defeated with a loss of fifteen hundred in killed and wounded.

5. This decisive victory made him a great military hero. He was elected President in 1828, and re-elected in 1832. He died at the Hermitage in Tennessee, in 1845.

SPELLING. Dictate from the lesson, to be written and marked: **British, attacked, campaign, decisive, wounded.**

36. THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

1. A farmer once went to a lawyer and told him that a sad accident had happened. "One of your oxen," said he, "has been gored to death by an unlucky bull of mine, and I would like to know how much I must pay for damages." "You are a very honest man," replied the lawyer. "All that I ask is one of *your* oxen in return."

2. "That is no more than right," said the honest farmer, "but stop—I made a slight mistake. It is *your* bull that has gored *my* ox." "Ah! well!" stammered the lawyer, "that alters the case, I will inquire into the matter, and if"—

3. "'And if,'" retorted the farmer, "'and if:' you decided without any *if* when you thought *your* ox was gored."

Proverb.—Circumstances alter cases.

WRITTEN EXPRESSION. **Write this fable in your own language.**

37. THE MENAGERIE IN RHYME.

A lesson in pronunciation. Divide these words among the class equally, to be written with the proper accent, and diacritical marks. The dictionary should be consulted.

Alligator, beetle, porcupine, whale,
Bobolink, panther, dragon-fly, snail,
Crocodile, monkey, buffalo, hare,
Dromedary, leopard, mud-turtle, bear,
Elephant, badger, pelican, ox,
Flying-fish, reindeer, anaconda, fox,

Guinea-pig, dolphin, antelope, goose,
Humming-bird, weasel, pickerel, moose,
Ibex, rhinoceros, owl, kangaroo,
Jackal, opossum, toad, cockatoo,
Kingfisher, peacock, ant-eater, bat,
Lizard, ichneumon, honey-bee, rat,
Mocking-bird, camel, grasshopper, mouse,
Nightingale, spider, cuttle-fish, grouse,
Ocelot, pheasant, wolverine, auk,
Periwinkle, ermine, katydid, hawk,
Quail, hippopotamus, armadillo, moth,
Rattlesnake, lion, woodpecker, sloth,
Salamander, gold-fish, angle-worm, dog,
Tiger, flamingo, scorpion, frog,
Unicorn, ostrich, nautilus, mole,
Viper, gorilla, basilisk, sole,
Whip-poor-will, beaver, centiped, fawn,
Xantho, canary, polliwog, swan,
Yellow-hammer, eagle, hyena, lark,
Zebra, chameleon, butterfly, shark.

COMPOSITION. **Write a short description of the appearance and habits of some one of the animals named above, and be prepared to read it at the next lesson.**

SPELLING MATCH. **Choose sides, and spell the names in this lesson.**

38. POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

Assign two proverbs to each pupil to be memorized.

1. If pride leads the van, begging brings up the rear.

2. If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

3. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost.

4. A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

5. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

6. If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

7. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

8. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

9. He that can travel well a-foot keeps a good horse.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

SUPPLEMENTARY. **Ask pupils to bring into the class all the additional proverbs they can find.**

39. A TRUE HERO.

1. In a certain Cornish mine, two men, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their purpose, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the fuse, and then mount with all speed.

2. Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the fuse too long. He accordingly tried to cut it shorter. Taking two stones, a flat and a sharp one, he succeeded in

cutting it the required length; but, dreadful to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang into the bucket. The man could not move it with both in it.

3. Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself: "Go aloft, Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!"

4. Jack bounds aloft, the explosion immediately follows, bruising his face as he looks over, but he is safe above ground. And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

CARLYLE.

COMPOSITION. **Write a short composition on Two Cornish Miners from the following heads:**

1. **The two miners are blasting.**
2. **One lights the fuse by accident.**
3. **Both cannot go up at the same time.**
4. **Will offers to stay.**
5. **The explosion comes, but he is safe!**

15

WRITTEN SPELLING.—ABBREVIATIONS.

Cal.—California.	Dept.—Department.
e. g.—for example.	etc.—(*et cætera*), and others.
Prof.—Professor.	LL. D.—Doctor of Laws.
Gov.—Governor.	Mr.—Mister or Master.
Sec.—Secretary.	Mrs.—(mĭs´sis), Mistress.
id.—the same.	Hon.—Honorable.

IV. VOCAL TRAINING.—Movement or Time.

There are some pieces that are to be read with slow movement or rate; others, with quick or fast time; and still others, with moderate movement.

In slow movement the pauses are long, and the vowel sounds are prolonged or dwelt upon. In quick movement the vowel sounds are short, and the pauses are short.

EXAMPLES FOR CONCERT DRILL.

I. SLOW MOVEMENT.

Slowly, slowly, up the wall
  Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
  Evening shadows are displayed.

II. FAST MOVEMENT.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Jòris, and hè!
I galloped, Dick galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

III. CONCERT PRONUNCIATION.

Pronounce the following sets of words first with slow movement, next with fast or quick movement.

1. Sound of long o.

bōne	mōst	cōat	pōur	pōr′tion
bōth	spōke	tōad	pōrch	pōr′trait
chōke	stōne	tōast	cōarse	ōn′ly

After concert drill let each pupil pronounce one or more words.

II. Sound of short *o*.

ŏdd	cŏf′fee	prŏd′uce	fŏre′head	lŏng
gŏd	bŏn′net	prŏg′ress	ŏr′ange	sŏft
dŏg	prŏd′uct	phŏn′ic	ŏf′fice	ŏft

III. Sound of u̇ = o͞o.

The sound of u preceded by r, as in rule, is equivalent to the sound of oo as in moon.

sch o͞ol	tru̇e	dȯ	gru̇′el	ru̇′ral
ru̇le	fru̇it	tȯ	cru̇′el	tru̇′ant
ru̇de	bru̇te	so͞on	pru̇′dent	tru̇′ly
tru̇th	pru̇ne	ro͞ot	ru̇′in	fo͞ol′ish

Let the class extend the above list.

IV. Sound of long u.

tūbe	hūe	view	sūit	Tūes′day
tūne	dūe	dew	newṣ	pū′pil
mūte	cūbe	ewe	new	dū′ty

Ask the class to add ten words having the sound of long u.

40. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

The movement in reading this piece is slow. Read it, line by line, to the class, and let pupils repeat in concert. Then call on each pupil to read one stanza. After this, assign the poem to be committed to memory.

1.

Not a *drùm* was heard, not a funeral *nòte*,
As his corse to the *ramparts* we hurried;
Not a *sòldier* discharged his farewell *shòt*
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2.

We buried him dàrkly, at dead of *nìght*,
The sods with our *bàyonets* turning,
By the struggling *mòonbeam's* misty light,
And the *làntern* dimly burning.

3.

No useless *cóffin* enclosed his breast,
Not in *shéet* or in *shròud* we wóund him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his *rèst*,
With his martial *cloàk* around him.

4.

Féw and *shòrt* were the *práyers* we said,
And we spoke not a word of *sórrow;*
But we steadfastly *gazed* on the face of the dead,
And we *bitterly* thought of the *morròw*.

5.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely píllow,
That the foe and the stranger would *tréad* o'er his head,
And *wé* far *awáy* on the *bìllow*.

6.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes *upbràid* him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a *Brìton* has laid him.

7.

But *hàlf* of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour of *retìring*,
And we heard the distant and random *gún*
That the *foè* was sullenly firing.

8.

Slówly and *sádly* we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and *góry;*
We carved not a *line,* and we raised not a *stòne,*
But we left him *alóne* in his *glòry!*

WOLFE.

41. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

This psalm should be read with the medium stress, that is, with slow movement and a prolonged swell on the long vowel sounds.

1. Praise ye the Lord,
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heaven of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord.

2. Praise the Lord from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
Fire and hail; snow and vapor;
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
Mountains and hills;
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:
Beasts and all cattle;
Creeping things, and flying fowl:
Kings of the earth, and all people;
Princes, and all judges of the earth:
Both young men and maidens,
Old men and children.

3. Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
Oh, come, let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture
And the sheep of his hand.

The Bible.

42. CRIMEAN CAMP SONG.

To be marked for emphasis and inflection.

1. "Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding;
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

2. The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mouth of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

3. There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

4. They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

5. They sang of love and not of fame:
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

6. Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

7. Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

8. Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

9. And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

10. And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

11. Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

COMPOSITION. **Write a paraphrase of this poem in prose.**

43. THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

1. It was very cold, the snow fell, and it was almost dark; for it was evening—yes, the last evening of the year. Amid the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was roaming through the streets.

2. It is true she had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large slippers; so large, indeed, that they had been used by her mother; besides, the little creature lost them as she hurried across the street, to avoid two carriages that were driving very quickly past. One of the slippers was not to be found, and the other was pounced upon by a boy who ran away with it, saying that it would serve for a cradle when he should have children of his own.

3. So the little girl went along, with her little bare feet that were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything from her the whole livelong day; nobody had even given her a penny.

4. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept

along, a perfect picture of misery—poor little thing! The snow-flakes covered her long flaxen hair, which hung in pretty curls round her throat; but she heeded them not now. Lights were streaming from all the windows, and there was a savory smell of roast goose—for it was New Year's Eve—and this she *did* heed.

5. She now sat down, cowering in a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she felt colder than ever; yet she dared not return home, for she had not sold a match, and could not bring home a penny! She would certainly be beaten by her father; and it was cold enough at home, besides—for they had only the roof above them, and the wind came howling through it, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags.

6. Her little hands were nearly frozen with cold. Alas! a single match might do her some good, if she might only draw one out of the bundle, and rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers. So at last she drew one out. Ah! how it sheds sparks, and how it burns! It gave out a warm, bright flame, like a little candle, as she held her hands over it,—truly it was a wonderful little light!

7. It really seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting before a large iron stove, with polished brass feet, and brass shovel and tongs. The fire burned so brightly, and warmed so nicely, that the little creature stretched out her feet to warm them likewise, when lo! the flame

expired, the stove vanished, and left nothing but the little half-burned match in her hand.

8. She rubbed another match against the wall. It gave a light, and where it shone upon the wall the latter became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. A snow-white table-cloth was spread upon the table, on which stood a splendid china dinner service, while a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes, sent forth the most savory fumes.

9. And what was more delightful still to see, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the ground with a knife and fork in its breast, up to the poor girl. The match then went out, and nothing remained but the thick, damp wall.

10. She lit yet another match. She now sat under the most magnificent Christmas tree, that was larger, and more superbly decked, than even the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. A thousand tapers burned on its green branches, and gay pictures, such as one sees on shields, seemed to be looking down upon her.

11. She stretched out her hands, but the match then went out. The Christmas lights kept rising higher and higher. They now looked like stars in the sky. One of them fell down, and left a long streak of fire. "Somebody is now dying," thought the little girl—for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her, that when a star falls, it is a sign that a soul is going up to heaven.

12. She again rubbed a match upon the wall, and it was again light all around; and in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining like a spirit, yet looking so mild and divine. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you! I know you will go away when the match goes out—you will vanish like the warm stove, and the delicious roast goose, and the fine, large Christmas tree." And she made haste to rub the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to hold her grandmother fast.

13. And the matches gave a light that was brighter than noonday. Her grandmother had never appeared so beautiful nor so large. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew upwards, all radiant and joyful, far, far above mortal ken, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor care to be found; where there was no rain, no snow, or stormy wind, but calm, sunny days the whole year round.

14. But, in the cold dawn, the poor girl might be seen leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth; she had been frozen on the last night of the old year. The new year's sun shone upon the little dead girl. She sat still holding the matches, one bundle of which was burned.

15. People said: "She tried to warm herself." Nobody dreamed of the fine things she had seen, nor in what splendor she had entered, along with her grandmother, upon the joys of the New Year.

HANS ANDERSEN.

SLATE WORK. **Dictate the last paragraph.**

44. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

If any one of the following books is in the library, select from it a good extract, and let each pupil read one paragraph.

1. Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse.*
2. Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales.*
3. Grimm's *Household Stories.*

Spelling Game. **Require each pupil, in turn, to give and spell:**

1. **The name of some bird, fish, or insect.**
2. **The name of some article for sale in a grocery store.**
3. **The name of something good to eat.**
4. **Some word ending in -ing.**

45. THE TWO DOGS.

1. A good-natured spaniel overtook a surly mastiff, as he was traveling upon the high road. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tiger, very civilly accosted him; and if it would be no interruption, he said, he should be glad to bear him company on his way. Tiger, who happened not to be altogether in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal; and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation, they arrived at the next village, where Tiger began to display his malignant disposition by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met.

2. The villagers immediately sallied forth to rescue their respective favorites; and falling upon

our two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason but his being found in bad company.

3. Hasty and inconsiderate connections are generally attended with great disadvantages; and much of every man's good or ill fortune, depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.

WEBSTER'S *Spelling Book.*

DEFINITIONS.

in ter rup'tion, a breaking in upon.
ac cost'ed, spoke to.
pro pos'al, offer.
am'i ca bly, in a friendly manner.
ma lig'nant, bad; vicious.
sal'lied forth, ran out suddenly.
in con sid'e rate, thoughtless.

LANGUAGE LESSON. **Write this selection in your own language, using the words defined with the meaning they have here.**

46. A TALE OF WAR.

A grandfather, and his grand-daughter who has not long been married, are sitting waiting for news of the young woman's husband, who is fighting a battle at that very moment. The young husband is slain; the grandfather dies of grief in the spring; and the young wife now sits alone by the fireside in silent sorrow.

1. The apples are ripe in the orchard, the work of the reaper is done, and the golden woodlands redden in the light of the dying sun. At the cottage door the grandsire sits, pale, in his easy-chair, while the gentle wind of twilight plays with his silver hair.

2. A woman is kneeling beside him—a fair young form is pressed in the first wild passion of sorrow, against his aged breast. And, far from over the distance, the faltering echoes come of the flying blast of trumpet and the rattling roll of drum.

3. Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper: "The end no man can see; but we give him to his country, and we give our prayers to Thee." The violets star the meadows, the rose-buds fringe the door, and over the grassy orchard the pink-white blossoms pour.

4. But the grandsire's chair is empty, the cottage is dark and still; there 's a nameless grave on the battle-field, and a new one under the hill. And a pallid, tearless woman by the cold hearth sits alone, and the old clock in the corner ticks on with a steady drone.

SLATE WORK. **Arrange this piece in the form of verse. Be careful to indent properly.**

MEMORY EXERCISE. **Commit this poem to memory, for recitation.**

47. EXTRACTS FROM THE BIBLE.

I. WISDOM.—BOOK OF JOB.

1. But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

2. Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

3. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me.

4. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

5. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

6. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it:

and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

7. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

8. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

9. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

10. Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

11. Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

12. God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

13. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

14. To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

15. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

16. Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

17. And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

II. Wisdom.—Book of Proverbs.

1. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

2. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

3. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

4. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

5. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, all her paths are peace.

6. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

7. The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens.

8. By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew.

48. A CHRISTMAS DANCE.

1. The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! I was apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in a great excitement: "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

2. Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his

capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice: "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

3. A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow 'prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

4. "Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

5. Clear away! There was nothing they would not have cleared away, or could not have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

6. In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six young fellows whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women

employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow.

7. Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

8. There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley."

9. Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

10. But if they had been twice as many—four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance—advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place,—Fezziwig "cut,"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

11. When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol*.

49. THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

This extract from Walter Scott's charming poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, describes the call to arms of a Scottish Highland Clan by the command of its chief. The symbol employed is a red cross, which is borne from village to village, by a succession of fleet-footed clansmen. The description is spirited and brilliant.

1. Speed, Malise, speed!—the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied—

Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste,
Thine active sinews never traced;
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast;
Rush down like torrent from its crest.
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass.

2. Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now.
Herald of battle, fate and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!

3. Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
Then poured each hardy tenant down;
Nor slacked the messenger his pace:
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.

4. The fisherman forsook the strand;
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changéd cheer the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed;
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed;
The falconer tossed his hawk away;
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

5. Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is passed;
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half-seen,
Half-hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done;
Others shall speed the signal on.

[The order for the gathering is given, and Malise is relieved by another messenger.]

6. Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprang forth and seized the fatal sign;
In haste the stripling to his side,
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu.

7. Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the fiery cross.

8. O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye,
He left the mountain breeze to dry.

9. Not faster o'er the heathery braes,
Like lightning speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
The deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping the cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er the heaths the voice of war.

10. From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and blow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow—
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men.

11. They met, as torrents from the height
In highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong;
Till at the rendezvous they stood,
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owing no tie but to his clan,
No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEFINITIONS.

quest'ing, searching.
scaur, cliff.
clam'or, noisy talk.
brand, sword.
braes, slopes of a hill.
ra vines', narrow glens.
mus'tered, brought together.
ren'dez vous, appointed meeting place.
es says', tries.

DICTIONARY LESSON. Learn the definitions of **morass, herald, sequestered, glen, symbol,** and write each word in a sentence of your own.

COMPOSITION. **Write a composition to be read at the next lesson, on the "Fiery Cross," using the following heads:**

1. **A messenger is sent through the country to call the clan to arms.**
2. **The people leave their work: the fisherman; the smith; the plowman; the mower; the shepherd; the falcōner; the hunter.**
3. **All buckle on their armor and take their arms.**
4. **They meet at the rendezvous.**

ORAL SPELLING. **Dictate, in pairs, the words that rhyme.**

V. *VOCAL TRAINING.*

I. Articulation.

1. I thrust three thousand thistles through my thumb.
2. "Ice-cream! ice-cream!" I scream aloud.
3. Air, hair, elm, helm, wear, where, eye, high.
4. I said it lasts till night, not that last still night.
5. Wastes and deserts, not waste sand deserts.
6. Thou mightst, couldst, wouldst, or shouldst write.
7. They thrust their fists against the thorny posts.

II. Pronunciation.

I. Silent t.

After concert pronunciation let each pupil in turn read one or more words.

listen	hasten	gristle	nestle	epistle
often	christen	whistle	wrestle	jostle
soften	chasten	thistle	trestle	apostle

II. Words having wh.

In pronouncing these words, sound the aspirate wh with strong force.

wheat	where	whip	while	whiff
wheel	why	whine	wharf	whim
when	what	white	whiz	wheeze

III. Sounds of g.

ġ soft = j		ḡ hard	
ġist	ġib′bet	ḡills	ḡeȳ′ser
ġibe	ġyp′sy	ḡib′bous	au′ḡer
ġill	ġyp′sum	ḡew′ḡaw	ḡiḡ′ḡle

IV. The suffix *-ure*.

In words of two syllables, accented on the first syllable, the suffix -ure is sounded like -y̆ēr: as, fea´ture = fēat´y̆ēr, etc.

feature	moisture	gesture	stature
nature	verdure	structure	texture
lecture	mixture	creature	fixture

V. Little words often mispronounced.

pretty	(prit´ty)	been	(bĭn)
drowned	(dround)	again	(a g̃ĕn´)
eh?	(ā?)	many	(mĕn´ny)
attacked	(at tăkt´)	any	(ĕn´ny)
ere	(âir)	ne'er	(nâir)
hêrb	(ērb)	sew	(sō)

VI. Words often mispronounced by accenting the wrong syllable.

ad drĕss´	e0n´vex	ā´re a	lĕg´is la ture
ad ĕpt´	e0m´plex	i dē´a	ly cē´uṁ
ad ŭlt´	ĕx ploit´	il lŭs´trate	mu ṣē´um
e0a nīne´	hăr´ass	ĭm´pĭ ous	re cĕss´
pre tĕnse´	r0u tīne´	op pō´nent	ro bŭst´
re sēarch´	in quīr´y	te lĕg´ra phy	mag̃ a zïne´

50. THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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 favorite horse once more, he crawled along upon his hands and knees till he reached the spot where the horse stood.

4. "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 pasha. 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."

5. 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!

6. 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.

Dictionary Lesson. Learn the definitions of **caravan, escort, assailed, commemorated, unwholesome, overpowered, pasha, exhaustion.**

51. SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

I. Selections from any other *Fourth Reader* in the library, or from any *Supplementary Reader.*

II. Suitable selections from *St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Youth's Companion, Wide Awake,* or any other similar periodical.

III. Borrow a set of *Third Readers* from some other class, and let pupils read a few selections to mark their progress in reading.

IV. Borrow a set of *Fifth Readers* to test the ability of the class in higher grade reading.

52. GENERAL REVIEWS.

I. DEFINING.

1. Dictate words selected from defining lessons in Part I.
2. From lessons in Part II.

II. SPELLING.

1. Dictate words from lessons in Part I.
2. Dictate words from lessons in Part II.

III. PHONIC DRILL.

Drill on the Tables of Elementary Sounds.

IV. CONCERT RECITATION.

Memory exercises selected by the teacher.

V. PRONUNCIATION.

Concert drill on exercises in Part II, headed *Concert Pronunciation.*